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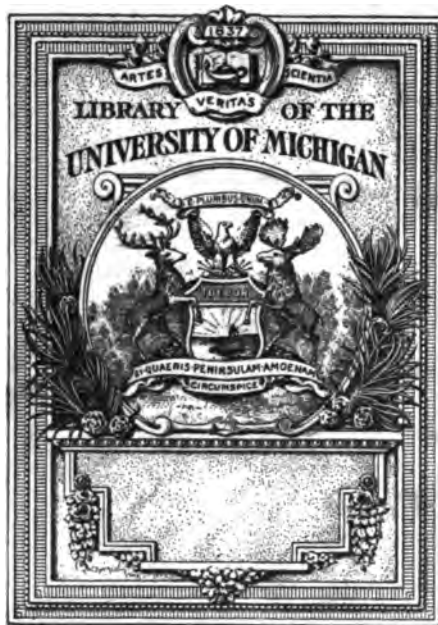
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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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THE PRAYERS OF MAN-ALIVE

SET DOWN BY RICHARD WIGHTMAN

II

THE TASK AND ITS DOING

Father, I have work to do. It is not easy work, nor is it exactly what I would choose if I had my way. But it came to me along the Path of Circumstance, and stood there, fronting me, and challenged me to dare it. And I said yes, and am at it. Sometimes it irks me, and parts of it are sharp and sting me like nettles. But it is my work and not another's. I would do it well, not merely with my hands and brain, but investing my very self in it and accompanying the task with singing. The pay, the jingling pay,—ah, that doesn't matter so much if only I may know that I have wrought with skill and gladness, heartfully. Help me to be grateful for this toil of mine and for the little acre where I sow and tend and garner. And may I reckon that in the task itself, and in the joy of it, is the real and ample reward for what I am doing through the days and years. And whether the sun be out or hid, whether the air be mild or chill, help me to stand strong as a man should stand, hailing the passing planets with the zest which only the toiler knows.



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

The first picture taken of him in thirty years. In all that time not even snap-shots have been made, as the Sultan has been protected from camera fiends by spies

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVII

NOVEMBER, 1908

No. 1

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

A RECORD OF PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS AND OF PRIVATE KNOWLEDGE

BY NICHOLAS C. ADOSSIDES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND PORTRAITS

Nicholas C. Adossides, the author of this article, was for some years an attaché of the Turkish Foreign Office. He presents here his own impressions of the Sultan, his government, the palace officials and the political system of the Ottoman Empire. He is the youngest son of the late Adossides Pasha, a Greek of Byzantium, who for forty-six years was a high official under four sultans, being successively Governor of Crete, Prince of Samos, Minister of Interior, Imperial Commissioner of Roumania, and Envoy Extraordinary to the Dalmatian Provinces. Adossides Pasha, because of his liberal views, became persona non grata with Abdul-Hamid, and he and his family were subjected to espionage for several years. On his return from the Island of Samos, his last position, he fell in disgrace with his autocratic and unscrupulous master. His son, the author of this article, was at the time of his connection with the Foreign Office forced to flee because of his liberal tendencies. In Paris and in London he has appeared both on the platform and in the press as a champion of Turkish freedom. This article was written just before the recent enforced proclamation by the Sultan of the restoration of the constitution.

—THE EDITOR.



KIAMIL PASHA

Now Grand Vizier, and for the fourth time, at the age of ninety-one

reigned for thirty-three years, throned on the fear of his subjects!

Rather tall and exceedingly slender, Abdul-Hamid has the unstudied stoop of the con-

ABDUL-HAMID, the Sick Man, is the most mysterious personage of our time. No other has so occupied the imagination of the world, no other has been so feared and so hated, no other has been so much the theme of the contemporary historian. What titanic epithets have been hurled against the unhappy Sultan of Turkey, who has

sumptive. His face is wrinkled parchment, as if a thousand anxieties and suspicions had left their impress there. His features, besides cruelty and cunning, denote intelligence and cowardice. The eyes, of almond shape, by far the most interesting detail of his person, are dark and piercing, aged with eternal suspicion. They denote high intellect, extraordinary intelligence, subtle refinement and pitiless cruelty.

The thin upper lip and the thick, sensual lower, indicate a combination of passion, irascibility and selfishness. His nose is aquiline, and lends to his face the appearance of a bird of prey. The chin, though hidden by a beard, is weak and indecisive.

The Sultan's Remarkable Voice

The voice, however, belies the face. It is marvelously subtle and insinuating, melodious in its modulations, and full of dulcet tones.

With this remarkable voice Abdul-Hamid has been able to seduce nearly everybody who has approached him, even his antagonists.

I remember that once my father, on his return from the palace, where he had had an audience with his Majesty, said, "Although I know how cruel this man is, yet I never approach him without being impressed by his finesse and charm."

A Great Actor

Mr. de Blowitz, the famous correspondent of the London *Times*, told me that in his opinion Abdul-Hamid was the most intelligent of reigning monarchs, and that, possessing an intelligence amounting to genius, he was a consummate actor both in tragedy and in comedy.

When Mr. de Blowitz interviewed him, the Sultan asked him to tell him the defects of his administration. Though Mr. de Blowitz replied in definite words, which must have rankled in his mind, the despot, pretending sympathy with the views of the eminent writer, decorated him with the Order of the Medjidie, no doubt with the hope of eulogistic descriptions of himself in the European press.



The only photograph for which the Sultan ever sat. This was taken in London about thirty-five years ago, when he was the crown prince. Two years after this picture was taken Abdul-Hamid became Sultan of Turkey



The ambassadorial drawing-room in the palace



This is a photograph of a drawing made of the Sultan a few years ago. It gives a better idea of how he looks than anything in existence. A comparison of this picture with the author's description of the Sultan will be found interesting

The Sultan is an invalid, a degenerate of the higher order. Descended from sickly princes whose lives were spent half in the gloom of a prison, half in the wanton luxury of the serai; son, grandson, and great-grandson of lazy slaves of different races; himself the child of a consumptive mother and a tubercular father, he belongs to an enfeebled dynasty that is afflicted with every kind of disease, both of body and mind, to the point of actual insanity.

How the Sultan Uses his Ministers

As soon as he mounted the throne he began at once to exile the entourage of his predecessors, which was composed of honest and able men; and, treacherously breaking all the promises that he had given to the ministers of Mourad V, he suppressed the constitution that they had made him publish, dissolved the parliament, created a new entourage, crushed every liberty, and caused to be constructed Yildiz, an immense fortress, where he has taken care to surround himself with a regular army on whose fidelity he can count.

Before Abdul-Hamid, the power of the sultans was certainly absolute, but it was exercised through the medium of ministers who



One of the Sultan's palaces along the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus

MUNIR PASHA

The late Grand Master of Ceremonies. One of the very few honest officials of Yildiz Palace



MAHMOUD DJELEALEDIN PASHA

The late Minister of the Interior. One of the most influential and corrupt men of the imperial camarilla



EMIN BEY

A chamberlain of Abdul-Hamid, now imprisoned in the War Office, together with a great many other courtiers, for their acts of abuse and dishonesty during the old régime

took an active part in the conduct of affairs, both internal and foreign. The Sublime Porte was crowned with the prestige of antiquity. However, it is not the same to day. The ministers are nothing but agents ordered to execute without discussion the commands of their Sultan; they are not even regular agents, for Abdul-Hamid often passes them by and uses other instruments to enforce his will. Ministers, generals, admirals are not allowed to make the least decision or to have any initiative at all—everything is centered in the Sultan, and everything must emanate from him.

In Turkish the official term for the title of grand vizier is Sadri-Azam, an Arab word which means porter; and while the derivation remains the same, the original sense has disappeared. The grand viziers of Abdul-Hamid carry nothing on their shoulders except the everlasting dread of a disgrace that may come upon them at any moment. The entire burden of the empire being on the master, they are nothing but figureheads. Hence it has happened that Abdul-Hamid has in thirty-

three years disposed of so enormous a number of ministers that they form an endless procession, a vast, unending *ministeriorama*; and thus it happens that one is not surprised nowadays at meeting in Constantinople so considerable a number of degraded highnesses and excellencies in retreat. Who is there who has not been more or less grand vizier for a year, a month, a week or a day? Yes, even for a day, like Ahmet Vefyk Pasha, who, when grand vizier for the first time, held the office for twenty-four days, and on his second elevation for twenty-four hours.

On the other hand, the personnel of the Palace of Yildiz is unchanging, and to some degree unchangeable, for here the qualities the Sultan exacts from those who serve him are all united in each of his courtiers. If the ministers of Abdul-Hamid are servile, ten times more so are the people of the palace—one might say they had no personality, no individual existence. It is for this that they are chosen to serve as the blind instruments of a personal policy, inaugurated by the



The prison of the Sultan's brother, Mourad V, where he spent thirty years entirely cut off from the outside world. He died two years ago, and was buried silently at night

Sultan after concentrating in his hands all power; for, as I have already remarked, it is the Yildiz Palace which rules the empire.

Some of the Depths of Oriental Intrigue

The word yildiz means "star." A beautiful name, but it hardly appears appropriate for the home of a monarch like the Sultan, as it resembles a prison rather than a palace. It is a prison for the Sultan himself, who lives there, self-imprisoned, and surrounded with real fortresses and by thousands of soldiers camped around the circle of the protecting walls; a prison for the hundreds of women who compose the imperial harem; a prison for the people of the court, for chamberlains as well as for the lowest domestics who live there, keeping themselves night and day at the disposal of their master. Everywhere one feels the despotism, the fear, the perpetual dread that centers around the gloomy person of the monarch, who, though shut within a triple ring of walls, allows no one so much as to cross

the outer gate of the palace without being subjected to a searching inquiry. But, for a prison, it is a fine one, as big as a town—a city, one might say—built on the crest of a hill at the mouth of the Bosphorus, and containing in itself everything—palaces great and small, kiosks, belvederes, arsenals provided with quick-firing guns, museums, observatories, mosques, lakes, shops, work-rooms, stables,

etc. But most especially Yildiz boasts the finest collection of spies that could possibly be gathered together; the entire household of his Majesty is composed of them.

The imperial bodyguard, which is composed of sixteen thousand men, was chosen from antagonistic Mohammedan races, so that if one of these sects should plot against his Majesty it would at once be denounced by the others.

These three races are the Albanians, the Kurds, and the Arabs, who abhor each other with a ferocious and eternal hatred.

Abdul-Hamid has gathered around himself an entourage such as no sovereign has ever had, having brought together the vilest and most corrupt men to be found in his realms; and when they were not bad enough for his purpose, he has taken upon himself the task of fashioning them in his own image. All his policy consists in studying their vices and making such use of their weaknesses, hatreds, jealousies and discords as to render a combination against him impossible. For example, it often happens that two courtiers quarrel, exchange

sarcasms, even blows, or perhaps merely insults; the Sultan then decorates them and makes them a useful present—the decoration is the higher, the gift the more royal, in proportion as the quarrel has been the more violent. Later he calls the two enemies to him separately, recommending to each loyalty to his imperial person, gives conciliating advice, and engages each to watch the other. But sometimes



IZZET PASHA

The famous adviser of the Sultan and one of the organizers of the Armenian massacres. Of remarkable intelligence, he became all-powerful in the palace. He is believed by Young Turks (liberals) to be one of the greatest of grafters. He is now hidden in London, having escaped the blow of the Young Turks. He is said to be worth \$50,000,000



The Sultan going to the mosque during the Selamlyk after the proclamation of the constitution



The Sultan's favorite horse

courtiers who have no animosity whatever concert together, pretending a furious dispute, and so secure a share of the imperial bounty. However, such honesty does not happen

very often; the rivalries, jealousies and quarrels are usually real enough. Governors of provinces, prefects, under prefects, ministers, officials of all ranks—civil and military—are pitted one against the other; and, chosen by reason of their opposition, are brought together into a ministry, a council, a state committee, or in Yildiz itself, by the Sultan's deliberate choice, since he thus secures himself against a possible plot. Among subordinates he encourages a spirit of insubordination to their chief. Not only does he permit officials to plunder the State Treasury, but even urges them to it, sure of their gratitude.

Indeed, men of the same blood and household are sometimes set against each other, as in the case of Munir Pasha, ex-Ambassador to France, who was appointed to spy on his own father, and the latter, in turn, to spy on his own son. In this instance, however, they would show each other their respective reports, and, after mature deliberation of their mutual in-

terests, other reports, corrected and modified to serve the family welfare, were sent to the palace.

Some one told the Sultan one day that there was not in the whole empire a more corrupt man or a bigger thief than one of his favorite ministers.

"Yes, I know it," said the Sultan; "but he is loyal to me."

A Case Showing the Sultan's Suspicion

The Sultan is full of dissimulated obstinacy, and only yields to force, with the secret intention of getting back later what he is compelled temporarily to abandon. He is never at a loss for expedients, is a deep calculator, and knows admirably how to escape dangers by stratagems that are always new. He is a skilful layer of traps, and capable of all kinds of abjectness toward his enemies when he fears them and of the greatest severity when he has them in his power, and his vengeance is the heavier for having been patiently nourished in secret.

Not only is the life of a man who is troublesome to him of little account, but spilled blood seems to calm and soothe his shattered nerves, always stretched to the snapping point. "At night, before going to sleep," one of his chamberlains told my brother, "he has some one read to him. His favorite books are those giv-

ing detailed accounts of assassinations and executions. The stories of crimes excite him and prevent him sleeping, but as soon as his reader reaches a passage where punishment falls upon the criminal the Sultan immediately becomes calm and falls asleep."

Another instance which illustrates the fear and suspicion, as well as the extreme cruelty of the man, for his self-protection, was narrated to me several years ago by an aide-de-camp of the Sultan, on duty in the palace at the time of the occurrence. "His Majesty," said my informant, "had recently added to his harem a Circassian odalisque about sixteen years of age and of remarkable beauty. Among the hundreds of women of the palace, this girl soon became the favorite and privilégiée, and in her his Majesty seemed to place the greatest confidence, so that she could enter his room unannounced and at her pleasure. One evening she entered as usual, and, finding his Majesty asleep, she examined the various bric-à-brac scattered here and there, her attention being particularly attracted by a jeweled pistol which was lying on a table. At this point the Sultan, suddenly opening his eyes, asked with apparent calm: "What are you doing?"

"Nothing, your Majesty," replied the girl.

"But you are looking at something," the Sultan insisted.

"Yes, sire—it is so pretty—this."

"And what do you call that object?"

"A pistol," answered the favorite.

"And what is a pistol used for?"

"To kill, sire," replied the Circassian in a low and trembling voice.

"To kill?" said the despot. "To kill?" he repeated. "Let me see," and picking up another pistol which he had on his person he fired three times, fatally injuring the innocent girl.

The officer who told me this story was on duty in the corridors as her body, covered with a rug, was silently carried through the doors.

Words that One Must Not Use in Turkey

As for the fate of his subjects, the decadence of Turkey, the future of the country—what does Abdul-Hamid care about that! The empire is his private property by the right of birth; it is the patrimony that he has inherited, and which he squanders like a prodigal son. Turkey—it is himself! And so he has forbidden in his estates words such as "country," "nation," "people," "liberty," "revolution" to be spoken or printed—more especially "liberty" and "revolution." A Turkish friend of mine, an

old scholar of the Mulkie school, which is a kind of political-science school, told me the following little anecdote: In the French lesson, the professor being a Turk, they were translating a page of some French anthology. They came to a passage where it was said that "the butterfly flies with freedom." The professor was perturbed; doubtless he was afraid of being denounced by spies (who were plentiful in the schools) for allowing the use of so guilty a word as "freedom." "Stop," said he to the scholar who was reading aloud; and, as the pupil he had addressed stopped, the teacher hastened to translate himself, "the butterfly flies with ease."

Inefficiency and Laziness of Public Officials

The city of Constantinople has a population of more than one million inhabitants, over whom Abdul-Hamid has appointed an army of twenty thousand spies—official and secret—who, as they say, watch directly or indirectly for the preservation of his life. This work costs the Treasury Department \$4,000,000 a year; still he allows to die of hunger, not the great officials, but all the petty ones too humble for him to fear, and leaves in misery and destitution the army—not, of course, his private guards at Yildiz, whom he cherishes and pays highly, but the troops of the provinces.

The ordinary Turkish official is a curious example of the Oriental character. One has only to look at him to feel that he is born an official, that he has come into the world with the soul of an Ottoman official. To rank as a functionary is, in fact, for a Turk the only honorable career. Commerce, even the liberal professions, are degrading—a very good job for the *giaour*! That is why, whether he be son of a pasha or son of a cabby, the Turk has only one ideal, one ambition—to end his days in the skin of an official.

The duties of an official consist in doing nothing, or almost nothing, for a Turkish bureau is a temple of idleness. The Ottoman functionary will make the unfortunate man who has to deal with him come time after time, to extract from him a little *bakchich*, or perhaps from more honorable motives, as, for instance, to save himself the trouble of writing a letter or looking up a register. Of course there are among these officials men who are industrious and painstaking, but it is only the strongest will that can resist the enervating atmosphere of a Turkish ministerial department.

When one has any business with the head of an office, it is well to remember that he will wake out of his apathy only if *bakchich* is men-

tioned. Then what a change! He shows at once energy, activity, even rapidity. But if no reference is made to *bakchich*, he will listen to his solicitor with the air of a man who is half asleep. If in good humor he will offer a cigarette, a cup of coffee, a smile, but business will not advance an inch. I have been thirty-eight times (I counted them like pearls) to the Ministry of Public Works to know in what department I could find some information about a mining concession. It takes about eight months to obtain a reply about an affair of a day; a year or two for a nomination, and then one must go every day; for payment—it is better not to talk about that. To obtain a concession, there is no limit of time—people have waited twenty years.

In addition to laziness, there is inaccuracy; the present Turkish official is naturally inaccurate, and habit and conceit make him more so. This perhaps is due to the way in which Turkey measures time. Twelve o'clock in the day corresponds with sunset; that is to say, whatever hour the sun sets, it must always be twelve. Consequently the hours change always, getting later the first half of the year and earlier in the last, which compels everybody to put his watch to daily torture. So no one in Turkey can flatter himself that he has the exact time; the most strict of Englishmen soon loses his national punctuality. So when two Turks make an appointment, it is within the limit of half an hour or an hour, and even then they don't generally arrive till after the time agreed on, each one calculating on the utmost possible delay on the part of the other.

Consequently the state employees are not bound down by very severe discipline; no one expects them to arrive at their office at any particular time—especially as the majority of them go hardly at all. As for the most industrious, they appear for two or three hours in the afternoon only, and rather late; in the morning, state offices are usually closed. Besides this, work days are rather scarce for the race of officials. Friday is the Sabbath of the Mohammedans; Saturday is the day after a feast day, and one does not do much then; Sunday the Greeks and Armenians remain, like good Christians, at home, and the Mohammedans generally imitate so good an example; Monday is again the morrow of a feast day; Wednesday there is a meeting of the Council of Ministers, and few employees go then to the Ministry. With religious festivals added in, it is easy to understand that out of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year there are not many left to consecrate to the interests of the Ottoman Empire!

To be just, however, there is a small number, a very small number, of men who not only work regularly every day, but even carry their work home with them. Naturally, I am not speaking of such, but rather of those who will be found so much more easily in that Capernaum that is called the Sublime Porte.

How Turkey "Pays" Its Debts

Such is the education of an Ottoman official; and thus brought to perfection, he has only two things to think about—one to finger his salary, and the other to get his grade and his decoration. The first task is truly a hard one, for since the rise of Abdul-Hamid the officials have hardly got half their yearly stipend. Their salaries are always in arrears. To every appeal—and Allah knows how they do appeal!—the cashier of the ministry replies: "Para yok." (No money.)

"When will there be any?"

"Allah bilir." (God knows.)

Now and again the cashier will hand a bill which is payable later, at an indefinite date. It is a bill drawn on the state; that is to say on a debtor of very doubtful solvency. The best thing then is to betake oneself to a usurer, who will buy the paper at an incredible discount, giving never more than one tenth of its value. The usurer will then agree with the cashier, and these two will share together the amount out of which the unfortunate official has been tricked. As for regular payment, one can reckon on getting only four or five instalments a year. In moments of crisis, an imperial decree appears, commanding the payment of part of the arrears of salary. There is great joy then among the officials. One must not forget, however, that the higher dignitaries not only draw their pay regularly, but even know how to get a little over and above by accepting *bakchich*.

And here we touch on the heart of the mischief. Deplorable as is the administrative condition of Turkey, with anarchy and disorder rife in the government, yet the condition of the finances is worse than that of the administration. *Bakchich* in general has poisoned the very life blood of the country; by corrupting the army, the navy, even the courts of justice to such an extent that one is certain to lose the best of cases unless the judge is offered a sum larger than the reward promised by his adversary. *Bakchich* exists everywhere—in public works, in government contracts, where the most extraordinary and unheard-of deceptions are invented and put into action with a cool cynicism that is almost incredible

Bakchich, which has its seat in the Palace of Yildiz, embraces all the empire. And by the side of *bakchich*, the *havale*!

The *havale* is nothing more than a bill on such and such a province, or on such and such a tax, which the Ministry of Finance distributes to the different state departments. The Ministry of Finance, for instance, gives over to the Ministry of Public Instruction, under the head of revenue, bills on the imposts (for example, on the sheep-tax) from a province of Mesopotamia. Often the same ministry receives *havales* which apply to points situated at the opposite extremities of the empire. The distribution is made without any order or method, as the necessity chances to arise. These *havales*, however, are only paper, and to turn them into money each minister has to reckon with the financial condition of the province, the good will of the governor or his subordinates. Moreover, the amount of the *havales* assigned by the Ministry of Finance is calculated on the basis of the probable returns from that province, and these returns are often much less than their forecast; besides, thanks to the difficulty of communication, it sometimes takes as long as thirty days to reach the province, and so the probability of a minister getting his *havale* paid is problematical. If the funds of the province are not flourishing, then he has recourse to bankers, and his *havale* is paid at a great discount, according to the wealth and solvency of the province on which it is given. For instance, for a *havale* on the province of Salonika, he would get 60 per cent. of its face value; for one on the province of Bitlis, 25 per cent.; for one on the province of Yemen, 7 per cent.—the further off the province the less the value of the *havale*, for undoubtedly money is hard to get from so far.

How the Sultan Collects Money for His Own Use

However, when the Sultan himself wishes money, he gets it at once with no admissible delay. When, for example, he was about to be visited by the Emperor of Germany, his pretended friend, Abdul-Hamid prepared a remarkable reception. He constructed a special palace for the occasion, the Serasim Kiosk, furnished with luxurious Parisian furniture, and the Sultan himself superintended the most minute details. The wonderful illuminations, the public festivities, in honor of the Emperor, the costly imperial gifts that he made to his friend, required the expenditure of several millions of dollars. Although Abdul-Hamid is worth three hundred millions of dollars, it would

be absurd to think that this tremendous outlay came out of his Majesty's own pocket; it was the people who paid for this whim of the Padi-shah. They were simply ordered to pay an additional tax. When he happens to need money, which is too often, his Majesty orders the governor of each province to furnish him with a stipulated amount, varying, of course, according to the financial status of the district. If, however, the governor answers that there is no money available in the treasury, the palace replies, "You must get it." The civil governor then, knowing the penalty of non-compliance, at once summons the military governor, who proceeds to collect it by exacting it at the point of the bayonet. Under such conditions it is not difficult to play the generous host and the grand seigneur.

As everybody knows, the Turk is very upright in his private life, but under such a master scruples no longer trouble his conscience when he is occupied with public affairs. The higher he rises in the hierarchy of office, the more do his honor and virtue diminish, his needs and vices increase. It is the same with all the other qualities of the Turk; as soon as he becomes a creature of the Sultan, his loyalty, simplicity, and contentment of spirit are turned into treachery, pride, and all-devouring ambition.

In Turkey, decorations as well as distinctions of rank are as numerous as the leaves of Val-lombrosa. The decorations are of all kinds of orders, one even for women. There are seven ranks in all, that of vizier being the highest in the empire, and corresponding to marshal in the army. The higher one rises in rank, the more gold lace is added to his uniform. Abdul-Hamid has made an excessive use of ranks and decorations. Beginning with his officials, whose weaknesses he is willing to flatter, he has ended by extending them to everybody, to foreigners as well as to his own subjects, to men, women, children, and even to animals. If Abdul-Hamid likes to give (he, too, has his little weaknesses), he is equally fond of receiving decorations; he has received them from almost all the foreign sovereigns, whom he has loaded with orders studded with diamonds. Queen Victoria and King Edward alone have not thought it necessary to follow the example of the other rulers, and the Sultan is accordingly much piqued at not having received the decoration for which he has even asked, and to which he attached an extraordinary value, the Order of the Bath.

This abuse of decorations and ranks has given rise to a regular trade. At Constantinople, influential personages make an open traffic. And there is a tariff, varying according

to the wealth of the candidate and the arrangement made by the speculators between themselves. It is the law of supply and demand, and every now and then new ideas make a notable lowering of the price. There are so many men with decorations that some people think it an honor not to have them, especially as they adorn the breasts of the most insignificant of secret-service agents and the lowest of spies.

Spies in the Post-offices

To secure himself better still, his Majesty has suppressed the local post, as it might help plots; and so well has he done this that there are no means of communicating by letter in Constantinople. As for correspondence with the provinces or with the outside world, it must be said that the postal service is not distinguished for regularity, professional secrecy, nor for the honesty of its officials. Letters are opened, and it is often judged waste of time to send them to their destinations, for the post-office employees are spies, and when they cease to be spies, it is only to turn into thieves.

Here is an example: I sent my servant to buy five dollars' worth of stamps at the central post-office, and, after stamping them, he sent several letters. Next day the post-office returned me my letters with the excuse that the stamps were invalid (the letters, of course, were opened to find my address). As a matter of fact, three days previously the Minister of the Posts had put into circulation a new issue of stamps without warning the public or canceling the considerable stock then on hand. In vain did my servant protest to the employee who had sold him the stamps, and in vain did the general public ask for reimbursement or exchange of the canceled stamps. For this reason several foreign powers—England, France, Germany, Austria and Russia—have their own post-offices in Constantinople and all the chief towns of the empire. But all the same the Turkish government amuses itself now and then by seizing and breaking open the mail-bags as they cross the frontier, with the hope of finding compromising letters or newspapers hostile to his Majesty.

McKinley's Assassination—as Turkey Heard It

There are few things that the Sultan and his government like less than newspapers. Abdul-Hamid has expended for years enormous sums to make the chief European organs favorable to

He has won over some in France,

Germany and Austria, but he could not buy them all, for he cannot find a single English journal which he could bring over to his side. And so he has sworn a deep hatred to the press in general, and to the English press in particular. Consequently independent newspapers have no official entry into the states of the Padishah. Naturally the correspondents of foreign newspapers in Constantinople, at least those whom he cannot buy, are not in good standing; they are treated almost as if they were noxious animals, and are watched over by an organization bearing the pompous title of "Directory of the Censorship and Bureau of the Foreign Press." At the head of this office is an Armenian, Nichan Effendi, a marvelous linguist who daily reads a fabulous number of foreign journals, warns his Majesty of any obnoxious articles, and takes the necessary steps to prevent their entry or circulation in the Ottoman Empire.

In Constantinople there are newspapers in every language, but they are quite useless, for they tell absolutely nothing, and moreover they misrepresent everything. If, for instance, some potentate is murdered, they will announce the news that he died a most natural death; President Carnot, President McKinley, the Empress of Austria, King Humbert and the Shah of Persia all died of an "affection of the heart." When King Alexander of Servia died, the Constantinople papers said that Queen Draga, his wife, wept and bewailed her husband, surrounded by the officers of the King, and that some days later she died from grief. But a fortnight later the Sultan commanded the newspapers to announce the tragedy of Belgrade, and condemn the crime of the Servian officers. The newspapers, of course, complied, without troubling about what had been previously said.

Finally, the last tragic drama at Lisbon was announced to the Turks and throughout the Mussulman world as follows:

"It pleased the Almighty to recall to Himself the soul of King Carlos of Portugal and his elder son. Prince Manuel has been proclaimed King, and will receive the oath of fidelity of the army and civil dignitaries."

Criticism is forbidden to a Constantinople journal; nothing is published except lying phrases and flatteries of the Sultan, and woe to the newspaper which permits the most moderate criticism. If any news is published without the authorization of the censorship, the paper is at once condemned, and is suspended for a period, more or less long. These journals may not discuss matters political, religious, ad-

ministrative, military, or financial, except to speak well of them. Not a line in the paper may be printed without passing the censorship. The chosen censor is usually taken from people of low class and of little means, and is always a fanatic; he is, therefore, easily controlled, for he is afraid to pass over the least thing that might displease his chief; if he errs, it is on the side of excess of zeal. It is exceedingly interesting to be present at one of these battles between a censor and a journalist, which may happen over a single little word that might perhaps cause disturbance in high places. An instance of the severity of the censorship is the following condemnation of news which was published in the *Moniteur Orientale*. The guilty telegram read thus:

"BERLIN.—It is rumored in town that the Emperor, being displeased with Count Herbert von Bismarck, would not give him the embassy at Constantinople which he desired, and that only the post of The Hague would be offered to him."

This does not sound very dreadful, but the censor thought differently, and here is the bolt which he launched on the newspaper:

"Sublime Porte,
Ministry of Foreign Affairs,
Directory of the Press.

Seeing that, in the number of March 18th, the *Moniteur Orientale* has permitted itself to publish a scurrilous paragraph concerning the Foreign Minister of a great and friendly State; seeing that it is strictly forbidden to the Ottoman press to show a lack of respect to the officials of the powers friendly to the Imperial Government, by royal order, the *Moniteur Orientale* is suspended for eight days, commencing with to-day.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 21."

The guilty journal then published a small paragraph announcing its own death, and disappeared for a week.

Every day the newspapers of the Levant receive official notes of this kind, and under such conditions it is easy to imagine what a Constantinople newspaper is worth. Usually these dailies are composed of four pages; the first and second have a few harmless despatches, some stale news, a long list of the day's decorations and promotions, a chronicle of things of local interest, the day's fires, a theft, a burglary, and finally the departure and arrival of tourists. The third page contains some literary articles cut out of foreign newspapers. The fourth has some vague announcements. That is all. This literary feat is sold for from two to five cents a number. And even so the journal hardly pays its expenses, but exists with the help of contributions that do not appear in the

accounts, and preserves its existence only by miracles of finesse. The largest circulation is only fifteen thousand a day, which is attained by a Greek paper and by two or three Turkish journals. Thirty or forty years ago the press was comparatively free in Turkey, and so it was prosperous. To-day it is subject to a rule of caprice, and groans under the censorship.

In Turkey there is a censorship over everything—newspapers, printing-press, libraries, theaters, custom-house, restaurants, social entertaining, even over woman's dress. There is, therefore, no literature and no art.

To Leave Turkey Is an Education

One kind of censorship, which one might call amusing if it were not so aggravating, is that of books at the custom-house, where the officers are capable of confiscating even your "Bae-deker." Scientific works are sometimes detained and burned, if not bought back with a little *bakchich*. Even historical works are forbidden. There are thousands of Turks who have not yet heard of the French Revolution; to leave Turkey is thus an education.

Another censorship is that of passports and *teskeres*. No stranger or Ottoman subject can go in or out of Turkey without a *teskere*, as the gangways of the steamships and the trains are guarded by police, who require a *teskere* if you journey within the boundaries of the empire, or a passport if you enter or leave the country. A foreign subject can easily obtain whichever is necessary, a passport from his consul or a *teskere* from the minister of the Turkish police at the demand of the dragoman of his consulate. If one has the misfortune to be an Ottoman subject, however, he is likely to be refused at first and, if not altogether, made to wait from one to three weeks. Meantime, however great the urgency of his departure, whether it be on account of family concerns, the burial of a father, the illness of a mother, it makes no difference—he must wait.

And all this is because Abdul-Hamid fears that his subjects, and especially the Turks, may go to Europe and attack him, or else acquire ideas hostile to his principles of government. The one dream he has always harbored is to keep his subjects as much as he can from communication with free Europe. If he could, he would undoubtedly cut off Turkey from the rest of Europe, but as that is impossible, he has tried all the harder to raise a barrier between Europe and the countries whose destinies he controls. Consequently, a Turk who wants to leave the country at any price, is almost compelled to take flight, the last resort to secure

individual freedom. But as the possibilities of getting out of the country are extremely difficult, on account of the innumerable spies and police officers, it is necessary to indulge in tricks of different kinds; to accomplish this, the only thing is to be subtle and inventive. This is how a Turkish officer, Obeid Bey, aide-de-camp of the Sultan, arranged to flee the country with his friend, who was also an officer: they intrigued with the captain of a boat belonging to the French Company, Paquet, and five minutes before the departure of the boat they galloped up on horseback, in full uniform, covered with decorations, coming from the quarter of Yildiz. Pulling up their horses before the steamer, they called the police agents who were guarding the ladder to hold their mounts; then leaping down, they cried: "There is a Young Turk on board; we must arrest him! It is the Sultan's order." They sprang on deck, and before the unhappy police agents guessed what they were doing, the boat started.

When a Turk has fled, the Sultan becomes furious. When the fugitive is a person of importance, his fury is all the greater, and he telegraphs his agents in foreign countries to find the fugitive, and advise him to go back. What he fears more than anything else is the revelation of his secrets and attacks from the European press; he fears, too, that the number of malcontents and of Young Turks living in foreign parts may thus be increased, so he promises great reward to any one who will come back. What is more curious is that the Sultan usually keeps his promises, not wishing, by breaking his word, to discourage any others who may have fled, and whom he wishes to bring back. At times he shows himself indulgent, even to those who have attacked him most violently. Fifteen years ago, Mourad Bey, a Turk of high rank, fled first to Paris and then to London, where he spoke and wrote against the Sultan truths that were very hard indeed for his Majesty to bear. But being at the end of his resources after three years' residence in the West, he accepted the Sultan's offer and returned to Constantinople to hold a high post; however, he was always suspected and watched. When in Constantinople, had he said but the thousandth part of what he said against the Sultan when in the West, this same Mourad Bey would certainly not be living to-day, or at best he would be pinning in one of the innumerable prisons in a remote province of the empire where, by the will of the Sultan, liberals, Young Turks, suspects, and honorable people are caged with criminals and bandits, and are treated worse than the criminals.

The Turning of the Worm

"Nations," it has been said, "have the government that they deserve," but revolutions prove triumphantly the falsity of this adage. The Turkish nation, left in ignorance by its sultans, was but just beginning to open its eyes when Abdul-Hamid came to the throne. In a few years it was brought down under a reign of terror, so that all revolution was impossible, owing to the terrible system of espionage, and for other reasons as well. Even the army is powerless to deliver the country from its accursed government; officers of courage and merit groan in prison, and the Turkish soldiers are commanded only by servile creatures of Abdul-Hamid. It is the same in the civil service: all the officials who are honest and patriotic fall into disgrace, are persecuted, ruined, exiled. Men who know neither justice nor honor govern the country. Too much blame, then, should not be thrown on the Turks; look rather for the true culprits, who they are and where they are, and soon one will understand that the European Powers, the foreign ministries, as public opinion knows well, are to be held largely responsible for the criminal state of affairs that is allowed to flourish in this twentieth century along the banks of the Bosphorus. Political interests, national rivalries, the intrigues of a great Power of the North—these are the reasons which till to-day have not allowed any combination of the Powers for altering conditions in Turkey. Meantime, Turkey goes down to ruin, and the Sultan stays where he is. So little by little the land is prepared for the Russians. The lower the Ottoman Empire falls, the more the Russians hope for Constantinople, "the key of the world," as it was called by Napoleon. In throwing a rapid glance over the political horizon, no remedy can be seen for this danger, and the tyranny of Abdul-Hamid is on the eve of being succeeded by the tyranny of the Cossack.

Perhaps the time is not very far off, however, when the oppressed people of Turkey will throw off the most abominable of yokes and the empire take its place among the nations.

The thousands of liberals, called Young Turks, who found refuge in Europe and in America, are constantly devoting their combined energies to organize an effective revolution and deliver their country from the tyranny of its greatest enemy, Abdul-Hamid, and the cruelty of his camarilla. Though they have often failed, yet they are on the side of destiny, and fate will soon enable them to accomplish their purpose.

Despots may oppress nations, but the time always comes when nations choke the despots!



"Something tells me that she will never live to meet him"

ELIZABETH'S AUNT ELIZABETH

BY MYRA KELLY

AUTHOR OF "ROSNAH," "LITTLE CITIZENS," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY



AND now," said Professor Blaisdell when he had neatly tabulated our names, our ages, our nationalities, and the length of time we had spent at college, "now I must ask you for the name of your parent or guardian; some responsible person with whom I can, from time to time, confer upon your progress."

I looked at Elizabeth and Elizabeth looked at me. So this new professor was going to add to all his other faults the most heinous one of all. He was going to write home to our people; to send them reports; to keep them stirred up generally. What, then, would become of our boast-

ed independence? Our maiden bachelorhood? For three years we had lived alone in our castle, a law unto ourselves and to one another. At least, it was not exactly a castle; it was a charming apartment so close to the campus that we could see the chapel clock quite plainly from our windows; and we were not alone exactly, either, for old Margaret—nurse, cook, friend, maid, chaperone, and, occasionally, censor—was always with us in one or another of her rôles. Occasionally a visiting relative stayed with us for some space, but we were accustomed, and we had accustomed them, to look upon their comings and goings as entirely dependent upon our pleasure and hospitality; and

this idea of the new professor's was as new and as distasteful as he.

Elizabeth and I were alone with him. He had chosen to interview his victims two by two in his private office, for this little inquisition. And since her name was Alvord and mine was Blake, we were bound to one another by the alphabet as well as by inclination. Elizabeth should have been the first to answer, but she always left disagreeable duties to me, and so I

half interest in my mother, and I was naturally surprised and disconcerted at her reception of the professor's question:

"And your parents, Miss Alvord, where shall I communicate with them?" Elizabeth looked at him and gradually went to pieces. Her upper lip began to quiver and two large tears welled up into her large eyes and hung for a moment on her long, black lashes. She has often tried to teach me this trick, but I never, some-



He had chosen to interview his victims two by two in his private office

found myself divulging the name and address of my long-suffering mother, wondering, meanwhile, whether the ogre would drag her from far-away Ohio to listen to the tale of my delinquencies.

Then he turned to Elizabeth. Now, she has been an orphan since she was three weeks old—that was twenty-one years ago—so she is by this time moderately well accustomed to her bereavement. And if anything could console one for the loss of one's father and mother I think it would be a board of three trustee-uncles like hers—the most indulgent, lovable, and loving old gentlemen who ever wore mutton-chop whiskers and white spats. I had enjoyed a large share of their affection, Elizabeth having sold me a niecehood to them in exchange for a

how, can quite get it. I can produce the tears, but they always flop unbecomingly out on my cheeks, while Elizabeth, looking every moment sadder and braver, can swallow hers again. She did this now, and then turned appealingly to me; anyone looking at her—even I who know her so well—might have thought that emotion had robbed her of the power of speech. The professor's eyes, troubled, embarrassed, followed hers, and I rebelliously made answer—she could quite as well have done it herself:

"Miss Alvord's mother and father are both dead."

"Dear me, dear me, too bad!" said he; for, though an ogre, he had a heart for such distress as this. "Are there, perhaps, any grandparents?" This time Elizabeth found her voice.

She brought those tears back to the surface, made a great effort, and produced, huskily:

"All dead."

"Then with whom," he asked in the apologetic manner of one who knows that he is sandpapering a bleeding heart, "with whom may I communicate, as may from time to time become necessary?"

And that ungrateful girl, with her Uncle Charles' latest gift—an amethyst stock-pin—upon her breast, looked pensively down at her hands, twiddled the pearl ring which Uncle John gave her at Christmas round the sapphire ring with which Uncle Peter marked her last birthday, and made reply:

"There is no one, no one at all, who would be interested except Miss E. H. Alvord, of 527 West 126th Street."

Her own name! And Marthana Caruth's address!

"An aunt?" he suggested.

"Yes," said she.

"Thank you," said he.

"Not at all," said she. And the interview was over.

Very soon, indeed, did Professor Blaisdell find it necessary to communicate to Miss E. H. Alvord the distressing news that her niece had, upon six consecutive and unexplained occasions, absented herself from his course in historic art. Marthana Caruth hopped over to our apartment, all sentimental interest. Any one of us who was accustomed to Elizabeth was also accustomed to sentimental interest, and Marthana had always an absorbing love for what she called "the candelstine." Elizabeth was not in at the moment, and Marthana vented her excitement upon me. "It's from the college," she purred. "I wonder who it can be from? I can tell it's a man from the way he makes his capital 'E.' But why should anybody in the college want to write to her? She's there every day. And if he did want to write to her, why didn't he send the letter here? How did he know that she knew me so well? And how—" Fortunately Elizabeth came in just then, and we explained the situation to Marthana and thereby threw her into romantic flutterings and prognostications.

"But why," she demanded at last, when we



So we three concocted a letter

had answered all her other questions, "why does he write to Miss Elizabeth H. Alvord? Your name is Elizabeth M., isn't it?"

"Oh, that," said Elizabeth, "is symbolism. You've read 'Martin Chuzzlewit'?" Marthana nodded vaguely. "And you remember Mrs. Harris? Mrs. Gamp's great friend?" Marthana shook her head this time, but she was still vague. "Then that's the point," laughed Elizabeth. "My aunt's second name is Harris, because there 'ain't no sich a person." 'H' is the symbol of Harris. Harris is the symbol of the non-existent. There you have it."

Marthana wrestled in spirit for some moments, and then asked practically and admiringly:

"And what are you going to do next?"

"Oh, next," answered Elizabeth unconcernedly, "you are going to write to Professor Blaisdell." Marthana gasped and protested, but Elizabeth ignored her distress and went serenely on. "I'll tell you what to say, but neither Marion nor I can do the actual writing, because he knows our 'fists.' You will tell him how distressed you are, and how you have labored and remonstrated with me; how you have even made me a subject of prayer." But here Marthana rebelled.

"I will not pray for you," said Marthana; "that I will not do."

"All right," said Elizabeth leniently, "I will do it for myself. But you *will* copy what I write? Dear Marthana?"

So we three concocted a letter; Elizabeth and I contributed the sentiments, and Marthana set them down in her convent-trained hand.

On the next afternoon I was walking across the campus when I met Professor Blaisdell.

"Do you," he asked amiably, "know Miss Alvord, Senior?" For a moment I hesitated, and so, of course, was lost.

"I do," I answered.

"She must be a very charming woman," he commented; "I judge from a letter which I received this morning. I have rarely known anyone who combined such sensibility of mind with such facility of expression. Is Miss Alvord, Senior, advanced in years?"

"Well, of course," said I, "she is older than the younger Miss Alvord." And so she was. The younger Miss Alvord was Elizabeth's brother's first baby, then three weeks old. It was, I think, the pride of being aunt to this little creature which suggested to Elizabeth that she should be her own aunt as well.

"She writes with charming grace and culture," he remarked.

"Well," I admitted, "she is very charming."

"So I should have imagined. It is a great

privilege for you and your friend to associate with a woman of her type."

I thought, after this, that he showed a new consideration for Elizabeth, and she was so interested in her rôle of aunt that she went quite placidly through the routine of the days; so that Professor Blaisdell felt constrained to report her progress to Miss Alvord, Senior. Elizabeth replied in a masterly epistle in which she expressed, among other things, her satisfaction that her niece had come under the influence of a dominant personality, which was moulding her so wonderfully for the better.

Professor Blaisdell was delighted with himself, and the other students were amazed at the alteration in his treatment of Elizabeth. He no longer frowned upon her levity and suppressed all her remarks. He treated her with a fatherly regard, and she treated him to a yielding sweetness which was one of the most dangerous of her many beguilements. Only when we were alone was she her natural, mischievous, delightful self. At all other times she wore a pensive, chastened air, as though the responsibility of being aunt to a college senior were a thing to be carefully lived up to, and the letter of the series which gave her most pleasure was that in which Blaisdell wrote:

"Has it ever, madam, occurred to you that your niece is of a peculiarly impressionable nature and that those interested in her welfare should endeavor to surround her with characters whose influence upon her will be for good? I question very much whether Miss Blake exerts such an influence. Your niece's affection for her friend is very touching and very beautiful, and, personally, I find Miss Blake entirely unobjectionable, but in my endeavor to account for the fluctuations of Miss Alvord's temperament I am forced to the conclusion that she finds the stimulus for those regrettable lapses from her true self in her association with this young person."

There is no gratitude in Elizabeth. There is even no decent feeling; and why I bear with her, forgive her, cling to her, is more than I can understand; for there she had a heaven-sent opportunity of telling Professor Blaisdell how good I really was and am to her, and yet her answer to his letter—she showed me a copy after she had despatched the original—ran:

"I have frequently, and with much concern, suspected that the influence of Miss Blake over my poor girl is not all that it should be. Your letter encourages me to think that I was right, and your kindness emboldens me to ask for your advice. I am, I hope, a Christian, God-fearing woman. Can I, therefore, by separating these girls, remove from poor, dear Marion

the one influence for good which is left to her? Her mother, a devoted and over-indulgent woman, is far from her child, and to withdraw my Elizabeth—by far the better balanced of the two—would be to leave Marion to the guidance of her own erratic tendencies. Do you think I should be justified in this? Pray let me have your opinion upon this point."

I let Elizabeth have my opinion, for I thought, and I still think, that letter an abominable piece of treachery. She only laughed in her large and debonaire fashion, and promised that if I would be very good, her aunt would write and tell Professor Blaisdell so. Nevertheless it is, as some one says, "a long worm that has no turning," and it seemed to me that Elizabeth did not deserve the unbroken success which attended her in the matter of her aunt. So upon the next afternoon I arrayed myself in my best "bib and tucker" and stood ostentatiously near the bulletin board where I knew that Professor Blaisdell must pass.

"A beautiful afternoon, Miss Blake," said he, and went on his preoccupied way. But I, on vengeance bent, fell into step beside him.

"Beautiful indeed," I agreed, as we struck across the campus; "and I am going to spend it in such a pleasant way. I am going for a drive with Miss Alvord, Senior. You know her, I think? She speaks so often of you." I had at least succeeded in arresting his attention, and the other girls, studying, and walking, and resting under the trees, must have marveled to see the earnest interest with which this most blasé member of our faculty spoke to me.

"I have never had the pleasure of actually meeting her, but we frequently exchange letters. How delightfully she writes!"

"Ah, but you should hear her talk," said I, and with a feeling that I was shooting an arrow into the air I added, "you should see her." This last was not as wild a shot as I had expected it to be.

"Does her niece resemble her?" he asked.

"Slightly," I admitted, with a glad return to truth; "perhaps even markedly. Some people

think Elizabeth the prettier of the two, but Miss Alvord appeals more to me. Don't you think a woman of thirty-five can still be good looking?"

"Most assuredly I do," he answered—we had looked up the dates of his various diplomas in the College Announcement and had decided that he must be forty-two or -three—"most decidedly!"

"Well, so do I," said I, "and I know she would be delighted to see you. She is so interested in everything relating to Elizabeth. Why don't you go to see her?"

"I shall," he assured me as we parted, "I shall make a point of it."

"Do," I encouraged him, "you would be charmed. Everyone loves her." And in his very next letter—it was about Elizabeth's non-attendance at clay modeling—he suggested most formally that an interview would enable him to lay the case before her more fully than he could do in letters. This proposal rather staggered Elizabeth, and for some days she worried about it. Then one morning at breakfast she appeared with a serene brow and told me that her aunt was ill; had been suffering with a severe cold, and was leaving town for Lakewood that afternoon.

She read me the letter in which this news was communicated to Professor Blaisdell, and its peroration ran:

"The solicitude with which I leave my sweet girl practically alone in this great city is mitigated by the reflection that, in case of necessity, she would have the advantage of your guidance and advice. I cannot say with what pleasure I look forward to making your acquaintance upon my return to town; and I trust my enforced absence will not be of long duration."

By this time Marthana Caruth was in such a state of flutters that she was actually unsafe as a conspirator, and so Elizabeth's aunt ceased for a time to busy herself with Elizabeth's affairs, and the game languished for a while, as other interests overshadowed it. The Professor made most polite inquiries and sent most courteous messages. Elizabeth replied to the one and undertook to transmit the other, but there was no tangible evidence of the elder Miss Alvord's



"Why don't you go to see her?"



One morning at breakfast she read me the letter

existence for two or three weeks, and the younger Miss Alvord, deprived of this support and control, reverted to her earlier, unregenerate state. I could see that the professor attributed this change to me, and I am glad to feel that I had nothing to do with the climax of her wickedness. I was not even at college on the day it occurred. Perhaps if I had been I might have managed to palliate her offense, as many and many a time I had done. I was in bed, very uncomfortably, with tonsilitis, when Elizabeth, refreshed by her long virtue, broke out again.

There is a department of domestic science in our college, and as straw is to bricks, so is milk to domestic science. Therefore, at ten o'clock every day, a high, red-painted, rakish-looking milk-wagon, attached to a tall, rakish-looking chestnut horse, and driven by a red-haired youth of surly temper, rattles up to the gate of learning. The rakish horse is tied, protesting, to the gate-post, while the young man delivers the milk, and not all the months of the scholastic year could accustom Elizabeth to the tableau of that fretting, humiliated steed. She loved horses as she loved nothing else, save mischief, and she always vowed that the milkman's horse had seen better days.

Now, upon the morning that my tonsilitis reached its crisis, Elizabeth and the milkman's horse met—all unchaperoned and unattended—at the college gate. Glances of mutual understanding had frequently passed between them, but never before had they been entirely alone. Now, however, eye held eye for a long, telepathic moment. She smiled. He stretched forth an appealing neck and cocked a knowing eye back at the high, empty seat of the milk-

wagon. She looked up at the bright blue sky, at the blind, uncurtained windows of the college, at the October foliage of the campus trees, and at the empty, sunlit road which led to the open country.

They were still alone.

He pricked his ears toward the empty, sunlit road; she glanced up at the high and empty seat.

Presently the milkman, flushed with his daily encounter with the elevator boy, emerged from the high halls of learning and stood aghast. Beside him stood the elevator boy, and they gazed spellbound upon the empty space before them. Yet not quite empty, for upon the curb a neat little heap of text-books reposed and the roadway was punctuated with milk-cans large and small, milk-bottles empty and full, a long-handled dipper, and a book with fluttering yellow leaves. The milkman made a remark the elevator boy echoed, then supplemented it with another still more remarkable.

And out upon the country road, hatless, singing and happy, a tall girl sat in a tall milk-cart, with the name of a well-known dairy upon the red glory of its dashboard, while a tall horse pranced along, head up, crest arched, as he once more felt the touch of a practised driver on the reins and heard no rattle of tin cans behind him.

Many versions of that day's incidents have reached me, but there are two or three facts common to all of them. Everyone agrees that the elevator service was abominable, and since the elevator boy—deaf to bells and heedless to remonstrances—stood upon the steps with his eye upon the road for the two hours which separated Elizabeth's disappearance from her re-

appearance, this report seems credible. I am also told, with convincing unanimity, that a horde of Italians appeared upon the campus, where no Italian had ever before been seen, and staggered off under the cans, the bottles, the milk, and the enraged imprecations of the milkman, who was left to the consolation of his enemy, with only the yellow-leaved book for company.

At ten o'clock, when the elopement occurred, the campus was, as I have said, deserted, but at a quarter-past twelve, when the fugitives returned, it was swarming with students and with faculty surging or trickling out into the sunshine from the different buildings. And upon the steps of Ardmore Hall stood Prexy, the unapproachable, the austere Prexy, listening restively to the lamentations of the milkman, who had spent the intervening hours in fruitless telephoning and fruitless reconnoitering. You are to picture to yourself the old gray buildings standing solemnly about in their glory of October Boston ivy, the book-laden students in their caps and gowns, the basket-ball teams snatching a quarter-hour practice, the cake-woman in her bright red shawl, the lemonade-man in his white cap, the whole busy, orderly scene of midday on a college campus. And to this scene you are to add the sudden apparition of a red and brilliant milk-cart, driven by a girl with wind-tossed hair and laughing eyes, for Elizabeth, "playing hooky" at twenty-two, was radiantly unashamed of herself, and sprang to the ground before the gladdened eyes of the milkman, and with all the air of having done something extremely creditable. She must have made up her mind to the probable cost of her adventure, for she paid its first instalment with the prettiest air imaginable.

"Ah, dear Mr. Farms—the name is Farms, is it not? Meadowbrook Farms, I see by the dashboard—I have had a most delightful drive,



She presented him with a ten-dollar bill and a bewitching smile

and I hope that this"—and she presented him with a ten-dollar bill and a bewitching smile—"will reimburse you for your expense and anxiety."

But if she were debonair and gay the partner of her flight was not. His guilty head drooped between his feet and every line showed him conscience-stricken and afraid. Yet, even deducting the price of the milk-cans and the scattered milk, he had done a tolerably good morning's work for his master.

Prexy still glowered upon the steps; the basket-ball teams stopped to watch developments; the lunch-bound students halted in the gravel walks; a hush fell over the campus as Miss Alvord mounted the steps, held out her strong little hand in its turned-back dog-skin glove, and exclaimed;

"Ah, Doctor Howland, it is such an age since I saw you, and I am so sorry that you were not with me this morning! I had a most heavenly drive." And Prexy took the little hand in his, thereby destroying for all time his reputation for austerity, and answered:

"My dear young lady, you are very kind. I should have been delighted."

Now it was all very well for Prexy to be noble and nice about it, but Elizabeth was not in his particular care as she was in Professor Blaisdell's, and that conscientious educator did not propose supinely to allow his students to become horse thieves. Elizabeth confesses that she had a remarkably bad quarter of an hour that afternoon. She flattered herself that she had played her part of the penitent and regenerated sinner with compelling force, but a morning or two later she was undeceived. Marthana Caruth brought us a letter for Elizabeth's aunt; it was branded "important," and marked "please forward," and it ran:



They gazed spellbound

"MY DEAR MISS ALVORD: Since your departure from New York the regeneration which had manifested itself in your niece's conduct has suffered an unaccountable check. A most regrettable incident took place a few days ago, and, although the president of the college sees fit to overlook it, I cannot feel justified in leniency. Had Miss Alvord been a pupil of the grammar school her offense would be sufficiently reprehensible. In a college senior it is quite inexcusable. I wish it were possible to write you the details, but after several efforts I am forced to abandon the attempt. It is impossible to describe the events without making the account seem either ridiculous or amusing, and I can assure you that it was neither. I trust that you have by now sufficiently recovered to make it possible for you to receive visitors. The events of the past few days have been so disagreeable and perplexing that I feel in need of rest, and have decided to go to Lakewood for the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of this week. May I look forward to the pleasure of making your acquaintance and discussing some means to the future guidance of your niece upon that occasion?"

Elizabeth read this letter in silence, and in silence she handed it to me. She looked very grave. Presently she asked:

"How has my dear aunt been lately? Do you remember? You've done most of the reporting."

"She has not been very well," I answered. "Professor Blaisdell has asked for news of her almost every morning, and I have told him that, while there was no immediate danger, we were yet very anxious about her."

"So we are," Elizabeth acquiesced warmly, "worried to death about the poor old dear. What does he mean by writing an exciting letter like that to a poor, sick lady, at Lakewood for her health? Why," she cried in sudden inspiration, "it's enough to kill her!" And then she broke off to chuckle delightedly:

"Oh, what would I give, what would I *not* give, to see Professor Blaisdell's version of my offense: 'Dear Madam, I grieve to state that your niece stole a milk-wagon.' Or: 'My dear Miss Alvord, whatever shall I do? That bad girl has been and run off with a horse. Shall I punish her, or will you?' Oh Lor', oh Lor'! I wish I were his waste-paper basket."

"That's all very well," said I, "but I should like to ask what you're going to do next. You can't keep putting him off forever. You know how determined and persevering a man he is, and sooner or later he will call upon your Aunt Elizabeth."

"I think not," she made reply. "I have a

premonition"—and she began to call tears into her eyes and a quaver into her voice—"something tells me that she will never live to meet him. She is very near the end. If he asks either of us to-day about her, remember that she has changed alarmingly for the worse, and that she insists upon returning to town; says it's her sacred duty—no one knows why."

For several days—ever since Elizabeth's drive, to be exact—Professor Blaisdell had confined his inquiries to me, as he considered it beneath his dignity to have anything to do with her. So I made my report as unfavorable as it well could be, and he was greatly concerned. On the next morning the invalid had returned to town; on the next she was so ill that Elizabeth could not leave her bedside; on the next she was unconscious; and on Friday she was dead, and I stayed at college only long enough to tell him. He was quite overcome, and it was only the realization that this regret would be easier for him to bear than the knowledge that he had been befooled and laughed at that kept me from telling him the truth. The funeral occurred on Monday morning, the busiest time in the week for him, but he sent some exquisite flowers, so beautiful and white that they made us seriously remorseful and ashamed of ourselves until we took them to the hospital and left them in the children's ward. Of course Elizabeth had to stay at home for a week, but she beguiled the hours by evolving the most bewitching mourning I ever saw. She was always pretty, and often beautiful, but in these lovely, soft, black gowns, with dainty white collars and cuffs, she was absolutely lovely. She had a good deal of leisure time on her hands, and in it she evolved, too, the climax of her little comedy.

"My dear friend," it began, "I wish that I might have met you face to face and carried the picture of you with me. But it was not to be. May I hope that, for as long as my dear child remains within the sphere of your influence, you will continue your kind interest in her; that you will be patient and forbearing with her wilfulness, making allowances in your strength for her weakness? I can write no more. Farewell."

I absolutely refused to have anything to do with this effusion, and Elizabeth was obliged to enclose it with a letter in her own hand, telling him that she had found it, sealed, among the papers of her dear aunt. And that very evening he called upon us, and when Margaret handed us his cards on her little silver tray I saw something which nobody else has ever seen: Elizabeth Alvord in a panic of fright. He

followed his card so promptly that he was in the room before she could escape, and he was himself so genuinely distressed and so naturally sorry that it was difficult to realize him as the Professor Blaisdell of the lecture-room. Of course he accepted Elizabeth's emotion as natural under the circumstances, and he took her hand in both of his in the most kindly, unaffected way; he led her to the divan, tucked a cushion behind her, and examined her face in a professional and almost proprietary manner. She had by this time recovered sufficiently to be tearful again, and I, being utterly and evidently superfluous, and being besides extremely angry with Elizabeth for the length to which she was carrying her game, invented some excuse for leaving the room, and I returned to it only when I heard the door close and knew that she was alone. To my amazement I found her, face downward, among the pillows, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"You can stop now," said I crossly; "he's gone, and I hope you are ashamed of yourself."

She cried on.

"I'm ashamed of you."

Still she wept.

"And I repeat that you are wasting your crocodile tears. There is no one here to be affected by them."

She continued to sob, and presently I discovered her emotion to be genuine. Now, she is peculiar in many ways, but in her weeping she is absolutely original. She does it seldom but thoroughly, and she never tries to combine speech and sobs. When I had petted her back to calmness and set her upright among the cushions, she spoke:

"He made me cry."

"You richly deserve that he should. What did he say?"

"Everything that was kind. That he considers me a sacred trust from the dead. Me!" And she was so tragic that I thought she intended me to laugh. So I did. Which irritated instead of soothed her.

"He says," she went on, "that he intends to advise me, cheer and comfort me; to help me to correct my recklessness and wilfulness, and to become in every way the sweet and gentle woman which nature—and Aunt Elizabeth—intended me to be."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing else."

"Then why were you crying?"

"Because," she answered, and her pretty eyes were full of real tears and real distress, "because, Marion dear, I have a feeling that he will keep his word."



THE MARRIAGEMONY OF MINERVA WHITE

BY HANNA RION

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK VER BECK



SERIES of dog barks, human yelps, clatter of rushing footsteps, and a whirling form spun into the room, tripped on a rug and plunged against the table, shattering the decorum of Miss Patricia Bratton's dining-room, where she and her nephew were seated at their dignified two-o'clock dinner.

The unexpected intruder's physical equilibrium restored, she postponed all inquiries from the astounded Miss Bratton by going off into spasms of mirth, holding her sides and displaying her perfect back teeth as she inhaled rather than exuded such exclamations as "Cracky!"—"Lord hav' mussy!"—"Dat dog!"

After subsiding into mere quivering giggles, she seemed suddenly to remember the object of her call, explaining exuberantly:

"I come to ax ef you's needin' a cook. Hope you didn't burn yuhse'f wid dat coffee I mek you spill—thought that dog wuz gwine eat me hat an' shoes."

The thing above all else on earth Miss Bratton had been desiring for over a week was a domestic, but this cyclonic piece of black organism was not the exact embodiment of what she had hoped for.

Still, the time of the year was very trying, and Miss Bratton was desperate.

"Are you an experienced cook? Can you do housework?"

"Oh, yas'm! I kin do mos' anything 'n dis worruld 'cep'n' keepin' still. I kin fry chick'n so it fairly meks muh mouf dribble to think ov it, an' I cooks sparrow-grass *dat* tender it melt when you look at it, an' de gumbo I cooks—Lordy, Miss, I'd hate to waste tellin' 'bout dat gumbo when you's already full o' dinner."

"You have worked out before?" (Miss Bratton was almost won.)

"Oh, yas'm. I'se worked at mos' ebery-thing 'cep'n' breakin' rocks wid de chain-gang."

As to her name, the applicant proudly stated

it to be "Minerva White." Never was there a greater misnomer! Minerva was squat, fat, and as black as a freshly polished stove.

When Miss Bratton decided, with an unaccustomed impulsiveness, to give the girl a trial, she little realized she was entering into a partnership that was to extend over an unlimited period of years.

"Inconsequential," "irrepressible," "irresponsible," were all terms Miss Bratton found herself using in speaking of her new maid, but they were invariably smoothed off by an acknowledgment of Minerva's imperishable good humor.

That such a blithe creature was single and care-free was a natural conclusion, verified by an extremely youthful appearance. The first day the little spinster and her nephew, Mr. William Ramsdale, age nineteen, sat down to sample Minerva's famous tomato, okra and rice gumbo, she sadly recalled the savory description given by the cook on the day of her application, as she contrasted the scorched flavor with Minerva's peroration on the subject.

On gently suggesting that the soup was somewhat burned, the cook readily sympathized:

"Yas'm, it am a shame! You see, I got kinder overhe't an' I sot out on de porch a minit to dry off, an' I see dat dog chewin' up one o' Billy's socks an' I begunst to chase it an'——"

"Minerva, you must not call Mr. Ramsdale 'Billy'; it is not respectful."

"Ov course not. I'll call 'im 'Colonel' ef it'll please you, Miss Patsy"; and so she did, variating it according to circumstance to "Gen'ral," "Commodo" and even "Gov'ner."

Billy, being at an age susceptible to flattery, became Minerva's sworn ally and defender whenever his aunt desperately threatened discharge.

One morning Miss Bratton, between sneezes, interrupted her maid's songful bedmaking by declaring:

"You see what a dreadful cold you have

caused me, Minerva, by failing to tuck the bedclothes properly at the foot of the bed, in spite of the fact that I have shown you half a dozen times how to do it. Now I will give you one more lesson, and if it happens again and my feet are exposed to draughts, you will have to go, Minerva."

"Yas, Miss, I'se a-list'nin'—I 'clare, Miss

smilingly, but when she calmly turned up the next morning, remarking carelessly, "I know'd you couldn't git 'long widout me, when you's sick, so heah I is, an' heah I'se gwine stay tell you gits well," Miss Bratton had to confess she was glad.

When Minerva had been in her service for two months, Miss Patsy found it necessary



"I 'clare, Miss Patsy, you sech a pritty lady I don't see huccome you never marry"

Patsy, you sech a pritty lady I don't see huccome you never marry."

"Minerva, I want no foolishness whatever now; pay attention. You see I tuck the sheet under the first mattress this way and——"

"Miss Patsy, when you gits thru wid dat dress you got on, giv' it to me please'm."

Miss Bratton passed out of the room with a hopeless sigh, to find another cause for grievance outside. Billy had just gotten up and was clamoring for breakfast. He had been out rather later than his aunt suspected the night before, and had found it expedient to use his own window for entrance instead of the noisy front door.

Miss Bratton relieved herself at length on the subject of Billy's habits and Minerva's worthlessness, before entering the pantry to plan out the day's meals.

She shortly heard Minerva's prefacing giggle and subsequent commentary:

"We don' min' Miss Patsy's fuss'ness, does we, 'Admiral'?"

This was the last straw. Minerva was told she could take her hat and go. She left

to hunt her domestic's abode one Sunday afternoon, in order to tell her to come at five the next morning, Billy having suddenly decided to start off on a camping trip at an early hour.

She wended her way through the assortment of dilapidated shanties back of the railroad shops, inquiring along the way for Minerva White's house. A little unpainted cabin was finally pointed out. In reply to her knock a small voice cried out:

"Who dar?"

Miss Bratton declared herself.

"Wull, ma's gone off ter a baptizin' an' I'se lock 'n de house."

"Who is your mother?" Miss Bratton inquired.

"'Nerva's muh mar, ma'am."

Miss Bratton could scarcely believe her ears; her surprise remained unabated until her maid's arrival the next morning, when an explanation was requested.

"Lord, Miss, I thought eberybody knows I'se married. Yas'm, I'se had three chilluns, but I giv' Abs'lum (dat's de oldest) to muh

ma fer a Christmas present two years ago, an' I giv' Magd'len to muh sister fer a weddin' present, so I jes got S'phira left on muh han's now; but I hopes to fin' a home fer her, kase I ain't got no time to look arter chilluns, an' muh husban's too nervous to be worrit wid 'm."

"What does your husband do?"—Miss Bratton passed over the shocking irresponsibility of Minerva's motherhood.

"He don' do nothin' much, his health bein' po'ly, but when he's feelin' kinder peart he barbers some—den he has a li'l' luck at craps."

"What does Saphira—I believe you said that is her name—what does your little girl do all day while you are here at work?"

"I feeds 'er an' 'er daddy fo' I comes to wuk 'n de mornin', den Hampton (dat's muh man) he ginrully goes down-town fer de day, he sayin' how de docter 'clare he need all de 'citement he kin git fer his health, an' I locks S'phira 'n de house tell I gits home at night."

Miss Bratton was horrified to think of the possibilities of the child being burned, as so many of the negro children are under like conditions, so she insisted that Saphira should be brought each day.

The four-year-old pickaninny had the run of the rear yard and the back veranda, and was indeed but little in the way. The kind old spinster felt well content with her solution of Minerva's problems, until she one day noticed, through the blinds of the dining-room, the barefooted Saphira tiptoeing stealthily away from the refrigerator with mouth and both hands crammed full of food.

The immediate thought of the child's evident hunger obliterated indignation, so the tender-hearted Miss Bratton for some

days provided Saphira with frequent lunches of bread, butter, and sugar. The stuff in the refrigerator, however, continued to disappear with daily regularity.

Miss Bratton was in agony for fear the mother would discover Saphira's thefts; memories of Minerva's graphic delineation of how she had cured Magdalen's "light-fingernedness" by hanging her up by the



"Hampton (dat's muh man) he ginrully goes down-town fer de day"

thumbs, made the old maid shudder for Saphira's possible fate.

Miss Bratton was a woman of theories and fine precepts; no one could have been more astonished than she when she found herself willing to abet and shield Saphira by removing the refrigerator to another and unapproachable part of the house, replacing it with an old cupboard in which she blushinglly placed daily contributions that she knew Saphira would enjoy abstracting as soon as her back was turned.

But, alas for this kindly conspiracy! Minerva's watchful eye peered forth one day to rest upon the purplish heels of her offspring just as they were twinkling noiselessly away from the vicinity of the treasure-chest. Poor Saphira! Miss Bratton, with tears making canals of her wrinkles, pleaded in vain for the young criminal. The inexorable mother yanked the delinquent home, and tied her up



"Who dar?"



Poor Saphira!

in a standing position for twelve hideous hours.

Minerva appeared at work next morning with a smile of rare contentment.

"I'se got rid ov 'er, Miss Patsy. De new preacher ain' got nairy chilluns, an' de congregation's mekin' dere donations to 'im now. I 'splained as how I didn't have nothin' I could give 'im 'less he'd like a chile. His wife was jes tickled to deaf. So S'phira's got a home near de Lord now, an' I hopes de dev'l 'n 'er 'll tek to his heels."

One day, after Minerva had been in the Bratton service for almost two years, the mistress discovered her asleep in the best parlor chair when she was supposed to be sweeping. The minute Miss Bratton spoke Minerva started up shouting:

"Creepin' Moses! Miss, dat's wha' I gits fer dancin' mos' o' de night. It wuz jes muh foots dat wuz a-snorin', muh haid were wide 'wake all de time."

In earlier days Miss Bratton would have taken this excuse literally, but a gradual understanding of Minerva's character caused her to rivet her maid for a more exact account of herself.

Minerva broke down for the first time. With strangely tragic sobs she confessed:

"Miss Patsy, you been so good to me I jes ain' gwine lie to you no mo'. I ain' been a-dancin' 'tall. Lord, honey, dese po' foots o' mine hasn't felt no pleasure fer so long dey's fergot dat dey's made fer anything but to kerry dis blac' body o' mine roun' to wuk. I ain't never 'bused Hampton to nobody, not eben his *Meker*, but I gittin' worn out

s'portin' dat nigger—yas'm, dat's wha' I is. Sometimes I 'clare I clean fergits dat I wa'n't *born* married! Ef I eber gits de chance to be a ole maid ag'in Gord knows I'll grab it quicker dan a chick'n grab corn. No'm, I ain' been a-dancin'—I'se been a-wukin' mos' o' de night. Hampton's got sech 'spensive tastes an' sech a disposition fer ease dat I has to tek 'n washin' arter I gits thru wukin' heah ebery day, an' I'se scrubbin' an' ironin' way 'nto de night when eberything's sleep 'ceptin' burglars an' screech owls. It's so e-asy gittin' 'nto marriagemony, Miss Patsy, but it's sholy like bein' 'n jail, an' harder to git out ov, once you dar. You's suttlenly a smart lady to tek nothin' to do wid de men folks. I'se had pow'ful good luck gittin' rid o' de chilluns I had, but I'se racked muh brain to fin' some way to git clear o' Hampton; but so far de Lord ain' shed no light on dat subjec'."

Miss Bratton had noticed that Minerva was not as buxom as she had been two years before, but the negro's perpetual cheer and good temper had apparently bespoken a never-ending joy in life; the mistress was therefore completely amazed by these revelations of the "White" family's black skeleton.

A few weeks later, Minerva came to Miss Bratton with the request for the loan of five dollars. It was willingly given without question. For several days Minerva was even more than usually absent-minded, and the work was hopelessly slipshod.

Then came one morning when she did not arrive until after breakfast was over, making

her entrance with peals of hysterical laughter, which were in strange contrast with her costume. She was garbed all in somber black, with the exception of a startlingly green bow of ribbon at her throat.

"Yas'm, you mus' 'scuse muh bein' so late, kase dis am de las' time it eber gwine happen, fer you see I'se a widder now, an' a grass widder at dat!" She grinned, touching the emerald symbol at her neck.

"Set down, Miss Patsy, an' we'll let de dishes sot a while, kase I wants to talk to you a li'l'."

Miss Bratton was immune to all surprise

Den I goes roun' early one mornin' to see muh rival, an' I jes tuk dat five dollars 'long 'n muh apron pocket. I sho' it to 'er, an' I sez, sez I, 'Ca'line, dis heah money's yourn ef you helps yuhself to muh husban', an' teks 'im clean out de state. An' ef you don' 'lope him,' I sez, '*I gwine 'port wha' I knows 'bout you to de perlice!*' I don' kno' nothin' special 'bout dat gal, Miss Patsy, but I sho'ly struck home. She fairly tu'n green when I sez dat, an' she grovel on 'er knees to me an' beg me fer de lub o' Hebben not to do dat. She sez how she'll git Hampton 'way wid'n a week,



*"I gwine 'port wha' I knows 'bout you
to de perlice!"*

now, so she obediently seated herself and listened.

"You'll prob'ly heah de news from udders, an' dis am wha' you gwine heah—dey'll sey, 'Po' 'Nerva White! dat triflin' husban' o' hern done run off wid a yaller gal'; an' I s'pose I got to look mighty sad an' watery-eyed fer a spell, but don' you go bu'stin' yuh heart wid sorrow fer me, honey, kase you an' me's gwine see some happiness now. You kno' dat five dollars? Well, ma'm, *dat did it!* I foun' out Hampton were skiddyin' roun' a low-down molatta gal, an' I fairly sicked 'im on (but he didn't s'picion it). I mek out I so jealous an' heartbroke an' kerry on so turrible dat he couldn't stay 'n de house 'n comfort, but would hatter go out ebery night to fin' some peace courtin' dat udder gal.

an' she sho' kep' 'er word. Den I also tell 'er dat she kin tell muh husban' (wid muh compli-ments) arter dey's safe over de line, dat ef he eber comes back foolin' roun' me I'se gwine tell wha' I knows 'bout *him*, an' he'll lan' on de chain-gang. Now, Miss Patsy, dat muh min' 's clear o' all chilluns an' men, I'se gwine settle down to 'nj'y muhself mekin' up to you fer all de triflin'ness you done put up wid so long. Yas'm, I'se gwine spen' de res' o' muh days right heah wid you an' de 'President'—this being Billy's latest promotion—"an' couldn't you fix up dat wood-house out 'n de bac' yard fer me to live 'n? Lord! Miss Patsy," Minerva heaved a long, happy sigh, as she caressed the folds of her funeral skirt, "ain't it jes *HEBBEN* bein' *single!*"

HOW CHICAGO IS FINDING HERSELF

BY IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN," "THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

I



HE most wonderful and inspiring town in the United States to-day is Chicago. For she has seen what a city might be—a place with perhaps few palaces, but with *no* slums; a place where the stockyard-worker, the clerk, the stoker goes to his home through streets as broad and clean and peaceful as does the lakeside dweller; where every weary man and woman may rest in a near-by park as beautiful as men have learned to make parks; where there is a swimming-pool for every boy, a shower for every tired laborer, a tub for every child and woman; where for a pittance men may travel comfortably and quickly between the most distant points; where children are always in schools, never in factories and shops; where the weak and homeless, the ill and strange are wards, not burdens; where opportunity holds out her hands at every corner; where music and pictures, games and lectures, lessons and the dance, all the stimulating and amusing and refreshing forces young and old love, are free for all; where every bewildered foreigner feels himself welcome; where every man says, "*Our city, our beautiful city.*"

This is what one *feels* in Chicago to-day—in dirty, ill-smelling, badly behaved, crowded, pushing, ugly Chicago. Not only feels, but sees coming. Not only sees, but hears—confused but prophetic sounds in Commercial Club and City Club, Association of Commerce and Federation of Labor, Voter's League and City Council, the newspapers and the social settlements. Sounds that sometimes blend into the splendid music of a soaring chorus. For Chicago is finding herself—unconsciously, it is true, save in spots, but finding herself. She has the vision without which no man saveth his soul. She has begun to realize it. She will never stop. She is to-day at the very pinnacle of democracy, at once the most heart-breaking and the most inspiring city in America.

I may be wrong, but some day when her vision has been so far realized that even the duller eyes recognize it and men begin to ask by what way she found her soul, the answer will be—through a traction struggle! It looks very much at this point as if Chicago had discovered the rights, the duties, the possibilities, the limitless future of cityhood in fighting her street-railway companies. She has been actively at it a very long time now—over twelve years—and in this struggle she has developed, I believe, the soundest principles and tactics which have yet been found for carrying on the inevitable struggle which awaits, if it has not yet reached, the majority of American municipalities and commonwealths—the struggle with corporate greed and injustice.

It is not a finished story, though they say in Chicago that the traction question is "settled." It is not settled, but it has reached a stage in its solution which is of marked significance. How significant one realizes if he will compare for an instant the results of the first year under the new order of things with what existed in 1895, when the war broke out. Last February over one and a half million dollars (\$1,556,809.71 to be exact) was paid over to the city, her share of the profits for the year ending January 31, 1908, of the two railway companies which occupy her streets. It was the first time in Chicago's history when she had ever received any substantial compensation for the great privileges she had allowed these concerns, they hitherto having been able often to evade even the trivial taxes she imposed.

By the time this article is in print, if not before, the city will have in hand a detailed report of the year's operations which brought these profits*—a report which will show down to the cost of office furniture, trolley-catchers, gallons of cement, just what was expended by each company. Here one can see which company is the more economically managed, which is doing the more for the service, for its stockholder, for its partner, the city. Here, too, is

* Through the courtesy of the chairman of the Board of Supervising Engineers, Mr. Bion J. Arnold, the writer was allowed to examine the manuscript of this report in June of the present year.

ample material on which the critical and the suspicious can whet their teeth. Compare this with the conditions of fifteen and twenty years ago, when the city of Chicago knew practically nothing of the financial management of its roads. The extra dividends were so large in some years that the officials feared to let them be known. So ignorant was the public of what was going on that Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, the head of the North and West system, was able to have the construction work of the roads done for years by his own companies at an expense to the stockholders of upwards of 100 per cent. greater than they would have had to pay in the open market.

Look at another point. To-day there is in operation on the South Side of Chicago what is rapidly becoming the most perfect street-car system in the country. Its cars are comfortable and sanitary, its roadbed solid, its operation prompt. Last June, at the time of the National Republican Convention, the writer watched a crowd of fully 15,000 people taken from the Coliseum door in exactly *twenty minutes*. And if they did not all ride without crowding, it was due to their own untutored hurry. There were cars to take them. What this system has followed in Chicago one can see if he will go to the West Side, where the régime of 1895 is still in operation, though rapidly passing. It is probably the worst street service which any city ever endured—ancient, ill-smelling, vermin-infested cars, which have gone uncleaned for months, for which you must always wait, and where the aisles at rush hours are packed to suffocation and the side steps are hung with humanity.

Most remarkable for comparison, perhaps, is the attitude of the new management of at least one of the companies. It regards the street railway as the servant of the public, and its pride and boast is the perfection of its cars and of its tracks, the comfort and safety and swiftness of its travel, the honesty and politeness of its men. At the head of the Chicago City Railway—the South Side road—there is to-day a man, T. E. Mitten, whose one enthusiasm in life is perfecting street railways. Twelve years ago the street-car manager of Chicago looked on the roads he controlled as a security which he could use to draw money, always more money, from the public. He

used them over and over again, the improvements in the roads being made excuses for a new borrowing, or bonding, or capitalizing.

The effect of the change on the securities of the companies is another significant point. Three years ago the securities of the Yerkes company were utterly discredited in the market. To-day its newly issued bonds, as well as those of Mr. Mitten's road, are quoted at more than par, and its management is quick to explain the fact that its improvement is lagging only because of the greater legal and financial difficulties it had to overcome before it could begin rehabilitation.

Now the compact or partnership under which these results, so startling in comparison with the conditions of a dozen years ago, have been obtained is in itself worthy of the most serious attention, not only of municipalities, but of state and federal authorities. But even more significant is the character of the struggle and the principles and tactics developed in course of it. Indeed if one is looking for a compact and comprehensive model of the American democracy in action I hardly know where he will find one in which all of its virtues as well as many of its follies are better displayed.

The origin of the Chicago traction war was highly democratic, a failure of the people of



A REMNANT OF THE OLD RÉGIME

Halstead Street car at Madison Street—six o'clock. July, 1908

the city to attend properly to their business as citizens. It is an old story with us: occupied with private affairs the town looked on with an outburst of indignation now and then while an able and audacious manipulator took possession of two-thirds of her street railways and at least two-thirds of the two bodies in which resided the power of making and unmaking street railways—the State Legislature and the City Council. The man's name is very black in the town to-day. If one believes what he

hears, Charles T. Yerkes was without a redeeming quality. He at least had the merit of not pretending to virtues he did not possess. In the halcyon days of his success a citizen who no doubt considered himself a diplomat urged Mr. Yerkes to support certain restrictive traction legislation, saying: "Of course it is all right while you are at the head of the companies, but suppose that you should be succeeded by some one who would attempt to rob them?" Mr. Yerkes looked at the gentleman quizzically. "Do you think they could do better than we have done?" he asked.

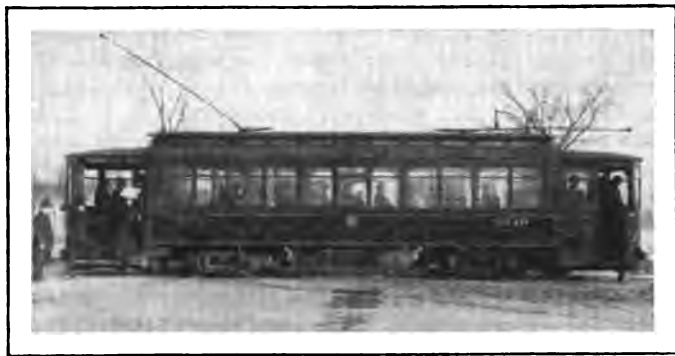
It was in 1886 that Mr. Yerkes began buying street railways in Chicago. The system was confused and irrational. As a matter of fact it was not one system, but three—one for the North, another for the West, and a third for the South sides of the city. Each terminated in the heart of the town, but each was operated independently of the others; that is, you could come into the center of Chicago on any one of three roads, but there was none which carried you through the town. The original charters of all the roads had come from the State Legislature, being ratifications of ordinances previously passed by the City Council. They gave the companies the right of running horse cars on certain specified

reserved fifty years ago and not considered "socialism"!"). That she held these privileges as precious was shown in 1865, seven years after the original grant. In that year the companies, dissatisfied with the twenty-five-year limitation of their rights, put their heads together, and by a raid which nobody then, or since, seemed to doubt was put through by generous and open bribery, introduced a bill into the Legislature extending their franchise from twenty-five to ninety-nine years.

This bill was on the eve of passing when Chicago heard of it. There were no words too strong for the indignation of the town. The newspapers, particularly the *Tribune*, thundered at the "Horse Railroad Swindle." Mass meetings were held which the companies tried to pack with horse-car drivers and conductors, but where substantial citizens outnumbered them ten to one. A petition of 9,000 names was prepared, and a delegation started for Springfield to protest. They were indiscreet enough to wire they were coming, and the bill was disposed of before they arrived. The governor, Richard Oglesby, promptly vetoed it, but it was passed over him overwhelmingly. But Chicago defiantly refused to recognize the act as binding. Later, in 1875, the city incorporated under a new act by which its Council was made entirely independent of the Legislature in the matter of street franchises, and which limited all terms to twenty years.

This gave her undisputed home rule henceforth in her streets, but it did not soften her heart toward the ninety-nine year act, and in 1883 she informed the companies that their original franchises had run out and would have to be renewed. There was a contest, of course. There would have been a suit if the city had not feared the unfriendliness of the courts to the people. The advice of the mayor, Carter Harrison,

Sr., was to stave off the decision by renewing the ordinances for twenty years. "Perhaps in twenty years," he wrote, "the courts may be so free that the city may be able to get a hearing which to-day [1883] would be denied." And staved off it was, the railroads whose terms were about to expire being given twenty years more of life by the Council, although they claimed loudly that no such grant was necessary, and in accepting they did not



THE NEW RÉGIME

"Pay-as-you-enter" car. These cars were used for the first time in the United States on November 24, 1907, at Chicago

streets for twenty-five years, the city to have the right of purchase at the end of the term. The charters also provided that if the roads wanted to extend their lines they must go to the City Council for the privilege and the terms; that is, at the outset Chicago had three principles fixed in her traction creed—twenty-five-year franchises, home rule or City Council rule, and the right to purchase when the term expired (note that this right to purchase was

yield their claims to the full ninety-nine years.

It was into this tangle, then, that Mr. Yerkes began to pick his way in 1886. He soon had obtained control by purchase of a majority of the stock of the roads on both the West and North sides, and had leased them to new and largely overcapitalized companies. In ten years he had increased the liabilities of the two systems from about eight millions to over fifty-eight millions. It is true that he had greatly improved the service, for Mr. Yerkes was an efficient street-car man as well as stock gambler.

Now it was not to be supposed that Mr. Yerkes, having gone thus deeply into Chicago traction, had any idea of contenting himself with franchises expiring in 1903. Indeed, from the first of his connection with the roads he had been quite clear in his mind that his most important business was controlling the two powers which governed traction questions, and they were the City Council and the State Legislature. It was not a difficult task. There was corruption in both bodies. All it needed was an experienced hand to organize and encourage it. By 1895 Mr. Yerkes could get and was getting anything he wanted from the Council, and he believed he was as strong with the Legislature. If he could have devised a means for concentrating the Council's corruption on himself, things might have gone on uninterruptedly until he had what he was after, so many of the "best citizens" of the town were on his boards of directors and so many were receiving thirty and thirty-five per cent. on their stock. But grafting is a contagious occupation, and few are willing to do it for their friends alone. Mr. Yerkes's Council took to grafting for itself and everybody else who paid it properly. In 1894 it granted to public-service corporations and blackmailing syndicates largely made up of its own members six valuable franchises, and it passed them over a mayor's veto—"forever and for everything ordinances" they were called. Something of the character of the men making up such a body may be imagined. Peter Dunne once declared them to be "prognathic." The Council was, he said, "the most disorderly public body in the world," and its true wickedness could only be fully revealed by a post-mortem examination. In the files of the Municipal Voter's League of Chicago there is a manuscript outline of a speech delivered in 1903 by Allen B. Pond, which opens as follows:

Character of Chicago Com. Council, 1895-96:

34 x 2 = 68*
58 skates + 3 dubious + 7 O. K. = 68

* The Council is made up of 68 members, 34 being elected each spring for a term of two years.

If one wants further evidence of the rascality of the body, he will find it in almost any Chicago record of the day he may open, from the cartoons of John McCutcheon to the sermons of Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

It was the riot and debauchery let loose by the Yerkes method that first made trouble, and the trouble appeared *within* the Council, not from without. True, there had been champions of public rights in that body before, notably John H. Hamline, a splendid figure of a man, rugged and vehement. Adolphus W. Maltby followed him—a "solid" business man—insisting on public rights. In Mr. Pond's notes above quoted, he follows the outline character he gives the Council of 1895 by the line:

Enter Billy Kent.

Those who keep track of public deeds any man might be proud of will remember the gift to the nation a few months ago of some three hundred acres of giant redwoods to save them from the lumberman's ax. The donor in presenting the gift asked that it be called the Muir Woods, but Mr. Roosevelt demurred. It should be the Kent Woods, from Mr. William Kent, who gave it—an honor which that gentleman promptly refused. It was glory enough to him to have made sure nobody would ever destroy the noble trees he loved. It was to this modest and appreciative individual, to whom Yale had the discrimination to give a degree this year, that Mr. Pond referred in his terse line.

But what could such a man do in such a company? He found something.—It was to cover with satire and ridicule the "boodle" measures as they came up in the Council and to spread knowledge of them in the already disgusted city. In season and out Mr. Kent talked on the street corners and in his clubs on the ways of the aldermen. He preached lay sermons and wrote "pieces" to the papers. He became so obnoxious in the Council that they sidetracked him as chairman of the Committee on Civil Service, at the same time putting with him all the remaining "7 O. K.'s." The committee formed itself into a club to discuss the Council and what could be done to reform it!

This ferment, added to that already stirring in the town, soon caused a general public demand that something be done, the upshot of all of which was the organization early in 1896 of one of the most effective bodies for getting rascals out of office and fairly honest men in which the country has so far seen—the Municipal Voter's League. This is not

the place to go into the League's history; besides, it has been written frequently and well. Its object was, in the plain language of its first president, George E. Cole, to change the Council "from a den of thieves to a body responsive to public interests," and the way taken to do it was to publish to the world the exact records of the members. It was only about six weeks before the spring election of thirty-four aldermen that the League began its fight, but in ample time it had the town flooded with startling facts about the candidates. At first the aldermen greeted this unheard-of campaign with derision, but as time went on they became uneasy. After election was over they were pretty sober, for Mr. Cole claimed that twenty-seven of the new aldermen were honest, also that there were six honest hold-overs—"thirty-three sure votes." "All of which," wrote Mr. Cole afterward, "shows how green I was in undervaluing the resources of boodle."

The chief immediate result of this election was to give Mr. Kent a partner in agitation and satire. Among the newly elected aldermen was a young lawyer, John M. Harlan, the son of Justice Harlan. Harlan was a striking personality, handsome, eloquent, and full of fight, and he set out deliberately to advertise the corruption of the Council. The method he proposed was *talking in headlines*, to let no meeting go by in which he did not give the reporters two or three flaming phrases to startle the eye and the conscience of the dullard citizen. He did not hesitate at the most violent invective, and he threatened the boodlers with tar and feathers and lamp-posts until the more stupid grew restive in their seats!

If Mr. Yerkes had been as well-grounded in human nature as he was in high finance he would have kept quiet for a year or two at this juncture; but Mr. Yerkes had the undeveloped side common to most of our public plunderers. He did not understand public opinion, and so treated it with contempt. The election and the hampering effect it had on his Gang in the Council disgusted him, and he decided to put an end at once to all this "socialistic agitation," as he called the movement, by forcing through the Legislature a bill providing for a state commission to be appointed by the governor which should have control of *all the street and elevated railways in the state*; the franchises were to be extended to fifty years. The bill violated the two cardinal principles in Chicago's traction creed—home rule and twenty-year franchises.

Naturally its advent was made as unobtrusive as possible. But when the tissue giv-

ing abstracts for the press went to the representatives of the Chicago newspapers, one of them, George C. Sikes, was suspicious. He asked the clerk to let him see the full text, and on reading it wired to his paper his opinion with a request that it be played up. This was done, and it was a scoop for Mr. Sikes. The city was furious, but at first it looked like an ineffectual because headless fury. At this juncture a mild-mannered young man, who had recently established himself in Chicago because he was told it was a good field for a social



CARTER H. HARRISON

Mayor of Chicago from 1897 to 1905. Before the repeal of the Allen bill Mayor Harrison's veto was all that stood between Yerkes and the city. After it he used his veto power as well as his full influence for enabling legislation. When he retired Mayor Harrison left to Chicago the nucleus of a municipal street railway where he expected the legal and financial problem of municipalization would be tried out

idealist, George E. Hooker, walked into Mr. Kent's office and said: "What are we going to do about it?" Mr. Kent was tired, and said so, but he asked: "What do you think?" Mr. Hooker said gently that in his opinion they ought to call a mass meeting and "tell those people in the Legislature that if they pass that bill we shall hang them, and then go ahead and do it." This method of procedure seems to have dissipated Mr. Kent's fatigue, and it was no time before a mass meeting famous in Chicago's traction annals—the "Battery D Meeting"—was arranged. The broadsides, resolutions, speeches and decorations of this gathering surpassed anything Chicago had yet

seen in wrathful invective and direful threats, and they stirred the town to hot pursuit of the bill. Mr. Yerkes summoned his helpers to Springfield. The *Inter-Ocean* (the *Daily Yerkes*, as Mr. Kent and others called it) wrote columns of horrified warnings on anarchy rule—"dangers to the foundations of society," "peril to widows and orphans," and other familiar old themes—but the fire was not to be stopped. The Humphreys bill was defeated. This was on May 12. Less than thirty days later, Mr. Yerkes had the signature of Governor Tanner to a substitute measure, the Allen bill, which gave the Council the right to grant franchises for fifty instead of twenty years.

Now up to this point the story is familiar enough. An indignant city attempts by agitation and invective to force out the man or company of men who have been exploiting her, and finds that in the long run they are stronger than she is. The next chapter usually is, as Mr. Cole once put it in a moment of discouragement, "a slump in reform." The city drops back inert and hopeless. But this was not the next chapter in Chicago. The passing of the Allen bill not only made those already in the movement more sober and determined, but it brought in new recruits. Carter Harrison, Jr., who had been elected mayor just before this—a man who had probably never in his life, up to that time, given a thought to traction—set his teeth and declared he would veto any street-railway ordinance the Council passed before the repeal of the Allen bill. There were some twenty-five aldermen in the Council by this time believed to be trustworthy, and the leaders among them, Harlan, Kent, William S. Jackson, Maltby, Walker, Maypole, conscious of the seriousness of the case, determined to keep

the group sound and dependable enough to sustain the Mayor's veto. One bad vote, one sophistical plea that a bad measure should be carried to win support for a good one, one excuse that a friend needed the help or the party required it, was enough for this Spartan band to ostracize a member.

But they began to see that if they did know enough to veto a bad traction ordinance it was doubtful if they knew enough to make a good one. After all, they said to one another, what do we any of us really

know about traction? We neither know what it costs to build and operate street railroads nor do we know what we ought to get for our franchises.

We have no ideal of service, no theory of our rights, no program beyond the simple one of twenty-year terms and home rule. Let us educate ourselves in traction.

It was in 1897 that they set about this task, and for the next five years they and their recruits and successors carried on a campaign which for persistency and common sense is one of the most remarkable in our municipal history. The backbone of this campaign was three text-books prepared by their order and in every case by the very highest ability which they could secure. The first of these, issued in 1898 and known as the Harlan report, was prepared by a council



WILLIAM KENT

Alderman from 1895 to 1897. President of Municipal Voter's League from 1898 to 1901. A citizen who gives to Chicago's betterment his time, money, enthusiasm and untiring loyalty

committee of which George E. Hooker was secretary. It gave the Council its first clear notion of the swindle in service it was enduring, as well as of the absurdly inadequate compensation it was receiving for its franchises. Here for the first time the Council grasped the idea that a *through route* was a reasonable demand—reasonable because of the unholy profits which the companies had been making. The report estimated that up



GEORGE E. COLE

First president of the Municipal Voter's League. The present president of the Legislative Voter's League. The hardest fighter in Chicago

to that time the three systems could have earned an eight per cent. dividend and still have paid the city fourteen per cent. of their gross receipts, or reduced fares to four and one-quarter cents.

But the Harlan report only whetted the appetite of the better part of the Council for more knowledge and for a program, and in January, 1900, it created a street-railway commission. Mayor Harrison appointed the committee with care, placing on it Foreman, Herrmann, Jackson, Brennan, Mavor, Raymer, and Schlaake. George C. Sikes was made secretary. For a year this committee, under the leadership of its chairman, Milton J. Foreman, and with the constant co-operation of Mayor Harrison, studied the theory and practice of traction, and with endless patience worked out a program to fight for—and a broad, full and radical one it was. It is most important in the history of the traction struggle, for its ideas and suggestions were very largely adopted. The idea that their broken transportation system must be unified, in practice at least; that in order to get good service the City Council must have full authority over the roads even to the point of taking them over at any time, and that to exercise this power there must be a *permanent* transportation committee; that the city must have the power to own and operate her roads, and that for this purpose an enabling act should be put through the Legislature at once; that there should be a provision for a referendum vote on every important question of street-railway

policy; that there should be the fullest publicity in accounting—all these points were elaborated in a clear and forceful manner, and the bulk of the suggestions were embodied in a bill which the Council passed on to the Legislature.

With the report of the Commission before it the Council appointed a special committee to begin work on an ordinance which would embody the new ideas. This committee became the storm center of the Council, with Foreman, Bennett and Werno as its successive chairmen, and with such older men as Mavor, Jackson, Herrmann, Finn, Dever and Minwegen among its members. These men, and especially Jackson (president of the Board of Trade) and Mavor, a successful builder and contractor, compelled the respect even of the "business world." But the longer this committee worked the more obvious it became to everybody that it must be permanent, and after a struggle with the Gang this was done. By this time another thing was learned, that this committee must have expert technical advice as it already had legal advice. They had adopted into their program a number of ideas which they thought *ought* to be practicable—but were they? For instance, there was Mr. George Hooker's idea in the Harlan report on which they were insisting—



JOHN HARLAN

The orator of the traction war

through routes and universal transfers. Was it practical? They must have an expert engineer to advise them.

The method of choosing this official is illustrative of the caution with which they were now



GEORGE C. SIKES



GEORGE E. HOOKER

Secretary of the street-railway commission and of the Council's special transportation committee of 1901. Present secretary of the Municipal Voter's League, one of the leading publicists developed in the Chicago traction war

A careful student of street-railway conditions in this country and Europe, Mr. Hooker has become a strong advocate of municipal ownership. He is a forceful and intelligent critic of the present "settlement"

taking each step. Mr. Foreman made a list of the editors of the first technical journals and schools in the country, and wrote them explaining their need and asking suggestions. He received numerous replies, and the name oftenest mentioned was that of a Chicago engineer, Bion J. Arnold. Nobody on the committee had ever heard of him, but they called him in and the upshot was that he was asked to make a report on the physical problems they were struggling with—an estimate of the value of the present systems, and of the cost of running them.

In November, 1902, this report was handed in. It was an admirable document, clear and comprehensive, showing Chicago what she ought to have in the way of service and how she could get it. Mr. Arnold declared for "One city—one fare" and for through routes by the shortest lines. No matter how many companies occupied the streets this was necessary, he contended. They must allow the use of one another's tracks and give whatever transfers were needed, and he showed with detailed diagrams and elaborate calculations how it could be done. But the Arnold plan did more. It gave a splendid transportation scheme for the Council to dream on—"A Plan for a Uni-

fied Combined Surface and Subway Street Railway System." The hard-headed aldermen who for five years now had been plodding patiently away at the difficulties of the existing situation saw something like a vision in the Arnold report—a thing to work for bigger than they had dreamed—and they went at their ordinance-making with new zest.

An unusual and important feature of this educational campaign was the thoroughness with which the facts and ideas and plans of these Council documents got down to the last man in Chicago. This was due not only to the able and insistent popularization of them by the newspapers, but more to the methods of the Municipal Voter's League. The League embodied in a short and easily understood platform each new traction idea developed. Each year this platform grew more fundamental, more definite. After the report of the Commission came out it included practically all of the points in a series of "I believes" which were submitted to the candidates for the Council. In each ward thousands of the League's bulletins were distributed—containing, along with the records of the aldermen, their position on this platform. Men



H. H. KOHLSAAT
*Formerly of the
"Record-Herald"*

VICTOR LAWSON
Of the "Daily News"



FRANK B. NOYES
*Of the
"Record-Herald"*

The press of Chicago, with perhaps one eminent exception, has worked steadily throughout the traction war for the city. Whatever differences there may have been as to method and policy, there have been none as to the object. Mr. Lawson, Mr. Kohlsaatt and Mr. Noyes have been particularly efficient in the struggle

played an old game, their theory being that if Chicago had to stand long enough on the street corners, hang long enough to straps, suffer long enough from cold, ill-smelling and vermin-infested cars, her patience would give out and she would cry out for relief at any price—ninety-nine years or nine hundred and ninety-nine, compensation or no compensation. It seems incredible, but it is a fact, that when the Council, after its long period of careful labor, notified the companies in the spring of 1902 that it was ready to enter into negotiations with them concerning the franchises which the city claimed were to expire on July 30, 1903, the companies made no reply. It seems to have been their dignified way of letting the Council know that overtures of that sort should come from capital. When they felt they had administered a sufficient rebuke, the representatives of the Union Traction Company, a number of very able lawyers from the East, came to Chicago and let it be known what they were willing to do. They went to Mr. Noyes, of the *Record-Herald*. Mr. Noyes listened to their program, and shook his head. "The trouble is, gentlemen," he said, "you don't know anything about the subject. Go out into the street there and talk to the first ten men you

meet, and every one of them will know more than you about street railroads."

The gentlemen did not, so far as the writer knows, follow Mr. Noyes's suggestion. What they did do finally was to go before the Committee on Transportation. Plausible and confident, they told the Committee what the companies would do: furnish money to give Chicago the best transportation system in the country, on certain conditions—their own. The Committee listened with bowed heads. Finally, knowing smiles crept over their lips, and they began to cast side looks at one another. It was the same old tale, and when they had finished one after another of the Committee rose and practically told them so. What the companies really offered at this time was to accept a grant for twenty years, the city to have the right at the end of that time to take the roads at their then value, franchise rights included. If the city did not exercise its right at the end of the twenty years, the companies would go on until it was ready to do so. This proposition was fully three years behind the town's creed. "You take the turkey and give us the buzzard," said one of the Council Committee. "We must have the right to purchase at an earlier date; say ten years. The ninety-nine-year claim must be

waived *now*; the value must be settled *now*." The companies would not listen to this proposition. They broke off negotiations, saying that when the Council was ready to treat, it could come to them.

What their tactics were to be in the interval was soon shown. As already pointed out, one of the things on which the city had set its heart was the right of municipal ownership and operation. Mayor Harrison indeed declared he would veto any street-railway ordinance passed before the power of municipal ownership had been secured. Now, not long after the companies broke off negotiations with the Council, a bill known as the Mueller bill, giving the right to own and operate, and carrying with it a plan for certificates for raising money, was introduced into the Legislature. At once it became evident that the street-car powers had organized a strong opposition to its passage. A great lobby of their lawyers and friends were in Springfield; rumors of boodle were plenty. It looked dubious for the Mueller bill, and would have been so if it had not been for a skilfully managed campaign to save it. This campaign was started by the president of the Municipal Voter's League, Walter L. Fisher, who had drawn the bill for Senator Mueller, and by Frank B. Noyes, of the *Record-Herald*. Taking advantage of the political situation, they persuaded the Senate leaders to pass the bill. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Noyes then summoned to their aid the most powerful forces in the town. The Mayor and the City Council, Edwin Burritt Smith, attorney for the Council transportation committee, and George E. Cole, president of the Legislative Voter's League, all the leading newspapers of the city—in fact, practically every civic body and leader in Chicago—concentrated on the House.

The tactics to be used in defeating the bill were soon ferreted out. The Speaker, who was with the companies, was to rush through a useless substitute measure. The opposition turned all its artillery toward getting a majority pledged to prevent this. On the day the fight was expected to come off the House was packed with the friends of both sides. The Speaker, as a measure of protection, had seated the platform around his chair with women, and had packed the aisles with policemen! Finally what had been anticipated was attempted. The substitute bill was brought up and, oblivious to the shouts for roll-call from fifty or more members, the Speaker railroaded through five amendments to it. As the fifth amendment was gavelled through, the opposition broke loose. Seizing rulers, ink-

wells, chairs, cuspidors, the outraged "reformers" made for the Speaker's stand, and while the women shrieked and the galleries howled, the Speaker fled into his private room at the rear of his desk—a room from which there was no exit but the windows. To guard these the irate opposition established a cordon of photographers. They then organized a "rump house," found they had a good majority, repealed the legislation just passed, sent out for one hundred lunches, and prepared to wait the Speaker's return. After a few hours he capitulated, and on his assurance that the right to roll-call would be restored he was allowed to take his place. A short time after the Mueller bill was passed.

Chicago had secured the right to municipal ownership, but Chicago was indignant. The companies had learned nothing. Her anger was intensified at this point by the unexpected announcement that the Union Traction Company had been thrown into the hands of the Federal Court, Judge Peter Grosscup's court. It was, and is still, generally conceded that the



JUDGE PETER S. GROSSCUP

In whose court the Union Traction Company remained for five years and who gave the decision in favor of the ninety-nine-year act, afterwards reversed by the Supreme Court of the United States

maneuver which had brought this about was engineered by the Union Traction Company itself, anxious to have the legal questions at issue between itself and the city—particularly the ninety-nine-year act—tried in the Federal States rather than the Illinois courts. The city naturally wanted the State Court to decide the case. So from the start the receivership was unpopular. It steadily became more so under Judge Grosscup's conduct. He was criticized for extravagance—and certainly three receivers at \$18,000 a year (and one of them a former clerk of the court who it was popularly believed could not have earned over \$2500 a year elsewhere) gave reason for comment. As time went on the charge of extravagance grew louder—with reason. At the close of the receivership—last spring—the *Economist* estimated that it had cost \$1,879,599.47, and this for five years' conduct of a business worth \$30,000.00! But there were other criticisms. Judge Grosscup spent lavishly for receivers and lawyers, and let the service go to the dogs. His decisions were systematically against the city. Most unpopular, of course, was the decision that the ninety-nine-year act was valid, and his application of it not only to the trunk lines but to the "branches and twigs," as the extension lines were called. He offended the town repeatedly, too, by the tone of his decision, by warning against "repudiation," "confiscation" and "brute force," and generally treating her as if she had been the offender.

There was but one result possible from all this: it was to turn the town toward municipal ownership as the only solution of the problem. The men who up to this time had fostered the demand for enabling legislation, who had

drafted it, who had filled the galleries at Springfield and chased the Speaker from his seat to get it, were not only the public officials, but in large part members of the Municipal Voter's League—college-bred men, lawyers, doctors, prosperous business men, men of property and leisure as well as men connected with social settlements and the labor organizations. Most of them had no leanings by education or experience toward socialism in any form. They had revolted against the

corruption and injustice of the traction system. They had started without theories, but with open minds, and they had not gone far before their common sense had told them they could not clean up the traction question without at least the power to own and operate the roads. So they had secured it, and now they saw themselves forced to the conclusion that they might have to exercise it; that the one brain in Chicago incapable of education was the street-car man's brain.

Everybody went actively to work to take the first steps toward municipalization. In April, 1904, the city adopted the Mueller law by a vote of 153,223 to 30,279. A few months later (July) the Council ordered the Mayor

(Carter Harrison) to notify the railways that their rights in certain streets had expired, and that they "must vacate and remove the tracks." They also directed the Mayor to ask for bids for the installation of railways in these streets and in other streets as fast as the companies' rights expired. The Mayor undertook to carry out these orders when Judge Grosscup's court, on the prayer of the Union Traction Company, that it was in 1907, not 1904, that the franchises expired, enjoined the city from interfering with the tracks until it had



HENRY D. LLOYD

In 1903, when the city of Chicago turned toward municipal ownership as the only way out of its traction difficulties, Mr. Lloyd threw himself enthusiastically into the fight to make it immediate "M. O." He literally gave his life for the cause, dying on September 28, 1903, as a result of overwork and exposure

decided the question of the date—and then deferred the decision! As Mayor Harrison wrote the Council in February of the next year in explanation of the delay: "To a layman it would seem a very simple matter to decide whether an ordinance granted by a city council to expire on a certain date expired on that date or not." Of course the delay only sharpened the resolution of the Council and the Mayor. At the same time they were encouraged in their undertaking by the seeming change of heart in the Chicago City Railway Company, which when active steps were taken by the Council to get hold of tracks with which to begin a municipal system volunteered to waive certain of its claims—the ninety-nine-year claim, for instance—and to reopen negotiations—an overture the Council accepted. Later in October the City Railway offered to sell to the city.

Now all of this gave enormous encouragement to the large group in the town which believed that all public utilities should be handled directly by the people, to the Municipal Ownership League, the Referendum League, the Teachers' Federation, the labor organizations, to the radical teachers and preachers, like Louis Post, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Raymond Robins. Most active in this group was Henry D. Lloyd, who in the summer of 1903, at the request of some of his Chicago friends, had taken up a study of the street-railway situation. The result was a vigorous pamphlet called the "Chicago Traction Question," in which Mr. Lloyd argued eloquently for *immediate* municipal ownership. The pamphlet finished, Mr. Lloyd then threw himself into active speech-making. He was not well, and night after night his friends pleaded with him to stay at home. But it was a cause to die for in Mr. Lloyd's opinion, and die for it he did. "Those last two meetings did it," he said on his death-bed, "but I would do it again." To those who had been laboring with him it was a martyrdom, and there came to some of them the deep experience of taking up a martyr's cause. I cannot but feel that Henry Lloyd's tragic death gave an entirely new trend to the fight for municipal ownership in Chicago, making it a sacred cause to many who until then had viewed it merely as an alternative, a weapon or an alluring theory.

Here, then, was a radical group, hot with resentment at the wrongs and indignities the companies had shown to the city and at the same time sobered by a loyal man's unselfish

death. And it was this group that now seized the reins and went to the polls in the spring of 1905 with a candidate for mayor pledged to have done with all this foolish consideration of companies and ordinances and to give the city *immediate* municipal ownership. The candidate nominated on this platform and pledged to this service was Judge Edward F. Dunne, an honest and lovable Irishman, well known in the town for his warm sympathies and his easy confidences. He owed his nomination to his friend Judge Tuley—the Nestor of the local bench. Judge Dunne's opponent was John Harlan. This was the second time Mr. Harlan had run for mayor, and always on a traction platform. For ten years he had been probably the most effective speaker against the companies in the city. But municipal ownership had never been anything more to him than a weapon which he believed the city should have in the armory, to be used only as a last resort. When it came to the campaign, all he could promise was to carry on the struggle along the old lines, allowing no ordinance to pass which had not been submitted to a referendum vote.

Judge Dunne was not limited in any such way. To him it seemed not only the true way, but the easy way, to take over and run the roads. He promised it should be done, and the longer he talked the more confident, ardent and persuasive his Irish tongue grew. The town, weary of the ten years' struggle and with all confidence in the companies shattered, listened, believed, and elected him by a majority of 25,000. It is probable that a percentage of this majority was due to the companies themselves, who feared Harlan more than Dunne. The one was attempting something they knew was possible, the other something they believed impossible. At this same election (April, 1905) this question was submitted to the town: "Shall the City Council pass any ordinance granting a franchise to any street-railroad company?" The vote was: For, 59,013; against, 151,135.

The town had declared overwhelmingly for municipalization. It had devised machinery, still to be tested it is true, for obtaining it. The Council had prepared the nucleus of a municipal system. It would seem as if no man could have asked more than Judge Dunne had in 1905, when he was elected mayor of Chicago. Why is it, then, that to-day the city, instead of owning and operating, is in partnership with its street railways?

THE GOLD BRICK

THE STORY OF A NEWSPAPER CARTOONIST

BY BRAND WHITLOCK

MAYOR OF TOLEDO, OHIO

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH



TEN thousand dollars a year! Neil Kittrell left the office of the *Morning Telegraph* in a daze. He was insensible of the raw February air, heedless of sloppy pavements; the gray day had suddenly turned gold. He could not realize it all at once; ten thousand a year—for him and Edith! His heart swelled with love of Edith; she had sacrificed so much to become the wife of a man who had tried to make an artist of himself, and of whom fate, or economic determinism, or something, had made a cartoonist. What a surprise for her! He must hurry home.

In this swelling of his heart he felt a love not only of Edith but of the whole world. The people he met seemed dear to him; he felt friendly with everyone, and beamed on perfect strangers with broad, cheerful smiles. He stopped to buy some flowers for Edith—daffodils, or tulips, which promised spring, and he took the daffodils, because the girl said:

"I think yellow is such a spirituelle color, don't you?" and inclined her head in a most artistic manner.

But daffodils, after all, which would have been much the day before, seemed insufficient in the light of new prosperity, and Kittrell bought a large azalea, beautiful in its graceful spread of pink blooms.

"Where shall I send it?" asked the girl, whose cheeks were as pink as azaleas themselves.

"I think I'll call a cab and take it to her myself," said Kittrell.

And she sighed over the romance of this rich young gentleman and the girl of the azalea, who, no doubt, was as beautiful as the young woman who was playing "Lottie, the Poor Saleslady" at the Lyceum that very week.

Kittrell and the azalea bowled along Claybourne Avenue; he leaned back on the cushions, and adopted the expression of ennui appropriate to that thoroughfare. Would Edith now

prefer Claybourne Avenue? With ten thousand a year they could, perhaps—and yet, at first it would be best not to put on airs, but to go right on as they were, in the flat. Then the thought came to him that now, as the cartoonist on the *Telegraph*, his name would become as well known in Claybourne Avenue as it had been in the homes of the poor and humble during his years on the *Post*. And his thoughts flew to those homes where tired men at evening looked for his cartoons and children laughed at his funny pictures. It gave him a pang; he had felt a subtle bond between himself and all those thousands who read the *Post*. It was hard to leave them. The *Post* might be yellow, but, as the girl had said, yellow was a spiritual color, and the *Post* brought something into their lives—lives that were scorned by the *Telegraph* and by these people on the avenue. Could he make new friends here, where the cartoons he drew and the *Post* that printed them had been contemned, if not despised? His mind flew back to the dingy office of the *Post*; to the boys there, the whole good-natured, happy-go-lucky gang; and to Hardy—ah, Hardy!—who had been so good to him, and given him his big chance, had taken such pains and interest, helping him with ideas and suggestions, criticism and sympathy. To tell Hardy that he was going to leave him, here on the eve of the campaign—and Clayton, the Mayor, he would have to tell him too,—oh, the devil! Why must he think of these things just now?

After all, when he had reached home, and had run upstairs with the news and the azalea, Edith did not seem delighted.

"But, dearie, business is business," he argued, "and we need the money!"

"Yes, I know; doubtless you're right. Only please don't say 'business is business'; it isn't like you, and——"

"But think what it will mean—ten thousand a year!"

"Oh, Neil, I've lived on ten thousand a year before, and I never had half the fun that I had

when we were getting along on twelve hundred."

"Yes, but then we were always dreaming of the day when I'd make a lot; we lived on that hope, didn't we?"

Edith laughed. "You used to say we lived on love."

"You're not serious." He turned to gaze moodily out of the window. And then she left the azalea, and perched on the flat arm of his chair.

"Dearest," she said, "I am serious. I know all this means to you. We're human, and we don't like to 'chip at crusts like Hindus,' even for the sake of youth and art. I never had illusions about love in a cottage and all that. Only, dear, I have been happy, so very happy, with you, because—well, because I was living in an atmosphere of honest purpose, honest ambition, and honest desire to do some good thing in the world. I had never known such an atmosphere before. At home, you know, Father and Uncle James and the boys—well, it was all money, money, money with them, and they couldn't understand why I——"

"Could marry a poor newspaper artist! That's just the point."

She put her hand to his lips.

"Now, dear! If they couldn't understand, so much the worse for them. If they thought it meant sacrifice to me, they were mistaken. I have been happy in this little flat; only—" she leaned back and inclined her head with her eyes asquint—"only the paper in this room is atrocious; it's a typical landlord's selection—McGaw picked it out. You see what it means to be merely rich."

She was so pretty thus that he kissed her, and then she went on:

"And so, dear, if I didn't seem to be as impressed and delighted as you hoped to find me, it is because I was thinking of Mr. Hardy and the poor, dear, common little *Post*, and then—of Mr. Clayton. Did you think of him?"

"Yes."

"You'll have to—to cartoon him?"

"I suppose so."

The fact he had not allowed himself to face was close to both of them, and the subject was dropped until, just as he was going downtown—this time to break the news to Hardy—he went into the room he sarcastically said he might begin to call his studio, now that he was getting ten thousand a year, to look for a sketch he had promised Nolan for the sporting page. And there on his drawing-board was an unfinished cartoon, a drawing of the strong face of John Clayton. He had begun it a few days before to use on the occasion of Clayton's renomination. It had been a labor of love, and

Kittrell suddenly realized how good it was. He had put into it all of his belief in Clayton, all of his devotion to the cause for which Clayton toiled and sacrificed, and in the simple lines he experienced the artist's ineffable felicity; he had shown how good, how noble, how true a man Clayton was. All at once he realized the sensation the cartoon would produce, how it would delight and hearten Clayton's followers, how it would please Hardy, and how it would touch Clayton. It would be a tribute to the man and the friendship, but now a tribute broken, unfinished. Kittrell gazed a moment longer, and in that moment Edith came.

"The dear, beautiful soul!" she exclaimed softly. "Neil, it is wonderful. It is not a cartoon; it is a portrait. It shows what you might do with a brush."

Kittrell could not speak, and he turned the drawing-board to the wall.

When he had gone, Edith sat and thought—of Neil, of the new position, of Clayton. He had loved Neil, and been so proud of his work; he had shown a frank, naïve pleasure in the cartoons Neil had made of him. That last time he was there, thought Edith, he had said that without Neil the "good old cause," as he called it, using Whitman's phrase, could never have triumphed in that town. And now, would he come again? Would he ever stand in that room and, with his big, hearty laugh, clasp an arm around Neil's shoulder, or speak of her in his good, friendly way as "the little woman"? Would he come now, in the terrible days of the approaching campaign, for rest and sympathy—come as he used to come in other campaigns, worn and weary from all the brutal opposition, the vilification and abuse and mud-slinging? She closed her eyes. She could not think that far.

Kittrell found the task of telling Hardy just as hard as he expected it to be, but by some mercy it did not last long. Explanation had not been necessary; he had only to make the first hesitating approaches, and Hardy understood. Hardy was, in a way, hurt; Kittrell saw that, and rushed to his own defense:

"I hate to go, old man. I don't like it a little bit—but, you know, business is business, and we need the money."

He even tried to laugh as he advanced this last conclusive reason, and Hardy, for all he showed in voice or phrase, may have agreed with him.

"It's all right, Kit," he said. "I'm sorry; I wish we could pay you more, but—well, good luck to you."

That was all. Kittrell gathered up the few articles he had at the office, gave Nolan his

sketch, bade the boys good-by,—bade them good-by as if he were going on a long journey, never to see them more,—and then he went.

After he had made the break it did not seem so bad as he had anticipated. At first things went on smoothly enough. The campaign had not opened, and he was free to exercise his talents outside the political field. He drew cartoons dealing with banal subjects, touching with the gentle satire of his humorous pencil foibles which all the world agreed about, and let vital questions alone. And he and Edith enjoyed themselves: indulged oftener in things they loved; went more frequently to the theatre; appeared at recitals; dined now and then downtown. They began to realize certain luxuries they had not known for a long time—some he himself had never known, some that Edith had not known since she left her father's home to become his bride. In more subtle ways, too, Kittrell felt the change: there was a sense of larger leisure; the future beamed with a broader and brighter light; he formed plans, among which the old dream of going ere long to Paris for serious study took its dignified place. And then there was the sensation his change had created in the newspaper world; that the cartoons signed "Kit," which formerly appeared in the *Post*, should now adorn the broad page of the *Telegraph* was a thing to talk about at the press club; the fact of his large salary got abroad in that little world as well, and, after the way of that world, managed to exaggerate itself, as most facts did. He began to be sensible of attentions from men of prominence—small things, mere nods in the street, perhaps, or smiles in the theatre foyer, but enough to show that they recognized him. What those children of the people, those working men and women who used to be his unknown and admiring friends in the old days on the *Post*, thought of him—whether they missed him, whether they deplored his change as an apostasy or applauded it as a promotion—he did not know. He did not like to think about it.

But March came, and the politicians began to bluster like the season. Late one afternoon he was on his way to the office with a cartoon, the first in which he had seriously to attack Clayton. Benson, the managing editor of the *Telegraph*, had conceived it, and Kittrell had worked on it that day in sickness of heart. Every lying line of this new presentation of Clayton had cut him like some biting acid; but he had worked on, trying to reassure himself with the argument that he was a mere agent, devoid of personal responsibility. But

it had been hard, and when Edith, after her custom, had asked to see it, he had said:

"Oh, you don't want to see it; it's no good."

"Is it of—him?" she had asked.

And when he nodded she had gone away without another word. Now, as he hurried through the crowded streets, he was conscious that it was no good, indeed; and he was divided between the artist's regret and the friend's joy in the fact. But it made him tremble. Was his hand to forget its cunning? And then, suddenly, he heard a familiar voice, and there beside him, with his hand on his shoulder, stood the Mayor.

"Why, Neil, my boy, how are you?" he said, and he took Kittrell's hand as warmly as ever. For a moment Kittrell was relieved, and then his heart sank; for he had a quick realization that it was the coward within him that felt the relief, and the man the sickness. If Clayton had reproached him, or cut him, it would have made it easier; but Clayton did none of these things, and Kittrell was irresistibly drawn to the subject himself.

"You heard of my—new job?" he asked.

"Yes," said Clayton, "I heard."

"Well—" Kittrell began.

"I'm sorry," Clayton said.

"So was I," Kittrell hastened to say. "But I felt it—well, a duty, some way—to Edith. You know—we—need the money." And he gave the cynical laugh that went with the argument.

"What does *she* think? Does she feel that way about it?"

Kittrell laughed, not cynically now, but uneasily and with embarrassment, for Clayton's blue eyes were on him, those eyes that could look into men and understand them so.

"Of course you know," Kittrell went on nervously, "there is nothing personal in this. We newspaper fellows simply do what we are told; we obey orders like soldiers, you know. With the policy of the paper we have nothing to do. Just like Dick Jennings, who was a red-hot free-trader and used to write free-trade editorials for the *Times*—he went over to the *Telegraph*, you remember, and writes all those protection arguments."

The Mayor did not seem to be interested in Dick Jennings, or in the ethics of his profession.

"Of course, you know I'm for you, Mr. Clayton, just as I've always been. I'm going to vote for you."

This did not seem to interest the Mayor, either.

"And, maybe, you know—I thought, perhaps," he snatched at this bright new idea that had come to him just in the nick of time, "that I might help you by my cartoons in the *Tele-*

graph; that is, I might keep them from being as bad as they might——”

“But that wouldn’t be dealing fairly with your new employers, Neil,” the Mayor said.

Kittrell was making more and more a mess of this whole miserable business, and he was basely glad when they reached the corner.

“Well, good-by, my boy,” said the Mayor, as they parted. “Remember me to the little woman.”

Kittrell watched him as he went on down the avenue, swinging along in his free way, the broad felt hat he wore riding above all the other hats in the throng that filled the sidewalk; and Kittrell sighed in deep depression.

When he turned in his cartoon, Benson scanned it a moment, cocked his head this side and that, puffed his briar pipe, and finally said:

“I’m afraid this is hardly up to you. This figure of Clayton, here—it hasn’t got the stuff in it. You want to show him as he is. We want the people to know what a four-flushing, hypocritical, demagogical blatherskite he is—with all his rot about the people and their blasted rights!”

Benson was all unconscious of the inconsistency of having concern for a people he so despised, and Kittrell did not observe it, either. He was on the point of defending Clayton, but he restrained himself and listened to Benson’s suggestions. He remained at the office for two hours, trying to change the cartoon to Benson’s satisfaction, with a growing hatred of the work and a disgust with himself that now and then almost drove him to mad destruction. He felt like splashing the piece with India ink, or ripping it with his knife. But he worked on, and submitted it again. He had failed, of course; failed to express in it that hatred of a class which Benson unconsciously disguised as a hatred of Clayton, a hatred which Kittrell could not express because he did not feel it; and he failed because Art deserts her devotees when they are false to truth.

“Well, it’ll have to do,” said Benson, as he looked it over; “but let’s have a little more to the next one. Hang it! I wish I could draw. I’d cartoon the crook!”

In default of which ability, Benson set himself to write one of those savage editorials in which he poured out on Clayton that venom of which he seemed to have such an inexhaustible supply.

But on one point Benson was right: Kittrell was not up to himself. As the campaign opened, as the city was swept with the excitement of it, with meetings at noon-day and at night, office-seekers flying about in automobiles, walls covered with pictures of candidates, hand-

bills scattered in the streets to swirl in the wild March winds, and men quarreling over whether Clayton or Ellsworth should be mayor, Kittrell had to draw a political cartoon each day; and as he struggled with his work, less and less the old joy came to cheer and spur him on. To read the ridicule, the abuse, which the *Telegraph* heaped on Clayton, the distortion of facts concerning his candidature, the unfair reports of his meetings, sickened him, and more than all, he was filled with disgust as he tried to match in caricature these libels of the man he so loved and honored. It was bad enough to have to flatter Clayton’s opponent, to picture him as a noble, disinterested character, ready to sacrifice himself for the public weal. Into his pictures of this man, attired in the long black coat of conventional respectability, with the smug face of pharisaism, he could get nothing but cant and hypocrisy; but in his caricatures of Clayton there was that which pained him worse—disloyalty, untruth, and now and then, to the discerning few who knew the tragedy of Kittrell’s soul, there was pity. And thus his work declined in value; lacking all sincerity, all faith in itself or its purpose, it became false, uncertain, full of jarring notes, and, in short, never once rang true. As for Edith, she never discussed his work now; she spoke of the campaign little, and yet he knew she was deeply concerned, and she grew hot with resentment at the methods of the *Telegraph*. Her only consolation was derived from the *Post*, which, of course, supported Clayton; and the final drop of bitterness in Kittrell’s cup came one evening when he realized that she was following with sympathetic interest the cartoons in that paper.

For the *Post* had a new cartoonist, Banks, a boy whom Hardy had picked up somewhere and was training to the work Kittrell had laid down. To Kittrell there was a cruel fascination in the progress Banks was making; he watched it with a critical, professional eye, at first with amusement, then with surprise, and now at last, in the discovery of Edith’s interest, with a keen jealousy of which he was ashamed. The boy was crude and untrained; his work was not to be compared with Kittrell’s, master of line that he was, but Kittrell saw that it had the thing his work now lacked, the vital, primal thing—sincerity, belief, love. The spark was there, and Kittrell knew how Hardy would nurse that spark and fan it, and keep it alive and burning until it should eventually blaze up in a fine white flame. And Kittrell realized, as the days went by, that Banks’s work was telling, and that his own was failing. He had, from the first, missed the atmosphere of the *Post*, missed

the *camaraderie* of the congenial spirits there, animated by a common purpose, inspired and led by Hardy, whom they all loved—loved as he himself once loved him, loved as he loved him still—and dare not look him in the face when they met!

He found the atmosphere of the *Telegraph* alien and distasteful. There all was different; the men had little joy in their work, little interest in it, save perhaps the newspaper man's inborn love of a good story or a beat. They were all cynical, without loyalty or faith; they secretly made fun of the *Telegraph*, of its editors and owners; they had no belief in its cause; and its pretensions to respectability, its parade of virtue, excited only their derision. And slowly it began to dawn on Kittrell that the great moral law worked always and everywhere, even on newspapers, and that there was reflected inevitably and logically in the work of the men on that staff the hatred, the lack of principle, the bigotry and intolerance of its proprietors; and this same lack of principle tainted and made meretricious his own work, and enervated the editorials so that the *Telegraph*, no matter how carefully edited or how dignified in typographical appearance, was, nevertheless, without real influence in the community.

Meanwhile Clayton was gaining ground. It was less than two weeks before election. The campaign waxed more and more bitter, and as the forces opposed to him foresaw defeat, they became ugly in spirit, and desperate. The *Telegraph* took on a tone more menacing and brutal, and Kittrell knew that the crisis had come. The might of the powers massed against Clayton appalled Kittrell; they thundered at him through many brazen mouths, but Clayton held on his high way unperturbed. He was speaking by day and night to thousands. Such meetings he had never had before. Kittrell had visions of him before those immense audiences in halls, in tents, in the raw open air of that rude March weather, making his appeals to the heart of the great mass. A fine, splendid, romantic figure he was, striking to the imagination, this champion of the people's cause, and Kittrell longed for the lost chance. Oh, for one day on the *Post* now!

One morning at breakfast, as Edith read the *Telegraph*, Kittrell saw the tears well slowly in her brown eyes.

"Oh," she said, "it is shameful!" She clenched her little fists. "Oh, if I were only a man I'd—" She could not in her impotent feminine rage say what she would do; she could only grind her teeth. Kittrell bent his head over his plate; his coffee choked him.

"Dearest," she said presently, in another tone, "tell me, how is he? Do you—ever see him? Will he win?"

"No, I never see him. But he'll win; I wouldn't worry."

"He used to come here," she went on, "to rest a moment, to escape from all this hateful confusion and strife. He is killing himself! And they aren't worth it—those ignorant people—they aren't worth such sacrifices."

He got up from the table and turned away, and then, realizing quickly, she flew to his side and put her arms about his neck and said:

"Forgive me, dearest, I didn't mean—only—"

"Oh, Edith," he said, "this is killing me. I feel like a dog."

"Don't, dear; he is big enough, and good enough; he will understand."

"Yes; that only makes it harder, only makes it hurt the more."

That afternoon, in the car, he heard no talk but of the election; and down-town, in a cigar store where he stopped for cigarettes, he heard some men talking mysteriously, in the hollow voice of rumor, of some sensation, some scandal. It alarmed him, and as he went into the office he met Manning, the *Telegraph's* political man.

"Tell me, Manning," Kittrell said, "how does it look?"

"Damn bad for us."

"For us?"

"Well, for our mob of burglars and second story workers here—the precious gang we represent." He took a cigarette from the box Kittrell was opening.

"And will he win?"

"Will he win?" said Manning, exhaling the words on the thin level stream of smoke that came from his lungs. "Will he win? In a walk, I tell you. He's got 'em beat to a standstill right now. That's the dope."

"But what about this story of—"

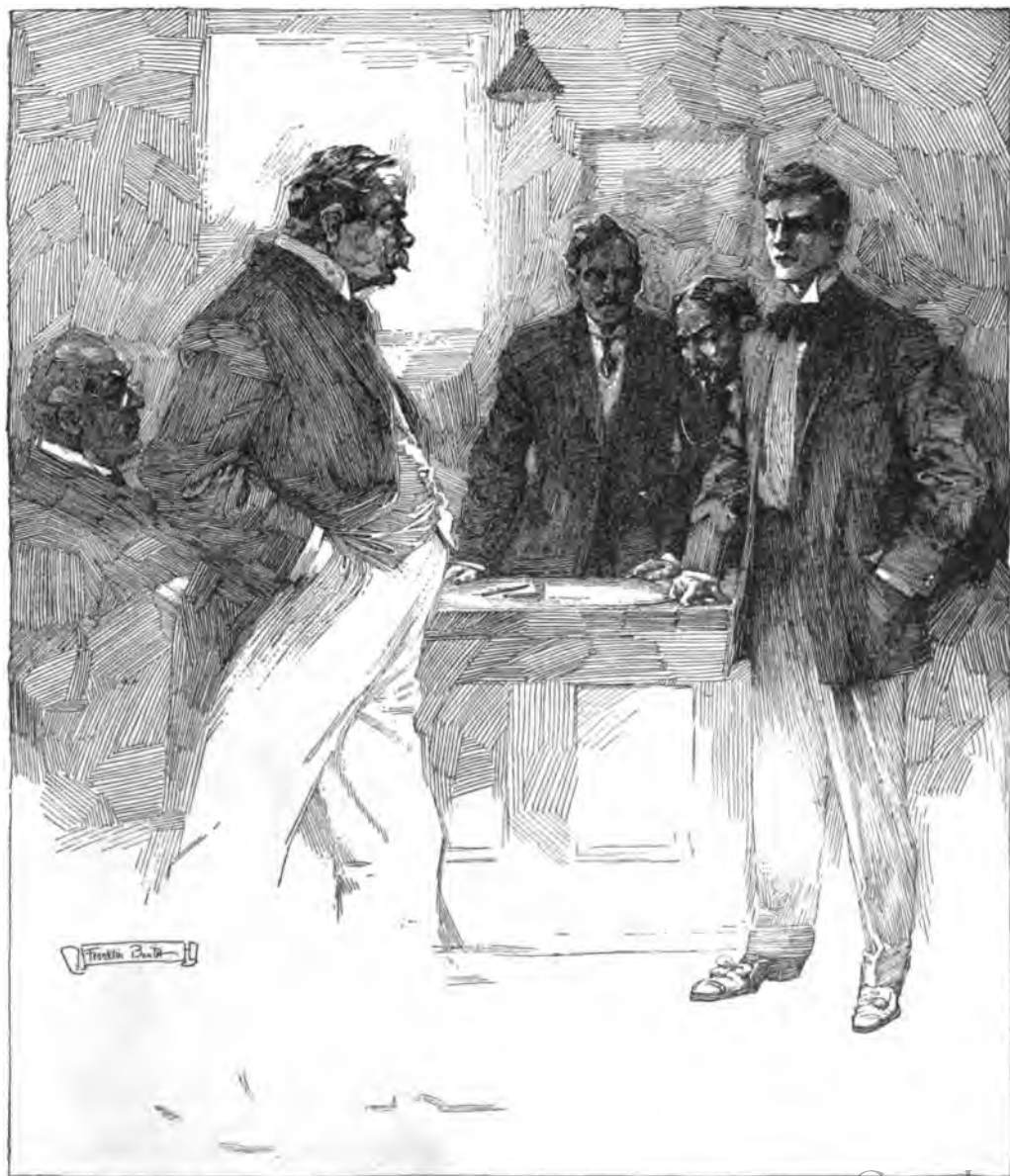
"Aw, that's all a pipe-dream of Burns's. I'm running it in the morning, but it's nothing; it's a shine. They're big fools to print it at all. But it's their last card; they're desperate. They won't stop at anything, or at any crime, except those requiring courage. Burns is in there with Benson now; so is Salton, and old man Glenn, and the rest of the bunco family. They're framing it up. When I saw old Glenn go in, with his white side-whiskers, I knew the widow and the orphan were in danger again, and that he was going bravely to the front for 'em. Say, that young Banks's comin', isn't he? That's a peach, that cartoon of his to-night."

Kittrell went on down the hall to the art-

room to wait until Benson should be free. But it was not long until he was sent for, and as he entered the managing editor's room he was instantly sensible of the somber atmosphere of a grave and solemn council of war. Benson introduced him to Glenn, the banker, to Salton, the party boss, and to Burns, the president of the street-car company; and as Kittrell sat down he looked about him, and could scarcely repress a smile as he recalled Manning's estimate of Glenn. The old man sat there, as solemn and unctuous as ever he had in his pew

at church. Benson, red of face, was more plainly perturbed, but Salton was as reserved, as immobile, as inscrutable as ever, his narrow, pointed face, with its vulpine expression, being perhaps paler than usual. Benson had on his desk before him the cartoon Kittrell had finished that day.

"Mr. Kittrell," Benson began, "we've been talking over the political situation, and I was showing these gentlemen this cartoon. It isn't, I fear, in your best style; it lacks the force, the argument, we'd like just at this time. That



"I said that in you we'd got a gold brick."

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isn't the *Telegraph* Clayton, Mr. Kittrell." He pointed with the amber stem of his pipe. "Not at all. Clayton is a strong, smart, unscrupulous, dangerous man! We've reached a crisis in this campaign; if we can't turn things in the next three days, we're lost, that's all; we might as well face it. To-morrow we make an important revelation concerning the character of Clayton, and we want to follow it up the morning after by a cartoon that will be a stunner, a clincher. We have discussed it here among ourselves, and this is our idea."

Benson drew a crude, bald outline, indicating the cartoon they wished Kittrell to draw. The idea was so coarse, so brutal, so revolting, that Kittrell stood aghast, and, as he stood, he was aware of Salton's little eyes fixed on him. Benson waited; they all waited.

"Well," said Benson, "what do you think of it?"

Kittrell paused an instant, and then said:

"I won't draw it; that's what I think of it."

Benson flushed angrily and looked up at him.

"We are paying you a very large salary, Mr. Kittrell, and your work, if you will pardon me, has not been up to what we were led to expect."

"You are quite right, Mr. Benson, but I can't draw that cartoon."

"Well, great Jehoshaphat!" yelled Burns, "what have we got here—a gold brick?" He rose with a vivid sneer on his red face, plunged his hands in his pockets, and took two or three nervous strides across the room. Kittrell looked at him, and slowly his eyes blazed out of a face that had gone white on the instant.

"What did you say, sir?" he demanded.

Burns thrust his red face, with its prognathous jaw, menacingly toward Kittrell.

"I said that in you we'd got a gold brick."

"You?" said Kittrell. "What have you to do with it? I don't work for you."

"You don't, eh? Well, I guess it's us that puts up——"

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" said Glenn, waving a white, pacificatory hand.

"Yes, let me deal with this, if you please," said Benson, looking hard at Burns. The street-car man sneered again, then, in ostentatious contempt, looked out the window. And in the stillness Benson continued:

"Mr. Kittrell, think a minute. Is your decision final?"

"It is final, Mr. Benson," said Kittrell. "And as for you, Burns," he glared angrily at the man, "I wouldn't draw that cartoon for all the dirty money that all the bribing street-car companies in the world could put into Mr. Glenn's bank here. Good evening, gentlemen."

It was not until he stood again in his own home that Kittrell felt the physical effects which the spiritual squalor of such a scene was certain to produce in a nature like his.

"Neil! What is the matter?" Edith fluttered toward him in alarm.

He sank into a chair, and for a moment he looked as if he would faint, but he looked wanly up at her and said:

"Nothing; I'm all right; just a little weak. I've gone through a sickening, horrible scene——"

"Dearest!"

"And I'm off the *Telegraph*—and a man once more!"

He bent over, with his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, and when Edith put her calm, caressing hand on his brow, she found that it was moist from nervousness. Presently he was able to tell her the whole story.

"It was, after all, Edith, a fitting conclusion to my experience on the *Telegraph*. I suppose, though, that to people who are used to ten thousand a year such scenes are nothing at all." She saw in this trace of his old humor that he was himself again, and she hugged his head to her bosom.

"Oh, dearest," she said, "I'm proud of you—and happy again."

They were, indeed, both happy, happier than they had been in weeks.

The next morning after breakfast, she saw by his manner, by the humorous, almost comical expression about his eyes, that he had an idea. In this mood of satisfaction—this mood that comes too seldom in the artist's life—she knew it was wise to let him alone. And he lighted his pipe and went to work. She heard him now and then, singing or whistling or humming; she scented his pipe, then cigarettes; then, at last, after two hours, he called in a loud, triumphant tone:

"Oh, Edith!"

She was at the door in an instant, and waving his hand grandly at his drawing-board, he turned to her with that expression which connotes the greatest joy gods or mortals can know—the joy of beholding one's own work and finding it good. He had, as she saw, returned to the cartoon of Clayton he had laid aside when the tempter came; and now it was finished. Its simple lines revealed Clayton's character, as the sufficient answer to all the charges the *Telegraph* might make against him. Edith leaned against the door and looked long and critically.

"It was fine before," she said presently; "it's better now. Before it was a portrait of the man; this shows his soul."



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"BEFORE IT WAS A PORTRAIT OF THE MAN; THIS SHOWS HIS SOUL"

"Well, it's how he looks to me," said Neil, "after a month in which to appreciate him."

"But what," she said suddenly, stooping and peering at the edge of the drawing, where, despite much knife-scraping, vague figures appeared, "what's that?"

"Oh, I'm ashamed to tell you," he said. "I'll have to paste over that before it's electrotyped. You see, I had a notion of putting in the gang, and I drew four little figures—Benson, Burns, Salton, and Glenn; they were plotting—oh, it was foolish and unworthy. I decided I didn't want anything of hatred in it—just as he wouldn't want anything of hatred in it; so I rubbed them out."

"Well, I'm glad. It is beautiful; it makes up for everything; it's an appreciation—worthy of the man."

When Kittrell entered the office of the *Post*, the boys greeted him with delight, and his presence made a sensation, for there had been rumors of the break which the absence of a "Kit" cartoon in the *Telegraph* that morning had confirmed. But, if Hardy was surprised, his surprise was swallowed up in his joy, and Kittrell was grateful to him for the delicacy with which he touched the subject that consumed the newspaper and political world with curiosity.

"I'm glad, Kit," was all that he said. "You know that."

Then he forgot everything in the cartoon, and he showed his instant recognition of its significance by snatching out his watch, pushing a button, and saying to Garland, who came to the door in his shirt-sleeves:

"Tell Nic to hold the first edition for a five-column first-page cartoon. And send this up right away."

They had a last look at it before it went, and after gazing a moment in silence Hardy said:

"It's the greatest thing you ever did, Kit, and it comes at the psychological moment. It'll elect him."

"Oh, he was elected anyhow."

Hardy shook his head, and in the movement Kittrell saw how the strain of the campaign had told on him. "No, he wasn't; the way they've been hammering him is something fierce; and the *Telegraph*—well, your cartoons and all, you know."

"But my cartoons in the *Telegraph* were rotten. Any work that is not sincere, not intellectually honest—"

Hardy interrupted him:

"Yes; but, Kit, you're so good that your rotten is better than 'most anybody's best." He smiled, and Kittrell blushed and looked away.

Hardy was right. The "Kit" cartoon, back in the *Post*, created its sensation, and after it appeared the political reporters said it had started a landslide to Clayton; that the betting was 4 to 1 and no takers, and that it was all over but the shouting.

That night, as they were at dinner, the telephone rang, and in a minute Neil knew by Edith's excited and delighted reiteration of "yes," "yes," who had called up. And then he heard her say:

"Indeed I will; I'll come every night and sit in the front seat."

When Kittrell displaced Edith at the telephone, he heard the voice of John Clayton, lower in register and somewhat husky after four weeks' speaking, but more musical than ever in Kittrell's ears when it said:

"I just told the little woman, Neil, that I didn't know how to say it, so I wanted her to thank you for me. It was beautiful in you, and I wish I were worthy of it; it was simply your own good soul expressing itself."

And it was the last delight to Kittrell to hear that voice and to know that all was well.

But one question remained unsettled. Kittrell had been on the *Telegraph* a month, and his contract differed from that ordinarily made by the members of a newspaper staff in that he was paid by the year, though in monthly instalments. Kittrell knew that he had broken his contract on grounds which the sordid law would not see or recognize and the average court think absurd, and that the *Telegraph* might legally refuse to pay him at all. He hoped the *Telegraph* would do this; but it did not; on the contrary, he received the next day a check for his month's work. He held it up for Edith's inspection.

"Of course, I'll have to send it back," he said.

"Certainly."

"Do you think me Quixotic?"

"Well, we're poor enough as it is—let's have some luxuries; let's be Quixotic until after election, at least."

"Sure," said Neil; "just what I was thinking. I'm going to do a cartoon every day for the *Post* until election day, and I'm not going to take a cent. I don't want to crowd Banks out, you know, and I want to do my part for Clayton and the cause, and do it, just once, for the pure love of the thing."

Those last days of the campaign were, indeed, luxuries to Kittrell and to Edith, days of work and fun and excitement. All day Kittrell worked on his cartoons, and in the evening they went to Clayton's meetings. The experience was a revelation to them both—the crowds, the

waiting for the singing of the automobile's siren, the wild cheers that greeted Clayton, and then his speech, his appeals to the best there was in men. He had never made such speeches, and long afterward Edith could hear those cheers and see the faces of those working-men aglow with the hope, the passion, the fervent religion of democracy. And those days came to their glad climax that night when they met at the office of the *Post* to receive the returns, in an atmosphere quivering with excitement, with messenger boys and reporters coming and going, and in the street outside an immense crowd, swaying and rocking between the walls on either side, with screams and shouts and mad huzzas, and the wild blowing of horns—all the hideous, happy noise an American election-night crowd can make.

Late in the evening Clayton had made his way, somehow unnoticed, through the crowd, and entered the office. He was happy in the great triumph he would not accept as personal, claiming it always for the cause; but as he dropped into the chair Hardy pushed toward him, they all saw how weary he was.

Just at that moment the roar in the street below swelled to a mighty crescendo, and Hardy cried:

"Look!"

They ran to the window. The boys upstairs who were manipulating the stereopticon, had thrown on the screen an enormous picture of Clayton, the portrait Kittrell had drawn for his cartoon.

"Will you say now there isn't the personal note in it?" Edith asked.

Clayton glanced out the window, across the dark, surging street, at the picture.

"Oh, it's not me they're cheering for," he said; "it's for Kit, here."

"Well, perhaps some of it's for him," Edith admitted loyally.

They were silent, seized irresistibly by the emotion that mastered the mighty crowd in the dark streets below. Edith was strangely moved. Presently she could speak:

"Is there anything sweeter in life than to know that you have done a good thing—and done it well?"

"Yes," said Clayton, "just one: to have a few friends who understand."

"You are right," said Edith. "It is so with art, and it must be so with life; it makes an art of life."

It was dark enough there by the window for her to slip her hand into that of Neil, who had been musing silently on the crowd.

"I can never say again," she said softly, "that those people are not worth sacrifice. They are worth all; they are everything; they are the hope of the world; and their longings and their needs, and the possibility of bringing them to pass, are all that give significance to life."

"That's what America is for," said Clayton, "and it's worth while to be allowed to help even in a little way to make, as old Walt says, 'a nation of friends, of equals.'"

HELPLESS YOUTHS AND USELESS MEN

ARE THEY THE RESULT OF FALSE EDUCATION?

BY WILLIAM LEE HOWARD, M. D.



DOCTOR, what is the matter with my son? Is he stupid or lazy? Is he degenerate?"

"Neither stupid nor degenerate, but helpless because he has grown up to eighteen years of age, uninstructed;

unskilled in anything that will make for a successful career. He needs educating."

"But, doctor, he has had the best we could give him; he has just graduated from the high school."

"Doubtless, but consider for a moment the

injustice that has been done to your son. The curriculum at the American high school is not one for a democratic country; it gives a certain privileged number of youths—a very small number—a preparation for college entrance. But how about the boy who is to start in business, trade or industrial occupation? Does he get a four-year course preparatory to this work?

"You have come to me for professional advice about your son. You say he can find no position that suits him; nothing to do. He has become indifferent and has habits that, you fear, will bring him to no good."

"Yes; every place I have tried to get him he finds fault with. Says he's not adapted for the work."

"What has he been fitted to do?"

"Nothing, that I can discover. Says he'll go to college if I'll send him. Would you advise me to make the sacrifice?"

"No, no; he should not have gone to the high school. He needed training; not cultivating. He needed to learn something about living men and methods; not about dead men and past manners. Don't misunderstand me. I am an ardent advocate of college education; of advanced scholarship; of the highest possible work along these lines—but only for scholars, men born to intellectual labor and investigation.

No Democracy of Brains

"What your son needs to understand is that there is no democracy of brains; that there exists an aristocracy of intellect. In accepting this statement, one must not confound class with efficiency. If a boy is a trained engineer, or one who possesses manual dexterity through earnest study and application, he belongs to the aristocracy of intellectual workers.

"Your son is typical of thousands of helpless youths in this country to-day. He has been unfitted for the work nature intended him to do; not fitted for the work he is capable of doing. To send him to college would only make matters worse, and result in forming habits and acquaintances which would be injurious to his future career; for he must be a manual worker; his brain is not made of cells that call for studious application in intellectual work."

"Yes; I have no wealth to give him."

"Well, then; why don't you fathers give your boys an education that will enable them to earn a living? Not all can become lawyers, doctors, or professors, and of the many who have tried, God save me, man! I've seen the wrecks, moral and physical. When your boy was in the primary school he built a boat that beat all the others upon the lake. He should at that period in his developing ideas have had a start in the use of tools, in the training of the hands and eyes."

"Yes, that's true, doctor; the boy wanted to go into a shop, but his mother and sisters——"

"I know all about this ruinous false pride—we'll get to this mother phase of the question later on. As a handler of tools, as a skillful boatbuilder, he would have been successful. He would have found himself, and here is the most important fact: he would have been mentally contented, psychically balanced.

Boys Who Wander Amid Females

- "What is his present attitude? Discontented; unable to know what he wants. For four years he has been left to wander amid females and their ideas of life. His eyes and hands have been allowed to go untrained; his mind, instead of being drilled to observe facts and apply their lessons, instead of realizing that man must make for proficiency in SOME line, or fail as a producer, has been absorbing the merry-go-round ideas of girls.

"He has no serious ideas of life; has a false pride due to his associations and the doughty smatterings of French and Latin imparted to him by female teachers. Of course he won't go into a carpenter's shop in this town NOW. He feels that such a step would be humiliating. Think of the false ideas he has absorbed! To work with his hands is beneath HIS social level, so he remains useless and helpless—a parasite.

"It is from this class we specialists get the dipsomaniac, the despondent, and the useless—the men who go to the dump heap.

"Whose fault is this? You fathers'; every one of you. You send your boy to school—to the public schools—without any care or investigation concerning his tastes, his teachers or how he is to be made into a useful man. You pay your school tax and think your duty ends here.

"When you notice that he is dissatisfied with his school, you pay no attention to his need of advice. When he tells you that he wishes Miss Brown would let him stay in the manual training room instead of going to that 'horrid Latin class,' or says when he comes home to dinner that he wishes he could cut out all the 'po'try' and mush, and learn 'sumptin' I can get onto,' what do you, you fathers, do for him?

"Tell him his teacher knows best; to do as she tells him. What a back slap at your fatherhood! You frankly admit to your sons that a young woman who only sees them in the class room, and who has no possible interest in them, understands them, knows their desires and longings and capabilities better than you, the fathers, do.

"All complaints or requests are referred to 'mother.' 'Oh, don't bother me! Go ask your mother,' has been the line of treatment that has sent many a boy to the gutter.

"The other day, while in the library of the head master of one of the largest and best-known preparatory schools in New England, he tossed me a letter saying: 'The great difficulty we have in boys' schools is to find the proper person at home with whom to advise.

Of course that person should be the father, but he is generally too busy to bother about the matter.

"Now, take the case of this lad. I want to know some facts about him—about his past life; he has only been with us about a month. He is sixteen years old. I didn't write home asking what I wanted to know—I've had too much experience; but I wrote the father, asking him if he could come up and see us—that it was important for his son's sake. That letter you have is from his maiden aunt, saying that SHE'll be up. The father is too busy just at present—always has been—to be annoyed with his son's adolescent growth.'

"No, you are no exception to the American father. It is only when you realize that something is wrong with your boy that you give his future any thought. If you had taken the trouble to look into the matter you would have seen that the high school could not fit him according to his capabilities.

A Class of Nineteen Women and Five Boys

"Look at it now in a common-sense light. When your boy graduated there were in his class nineteen young women and five boys. Naturally the studies were what the girls wanted; not what the boys should have had. The women were well established in physiologic life; the youths adolescents. Don't forget this distinction, this differentiation of the sexes, for it is a very important matter when you are told that the girls go far ahead in their studies.

"From the first year at high schools the boys begin to drop out. They are dissatisfied. After the second year there are about three girls to one boy. In one school whose graduating exercises I attended last spring, there were fourteen young women, and one anæmic, sheepish youth. What training do you think that lad obtained for a start in life? Of course he had heard enough to become a milliner or a dressmaker, but that's about all.

"If a woman had come to you four years ago and suggested that you send your boy to a girls' school, you would have sat up and taken notice. The average high schools are girls' schools, to which a few boys are, unfortunately, sent.

"Now read a portion of a letter I have just received. I could hand over to you hundreds of the same nature. Eighty per cent. of the perverts that come under my personal observation would have been normal men had they had a father's supervision—that is, a father who understood what it meant to have a certain class of adolescents away from virile surroundings.

Letter of a Hopeless Man

"The man who wrote this letter is twenty-six years of age:

"Is there no possible way of shedding this weakness, this miserable weakness, so that one will be able to act with naturalness and self-possession in the presence of others, no matter where or when? Is there no possible way by which I can meet people and converse with them in an easy and natural way without stuttering and puttering about in aimless confusion, causing me at times to break out in a cold sweat and make for the tall grass where no one is about to watch me? I can't even walk down street in an easy, natural mind-off-of-myself manner. Not even in my home town. I know all the people here, and am quite positive, too, that they will not bite or shy a brick at me from any tree. I have such a horrid habit of depreciation. I have tried to reason some of these things out of my system, but it is a tough proposition. To cap the climax, I guess I have about as much confidence in myself as a lion tamer has in a bad lion. Anything like real responsibility is liable to cause a panic and stampede of what ability I might possess in the action it called for.

"I always had women for teachers when I was a boy. Later on the same conditions existed when I went to the high school. I was naturally timid, and saw nothing of the life I needed; of the rough schooling I should have had. You know what the male teachers in the high schools are. Those who have not been feminized get away as soon as possible; a boy only gets a parrotlike lot of stuff out of them; HE NEVER COMES UNDER VIRILE INFLUENCES.

"I never had a licking, and the old maid who was my principal teacher held me up as a model boy.

"If there is anything that appeals to me, it is a good, vigorous type of man. The fearless type of real man. And just think of it! I might have been one if my father had looked after my education and environments—I should have been sent to a school where only men and boys were seen. Now I am a failure. I was taught nothing at school of use to me, but did fall into habits and a mental condition that keep me from obtaining any decent position.

"I have worked for about three years in a dry-goods store, where I deal mostly with women, which, I am afraid, has been a bad thing for me in many ways. In the first place, I do not like the store at all, and never did, but it was the only thing I could get to do after getting my high-school 'education.' Apparently the only training I received was one fitting me to wait upon the opposite sex. This has been harmful to me; I now realize that my disposition and temperament were not considered when I was a boy—otherwise I would have been made a useful MAN. I find myself somewhat ill at ease when in a crowd of men, not being able to act and speak entirely naturally. The same old story—FEAR of people: fear of what they say or think about me or anything I might have to say or tell. Concentrated hell on earth for a fellow—hampers his ability, causes a lack of confidence in himself and what not.

"The fault with the public high school is that it was established with the idea that every boy was born mentally equal to his school-mate—that every boy's brain, potentially, was capable of any development under a universal curriculum. It was the impression held by the

pedagogs that every boy was made from the same germinal stuff; that all brain cells were capable of the same kind and amount of development, hence a common mold could be used for any and all. Heredity, nationality, environment, prenatal influence, mental strength, and physical vigor were supposedly equal in all.

Gross Errors in the Education of Boys

"These are such gross errors that until they are frankly admitted and corrected we had better close the mixed high schools, for they are unfitting thousands of boys to earn a happy living. In such faulty education the psychiatrist sees the foundation source for many neurotic troubles and degeneracy—conditions tabooed by the female teacher whose knowledge of boys and their physiologic growth, and the power of suggestion during adolescence, is purely superficial and scholastic.

"The different classes of flowers have their growth and cultivation carefully watched and pruned according to their respective requirements. In the development of fruit trees and domestic animals we differentiate in training. But consider how the average boy has been treated, how little his individual requirements and tastes have been studied and cultivated.

"Now let me put it up to your own line of work, and you will plainly see what an injustice has been done to the American boy who has had to depend upon the high schools to *get a start in life*.

Boy Training Compared with Horse Training

"You are a horse dealer. You receive a shipment of horses—young horses to be trained and schooled. You look them over carefully, and try them out in the ring. You pick out the horse which shows by his build and action that he is fitted for the park or hunting field. Another you put aside as a prospective draught horse, another as a general utility beast, and so on. Each of these horses needs special training along the line of work it was born to follow, and each is turned over to an instructor proficient in his specialty. Moreover, the sexes are kept separate. Man seems to use common sense in everything except educating his own children—that is, civilized man. Especially is this so in New England, where the parents are prudery debauchees, and where Truth has not been allowed to speak in her own voice and words.

"To return to our horses. What would have been the result if cart-horse, farm-horse,

racer, hunter, and circus actor had all been placed in one ring and under one set of training rules? Ruin of all the good qualities and natural attributes in each horse. Of course; and we should have our horse markets filled with useless animals—horses no man wanted.

"The boy is a young animal—a colt. Give him training along the lines he was born to follow, look into his pedigree, and you will get a contented man and useful citizen. Many a boy who would have been a steady worker in the shafts of a cabinet shop has been goaded to balk and sulk through the nagging of a woman teacher who constantly blamed him for not trotting the same speed as a carefully groomed and born trotter.

Why Do Boys Leave the High School?

"The question, 'Why Do Boys Leave the High School?' is frequently seen in educational journals. The answer is plain to a man of the world. Because the boys realize that something is wrong; because no real boy is going to sit quietly and be told every day that his girl classmates are going ahead of him in his—or, in reality, their—studies.

"Of course they are. A young woman of seventeen is a different proposition from a boy of the same age. The boy knows that he is not being adjusted to fit somewhere in life; knows that all his teacher cares about him is his showing in the reports. He must come up to a certain standard in all subjects, no matter how unfit he is mentally and temperamentally to master some of them. In other subjects he knows he could excel. But his inclinations mean nothing to his automatic teacher. It does to the boy; he realizes that unless he is adjusted to his capabilities he will be a failure in life. He never can pass that examination in Roman history, French, or drawing; he knows it; also feels that for him it is a waste of time to fool any more. So he leaves the high school, and is probably told by his father that as long as he would not stay in school he can hustle for himself. Then is thrown upon the land another untrained boy; a disheartened youth who, as a man, is to be a failure.

Boys Need a Man to Train Them

"Boys need the understanding of a male to get at their adolescent ideas and thoughts; a virile intellect to control morbid fancies, to stimulate the little ambitions which, at this period, may be fanned into a strong, enduring flame, or snuffed out forever. A day's romp and swim with a boy who is considered beyond

control by his young woman teacher will show him to be a clean, ambitious youngster who will 'make good' when he is adjusted to his capabilities and environed by men and ideas in concord with his temperament and brain development.

"I know a young woman of twenty-four years of age who takes a position this year as teacher in a public school. Her knowledge of boys—of adolescent outbursts—is absolutely nil. Her mother is one of those injurious Puritans who deny their daughters the right to understand the biologic and physiologic laws of life and their direct effect upon the physical and moral growth of every living thing. Consequently this girl's assumed knowledge of men and things is twisted information, and her fancies morbid and curious—all the misinformation she received from classmates at the normal school. Think of sending a youth to be under the misconstructive control of such a person!

"Women teachers do not appeal to boys' spirits. A boy who prefers to talk with his woman teacher rather than fight grows up to be one of those disgusting individuals all men despise—yes, and all true women. Unconsciously the female trains such a lad along her own psychic lines, and such training is bound to be injurious to the budding man.

Why Women Teachers Will Not Do for Boys

"The want of understanding on the part of the woman teacher naturally causes the boy to rebel; if this male instinct is not aroused he falls into ways of feminine thinking, and will devolve into a useless man. In the former case the boy remains indifferent to his lessons, and a barrier is established for all sympathetic relations between pupil and teacher. She is nothing but 'an old girl' in his estimation, and this is the ending of any training for earning a living he can get from that school.

"Every boy should be taken away from feminine influence at fourteen years of age. We need to adopt some of the ideas and customs of the aborigines. Boys, real boys, are little savages, and they need initiation into life through virile surroundings.

"These facts are being recognized, and boys are being sent to boys' schools where teacher and scholar can come together in bruising football matches—where boys can put on the boxing-gloves with their teacher, or go swimming with the instructor, and go naked, as they should. In these boys' schools the pupils can get their daily shower baths, run about with

little if any clothes upon them, and yell and whoop with all the savage enthusiasm belonging to their natures.

"But, you say, such schools are for the rich; it is for the sons of the masses that the high schools must be kept up.

"True; but the same conditions can be brought about in the public schools.

Sexes Must Be Separated

"First, get this clearly in your mind: no matter what the cost, the sexes must be separated. Not mere separation in the buildings, separate entrances and class-rooms, but segregation—school buildings far apart from each other. Baltimore has a common-sense plan. The boys' high school is near the center of the city—male teachers—while the girls' high schools are distributed in three or four sections of the city.

"The women teachers in the mixed high schools attempt to give their disinterested scholars academic fancies regarding the physiologic effects of a glass of beer, meanwhile oblivious to the adolescent's silent appeals for some true statements concerning the laws of nature. We need a new code of ethics of the sexes. A science of sex is necessary to a proper understanding of Christian sexual ethics. We can mature a perfect ethics of the sexes amid moral innocence, but not amid physiologic ignorance.

"The boys must be instructed by virile men, and each adjusted to his capabilities. Under these conditions the boys will be happy in their work, and we shall turn out useful citizens.

"What kind of an interested boy are you going to get when his prude of a New England old-maid teacher tells him he must stay in after school for saying 'leg' for limb? 'How often have I told you that the other word is indecent? Now, you stay in until you learn to remember what I say.'

"I heard a female teacher say to a sixteen-year-old lad who stood in a class of young women: 'Jones, you should be whipped for coming before ladies with your shirt torn like that. Go home at once, and don't come back until you are properly dressed. The idea!'

What Boys Should Be Taught in School

"We must have schools where boys are taught that a blacksmith is a far better citizen than the political clerk who has a high-school diploma, but is dependent upon the ward boss or saloon proprietor for his sporadic jobs.

"Many of the high schools will have to throw

out of the windows Latin and Greek textbooks, their French grammars and ancient histories, English history and poetry—but not the English language or the way to speak and write it.

"Last spring I watched, in a small Massachusetts town, the parading of about three hundred boys from an industrial reformatory. These boys were the offcastings of the streets of Boston. They marched behind their own boys' band. Every lad in that little regiment was being trained along some line of industry which would make him an independent youth when released from school. Carpenters, hand-workers in iron, masons, gardeners, musicians—some form of craftsmanship was their gift from the state.

"Watching this parade of youthful craftsmen were a large number of boys who attended the high school. Most of them I knew would have to earn a living; many were then a burden to their parents. Some lived four miles from the schools, yet so solicitous was the state that they all should receive an 'education' that every school-day a bus, and in some cases a carriage, was sent to transport these young people to school.

"At these schools not one of them was getting a course of instruction which would enable them to compete for a living wage with the 'reform' boys.

"Is there not something ludicrous in sending a carriage every school-day in the year for a boy of sixteen who has not an ounce of scholarship in his mental makeup, and not an extra dollar in his or his parents' pockets, and then pay a girl teacher to cram some of the humanities into him?

"True, he may get an hour or so of manual training, but it is not enough to give him an understanding of the dignity of labor or the necessity of training the eyes and hands. In fact, the slight attention given to this art is conducive to the impression that it is subordinate to a knowledge of history and Latin; and this idea leads to failure—to absolute uselessness.

"Fancy interesting the average boy of sixteen—a full-blooded rascal—in the *Idylls of the King*, or the son of a junkman in *Launcelot*! What an injury is done to the boy whose hands should be trained to turn out a useful machine or a piece of decorative furniture, when we compel him to learn—which he never does—the chronology of the English kings or classroom botany as understood by the woman teacher and her girl scholars! Such a method produces a false idea of culture and totally unfits the youth for such work as he could successfully carry out.

"Immodest Modern Modesty"

"With the text-books must go the women teachers. I repeat this, because physicians who are alive to certain conditions are unanimous in this matter. We have been silent too long, but it has been due to that 'most immodest modern modesty' which has prevented explanations and reasons getting a public hearing.

"In the place of books must be put forges, carpenters' benches, draughting instruments, simple and practical laboratories, and a man's gymnasium and swimming pool.

"In place of the female teacher of literature and history must be virile male teachers; men who are all men; men who have been boys and can still be boys; men without false sentiment in their makeup; practical men of the world who will instill ambition and impress the youths with the fact that a good trade is a far more honorable possession than a mushy mass of material which the man never can digest or put to practical use.

"It will, of course, be said that all the high schools have male teachers. But these teachers seldom, if ever, have anything of a personal or social relation with the boys. They are book instructors purely, the last thing a boy needs in his development.

"From the condition of things it is difficult to get the proper sort of male teachers in a high school attended by young women and a few unfortunate boys. The young male teacher whose surroundings are marked by female boundaries soon finds himself in embarrassing fields. He cannot possibly talk to the boys as he would like to do. A man under such circumstances becomes disgusted and looks for his proper place—among boys whose mental attitude and physical desires he can appreciate and mingle with. It is for these reasons that the high school seldom has a male teacher that makes any impression upon the real boy. 'Ah, gee! he's an old sissy,' I heard a boy remark a short time ago when questioning some lads about their male teacher.

"This story of misfits, of uselessness from want of development of the inherent productive powers, is repeated to me hundreds of times a year. I have seen such pitiable wrecks, mental and physical, the results of false instruction and unguided talents, that I ask all fathers to stop a moment, shut down the desk or get leave of absence from the ship for a while, and look into your boy's mind; find out what he can do, what he is capable of doing, then send him to be trained along that line, and send God's blessings with him."

TH' CAP'N'S SON

THE STORY OF A WORM THAT TURNED

BY LINCOLN COLCORD

AUTHOR OF "AH-MAN, THE STORY OF A CHINESE STEWARD," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER



SOMETIMES it's hard t' tell by th' first look at a man what he really amounts to," said Dashy Noyes. "Usually you c'n get some sort o' notion, but it don't pay t' bank on it in th' long run. I found that

out when I tackled Cap'n Hardy's son."

I had met Dashy at the foot of Old Slip, and the conversation started with some frank remarks of his about my clothes. Dashy didn't like my clothes, and told me why.

"You fellers rig out in the all-firedest fool way," he said, casting his eye over me from "truck to k'lson." "That's just th' way Billy Hardy would ha' looked t'-day. When I knew him styles was different, but I recollect th' first time I clapped eyes on him, an' it give me that same feelin'. Always makes me think a feller can't have enough t' do t' keep him busy. Th' minute I see him come over th' rail, I says t' myself, 'Dashy, my boy, you've got a tough proposition on your hands this trip.' A regular dude he was, rigged out regardless, an' it took me aback t' lead him along t' th' forec's'l door. I laughed an' laughed t' myself, after he'd gone in. An' I kept right on laughin' most o' that voyage.

"Th' first I heard o' Billy

Hardy was along 'bout two weeks before we sailed. I'd never been with Cap'n Hardy before, but I knew a lot about him fr'm other men, though I'd never heard a word about his son. I'd shipped with 'im in the *Abner Coburn* that time in New York, bound out f'r Penang up th' Straits o' Malacca. Everything was fine; I liked th' ship, an' I liked th' Cap'n, an' I was glad t' be headed out East.

"Well, some time before we sailed I noticed that the Ol' Man wa'n't feelin' well. Somethin' was on his mind. At meals he didn't do s' much talkin' as usual. A very pleasant man, ordinarily, an' a great talker; we'd got pretty well acquainted before this thing come up. He was one o' them men that likes t' rake over old voyages an' tell about th' times

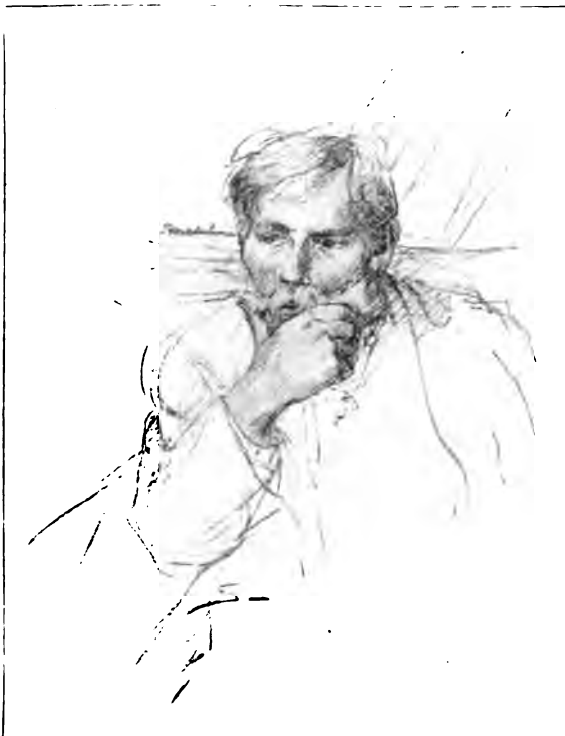
he'd had. He remembered everything, an' his experiences was well worth listenin' to.

"This thing went on for a few days, till one night after supper he called me into the after cabin. I set down an' we talked awhile. Finally he opened up.

"I'm a good deal worried about my boy," he says.

"Yes, sir," says I, wonderin' why he took me into his family affairs.

"He's got an idea into his head that he wants t' go to sea," he says. "When I was home I talked with 'im, an' he don't know



Cap'n Hardy

Digitized by

as much as a monkey about a ship; but he's got a notion that the only life f'r him is on th' bounding billow.'

"Well, what's the objection, sir?" I asks.

"You don't understand," he says. "He ain't a child; he's a grown-up boy. I'm an uneducated man myself, Mr. Noyes," he says, 'an' I reckon I made th' mistake o' thinkin' that what I didn't have was the only thing worth havin'. So I give him all th' schoolin' I could, an' never taught him a stroke o' seamanship. He's in college now, educatin' himself, an' he's got hold o' th' greatest mess o' land-lubber lies about the ocean, an' ships, an' sailors! You'd die t' hear him run on. He says he's a born sailor, every inch o' 'im.'

"I see, sir," says I. "You thought it would do him good t' make the acquaintance of our jolly tars."

"Exactly," says 'e. "I want him t' be one o' th' care-free, rollickin' devils f'r a while. He needs a rest, too, an' I thought it would be nice an' restful f'r him t' go a trip before th' mast. An' then I thought if I told you about it beforehand you'd see to it that he got good an' rested. D' you get my drift?" he says.

"I do," says I.

"T' tell th' truth, Mr. Noyes," he says, "I've set my heart on keepin' him ashore. I've talked to 'im, an' his mother's talked to 'im, an' this is my last card."

"I'd like t' ask you one question, sir," says I. "Is he goin' t' bunk forrard or aft?"

"The Ol' Man pounded th' table with 'is fist. 'Forrard!' he says. 'He wants a chance t' learn all th' shantys an' sailorizin' he can, an', by George, he's goin' t' get it! Put him right in th' forec's'l wi' th' rest o' the crew. I want him t' see th' way I started in.'

"Well, sir," says I, "I can't dance a horn-pipe for 'im, but I c'n hitch up my pants as he comes over th' rail. Illusions must be destroyed easy."

"Mr. Noyes," says 'e, "you're a man after my own heart. I like th' way you shape. I begin to expect great things fr'm this voyage. It ought t' polish off Billy's education." He looked at me with a twinkle in his eye. "You'll find him a specimen," he says.

"I thought th' whole thing over in bed that night, an' I really begun t' look forward t' that voyage. A few things about it puzzled me, an' I didn't begin t' get th' cream o' th' situation till I see Billy himself. But I had a good imagination, an' my calculation wa'n't far out. Says I t' myself, 'The Ol' Man certainly knows how many beans make five all right.' After thinkin' so' more, says I,

'What's up? What am I expected t' do?' You see, I didn't know th' breed.

"I didn't hear a yip about Billy till th' day before we sailed. Along in th' middle o' th' forenoon a team drove down th' dock an' pitched off a trunk; an' a little while after, here come th' boy himself. There wa'n't no mistakin'. I knew th' minute he hove in sight that it was Billy. I can't tell you what he looked like, but it made me feel *bad*. It was a crime t' let a boy do things like that to himself. An' what surprised me th' most was th' looks o' th' boy inside th' clothes—as nice a lookin' feller as you'd wish t' meet. I put it right down then that there was good stuff in 'im.

"I was down on th' main-deck. After lookin' all around th' poop, he waltzes up t' me. 'Who are you?' says 'e.

"Who are you, first?" says I, takin' a good square look at 'im.

"I'm th' Cap'n's son," he says.

"No, you ain't," says I; 'not f'r a whole solid sweatin' year you ain't th' Cap'n's son. There ain't no fathers an' sons on this ship, young feller.'

"Come, now," he says, 'where's my father? Show me to 'is room.'

"I'll show you a slush-bucket an' a bo's'n's chair!" says I. "Get forrard an' furl them wings."

"Is my father on this ship?" he says, real provoked.

"Your father started f'r England on th' deep-sea cable this mornin'," says I, 'an' appointed me guardian just before he left. Your first lesson'll be this—when I say a thing I don't say it twice. You'll turn to in half an hour.'

"I'm not ready t' go t' work," he started in.

"Your second lesson," says I, "ll be this!" An' I lands him one between the eyes, an' one more in th' pit o' th' stomach. It was a shame, but it's the easiest way.

"He let a howl like a fog-horn, an' curled up on deck. I waited till he'd got his wind. 'Get up, now,' says I; 'I'll show you your bunk.' He tagged me forrard, a pretty sick boy.

"Is this where I got t' sleep?" says 'e, sniffin' around.

"This is th' place," says I. "You an' some ten or a dozen of our able mariners'll spend your watch below right here."

"My trunk is on th' dock," he says. "I see it as I come by. Have it brought up."

"My Lord! My Lord!" says I. "An' your father is a sailor! You'll go out an' get that trunk yourself, an' you'll take that para-

phenalia off an' try t' look an' act like a human bein', an' you'll turn to in half an hour.' Then I went off an' left 'im.

"I let him have an extra ten minutes, an' was just goin' forrard after 'im, when here he come! I wish you could ha' seen 'im! White duck pants, white flannel shirt, an' a cap like a Washington pie. *'What in thunder have you got on?'* I says.

"*'I do' know as it's any business o' yours,'* says 'e. *'This is a yachtin' suit I had.'*

"I let a yell. *'Yachtin' suit!'* says I. *'You look like th' Maharahjah o' Jahore!'*

"*'Th' cook tells me,'* says 'e, *'that your name's Noyes, an' that you're th' mate, an' that I'm t' report t' you.'*

"*'Th' cook's mistaken,'* says I. *'My name is*

Mister Noyes. Remember that. Now, Billy, it's time f'r you an' me t' have a few words,' I says. *'This is a funny world you've jumped into. We're funny men here—you may ha' noticed it. We ain't got no education, an' we ain't had time t' learn many manners. Work's th' main thing with us. If you go at it in th' right way, you'll find a lot o' good stuff t' pick up. If you go at it wrong, you won't be happy. Keep your weather eye peeled, say "sir," an' do what you're told.'*

"*'That sounds nice fr'm a man that just knocked me down f'r nothin','* says 'e.

"*'Nobody ever gets knocked down f'r nothin,'* says I. *'That notion comes o' not knowin' always why you was knocked down. So you wan' t' use your wits, an' whenever you get knocked down, think it over afterwards. There ain't always time when you're goin' down.'*

"*'You talk as if it was a common occurrence,'* says 'e.

"*'It is,'* says I; *'extremely common. You'll say so yourself. But it's all got a purpose, Billy,—put it down in your note-book.'*

"*'I don't propose,'* says 'e, *'t' be struck many times in that arbitrary way. You seem t' forget,'* says 'e, *'that my father is Cap'n o' this ship.'*

"*'Billy,'* says I, *'that's just what I remember.*

What you're forgettin' is that my name is Mister Noyes, an' that I'm mate.'

"*'I shall see my father when he comes aboard,'* says Billy.

"*'Take my advice, an' call 'im Cap'n, an' don't ask foolish questions,'* says I. *'Now come along—I've got a job f'r you.'*

"I took that poor feller down aft in th' lazare-e-t. *'There's a broom,'* says I. *'Now I want you t' clean everything out o' that star-board alley-way, sweep it all clean, an' put everything back ship-shape. D'you know what ship-shape means?'*

"*'No,'* says 'e.

"*'No, sir!'* says I, an' fetches that yachtin' cap a swipe wi' the ol' dirty broom. I'd had my eye on it f'r some time.

'Ship-shape,' says I, *'is th' way*

things is done aboard ship. If you don't watch out, you'll get a ship-shape lickin', right off th' handle. Get t' work there cleanin' out that alley-way.' An' I went up th' hatch.

"I don't suppose a boy ever fell any harder than Billy did in that one day. It's quite a way fr'm yachting t' rollin' barrels o' beef in a dark alley-way where you can't do much but crawl. When it come noon I went along t' th' lazare-e-t an' called him up. *'Come up an' get some dinner,'* says I.

"The Ol' Man had just come aboard, an' was standin' in th' companionway, waitin' f'r a look at Billy, I guess. I see him turn away, an' when I got a good look at th' boy, I didn't wonder. He was a sight! White pants, white shirt,—you c'n 'imagine! Cobwebs in 'is hair, dirt on 'is face, brine fr'm th' beef-barrels fr'm head t' foot. He walks right over t' th' Cap'n.

"*'Father,'* he says, *'that man knocked me down this mornin'.'*

"The Ol' Man stepped out on deck. *'That's what I've got 'im for,'* he says. *'You wan' t' keep out of 'is road. Don't come t' me with your troubles; I've got enough o' my own.'*

"Th' boy looks us both all over without sayin' anything. Then he cast an eye down



Th' Cap'n's Son



Some of the Crew

over his own clothes with a comical sort of expression on his face.

"Well, is *this* what you call goin' t' sea!" he says, an' went off forrard with his head hangin' down.

"Th' Cap'n watched him out o' sight. 'It's hard,' he says. 'Poor cuss, I know how he feels.'

"He's spoiled a yachtin' suit," I says.

"Th' Cap'n shook his head. 'It's my own fault,' says 'e, 'an' it's hardly a square deal. I never brought him up right. I thought th' way t' keep him fr'm bein' a sailor was t' send him away fr'm th' water. It just made a cussed fool of 'im. I made a great mistake. But I think I'm on th' right lay now. I doubt if he ever wants t' go t' sea after this trip.'

"'It's very doubtful, sir,' says I.

"That was just th' beginnin'. Our crew come aboard th' next day; we pulled out into th' stream, an' th' followin' mornin' got a good start an' was well clear o' th' Hook by noon. It was in mid-summer, a beautiful spell o' weather. I didn't have a chance t' pay much attention t' Billy them two days. Th' crew was a pretty poor lot, an' I had my hands full. I chose him in my watch, an' most o' th' time he seemed t' be wanderin' around decks like a lost soul.

"Th' first night out, after things had quieted down, I was leanin' on th' weather-rail makin' plans. Among other things, I thought o' Billy, an' decided I'd give him a few points

th' next day. It was a perfect night—a little breeze on th' starboard quarter.

"Just as I was layin' out how I'd go at 'im, I looked up, an', by th' Great Horn Spoon, here he come, meanderin' aft on th' weather side! He made right f'r me.

"Well, *Mister Noyes*," he says, 'this is somethin' like it! Isn't this a glorious evenin'? Wouldn't this make a feller feel romantic an' happy? This is just what I was lookin' forward to.'

"It took me flat aback. I stood there lookin' at 'im with my mouth open. The infernal *gall* o' th' thing! An' then it come over me that he actually thought it was th' proper caper t' spin a yarn wi' th' mate in th' dog-watch. Say, it took my breath away!

"'This is what you been lookin' for, is it?' says I.

"'You bet!' says 'e. 'Seems t' me I could stand here an' drink in that moonlight on th' water all night.'

"'You see that main t'gannalyard?' says I. 'Th' third one fr'm th' top—one, two, three, four, goin' up? Well, you run up there an' out on th' weather yardarm, 'way out, an' you'll find a rope-yarn hangin' down. I noticed it just before dark. A rope-yarn is a piece o' string. You get it an' bring it down t' me.'

"'Why, I can't go up there in th' night,' says 'e. 'I don't know th' way.'

"'Just one way up,' says I. 'Foller your nose, an' look out you don't fall.'

"I missed him f'r about an hour after that, but by-an'-by I see him out on th' yardarm, hangin' on f'r dear life. It took him till eight bells t' get down, an' I didn't know but what he was up there f'r th' night. He was a sca't boy when he come along t' me again.

"I couldn't find any rope-yarn,' says 'e. 'Say, it's awful up there.'

"Well, you'll have t' go up t'-morrer mornin', then,' says I. 'An' don't you go tellin' forrard how awful it is up there.'

"What do you do,' says 'e, 'when it comes up a storm in th' night? Cast the anchor?'

"Billy,' says I, 'you're s' blasted innocent that I can't find it in my heart t' hit you. You've been hangin' right on the edge of a good lickin' f'r th' last two hours. Go forrard an' talk it over wi' th' men, an' they'll tell you why. Now, scoot!'

"That's a sample o' th' boy. After he'd got a little sense knocked into 'im, it was easier t' haul him over th' coals; but every now an' then, just when you knew it was th' proper time t' whale 'im, he'd tickle you so that you couldn't lift a hand. I liked th' boy. He meant well, an' was quick t' learn, but he'd got around th' corner. There was somethin' about him that wouldn't hitch wi' th' sailor's way o' lookin' at things. But all th' time I had t' keep in mind the Ol' Man's wishes, an' grind him every turn.

"We run into a gale o' wind th' first week

out, an' Billy got his first dose o' heavy weather. It was 'All hands on deck t' shorten sail,' one night, an' I happened t' miss th' boy. I went along t' th' forec's'l door, an' found him in 'is bunk. 'Here, turn out an' take a hand,' I says. 'This ain't no beauty-sleep.'

"I'm sick,' says 'e. 'I'm awful sick.'

"Turn out an' work it off,' says I. 'Get up on th' foreyard there an' help furl th' foresail. You c'n be as sick as you please up there, an' it'll all go overboard.'

"D' you mean that I've got t' get up an' work when I'm s' sick I c'n hardly stand?' says 'e.

"Yes,' says I. 'Anyway, see if you *can* stand.'

"That made him mad, an' he jumped out an' worked like a tiger. Every time he'd pass me, he'd look daggers; an' after we'd got her shortened down, he come along an' says, 'There, have I got t' stay on deck any longer?'

"I couldn't stand that, an' piled him up in th' scuppers. It took th' starch completely out of 'im, an' he crawled away lookin' miserable. That was th' last lip he give me, an' I didn't have occasion t' lay a hand on him again that voyage.

"The Ol' Man held up his end, an' never interfered with me. T' tell th' truth, I expected him t' peter out an' begin babyin' th' boy in about a month, but he never turned a



"Well, Mister Noyes,' he says, 'this is somethin' like it! Isn't this a glorious evenin' t'?"

hair. I don't believe he spoke a word with his son all th' passage, an' I respected him f'r his judgment. It took quite a man t' do a thing like that; an' knowin' how much he cared f'r th' boy, I realized that it was a bold move. Once in a while he'd mention it when we got alone on deck in the evenin's.

"How's th' boy gettin' on?" he'd say.

"Fine as a fiddle," I'd tell him. "He thinks there's nothin' like a seaman's life. Th' rollin' deep f'r him, every time."

"It is funny," he'd say, "an' of'en I have t' laugh over it myself. But it ain't no joke t' him. He's laughin' out o' the other corner of 'is mouth. Some day he'll look back an' understand, but just now it's plain unvarnished hell."

"There's one thing I don't like t' think of, Cap'n," I remember I told 'im once, "an' that is, Billy's feelin's towards me. He's a good boy, an' I'd like t' make a friend of 'im. But every time he looks at me there's murder in 'is eye. I don't blame him, but I'm sorry: Well, it'll all come out in th' wash some day."

"Yes," says th' Cap'n, "these things is hard. I'm glad I woke up in time an' caught on t' what was happenin'. It's an unnatural way t' bring up a boy, me bein' off at sea year after year an' him growin' up quicker than I dreamed of. Why, I hadn't seen 'im f'r three years until this time, an' I was thunderstruck! An' on top of it all, he wanted t' go t' sea!"

"Well, goin' t' sea may not ha' been good f'r Billy's soul, but it certainly didn't hurt his body. When he joined th' ship he was a pale, sickly-lookin' specimen, but it didn't take him long t' harden up. Before we got into th' China Sea he was strong as a horse—it 'uld do you good t' look at 'im! A handsome feller in th' face, an' livin' on salt-beef hash an' beans seemed to agree with 'im. He got some o' th' notions out of 'is head, too, an' that made him more sea-worthy."

"We kept th' crew by th' ship in Penang, but when we went down t' Singapore t' load f'r home, they all left. We was there over a month, loadin' rattan; an' durin' that time Billy et aft at th' second table. There wa'n't much t' do aboard th' ship, an' I come down a peg or two on discipline an' talked with 'im some. Say, he was sick o' th' thing!"

"One day he an' I went ashore an' beat around all day. I showed him a few landmarks I knew around Singapore, an' all th' while I was watchin' 'im out o' th' lee corner o' my eye. He was a jewel! He was all right! I talked with 'im a lot that day. We forgot all about th' ship, an' he told me th' story of 'is life. It was a pleasant day—I was only a young man myself, remember."

"Comin' off that night in th' sampan, he leaned back an' stuck his legs up on th' seat."

"Just once more," he says. "Th' jig is almost up. I've enjoyed myself t'-day, Mr. Noyes. This is a great ol' town. It's good t' have someone t' go around with, too. I wan' t' thank you f'r givin' me a good time."

"How about them lickin's an' all th' rest of it?" I says.

"Well," says 'e, "I don't think you're altogether t' blame. I c'n understand a whole lot, now, that I never see before. You actually think you've got t' do that sort o' thing, an' maybe you have. Anyway, I don't lay it up against you s' hard. It's th' way you was brought up, an' it seems t' be th' custom. It ain't th' way things is done on land, an' I don't think it's th' right way. It ain't exactly human; it don't take anything into account at all."

"Billy," says I, "you're on th' right lay now, but you ain't gone far enough. By th' time you've been mate of a ship five or ten years, an' seen crew after crew, you'll say yourself that it don't pay t' take anything into account. Sailors ain't all educated, like you. But that ain't th' most important thing, either. They ain't *white men* like you—just so many lumps o' beef with most o' th' nerves connected up. Rough times make rough men, Billy, but you ain't ready t' say that it's th' worst thing in th' world t' be a rough man. Wait till you see a mutiny or somethin', an' then you'll understand better why it's a custom t' lick sailors. This goin' t' sea ain't no tea-party. A ship's a little kingdom, an' she's got t' be run that way."

"It all seems pretty brutal t' me," says 'e.

"I'm glad of it," says I. "You don't have t' see any more of it than you wan' to. But now, take your case, f'r instance. D' you remember th' day you come aboard?"

"Gee, I was a hummer, wa'n't I!" he says, laughin'. He was a bully boy!

"Just a *le-e-tle* mite skittish," I says.

"I didn't know *anything*!" he says. "Not a thing! But I'm improvin'. We've had a nice day ashore, an' you've treated me like a man, an' I forgot f'r a minute that I was before th' mast in that ship out there."

"Don't you like her?" says I. "She's a good ship."

"Like her!" says 'e. "I hate every plank an' timber in her! I hate t' think that every second she's gettin' nearer! This day has been th' first time I've *lived* f'r three months; th' rest o' th' time I've just existed. An' now it's nearly over, an' I've got t' go back aboard that tarnal hulk, an' put on my ol' clo's,

an' ram my hands in a pot o' tar, an' gnaw on a hunk of ol' salt beef, an' sleep with a lot o' dirty, greasy hogs that c'n hardly speak the English language! My stars, what a life! I'll punch th' face off any man that says romance t' me again!"

"You just don't look at it th' right way," says I. "If you liked it, an' was interested in ships, you'd find romance stickin' out all over it. But life is fierce anyway if you don't hitch with it."

"I don't think I'll try t' hitch with goin' t' sea," says 'e. "I know places that I like better, an' things t' do where I'd be happy. When I put my foot ashore this mornin', I felt just like dancin' up an' down on th' jetty. An' that feed we had—say, it went all over me like a drink on an empty stomach!"

"Well, Billy," says I, "you wan' t' thank your father f'r givin' you th' chance t' live ashore. If you wa'n't educated, you might *have* t' plug around afloat. Look at me; I couldn't go ashore an' get a job, if I wanted to!"

"I never thought o' that," he says. "I guess you're right. Funny how a dose o' some-thin' nasty like this 'll clear you up an' show you what a fool you was!"

"I told the Ol' Man all about it afterwards, an' it pleased him a whole lot. 'That's talkin',' he says. 'That's th' proper caper! Now, don't you let up on him goin' home. Keep th' whole length o' th' ship between you, an' never pass him a word except in th' way o' work. I do want 'im t' get the upper hand at this late day.'"

"We had a hard passage home—lots o' heavy weather an' a long drag all th' way. I never opened my face t' Billy, an' he never come near me, though I see him lookin' at me kind o' wistful a number o' times. He'd learned his place, an' was just grindin' out th' days till we got in. But every voyage finishes sometime, an' at last we picked up a tow-boat outside an' anchored one night off Tomkinsville. We'd been gone a year, an' it had come around summer again. I was



"Here, turn out an' take a hand. This ain't no beauty-sleep!"

as glad as anybody t' get in, f'r it had been a wicked run home, about th' hardest I ever experienced. Th' hills o' Staten Island was close aboard, an' looked green an' refreshin'. A feller could smell things in the air. Gee, it's good t' th' worst of us t' get home again!

"I was leanin' on th' rail that evenin', wonderin' who I'd find on South Street, an' what had happened since we'd been away, when I heard a man come up behind me. It was Billy."

"I just can't stand it any longer!" he says. "I've got t' talk t' someone, an' I don't give a hang. Th' voyage is nearly done, anyhow."

"Billy," says I, "just f'r th' sake of ol' New York, we'll consider that th' voyage *is* done. I'd like t' talk t' someone myself."

"Ain't it glorious!" he says. "Look at the ol' Statue up there, just th' same as when we left it! There's *human* bein's, alive, close handy to us! Think of it! An' this voyage

is over. I been packin' my stuff, an' some o' th' men see fit t' make remarks about it. I've just had th' pleasure o' lickin' three men, one after the other, an' I feel some better already. My dunnage is packed, an' th' minute this ship touches th' dock, over it goes, an' over I go after it! I do' wan' t' ever see a stick nor a timber of 'er again. I'm done.'

"'Some day,' says I, 'you'll look back on this year with a good deal o' satisfaction, an' when you come down aboard this ship you'll go sneakin' around, rememberin' every ring-bolt an' belayin'-pin along decks.'

"'Maybe,' says 'e, 'but I want some time t' think it over. Seems t' me, if I could go out there on that hill an' just roll around in th' grass f'r a minute, I wouldn't ask anything more. It's *land*! I never knew how homesick I was!'

"He went on like that f'r an hour, an' it did me good t' hear 'im. He was young, an' he didn't know it. That's about th' finest condition t' be in that there is in this world o' sin. It did me good t' hear him say somethin' else, too, just as he was goin' away.

"'Mr. Noyes,' says 'e, 'I wan' t' shake hands with you before I get over feelin' foolish. We ain't had much trouble, considerin' th' circumstances, but I'm thinkin' we'd 'ave had more if you hadn't been th' man you are. I asked more than I give,' he says, 'but I must say that f'r a while I got more than I asked! It's all over now, an' I wan' t' forget it—but that's how I feel.'

"I give him my hand at that. Says I, 'I'll say this for you, Billy. You took your medicine like a man. I'm glad you see through it, because I'd hate t' make an enemy of you. It's of'en hard t' tell,' I says, 'when a man is lickin' you, that he's doin' it f'r your good. A feller never sees th' best of anything till afterwards. But you've found out before it's too late, an' you're headin' right now. I guess we better call it square.'

"We docked th' next day, an' Billy was true to 'is word. As soon as she was fast, he hove his stuff over th' side, an' took a runnin' jump after it. I went t' th' rail t' say good-by to 'im.

"'Come down on th' dock a minute, will you, Mr. Noyes?' he says.

"'Wha' d' you want?' says I.

"'I wan' t' see you down here a minute, sir,' he says.

"'Come aboard if you've got anything t' say t' me,' I says.

"'This is th' last thing I'll ever ask of you,' he says. 'I wan' t' see you down here.'

"Well, it struck me so funny that I went down, wonderin' what it was so particular

that he wanted t' say. He dropped his grips an' come right up t' me.

"'Noyes,' he says, 'this is God's green earth.' He stamped his foot on th' dock, but I didn't see much green. 'This ain't aboard the *Abner Coburn* any more,' he says.

"'Maybe it ain't,' says I, 'but you do' wan' t' drop th' handle t' my name like that before th' crew.'

"'I'll drop it as of'en as I damn please!' he yells. 'So help me Moses, I'll never say "sir" to a man again. It's been "sir" this an' "sir" that f'r th' last year, an' I've said "sir" enough times t' last me th' rest o' my life. That's one thing I wan' t' say t' you.' He comes up a little closer t' me. 'Now, then, d' you think you c'n fight?' he says.

"'I used t' have some sort of a notion like that,' I says.

"'Well, fight, then, damn you!' he says, an' sails into me hand over fist.

"An' then I got th' biggest surprise o' my life! He squared that account of ours in elegant shape. Before he got done with me he give me the all-firedest lickin' I ever got up against! Say, he could fight! An' I never had dreamed it, all along! I found out right off quick that I couldn't stand up in front of 'im five minutes.

"An' then, just as he was puttin' on th' finishin' touches, the Ol' Man come runnin' down th' dock.

"'What's all this about?' he says, an' hauls th' young scamp off just as he was diggin' a hole through th' dock with me. 'Wha' d' you mean by havin' trouble like this wi' th' mate after you've left th' ship, young man?' says 'e.

"Billy stood there kind o' sheepish, an' looks at my two black eyes. I was stove up pretty bad.

"'I'm sorry, sir,' says 'e, th' 'sir' slippin' out before he could bite it off. 'I ain't got nothin' in particular against Mr. Noyes.'

"'Ain't got nothin' in particular against Mr. Noyes!' says the Ol' Man. 'Well, by th' hook-block, then you've got a funny way o' showin' your friendly feelin's!'

"'I'm sorry,' says Billy again. 'I didn't intend t' hurt him when I started in. I didn't know whether I could or not. But I was bound t' try. I just had t' get it out of me! I been waitin' f'r this all th' passage home. I ain't *anybody* aboard that ship, an' he's a officer, but I own just as much of this dock as these two fists c'n hold!'

"'Well, get away off up-town,' says the Ol' Man, 'before you tackle South Street an' get locked up.'



"The all-firedest lickin' I ever got up against!"

"When we dropped down onto th' main-deck, I looked at the Ol' Man an' the Ol' Man looked at me. Then we both burst out laughin'.

"It's tough on you, Mr. Noyes," says 'e,

'but I guess he'll do.' We went t' th' rail an' watched Billy goin' up th' dock, fight stickin' out all over 'im.

"Yes, sir," says I, 'he'll do.' F'r I knew it took a *man* t' lick me in them days."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WOMAN'S DRESS

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HE advances which modern life has made over savagery are represented at some points by a very thin line. Old practices are refined, the old forms are presented with slightly different coloring and arrangement,

and the emphasis is placed at different points, but we do not get clean away from the old patterns. Savage life, in its turn, borders very close on the animal, and sociology and psychology must continually go back to the simpler conditions of animal life to pick up the cue.

Man is naturally one of the most unadorned of animals, without brilliant appearance or natural glitter, with no plumage, no spots or stripes, no naturally sweet voice, no attractive odor, and no graceful antics. But, thanks to his hands, he has the power of collecting brilliant objects and attaching them to his person, and he thus becomes a rival in radiance of the animals and flowers.

But we have to go no further than the barnyard to witness an apparatus for display which man has never equaled. The turkey-cock, with his glittering plumage, his finely zoned tail and barred wing-feathers, and his crimson and blue wattles, is really a

superb spectacle. Mr. Wallace reports that when a dozen or more full-plumaged male birds of paradise congregate in a tree to hold a dancing-party, as it is called by the natives, they fly about, raise their wings, elevate their exquisite plumes, and make them vibrate until the whole tree seems to be filled with waving plumes. Many species of birds habitually adorn their nests with gaily colored feathers, wool, cotton or other gaudy material. In many cases a marked preference is shown for particular objects, as, for instance, in the case of the Syrian nuthatch, which chooses the iridescent wings of insects, or that of the great crested fly-catcher, which similarly chooses the cast-off skins of snakes. But no doubt the

most remarkable of these cases is that of the Baya bird of Asia, which studs its bottle-shaped and chambered nest with small lumps of clay, upon which the cock bird sticks fireflies, apparently for the sole purpose of securing a brilliantly decorative effect. Other birds, such as the hammer-bird of Africa, adorn the surroundings of their nests, which are built upon the ground, with shells, bones, pieces of broken glass and earthenware, or any object of a bright and conspicuous character which they may happen to find.

This purveying and wearing of or-



Man is naturally one of the most unadorned of animals, without brilliant appearance

But he has the power of collecting brilliant objects and attaching them to his person

nament, peeping out from behind finery, and waving of plumes is so near the type of interest of the savage and the fine lady, with their paint and feathers, and even of the twentieth-century melodrama, with its calcium lights and chorus girls, that you could not put a knife-blade between them. "Nature is witty," says Peer Gynt, and one of her sallies was to give man his "noble mind" and yet leave him with a predominant interest in the turkey-cock pattern of interest, without natural equipment for competing.

No race is so low in culture or so wretched in condition as to dispense with ornament. Darwin gave a shivering Fuegian a piece of red flannel, and was surprised to find that he had torn it in strips and made leg ornaments for himself and his wretched companions. The African belle produces the glossy effect of black silk or of polished ebony by rubbing her body with butter. The Hottentot gathers his scant woolly hair into tufts and ties to each a rabbit's tail, a brass button, or a piece of bone; or he smears his hair with a mixture of red ochre and fat, so that it sticks to his head like a scarlet cap. The Tupis of South America produce a brilliant and startling effect by pasting the skin and bright orange-colored plumage of the toucan's breast on their cheeks. To perfect the coiffure of the African Latookas requires a period of from six to eight years.

In a single district in Africa four hundred varieties of beads are known by name, and the passion with which this interest is pursued is

indicated by such significant names as "food-finishers," "home-breakers," and "town-destroyers."

To his apparatus for charming, savage man has added long-haired, snow-white monkey and goat skins, and the striped and

spotted skins of the leopard and tiger; kilts of cat and monkey tails, of zebra mane, black cocks' feathers, and flowers; shell and hair necklaces; feather boas and white down attached to the body by using blood as a glue; tattooing as delicate as lace or as gaudy as calico; red, yellow, and white pigments for the skin, and stains for the teeth; bracelets and anklets of copper and silver, aggregating sometimes thirty pounds in weight; and the art of lacing, not by the use of a corset, but by a belt or cord worn around the waist and tied so tight that, as Captain Cook describes it, the shape of their bodies is not unlike that of overgrown ants.



This wearing of ornament, peeping out from behind finery, and waving of plumes is so near the type of interest of the savage and the fine lady, with their paint and feathers, and even of the twentieth-century melodrama, with its calcium lights and chorus girls, that you could not put a knife-blade between them

Indeed, if we made a complete inventory of savage man's devices we should, I believe, find that he had overlooked nothing fundamental. And if he had copyrighted his devices modern woman would be under the necessity of paying him handsome royalties; for it is one of the first principles of patent law that the substitution of new materials and "transferred uses" do not constitute invention. Note also that it is the African who has shown the most genius in this line, or at any rate he has stopped at nothing.

Bright spots and a flashy exterior seem trivial possessions, but they are a part of the out-



The Scotch kilt is a case where the girdle was not extended all the way down, but stockings were extended part of the way up, the two not quite meeting

fit for charming the opposite sex. The more brilliantly ornamented male makes a more powerful impression on the female and is successful in courtship, while the less highly ornamented male leaves no offspring. There is therefore a constant process of selection which results in the marvelous brilliance of the males of some species.

Among men also the instinct for showing off is primarily sexual, but since in their case the possession of attractive objects is often the result of skill and bravery, ornament comes to mean that its bearer is a formidable and powerful person. It is therefore a sign of manhood and heroism and is a means of securing a high rating by both men and women. In this connection we have an explanation of the "barbaric splendor" which characterizes all early governments. With the growth of democracy, and the emphasis of action rather than

a show of ancestrally accumulated signs to success, there is a tendency to deprecate and even deride display; but that the old instincts linger is shown by the fact that there is no country in the world where lavish display is not impressive and effective in creating and maintaining social distinctions.

Clothing, as distinguished from ornament and dress, had a particular development in cold climates. It is characteristically arctic, while ornament is characteristically tropic. When a man wants warmth the most natural thing is to reinforce his own skin with another skin. The clothing of the arctic regions therefore follows the outlines of the body as closely as possible, and both the men and women wear trousers. In the tropics, ornaments were suspended at those portions of the body from which they would not readily slip off—shoulders, waist, ankles, and wrists. The covering wore at the waist was at first beads, shells, feathers, grass, flowers, animals' tails, and fringes of skin.

On moving into a cooler climate man adopted trousers because they suited his more exposed and active life, but woman, being more conservative and less exposed, has clung to the old fashion, and merely dropped the waist-fringe to the feet, thus unconsciously setting a fashion which has never been changed, because it has become of value as a mark of sex. The blouse is similarly the ornament originally worn around the neck, extended until it meets the skirt at the waist. The Scotch kilt is a case where the girdle was not extended all the way down, but stockings were extended part of the way up, the two not quite meeting.

For instinctive reasons which we do not control and do not completely understand, signs of sex have very powerful emotional effects, and it is even true that any object habitually associated with either sex takes on some of the personality of that sex. Not only the long hair of woman but even her handkerchief may have a vivid interest for the lover. The manish woman is one who drops some of the signs of her sex. The clothing of woman, when it was developed to the point of covering her whole person, took on an interest of its own, but it had the disadvantage of obscuring the figure. This difficulty has been met by fashioning the clothing on lines which

indicate and even emphasize the outlines of the body.

To be short on this point, which does not require elaboration to a person who uses his eyes, the dominant idea in the historical fashions of woman's dress is emphasis of the waist line. The most striking anatomical peculiarity of woman is a waist which measures small in comparison with the bust and hips. This point can be emphasized further either by artificially constricting the waist or by adding on structure at the hips or shoulders. The balloon sleeves, the bustle, the panier, and the hoop-skirt are as effective in this as the corset. The tapering hand and the foot, and the taper toward the feet secured by the pinch-back skirt are equally effective contrasts with the hips and bust. The dress of the Eastern woman is designed to conceal the outline of the figure, that of the Western woman to reveal and emphasize it.

Relatively small and weak hands and feet are another distinctive mark of woman, and to render these more dainty has been another persistent effort of fashion. High heels, like long skirts, add to this apparent magnitude of woman, and at the same time give her a delicate and distinguished underpinning. If, then, a woman walks on her toes and places the heel of the shoe under her instep instead of under her heel, and if the skirt so covers the foot that the shoe-heel seems directly under the real heel, we get the spectacle of a very small foot indeed. The shortened length attained by Chinese women through doubling the toes back is secured by the Western woman by means of the high and illusorily placed heel.

The habit of wearing ornament has naturally been somewhat modified by the introduction of showy and dainty fabrics worn over the whole person. The fabrics are not only more changeable than jewels, but the successful imitation of precious objects renders the wearing of them in profusion suspicious in all except the very rich, and an incredible amount of ornament does the wearer more harm than good. We call this bad taste, and what we really mean is that the majority have recognized that it is no longer an effective mode of display. Still, it is hardly true to say that the total amount of ornament has been diminished by the development of a form of dress covering the whole person. The ingenuity of man has found a place on woman's dress for every object worn by savage man, and for those for which no other place was found he has devised the hat.

Rapid rotation in style is a device to attract

attention not known to animal life and not systematically used in the Orient. The woman of the Far East uses expensive and attractive materials, but she wears them, as she does jewels, for a long period. Among Occidental women the discarding of dress is not only seasonal but, if it can be afforded, diurnal. The constant change is not only striking in itself, but the economic ability to make it distinguish both the woman and the man whom she represents. What Mr. Veblen happily



This difficulty has been met by fashioning the clothing on lines which indicate and even emphasize the outlines of the body

terms "conspicuous waste" is a means of distinction which the masses are not in a position to copy.

Personal display is dangerous ground for woman, since it involves disgust in the spectator when overdone, and she would never be bold enough to carry it to such outspoken lengths if she were not operating in a flock. She is timid about emphasizing herself except as one of a flock, but she is anxious for all the conspicuousness she can get in the flock, and is above all concerned to be a member of the

most distinguished flock. At this point she shows some independence of man and almost loses sight of him (after marriage, at least) in her interest in outstripping other women. Men would prefer her more simply dressed; but this is her game—indeed, it is almost her business.

As society advances there is a tendency in man to give up ornament and in woman to take on more of it. This is not because man is naturally less inclined to display, but because he has undergone a great reform in his habits, the greatest perhaps in the history of the world. Primitive man was pugnacious, unsocial, ostentatious, and lazy, but capable, crafty, and masterful—your true adventurer, but endowed with an inventive imagination and capable of splendid bursts of energy. This was the wild-oats period of the race, and its vestiges are still seen in the gamester, the artist, the wild youth, and the dissipated husband.

But when man exhausted the game which had been his principal pursuit and began to take up the settled manufacturing and agricultural interests which had been chiefly developed by woman, and to buy and sell, he brought with him more ingenuity than woman had ever developed, a freer movement, a greater power of organization, and at the same time less domestic responsibility, and he gradually transferred some of his interest in the pursuit of game to the pursuit of business. But business lies, so to speak, outside the region of appearances. It is primarily a matter of judgment, efficiency, and energy, and if a man has efficiency and wealth in abundance he is attractive enough without ornament. No one ever completely loses an interest in

bright objects, but business men take advantage of this fact to display their goods, not their persons. The color sense and the sexual interest are recognized in the display, wrapping, and advertising of wares. The glaring billboard and the beautiful lady on the cigar-box saturate the goods with color and sex, and we buy them on that basis. But a pretentiously housed business and a handsomely gowned wife are also capital advertisements; they are signs of business success, and "nothing succeeds like success."

We must not, of course, imagine that man set deliberately about abandoning ornament.

Specialized occupations became more effective means of getting his results than personal display, and he gradually went over into them. Neither is his ornamental nature fundamentally altered. He dips into ornament in adolescence, before he has regularly become harnessed to an occupation, and he keeps up his interest in the spectacular vicariously, in his patronage of "shows" of all descriptions; but money is his main charm.

Woman, on the other hand, is not naturally spectacular, but rather reserved, and, as I pointed out in the last paper, it was only when man had acquired a specialized skill which gave him a mastery of the world, and her person as well, that woman began to specialize the display which he was abandoning. Restricted in movement, with no specialized skill, with not even life to educate her in the broad sense in which men encounter it, and limited in her interests by the proprietary tastes of man, her occupation is to charm.

There is, however, both retribution and irony in the fact that man pays the bills. An inventory of the activities of the world will



The shortened length attained by Chinese women through doubling the toes back is secured by the Western woman by the high and illusorily placed heel

show that they are carried on by man largely as a means of supplying woman with those accessories which she uses to charm him. The materials which she demands are rare, costly, varied, and changeable, and the members of the learned, professional, and artistic occupations combined are outnumbered by those whose business is to manufacture and sell objects relating to woman's dress. In France alone there are more than two and a half millions of workers on clothing and the materials of clothing, and about a million of workers in textiles. The annual silk output of the United States and Europe is valued at four hundred million dollars and the textile output at nearly four billions—all mainly for women.

The dress of woman has, in fact, become so incorporated in business that, as Sir Henry Maine has pointed out, the greatest calamity which could be conceived as befalling great populations would be, not a sanguinary war, a desolating famine, or a deadly epidemic, but a revolution in fashion under which "women should dress, as men practically do, in one material of one color." There are many flourishing and opulent cities in Europe and America which would be condemned by it to bankruptcy or starvation, and it would be worse than a famine or pestilence in China, India, and Japan." That is to say, any great change in our industrial system must be gradual not to be calamitous.

But, while woman's demands occupy so large a place in the industrial world, it is noticeable that she is herself only a pawn in the



There is both retribution and irony in the fact that man pays the bills

industrial game played by man. Her individual possessor uses her as a symbol of his wealth, and the captains of industry make her and her changeable and expensive fashions the occasion of a market for the costly and changeable objects which fashionable habits force her to accept. New fashions are not always beautiful; they are even often ugly, and women know it: but they embrace changes as frequent and as radical as the ingenuity of the mode-makers can devise. Women do not wear what they want, but what the manufacturers and trades-people want them to want. The people who supply them also control them.

This does not, however, alter the fact that the general tone and pace of social life are deeply influenced by woman's emphasis of finery and form. There is an old story of a lady who purchased a pair of brass andirons

and then by degrees persuaded her husband to refurnish the whole house to match them. Just so, when silks and furs and gems and lace and the unminted gold are attached to the person of woman, it follows also that the household and the world in which she moves are transformed to harmonize with her showy taste and appearance. Beginning with the rugs, tapestry, porcelain, silver plate, fine linen, and the rich and gaudy furnishings of the home, the factitious personality of woman pervades and bedizens everything. The baffling array of silver at the twelve-course dinner and the costly box at the costly opera are equally a part of woman's dress. This situation is the despair of men, but it is "society."

The effect of this situation on the character of woman is altogether bad. One interest expels another or prevents its development. The proverbially hollow mind of the very beautiful woman is not due to the exhaustion of nature's resources on her exterior, but to the fact that her attention is so bound up with the expression of her own charm that it stops with that. And the homely woman who competes with her has a still more absorbing problem. The foolish and disrespectful customs of courtesy which men practise toward women are also a product of woman's dress, and tend to keep her helpless in mind and body. The helplessness involved in lacing, high heels, undivided skirts, and other impedimenta of women has a certain charm in the eyes of man. Their helplessness shows him off better by giving freer play to his protective and masterful instincts. It is his heroic opportunity since

the disappearance of large game and in the "piping times of peace." To flatter this disposition of man, woman therefore assumes even greater helplessness than she possesses, and the most romantic periods in history are those characterized by tight lacing and purposive fainting.

The rôle of "half angel and half bird" is a pretty one, if you can look at it in that way; but it denatures woman, makes her a thing instead of a person, a fact of the environment and an object of man's manipulation instead of an agent for transforming the world. It leaves society short-handed and the struggle for life harder and uglier than it would be if woman operated in it as the substantial and superior creature which nature made her. We have a machine-made civilization which has introduced class inequalities, hatred, and suffering unknown in savagery or barbarism. We are wealthy but not humanized. Man is pursuing business on the same pitiless principle that he formerly pursued game. Women have a base of maternal feeling that makes them more social than man, and if the economic value of the superfluity of their dress and the energy and attention they waste in following the fashions were devoted to humanistic enterprises we should be in a fair way to add the elements lacking to make our machine system a civilization. But there is no use trying to talk fashions down. The change will come gradually, as women become more intelligent and independent and of themselves "experience the expulsive power of a new affection."



Their helplessness shows him off better by giving freer play to his protective and masterful instincts



Edwin Booth

John Wilkes Booth

THE LAST OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH

THE STORY OF HOW EDWIN BOOTH, IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, BURNED HIS BROTHER'S PAPERS AND COSTUMES

BY OTIS SKINNER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. C. CHASE



have often watched his eyes, the Hamlet eyes, that were wont to hold a world of pensive,

UT few people knew Edwin Booth—the Man. The actor had his hosts of acquaintances and several generations of worshipers. He was fond of a small knot of professional associates, with whom, over a cigar, he could lapse into the past of his recollections. I sad suggestion, slowly brightening under the influence of genial talk until they reached the twinkling stage; little upward lines would appear at their corners, the brows above strike a humorous angle, the ends of his thin-lipped mouth commence to twitch, and I knew that coming from the depths of his memories was a quaint recital of stage life, perhaps of his days of vagabondage, and that the tale would be voiced in a low, somewhat tired tone, with never a touch of bravura or climactic effect. His quiet chuckles denoted how keenly he enjoyed living over these episodes of humor. I sometimes wondered how much of gloom and

melancholy overlay these little springs of joy. The terrified and sensitive soul we guessed at, but there were few to whom it was ever frankly revealed.

There is one glimpse of his brooding spirit that stands fixed in my memory. It did not come from his own lips, but from those of an old property man who had begun active life as a general errand boy about Booth's Theater that stood on Twenty-third Street. He was called "Garrie." His chief occupation was as "basket boy," in which capacity he conveyed the costumes and properties of the actors to and from their lodgings and the theater. Mr. Booth was very fond of Garrie, and employed him frequently in his own personal service.

It was well known how terrible a blow to the tragedian had been the assassination of President Lincoln by his brother John. For a time it was feared that it would seriously affect his reason. He was abnormally sensitive to the remotest reference to it.

At some time prior to the great tragedy at Washington the theatrical wardrobe and personal effects of John Wilkes Booth had been confided to the care of John McCullough, between whom and the former there had grown up a close and sympathetic acquaintance, and conveyed by him across the United States border into Canada. I have never heard it hinted that McCullough was at any time a party to the Lincoln conspiracy, or that he even sympathized with it; but that he was trusted by John Wilkes, and that he stood ready to render his friend a service in an hour of whose true import he, no doubt, was ignorant, is evidenced by the fact that this wardrobe trunk was in his possession during his Canadian engagements, before and after the assassination. McCullough probably concealed and abandoned it very soon after the cry for vengeance arose against all sorts of real and alleged conspirators. It was not a safe thing for an actor to have about while members of his craft were being looked upon with suspicion and fanatics advocated placing the entire dramatic profession under arrest. However, I have not been able to verify that part of the trunk's history. It was a number of years later, in 1873, that Edwin

Booth learned of its existence, and it was forwarded at his request by McKee Rankin, the actor, who was then engaged professionally in the Province.

Garrie is still living and active; I will tell the story, as nearly as I can remember, just as Garrie told it to me:

"It happened early in '73. The day had been one of storm and drifting snow, one of those belated days in New York when winter forgets to become spring. Mr. Booth had a snug suite of apartments high up over the stage, in which most of his time was spent between his hours of business and acting in the theater.

"*'Richard III'* was on for a short run and had drawn a fine audience that night in spite of the storm. And, say! how he had played! Familiar as I was with his performance I found myself again and again standing in the wings watching him.

"On leaving his dressing-room about twelve

o'clock, he gave me orders to wake him at three in the morning.

"After the lights of the theater had been put out, I lay on a cot in the property room, but I couldn't sleep—I shouldn't have dared.

"Then, too, I got very nervous listening to the sleet beating on the window panes and to the strange sounds that seemed to come from every part of the big, empty theater. The memory of his performance that night kept haunting me. How wonderful it had been! There was a little clock on a shelf opposite my couch, and I watched its slow-moving hands by the light of a lantern on the floor. Mighty glad I was when the time to call him arrived: the three hours from midnight had been the longest I ever knew.

"I mounted the stairway to his apartment, where, over a spirit-lamp in the library, I proceeded to make some strong coffee. This done I opened the door of his bedroom. He was breathing heavily in a dead sleep. Mr. Booth had one peculiarity—he was confused and irritated if suddenly waked from sleep; sometimes he would throw the nearest thing at hand at the one who had roused him.

"As a precaution I removed the lamp, the



pipe and the book with which he had smoked and read himself to sleep, his tobacco-jar (you know he was a great smoker), and all the movables from the reading-stand beside his bed; even his boots I placed across the room. Then I shook him gently by the shoulder and told him the time. As I expected, he sat up dazedly and reached about for something to throw at me; but it was only for a moment that his wits wandered. He sat for a few minutes, looking down across the foot of his bed, very still and thoughtful. I fetched the coffee I had made. After drinking two cups of it he asked about the weather.

"Still snowing, Garrie?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's three o'clock, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"I helped him into his coat (he had lain down partly dressed), and took the lantern.

"Where are we going, Mr. Booth?" I asked.

"To the furnace-room, Garrie," he said.

"So I led the way down the stairs, across the black stage, and into the cellar. The theater building was erected before the days of general steam heat, and the furnace-room was a cavernous place of vaulted brick, which held the big, old-fashioned heater that warmed it.

"Briggs, the fireman, had raked and banked his fire and had gone home for the night, when the performance was over, but now the furnace drafts were roaring again.

"I lighted a single gas-jet, and it made a bright spot in the gloom. Over near the furnace I saw an unusually large trunk, almost like a packing-case, tied with ropes; there were seals on it, some on the cords, some at the edges where the cover and the body of the trunk met.

"I shall want an ax, Garrie," said Mr. Booth. There was one in the corner by the coal-bins, and when I had found it I was told to cut the cords of the trunk and knock off the top. This was but little work, for the box was rickety and old. The lid was soon off, and out came a smell of camphor and musty fabrics. There they lay, the costumes of John Wilkes Booth. Edwin must have told some one about the receipt of his brother's trunk, for the story had got about the theater. I didn't have to ask whose wardrobe it was. I shouldn't have had the courage to do so, anyway; Mr. Booth's manner, the scary cellar, and the weird hour of the morning weren't things that made for conversation.

"There was no tray in the trunk—the dresses lay solidly packed and on the top of the pile were some swords and wigs. For a few moments he stood looking down at the things, then he laid the wigs and swords aside on the overturned trunk cover, and commenced taking out

the costumes. The first was a Louis XVI coat of steel-blue broadcloth, embroidered with flowers in silk—probably John Wilkes's *Claude Melnotte* coat, I thought, and was aching to ask, but I said nothing. He turned it about at arm's length, as if he were fancying his brother's figure in it, and perhaps remembering when he saw it worn last. Then he handed it to me. 'Put it in there,' he said, pointing to the heater. I opened the furnace door—the coals were all red and blazing. I paused for a little—'twas such a shame to destroy so handsome a gar-



Booth's Theater

ment—and looked back at him, but he was as still as a statue—just waiting. There was no help for it—I threw it in. It settled down on the blaze with a sort of a hiss—a bit of the lace at the sleeve caught and the coat was in flames. We watched it without a word until it was nothing but a spread of red film in the blue coal flames. A satin waistcoat, a pair of knee breeches, and several pairs of tights were next taken out, and they followed the coat. He didn't spend much time over these, merely handed them to me and motioned toward the fire.

"After these there was a black-beaded *Hamlet* hauberk, which Mr. Booth turned affectionately about before he passed it to me. It needed but little guessing to know how hard it was for him to part with it. Then there came some 'shape' dresses of the Elizabethan period, and some fine silk hose and velvet shoes. They

may have been worn for *Iago*—he had played the part. There were cavalier's costumes, such as are used in 'The Hunchback' and 'The Duke's Motto.' These had seen much service and showed their wear, for John Wilkes's



Without a word Mr. Booth inspected each article, touching it fondly as if it were his own flesh and blood, before handing it to me to be burned

you could have pulled them through a lady's bracelet.

"Pinned in a cloth was a stunning Indian dress—genuine thing—with a photograph of John Wilkes in the same costume, dated Richmond, Virginia, 1859-60. I guessed the part to be *Metamora*.

"It was agonizing, living through these moments, while without a word Mr. Booth inspected each article, touching it fondly as if it were his own flesh and blood, before handing it to me to be burned. Sometimes a draft through the furnace door sent a swarm of floating sparks into the shadows of the cellar space, and I watched them to see that they did not set fire to the building. He didn't notice them: his gaze was fixed on the flames, and his face was drawn and white.

"Presently he came across a package of old letters, wrapped in a handkerchief and tied with a faded pink ribbon. As he examined

most successful performances, with the exception of his *Richard III*, had been in the romantic plays. One, particularly striking, was a cut-leather jerkin with slashed green velvet sleeves, a sword belt to match studded with steel nail-heads—the velvet trunks like the sleeves—and a broad-brimmed hat with a handsome ostrich feather. These, with a pair of cavalier boots, went to the funeral pyre. Then his Roman things for *Marc Antony*, the velvet coat and gray trousers he had worn for *Raphael* in 'The Marble Heart,' his costumes for *Romeo*, *Shylock*, *Macbeth*, and a gorgeous robe for *Othello* made of two East India shawls, so fine

their addresses I glanced over his shoulder, and could see that they were directed to his brother, and some of them in what seemed to be a woman's handwriting. He had looked over only a few when his eye flashed, his lips pressed together, and crushing the package in his hands he moved quickly past me and threw it angrily on the coals. This was the first time he had been moved out of the calm which he had held since we began. 'Twas like some of the flashes of anger in his performance of *Othello*. But it was over in a moment—temper was always that way with him. Since that night I have often wondered who had written those letters. No one will ever know.

"Finally he drew out of the trunk a long, belted, purple-velvet 'shirt,' ornamented with jewels and gilt lace, and a like-colored robe made to attach to the shoulders. Both garments were much creased, and in places the fabric was worn threadbare. He held them out for a moment, then sat down on the edge of the trunk with the costume on his knees. For fully a minute he didn't move, and as he sat looking at the costume, his eyes filled with tears, which ran down his cheeks, falling on the tinsel trappings. After a while he glanced up at me, as if for the first time he was aware that anyone was near him.

"My father's!" he said, his voice hoarse and shaking. 'Garrie, it was my father's *Richard III* dress. He wore it in Boston the night I first went on the stage as *Tressell*.'

"Don't you think you ought to save that, Mr. Booth?" I ventured to ask. He became quieter. 'No—put it with the others.' In a few minutes it was nothing but ashes. I felt as if I had assisted in a crime.

"He didn't linger so long with the various articles after this, except now and then to pause over a costume as if he were puzzling his brain to recall what part it had been used for. It was curious how eager he was to see every fragment destroyed. I was obliged to turn the flaming mass over so frequently with the long furnace poker that my face and hands were scorched with

the heat. Sometimes he took the iron rod from me and performed the task himself. When the bottom of the trunk had been reached and the last garment, a couple of finely wrought daggers, broken scraps of stage jewelry, and various odds and ends, which, strangely enough, included a pair of women's pink satin dancing-slippers, were thrust in on the coals, I threw in the wigs and even the swords that lay upon the cover—they would break and melt before the fire could be mended again. At the last I was directed to knock the trunk to pieces, and these, with the cords that had bound the box, were the final contribution to the flames. We stood for a few moments, silently watching the snaky rims running through the feathery ashes and the sword blades glowing to a molten heat, then he bade me shut the furnace door. The sacrifice was complete—complete with one exception—a simple wreath of bays tied with a broad white ribbon. 'Twas his one memento.

"That will do," he said quietly. 'We will go now.'

"I looked at my watch. It was nearly six.

"The morning was still black; the storm had not broken; the wind was howling through the streets outside. Somewhere a shutter, loose and creaking, was being flung now and then by the wind against the side of the building, and the echo of its blows went booming through the empty galleries.

"What emotion had arisen during that scene in the furnace-room had sunk to the depths, and his face had found again its old, set look of gentle melancholy. We came up to the stage and crossed to the stairway leading to his rooms. 'You needn't come, Garrie. Thank you,' he said.

"I ventured a 'Good morning, sir,' but he merely nodded, and I stood at the foot of the stairs with my lantern until I heard his door shut above."

This is Garrie Davidson's story of how Edwin Booth placed the seal on the tomb of his brother's memory.



SIMPLE SEPTIMUS

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

AUTHOR OF "THE BELOVED VAGABOND," "THE MORALS OF MARCUS ORDEYNE," ETC.

PART VII

CHAPTER XVII



THE next few days were darkened by overwhelming anxieties, so that he speculated little as to the Ultimately Desired. A chartered accountant sat in the office at Moorgate Street and shed around him the gloom of statistics. Unless a miracle happened the Cure was doomed.

It is all very well to seat a little nigger on the safety-valve if the end of the journey is in sight. The boiler may just last out the strain. But to suppose that he will sit there in permanent security to himself and the ship for an indefinite time is an optimism unwarranted by the general experience of this low world. Sypher's Cure could not stand the strain of the increased advertisement. Shuttleworth found a dismal pleasure in the fulfilment of his prophecy. A reduction in price had not materially affected the sales. The Jebusa Jones people had lowered the price of the Cuticle Remedy and still undersold the Cure. During the year the Bermondsey works had been heavily mortgaged. The money had all been wasted on a public that had eyes and saw not, that had ears and heard not the simple gospel of the Friend of Humanity—"Try Sypher's Cure." In the midst of the gloom Shuttleworth took the opportunity of depreciating the unnecessary expense of production, never having so greatly dared before. Only the best and purest materials had been possible for the divine ointment. By using second qualities, a great saving could be effected without impairing the efficacy of the Cure. Thus Shuttleworth. Sypher blazed into holy anger, as if he had been counseled to commit sacrilege.

Radical reforms were imperative, if the Cure was to be saved. He spent his nights over vast schemes only to find the fatal flaw in the cold light of the morning. This angered him. It seemed that the sureness of his vision had gone. Something strange, uncanny, had happened within him, he knew not what. It had

nothing to do with his intellectual force, his personal energy. It had nothing to do with his determination to win through and restore the Cure to its former position in the market. It was something subtle, spiritual.

The memory of the blistered heel lived with him. The slight doubt cast by Septimus on Zora's faith remained disturbingly at the back of his mind. Yet he clung passionately to his belief. If it were not Heaven-sent, then was he of men most miserable.

Never had he welcomed the sight of Nuns mere more than that Saturday afternoon when the trap turned off the highroad and the common came into view. The pearls and faint blues of the sky, the tender mist softening the russet of the autumn trees, the gray tower of the little church, the red roofs of the cottages dreaming in their old-world gardens, the quiet green of the common with the children far off at play and the lame donkey watching them in philosophic content—all came like the gift of a very calm and restful God to the tired man's eyes.

He thought to himself: "It only lacks one figure walking across the common to meet me." Then he thought again: "If she were there would I see anything else?"

At Penton Court the maid met him at the door.

"Mr. Dix is waiting to see you, sir."

"Mr. Dix! Where is he?"

"In the drawing-room. He has been waiting a couple of hours."

He threw off his hat and coat, delighted, and rushed in to welcome the unexpected guest. He found Septimus sitting in the twilight by the French window that opened on the lawn, and making elaborate calculations in a note-book.

"My dear Dix!" He shook him warmly by the hand and clapped him on the shoulder. "This is more than a pleasure. What have you been doing with yourself?"

Septimus said, holding up the note-book:

"I was just trying to work out the problem whether a boy's expenses from the time he begins feeding-bottles to the time he leaves the

University increases by arithmetical or geometrical progression."

Sypher laughed. "It depends, doesn't it, on his taste for luxuries?"

"This one is going to be extravagant, I'm afraid," said Septimus. "He cuts his teeth on a fifteenth-century Italian ivory carving of St. John the Baptist—I went into a shop to buy a purse and they gave it to me instead—and turns up his nose at coral and bells. There isn't much of it to turn up. I've never seen a child with so little nose. I invented a machine for elongating it, but his mother won't let me use it."

Sypher expressed his sympathy with Mrs. Dix, and inquired after her health. Septimus reported favorably. She had passed a few weeks at Hottelôt-sur-Mer, near which had done her good. She was now in Paris under the mothering care of Madame Bolivar, where she would stay until she cared to take up her residence in her flat in Chelsea, which was now free from tenants.

"And you?" asked Sypher.

"I've just left the Hotel Godet and come back to Nunsmere. Perhaps I'll give up the house and take Wiggleswick to London when Emmy returns. She promised to look for a flat for me. I believe women are rather good at finding flats."

Sypher handed him a box of cigars. He lit one and held it awkwardly with the tips of his long, nervous fingers. He passed the fingers of his other hand, with the familiar gesture, up his hair.

"I thought I'd come and see you," he said hesitatingly, "before going to 'The Nook.' There are explanations to be made. My wife and I are good friends, but we can't live together. It's all my fault. I make the house intolerable. I—I have an ungovernable temper, you know, and I'm harsh and unloving and disagreeable. And it's bad for the child. We quarrel dreadfully—at least, she doesn't."

"What about?" Sypher asked gravely.

"All sorts of things. You see, if I want breakfast an hour before dinner-time, it upsets the household. Then there was the nose machine—and other inventions for the baby, which perhaps might kill it. You can explain all this and tell them that the marriage has been a dreadful mistake on poor Emmy's side, and that we've decided to live apart. You will do this for me, won't you?"

"I can't say I'll do it with pleasure," said Sypher, "for I'm more than sorry to hear your news. I suspected as much when I met you in Paris. But I'll see Mrs. Oldrieve as soon as possible and explain."

"Thank you," said Septimus; "you don't know what a service you would be rendering me."

He uttered a sigh of relief and relit his cigar which had gone out during his appeal. Then there was a silence. Septimus looked dreamily out at the row of trees that marked the famous lawn reaching down to the railway line. The mist had thickened with the fall of the day and hung heavy on the branches, and the sky was gray. Sypher watched him, greatly moved; tempted to cry out that he knew all, that he was not taken in by the simple legend of his ungovernable temper and unlovely disposition. His heart went out to him, as to a man who dwelt alone on lofty heights, inaccessible to common humanity. He was filled with pity and reverence for him. Perhaps he exaggerated. But Sypher was an idealist. Had he not set Sypher's Cure as the sun in his heaven and Zora as one of the fixed stars?

It grew dark. Sypher rang for the lamp and tea.

"Or would you like breakfast?" he asked laughingly.

"I've just had supper," said Septimus. "Wiggleswick found some cheese in a cupboard. I buried it in the front garden." A vague smile passed across his face like a pale gleam of light over water on a cloudy day. "Wiggleswick is deaf. He couldn't hear it."

"He's a lazy scoundrel," said Sypher. "I wonder you don't sack him."

Septimus licked a hanging strip of cigar end into position—he could never smoke a cigar properly—and bit it for the third time.

"Wiggleswick is good for me," said he. "He keeps me human. I am apt to become a machine. I live so much among them. I've been working hard on a new gun—or rather an old gun. It's field artillery, quick-firing. I got on to the idea again from a sighting apparatus I invented. I have the specification in my pocket. The model is at home. I brought it from Paris."

He fetched a parcel of manuscript from his pocket and unrolled it into flatness.

"I should like to show it to you. Do you mind?"

"It would interest me enormously," said Sypher.

"I invent all sorts of things. I can't help it. But I always come back to guns—I don't know why. I hope you've done nothing further with the guns of large caliber. I've been thinking about them seriously, and I find they're all rot."

He smiled with wan cheerfulness at the

waste of the labor of years. Sypher, on whose conscience the guns had laid their two hundred ton weight, felt greatly relieved. Their colossal scale had originally caught his imagination which loved big conceptions. Their working had seemed plausible to his inexperienced eye. He had gone with confidence to his friend, the expert on naval gunnery, who had reported on them in breezy, sea-going terms of disrespect. Since then he had shrunk from destroying his poor friend's illusions.

"Yes, they're all unmanageable. I see what's wrong with them—but I've lost my interest in naval affairs." He paused and added dreamily: "I was horribly seasick crossing the Channel this time."

"Let us see the field-gun," said Sypher encouragingly. Remembering the naval man's language, he had little hope that Septimus would be more successful by land than by sea; but his love and pity for the inventor compelled interest. Septimus's face brightened.

"This," said he, "is quite a different thing. You see I know more about it."

"That's where the bombardier comes in," laughed Sypher.

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Septimus.

He spread the diagram on a table, and expounded the gun. Absorbed in his explanation he lost the drowsy incertitude of his speech and the dreaminess of his eyes. He spoke with rapidity, sureness, and a note of enthusiasm rang oddly in his voice. On the margins he sketched illustrations of the Gatling, the Maxim, and the Hotchkiss and other guns, and demonstrated the superior delicate deadliness of his own. It could fire more rounds per minute than any other piece of artillery known to man. It could feed itself automatically from a magazine. The new sighting apparatus made it as accurate as a match rifle. Its power of massacre was unparalleled in the history of wholesale slaughter. A child might work it.

Septimus's explanation was too lucid for a man of Sypher's intelligence not to grasp the essentials of his invention. To all his questions Septimus returned satisfactory answers. He could find no flaw in the gun. Yet in his heart he felt that the expert would put his finger on the weak spot and consign the machine to the limbo of phantasmagoric artillery.

"If it is all you say, there's a fortune in it," said he.

"There's no shadow of doubt about it," replied Septimus. "I'll send Wiggleswick over with the model to-morrow, and you can see for yourself."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I don't know," said Septimus, in his usual manner. "I never know what to do with things when I invent them. I once knew a man in the Patent Office who patented things for me. But he's married now and gone to live in Balham."

"But he's still at the Patent Office?"

"Perhaps he is," said Septimus. "It never occurred to me. But it has never done me any good to have things patented. One has to get them taken up. Some of them are drunk and disorderly enough for them to be taken up at once," he added with his pale smile. He continued: "I thought perhaps you would replace the big-caliber guns in our contract by this one."

Sypher agreed with pleasure to the proposal. He knew a high military official in the Ordnance Department of the War Office who would see that the thing was properly considered. "If he's in town I'll go and see him at once."

"There's no hurry," said Septimus. "I shouldn't like you to put yourself out. I know you're a very busy man. Go in any time you happen to be passing. You are there pretty often now, I suppose."

"Why?"

"My friend Hégisippe Cruchot gave you an idea in Paris—about soldiers' feet. How is it developing?"

Sypher made a wry face. "I found, my dear Dix, it was like your guns of large caliber." He rose and walked impatiently about the room. "Don't let us talk about the Cure, there's a dear fellow. I come down here to forget it."

"Forget it?"

Septimus stared at him in amazement.

"Yes. To clear my mind and brain of it. To get a couple of nights' sleep after the rest of the week's nightmare. The concern is going to ruin as fast as it can, and"—he stopped in front of Septimus and brought down his hands in a passionate gesture—"I can't believe it. I can't believe it! What I'm going through God only knows."

"I at least had no notion," said Septimus. "And I've been worrying you with my silly twaddle about babies and guns."

"It's a godsend for me to hear of anything save ruin and the breaking up of all that was dear to me in life. It's not like failure in an ordinary business. It has been infinitely more than a business to me. It has been a religion. It is still. That's why my soul refuses to grasp facts and figures."

He went on, feeling a relief in pouring out his heart to one who could understand. To

no one had he thus spoken. With an expansive nature he had the strong man's pride. To the world in general he turned the conquering face of Clem Sypher, the Friend of Humanity, of Sypher's Cure. To Septimus alone had he shown the man in his desperate revolt against defeat. The lines around his mouth deepened into lines of pain, and pain lay behind his clear eyes and in the knitting of his brows.

"I believed the Almighty had put an instrument for the relief of human suffering into my hands. I dreamed great dreams. I saw all the nations of the earth blessing me. I know I was a fool. So are you. So is every visionary. So are the apostles, the missionaries, the explorers—all who dream great dreams—all great fools, but a glorious army all the same. I'm not ashamed to belong to it. But there comes a time when the apostle finds himself preaching to the empty winds, and the explorer discovers his El Dorado to be a barren island, and he either goes mad or breaks his heart, and which of the two I'm going to do I don't know. Perhaps both."

"Zora Middlemist will be back soon," said Septimus. "She is coming by the White Star line, and she ought to be in Marseilles by the end of next week."

"She writes me that she may winter in Egypt. That is why she chose the White Star line," said Sypher.

"Have you told her what you've told me?"

"No," said Sypher, "and I never shall while there's a hope left. She knows it's a fight. But I tell her—as I have told my fool of a soul—that I shall conquer. Would you like to go to her and say, 'I'm done—I'm beaten'? Besides, I'm not."

He turned and poked the fire, smashing a great lump of coal with a stroke of his muscular arm as if it had been the skull of the Jebusa Jones dragon. Septimus twirled his small mustache and his hand inevitably went to his hair. He had the scared look he always wore at moments when he was coming to a decision.

"But you would like to see Zora, wouldn't you?" he asked.

Sypher wheeled round, and the expression on his face was that of a prisoner in the Bastille who had been asked whether he would like a summer banquet beneath the trees of Fontainebleau.

"You know that very well," said he.

He laid down the poker and crossed the room to a chair.

"I've often thought of what you said in Paris about her going away. You were quite

right. You have a genius for saying and doing the simple right thing. We almost began our friendship by your saying it. Do you remember? It was in Monte Carlo. You remember that you didn't like my looking on Mrs. Middlemist as an advertisement. Oh, you needn't look uncomfortable, my dear fellow. I loved you for it. In Paris you practically told me that I oughtn't to regard her as a kind of fetich for the Cure, and claim her bodily presence. You also put before me the fact that there was no more reason for her to believe in the Cure than yourself or Hégisippe Cruchot. If you could tell me anything more," said he earnestly, "I should value it."

What he expected to learn from Septimus he did not know. But once having exalted him to inaccessible heights, the indomitable idealist was convinced that from his lips would fall words of gentle Olympian wisdom. Septimus, blushing at his temerity in having pointed out the way to the man whom he regarded as the incarnation of force and energy, curled himself up awkwardly in his chair, clasping his ankles between his locked fingers. At last the oracle spoke.

"If I were you," he said, "before going mad or breaking my heart, I should wait until I saw Zora."

"Very well. It will be a long time. Perhaps so much the better. I shall remain sane and heart-whole all the longer."

After dinner Sypher went round to "The Nook," and executed his difficult mission as best he could. To carry out Septimus's wishes, which involved the vilification of the innocent and the beatification of the guilty, went against his conscience. He omitted, therefore, reference to the demoniac rages which turned the home into an inferno, and to the quarrels over the machine for elongating the baby's nose. Their tempers were incompatible; they found a common life impossible; so, according to the wise modern view of things, they had decided to live apart while maintaining cordial relations.

Mrs. Oldrieve was greatly distressed. Tears rolled down her cheeks on to her knitting. The old order was changing too rapidly for her and the new to which it was giving place seemed anarchy to her bewildered eyes. She held up tremulous hands in protest. Husband and wife living apart so cheerfully for such trivial reasons! Even if one had suffered great wrong at the hands of the other it was their duty to remain side by side. "Those whom God had joined together—"

"He didn't," snapped Cousin Jane. "They

were joined together by a scrubby man in a registry office."

This is the wild and unjust way in which women talk. For aught Cousin Jane knew the Chelsea Registrar might have been an Antinous for beauty.

Mrs. Oldrieve shook her head sadly. She had known how it would be. If only they had been married in church by their good vicar, this calamity could not have befallen them.

"All the churches and all the vicars and all the archbishops couldn't have made that man anything else than a doddering idiot! How Emmy could have borne with him for a day passes my understanding. She has done well to get rid of him. She has made a mess of it, of course. People who marry in that way generally do. It serves her right."

So spoke Cousin Jane, whom Sypher found, in a sense, an unexpected ally. She made his task easier. Mrs. Oldrieve remained unconvinced.

"And the baby just a month or so old. Poor little thing! What's to become of it?"

"Emmy will have to come here," said Cousin Jane firmly, "and I'll bring it up. Emmy isn't fit to educate a rabbit. You had better write and order her to come home at once."

"I'll write to-morrow," sighed Mrs. Oldrieve.

Sypher reflected on the impossibilities of the proposition, on the reasons Emmy still had for remaining in exile in Paris. He also pitied the child that was to be brought up by Cousin Jane. It had extravagant tastes. He smiled.

"My friend Dix is already thinking of sending him to the University; so you see they have plans for his education."

Cousin Jane sniffed. She would make plans for them! As for the University—if it could turn out a doddering idiot like Septimus, it was criminal to send any young man to such a seat of unlearning. She would not allow him to have a voice in the matter. Emmy was to be summoned to Nunsmere.

Sypher was about to deprecate the idea when he reflected again, and thought of Hotspur and the spirits from the vasty deep. Cousin Jane could call, and so could Mrs. Oldrieve. But would Emmy come? As the answer to the question was in the negative he left Cousin Jane to her comfortable resolutions.

"You will no doubt discuss the matter with Dix," he said.

Cousin Jane threw up her hands. "Oh, for goodness' sake, don't let him come here! I couldn't bear the sight of him."

Sypher looked inquiringly at Mrs. Oldrieve. "It has been a great shock to me," said the gentle lady. "It will take time to get over it. Perhaps he had better wait a little."

Sypher walked home in a wrathful mood. Ostracism was to be added to Septimus's crown of martyrdom.

Perhaps, on the other hand, the closing of "The Nook" doors was advantageous. He had dreaded the result of Cousin Jane's cross-examination, as lying was not one of his friend's conspicuous accomplishments. Soothed by this reflection he smoked a pipe, and took down Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" from his shelves.

While he was deriving spiritual entertainment from the great battle with Apollyon and consolation from his discomfiture, Septimus was walking down the road to the post-office, a letter in his hand. The envelope was addressed to "Mrs. Middlemist, White Star Co.'s S. S. *Cedric*, Marseilles." It contained a blank sheet of headed note-paper and the tail of a little china dog.

CHAPTER XVIII

As soon as a woman knows what she wants she generally gets it. Some philosophers assert that her methods are circuitous; others, on the other hand, maintain that she rides in a bee line toward the desired object, galloping ruthlessly over conventions, susceptibilities, hearts, and such like obstacles. All, however, agree that she is unscrupulous, that the wish of the woman is the politely insincere wish of the Deity, and that she pursues her course with a serene sureness unknown to man. It is when a woman does not know what she wants that she baffles the philosopher just as the ant in her aimless discursiveness baffles the entomologist. Of course, if the philosopher has guessed her unformulated desire, then things are easy for him, and he can discourse with certitude on feminine vagaries as Rattenden did on the journeyings of Zora Middlemist. He has the word of the enigma. But to the woman herself her state of mind is an exasperating puzzle, and to her friends, philosophic or otherwise, her consequent actions are disconcerting.

Zora went to California, where she was hospitably entertained, and shown the sights of several vast neighborhoods. She peeped into the Chinese quarter at San Francisco, and visited the Yosemite Valley. Attentive young men strewed her path with flowers and candy. Young women vowed her eternal devotion. She came into touch with the intimate prob-

lems of the most wonderful social organism the world has ever seen, and was confronted with stupendous works of nature and illimitable solitudes wherein the soul stands appalled. She also ate a great quantity of peaches. When her visit to the Callenders had come to an end she armed herself with introductions and started off by herself to see America. She traveled across the continent, beheld the majesty of Niagara and the bewildering life of New York. She went to Washington and Boston. In fact, she learned many things about a great country which were very good for her to know, receiving impressions with the alertness of a sympathetic intellect, and pigeonholing them with feminine conscientiousness for future reference.

It was all very pleasant, healthful, and instructive, but it no more helped her in her quest than gazing at the jewelers' windows in the Rue de la Paix. Snow-capped Sierras and crowded trains were equally unsuggestive of a mission in life. In the rare moments which activity allowed her for depression she began to wonder whether she was not chasing the phantom of a wild goose. A damsel to whom in a moment of expansion she revealed the object of her journeying exclaimed: "What other mission in life has a woman than to spend money and look beautiful?"

Zora laughed incredulously.

"You've accomplished half already, for you do look beautiful," said the damsel. "The other half is easy."

"But if you haven't much money to spend?"

"Spend somebody else's. Lord! If I had your beauty I'd just walk down Wall Street and pick up a millionaire between my finger and thumb, and carry him off right away."

When Zora suggested that life perhaps might have some deeper significance, the maiden answered:

"Life is like the school child's idea of a parable—a heavenly story (if you've lots of money) with no earthly meaning."

"Don't you ever go down beneath the surface of things?" asked Zora.

"If you dig down far enough into the earth," replied the damsel, "you come to water. If you bore down deep enough into life you come to tears. My dear, I'm going to dance on the surface and have a good time as long as I can. And I guess you're doing the same."

"I suppose I am," said Zora. And she felt ashamed of herself.

At Washington fate gave her an opportunity of attaining the other half of the damsel's idea. An elderly senator of enormous wealth pro-

posed marriage, and offered her half a dozen motor-cars, a few palaces and most of the two hemispheres. She declined.

"If I were young, would you marry me?"

Zora's beautiful shoulders gave the tiniest shrug of uncertainty. Perhaps her young friend was right, and the command of the earth was worth the slight penalty of a husband. She was tired and disheartened at finding herself no nearer to the heart of things than when she had left Nunsmere. Her attitude toward the once unspeakable sex had imperceptibly changed. She no longer blazed with indignation when a man made love to her. She even found it more agreeable than looking at cataracts or lunching with ambassadors. Sometimes she wondered why. The senator she treated very tenderly.

"I don't know. How can I tell?" she said a moment or two after the shrug.

"My heart is young," said he.

Zora met his eyes for the millionth part of a second and turned her head away, deeply sorry for him. The woman's instinctive look dealt instantaneous death to his hopes. It was one more enactment of the tragedy of the bald head and the gray beard. He spoke with pathetic bitterness. Like Don Ruy Gomez da Silva in "Hernani," he gave her to understand that now, when a young fellow passed him in the street, he would give up all his motor-cars and all his colossal canned-salmon business for the young fellow's raven hair and bright eye.

"Then you would love me. I could make you."

"What is love, after all?" asked Zora.

The elderly senator looked wistfully through the years over an infinite welter of salmon-tins, seeing nothing else.

"It's the meaning of life," said he. "I've discovered it too late."

He went away sorrowful, and Zora saw the vanity of great possessions.

On the homeward steamer she had as a traveling companion a young Englishman whom she had met at Los Angeles, one Anthony Dasent, an engineer of some distinction. He was bronzed and healthy and lithe-limbed. She liked him because he had brains and looked her squarely in the face. On the first evening of the voyage a slight lurch of the vessel caused her to slip, and she would have fallen had he not caught her by the arms. For the first time she realized how strong a man could be. It was a new sensation, not unpleasurable, and in thanking him she blushed. He remained with her on deck, and talked of their California friends and the United States.

The next day he established himself by her side, and discoursed on the sea and the sky, human aspirations, the discomforts of his cabin, and a belief in eternal punishment. The day after that he told her of his ambitions, and showed her photographs of his mother and sisters. After that they exchanged views on the discipline of loneliness. His profession, he observed, took him to the waste places of the earth, where there was never a woman to cheer him, and when he came back to England he returned to a hearth equally unconsolated. Zora began to pity his forlorn condition. To build strong bridges and lay down railroads was a glorious thing for a man to do; to do it without sweetheart or wife was nothing less than heroic.

In the course of time he told her that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever met. He expressed his admiration of the gold flecks in her brown eyes and the gleams of gold in her hair when it was caught by the sun. He also wished that his sisters could have their skirts cut like hers and could learn the art of tying a veil over a hat. Then he took to scowling on inoffensive young men who fetched her wraps and lent her their binoculars. He declared one of them to be an unmitigated ass to throw whom overboard would be to insult the Atlantic. And then Zora recognized that he was stolidly in love with her after the manner of his stolid kind. She felt frightened, and accused herself of coquetry. Her sympathy with his barren existence had perhaps overstepped the boundaries of politeness. She had raised false hopes in a young and ingenuous bosom. She worked herself up to a virtuous pitch of self-reproach and flagellated herself soundly, taking the precaution, however, of wadding the knots of the scourge with cotton-wool. After all, was it her fault that a wholesome young Briton should fall in love with her? She remembered Rattenden's uncomfortable words on the eve of her first pilgrimage: "A beautiful woman like yourself, radiating feminine magnetism, worries a man exceedingly. You don't let him go about in peace, so why should he let you?"

So Zora came face to face with the eternal battle of the sexes. She stamped her foot in the privacy of her cabin, and declared the principle to be horrid and primeval and everything that was most revolting to a woman who had earnestly set forth to discover the highest things of life. For the remainder of the voyage she avoided Anthony Dasent's company as much as possible, and, lest he should add jealousy to the gloom in which he enveloped himself, sought unexciting joys in the society

of a one-eyed geologist who discoursed playfully on the foraminifera of the Pacific slope.

One day Dasent came on her alone, and burst out wrathfully:

"Why are you treating me like this?"

"Like what?"

"You are making a fool of me. I'm not going to stand it."

Then she realized that when the average man does not get what he wants exactly when he wants it he loses his temper. She soothed him according to the better instincts of her sex, but resolved to play no more with elementary young Britons. One-eyed geologists were safer companions. The former pitched their hearts into her lap; the latter, like Pawkins, the geologist of the Pacific slope, gave her boxes of fossils. She preferred the fossils. You could do what you liked with them: throw them overboard when the donor was not looking, or leave them behind in a railway carriage, or take them home and present them to the vicar who collected butterflies, beetles, ammonites, and tobacco stoppers. But an odd assortment of hearts to a woman who does not want them is really a confounded nuisance. Zora was very much relieved when Dasent, after eating an enormous breakfast, bade her a tragic farewell at Gibraltar.

It was a cloudless afternoon when she steamed into Marseilles. The barren rock islands on the east rose blue-gray from a blue sea. To the west lay the Isles of Frioul and the island of the Château d'If, with its prison lying grim and long on the crest; in front the busy port, the white noble city crowned by the church of Notre Dame de la Garde standing sentinel against the clear sky.

Zora stood on the crowded deck watching the scene, touched as she always was by natural beauty, but sad at heart. Marseilles, within four-and-twenty hours of London, meant home. Although she intended to continue her wanderings to Naples and Alexandria, she felt that she had come to the end of her journey. It had been as profitless as the last. Pawkins, by her side, pointed out the geological feature of the rocks. She listened vaguely, and wondered whether she was to bring him home tied to her chariot as she had brought Septimus Dix and Clem Sypher. The thought of Sypher drew her heart to Marseilles.

"I wish I were landing here like you, and going straight home," she said, interrupting the flow of scientific information. "I've already been to Naples, and I shall find nothing I want at Alexandria."

"Geologically, it's not very interesting," said Pawkins.

"I'm afraid prehistoric antiquity doesn't make my pulses beat faster."

"That's the advantage of it."

"One might just as well be a fossil oneself."

"Much better," said Pawkins, who had read Schopenhauer.

"You are not exhilarating to a depressed woman," said Zora with a laugh.

"I am sorry," he replied stiffly. "I was trying to entertain you."

He regarded her severely out of his one eye and edged away, as if he repented having wasted his time over so futile an organism as a woman. But her feminine magnetism drew him back.

"I'm rather glad you are going on to Alexandria," he remarked in a tone of displeasure, and before she could reply he marched off to look after his luggage.

Zora's eyes followed him until he disappeared, then she shrugged her shoulders. Apparently one-eyed geologists were as unsafe as elementary young Britons and opulent senators. She felt unfairly treated by Providence. It was maddening to realize herself as of no use in the universe except to attract the attention of the opposite sex. She clenched her hands in impotent anger. There was no mission on earth which she could fulfil. She thought enviously of Cousin Jane.

The steamer entered the harbor; the passengers for Marseilles landed, and the mail was brought aboard. There was only one letter for Mrs. Middlemist. It bore the Nuns-mere postmark. She opened it and found the tail of the little china dog.

She looked at it for a moment wonderingly as it lay absurdly curled in the palm of her hand, and then she burst into tears. The thing was so grotesquely trivial. It meant so much. It was a sign and a token falling, as it were, from the sky into the midst of her despairing mood, rebuking her, summoning her, declaring an unknown mission which she was bound to execute. It lay in her hand like a bit of destiny, inexorable, unquestionable, silently compelling her forthwith to the human soul that stood in great need of her. Fate had granted the wish she had expressed to the one-eyed geologist. She landed at Marseilles, and sped homeward by the night train, her heart torn with anxiety for Septimus.

All night long the rhythmic clatter of the train shaped itself into the burden of her words to him: "If ever you want me badly, send me the tail, and I'll come to you from any dis-

tance." She had spoken then half jestingly, all tenderly. That evening she had loved him "in a sort of way," and now that he had sent for her, the love returned. The vivid experiences of the past months which had blinded her to the quieter light of home faded away into darkness. Septimus in urgent need, Emmy and Clem Sypher filled her thoughts. She felt thankful that Sypher, strong and self-reliant, was there to be her ally, should her course with Septimus be difficult. Between them they could surely rescue the ineffectual being from whatever dangers assailed him. But what could they be? The question racked her. Did it concern Emmy? A child, she knew, had just been born. A chill fear crept on her lest some tragedy had occurred through Septimus's folly. From him any outrageous senselessness might be expected, and Emmy herself was scarcely less irresponsible than her babe. She reproached herself for having suggested his marriage with Emmy. Perhaps in his vacant way he had acted entirely on her prompting. The marriage was wrong. Two helpless children should never have taken on themselves the graver duties of life toward each other and future generations.

If it were a case in which a man's aid were necessary, there stood Sypher, a great pillar of comfort. Unconsciously she compared him with the men with whom she had come in contact during her travels—and she had met many of great charm and strength and knowledge. For some strange reason which she could not analyze, he towered above them all, though in each separate quality of character others, whom she could name surpassed him far. She knew his faults, and in her lofty way smiled at them. Her character as goddess or guardian angel or fairy patroness of the Cure she had assumed with the graciousness of a grown-up lady playing charades at a children's party. His occasional lapses from the traditions of her class jarred on her fine susceptibilities. Yet there, in spite of all, he stood rooted in her life, a fact, a puzzle, a pride and a consolation. The other men paled into unimportant ghosts before him, and strayed shadowy through the limbo of her mind. Till now she had not realized it. Septimus, however, had always dwelt in her heart like a stray dog whom she had rescued from vagrancy. He did not count as a man. Sypher did.

Thus during the long, tedious hours of the journey home the two were curiously mingled in her anxious conjectures, and she had no doubt that Sypher and herself, the strong and

masterful, would come to the deliverance of the weak.

Septimus, who had received a telegram from Marseilles, waited for her train at Victoria. In order to insure being in time he had arrived a couple of hours too soon, and patiently wandered about the station. Now and then he stopped before the engines of trains at rest, fascinated, as he always was, by perfect mechanism. A driver, dismounting from the cab, and seeing him lost in admiration of the engine, passed him a civil word, to which Septimus, always courteous, replied. They talked further.

"I see you're an engineer, sir," said the driver, who found himself in conversation with an appreciative expert.

"My father was," said Septimus. "But I could never get up in time for my examinations. Examinations seem so silly. Why should you tell a set of men what they know already?"

The grimy driver expressed the opinion that examinations were necessary. He who spoke had passed them.

"I suppose you can get up at any time," Septimus remarked enviously. "Somebody ought to invent a machine for those who can't."

"You only want an alarm-clock," said the driver.

Septimus shook his head. "They're no good. I tried one once, but it made such a dreadful noise that I threw a boot at it."

"Did that stop it?"

"No," murmured Septimus. "The boot hit another clock on the mantelpiece, a Louis Quinze clock, and spoiled it. I did get up, but I found the method too expensive, so I never tried it again."

The engine of an outgoing train blew off steam, and the resounding din deafened the station. Septimus held his hands to his ears. The driver grinned.

"I can't stand that noise," Septimus explained when it was over. "Once I tried to work out an invention for modifying it. It was a kind of combination between a gramophone and an orchestration. You stuck it inside somewhere, and instead of the awful screech a piece of music would come out of the funnel. In fact, it might have gone on playing all the time the train was in motion. It would have been so cheery for the drivers, wouldn't it?"

The unimaginative mechanic whose wits were scattered by this fantastic proposition used his bit of cotton waste as a handkerchief,

and remarked with vague politeness that it was a pity the gentleman was not an engineer. But Septimus deprecated the compliment. He looked wistfully up at the girders of the glass roof and spoke in his gentle, tired voice.

"You see," he concluded, "if I had been in practice as an engineer I should never have designed machinery in the orthodox way. I should have always put in little things of my own—and then God knows what would have happened."

He brought his eyes to earth with a wan smile, but his companion had vanished. A crowd had filled the suburban platform at the end of which he stood, and in a few moments the train clattered off. Then, remembering that he was hungry, he went to the refreshment-room, where, at the suggestion of the barmaid, he regaled himself on two hard-boiled eggs and a glass of sherry. The meal over, he loitered palely about the busy station, jostled by frantic gentlemen in silk hats rushing to catch suburban trains and watched grimly by a policeman who suspected a pocket-picking soul beneath his guileless exterior.

At last, by especial grace of heaven, he found himself on the platform where the custom-house barrier and the long line of waiting porters heralded the approach of the continental train. Now that only a few moments separated him from Zora, his heart grew cold with suspense. He had not seen her since the night of Emmy's fainting fit. Her letters, though kind, had made clear to him her royal displeasure at his unceremonious marriage. For the first time he would look into her gold-flecked eyes out of a disingenuous soul. Would she surprise his guilty secret? It was the only thing he feared in a bewildering world.

The train came in, and as her carriage flashed by Zora saw him on the platform with his hat off, passing his fingers nervously through his Struvel Peter hair. The touch of the familiar welcoming her brought moisture to her eyes. As soon as the train stopped she alighted, and leaving Turner (who had accompanied her on the pilgrimage and from Dover had breathed fervent thanks to Heaven that at last she was back in the land of her fathers) to look after her luggage, she walked down the platform to meet him.

He was just asking a porter at frantic grapple with the hand baggage of a large family whether he had seen a tall and extraordinarily beautiful lady in the train, when she came up to him with outstretched hands and beaming

eyes. He took the hands and looked long at her, unable to speak. Never had she appeared to him more beautiful, more gracious. The royal waves of her hair beneath a fur traveling-touque invested her with queenliness. The full youth of her figure not hidden by a fur jacket brought to him the generous woman. A bunch of violets at her bosom suggested the fragrant essence of her.

"Oh, it's good to see you, Septimus. It's good!" she cried. "The sight of you makes me feel as if nothing mattered in the world except the people one cares for. How are you?"

"I'm very well indeed," said Septimus. "Full of inventions."

She laughed and guided him up the platform through the cross-traffic of porters carrying luggage from train to cabs.

"Is mother all right?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes," said Septimus.

"And Emmy and the baby?"

"Remarkably well. Emmy has had him christened. I wanted him to be called after you. Zoroaster was the only man's name I could think of, but she did not like it, and so she called it Octavius after me. Also Oldrieve after the family, and William."

"Why William?"

"After Pitt," said Septimus in the tone of a man who gives the obvious answer.

She halted for a moment, perplexed.

"Pitt?"

"Yes; the great statesman. He's going to be a member of Parliament, you know."

"Oh," said Zora, moving slowly on.

"His mother says it's after the lame donkey on the common. We used to call it William. He hasn't changed a bit since you left."

"So the baby's full name is—" said Zora, ignoring the donkey.

"William Octavius Oldrieve Dix. It's so helpful to a child to have a good name."

"I long to see him," said Zora.

"He's in Paris just now."

"Paris?" she echoed.

"Oh, he's not by himself, you know," Septimus hastened to reassure her lest she might think that the babe was alone among the temptations and dissipations of the gay city. "His mother's there, too."

She shook him by the coat-sleeve.

"What an exasperating thing you are! Why didn't you tell me? I could have broken my journey or at least asked them to meet me at the Gare du Nord. But why aren't they in England?"

"I didn't bring them with me."

She laughed again at his tone, suspecting nothing.

"You speak as if you had accidentally left them behind, like umbrellas. Did you?"

Turner came up, attended by a porter with the hand baggage.

"Are you going on to Nunsmere to-night, ma'am?"

"Why should you?" asked Septimus.

"I had intended to do so." But if mother is quite well, and Emmy and the baby are in Paris, and you yourself are here, I don't quite see the necessity."

"It would be much nicer if you remained in London," said he.

"Very well," said Zora, "we shall. We can put up at the Grosvenor Hotel here for the night. Where are you staying?"

Septimus murmured the name of his sedate club, where his dissolute morning appearance was still remembered against him.

"Go and change and come back and dine with me in an hour's time."

He obeyed the command with his usual meekness, and Zora followed the porter through the subway to the hotel.

"We haven't dined together like this," she said, unfolding her napkin an hour afterward, "since Monte Carlo. Then it was hopelessly unconventional. Now we can dine in the strictest propriety. Do you understand that you're my brother-in-law?"

She laughed, radiant, curiously happy at being with him. She realized, with a little shock of discovery, the restfulness that was the essential quality of his companionship. He was a quiet haven after stormy seas; he represented something intimate and tender in her life.

They spoke for a while of common things: her train journey, the crossing, the wonders she had seen. He murmured incoherent sketches of his life in Paris, the new gun, and Hégisippe Cruchot. But of the reason for his summons he said nothing. At last she leaned across the table and said gently:

"Why am I here, Septimus? You haven't told me."

"Haven't I?"

"No. You see, the little dog's tail brought me post-haste to you, but it gave me no inkling why you wanted me so badly."

He looked at her in his scared manner.

"Oh, I don't want you at all; at least, I do—most tremendously—but not for myself."

"For whom, then?"

"Clem Sypher," said Septimus.

She paled slightly, and looked down at her plate and crumbled bread. For a long time she did not speak. The announcement did not surprise her. In an odd, inexplicable way it seemed natural. Septimus and Sypher had

shared her thoughts so oddly during her journey. An unaccountable shyness had checked her impulse to inquire after his welfare. Indeed, now that the name was spoken she could scarcely believe that she had not expected to hear it.

"What is the matter?" she asked at length.

"The Cure has failed."

"Failed?"

She looked up at him half incredulously. The very last letter she had received from Sypher had been full of the lust of battle.

Septimus nodded gloomily.

"It was only a silly patent ointment like a hundred others, but it was Sypher's religion. Now his gods have gone, and he's lost. It's not good for a man to have no gods. I didn't have any once, and the devils came in. They drove me to try haschisch. But it must have been very bad haschisch, for it made me sick, and so I was saved."

"What made you send for me so urgently? The dog's tail—you knew I had to come."

"Sypher wanted you—to give him some new gods."

"He could have sent for me himself. Why did he ask you?"

"He didn't," cried Septimus. "He doesn't know anything about it. He hasn't the faintest idea that you're in London to-night. Was I wrong in bringing you back?"

To Zora the incomprehensible aspect of the situation was her own attitude. She did not know whether Septimus was wrong or not. She told herself that she ought to resent the summons which had caused her such needless anxiety as to his welfare, but she could feel no resentment. Sypher had failed. The mighty had fallen. She pictured a broken-hearted man, and her own heart ached for him.

"You did right, Septimus," she said very gently. "But of what use can I be to him?"

Septimus said: "He's the one to tell you that."

"But do you think he knows? He didn't before. He wanted me to stay as a kind of mascot for the Cure—simply sit still while he drew influence out of me or something. It was absurd."

It was on this occasion that Septimus made his one contribution to pessimistic philosophy.

"When you analyze anything in life," said he, "don't you think that you always come down to a *reductio ad absurdum*?"

(To be continued)

"NEW MANHATTAN NIGHTS" THE ENCHANTED PROFILE BY O. HENRY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



HERE are few Caliphesses. Women are Scheherezades by birth, predilection, instinct, and arrangement of the vocal chords. The thousand and one stories are being told every day by hundreds of thousands of viziers'

daughters to their respective sultans. But the bow-string will get some of 'em yet if they don't watch out.

I heard a story, though, of one lady Caliph. It isn't precisely an Arabian Nights story, because it brings in Cinderella, who flourished her

dishrag in another epoch and country. So, if you don't mind the mixed dates (which seem to give it an Eastern flavor, after all), we'll get along.

In New York there is an old, old hotel. You have seen wood-cuts of it in the magazines. It was built—let's see—at a time when there was nothing above Fourteenth Street except the old Indian trail to Boston and Hammerstein's office. Soon the old hostelry will be torn down. And, as the stout walls are riven apart and the bricks go roaring down the chutes, crowds of citizens will gather at the nearest corners and weep over the destruction of a dear old landmark. Civic pride is strong in New Bagdad; and the wettest weeper and the loudest howler against the iconoclasts will

be the man (originally from Terre Haute) whose fond memories of the old hotel are limited to his having been kicked out from its free-lunch counter in 1873.

At this hotel always stopped Mrs. Maggie Brown. Mrs. Brown was a bony woman of sixty, dressed in the rustiest black, and carrying a handbag made, apparently, from the skin of the original animal that Adam decided to

have looked over the back hair and neat white shirtwaist of Miss Bates was equal to a full course in any correspondence school in the country. She sometimes did a little typewriting for me and, as she refused to take the money in advance, she came to look upon me as something of a friend and protégé. She had un-failing kindness and good nature; and not even a white-lead drummer or a fur importer



"Stops at the door and rubbers at me for ten minutes"

call an alligator. She always occupied a small parlor and bedroom at the top of the hotel at a rental of two dollars per day. And always, while she was there, each day came hurrying to see her many men, sharp-faced, anxious-looking, with only seconds to spare. For Maggie Brown was said to be the third richest woman in the world; and these solicitous gentlemen were only the city's wealthiest brokers and business men seeking trifling loans of half a dozen millions or so from the dingy old lady with the prehistoric handbag.

The stenographer and typewriter of the Acropolis Hotel (there! I've let the name of it out) was Miss Ida Bates. She was a hold-over from the Greek classics. There wasn't a flaw in her looks. Some old-timer in paying his regards to a lady said: "To have loved her was a liberal education." Well, even to

had ever dared to cross the dead line of good behavior in her presence. The entire force of the Acropolis, from the owner, who lived in Vienna, down to the head porter, who had been bedridden for sixteen years, would have sprung to her defense in a moment.

One day I walked past Miss Bates's little sanctum Remingtonium (or whatever make of machine advertises in these pages), and saw in her place a black-haired unit—unmistakably a person—pounding with each of her forefingers upon the keys. Musing on the mutability of temporal affairs, I passed on. The next day I went on a two weeks' vacation. Returning, I strolled through the lobby of the Acropolis, and saw, with a little warm glow of auld lang syne, Miss Bates, as Grecian and kind and flawless as ever, just putting the cover on her Smith-Prem. (advertising department please correct), or

whatever machine it was. The hour for closing had come; but she asked me in to sit for a few minutes in the dictation chair. Miss Bates explained her absence from and return to the Acropolis Hotel in words identical with or similar to these following.

"Well, Man, how are the stories coming?"

"Pretty regularly," said I. "About equal to their going."

"I'm sorry," said she. "Good typewriting is the main thing in a story. You've missed me, haven't you?"

"No one," said I, "whom I have ever known knows as well as you do how to place properly belt buckles, semicolons, hotel guests, and hairpins. But you've been away, too. I saw a package of peppermint-pepsin in your place the other day."

"I was going to tell you about it," said Miss Bates, "if you hadn't interrupted me."

"Of course you know about Maggie Brown who stops here. Well, she's worth \$40,000,000. She lives in Jersey in a ten-dollar flat. She's always got more cash on hand than half a dozen business candidates for vice-president. I don't know whether she carries it in her stocking or not, but I know she's mighty popular down in the part of the town where they worship the golden calf."

"Well, about two weeks ago Mrs. Brown stops at the door and rubbers at me for ten minutes. I'm sitting with my side to her, striking off some manifold copies of a coppermine proposition for a nice old man from Tonopah. But I always see everything all around me. When I'm hard at work I can see things through my side-combs; and I can leave one button unbuttoned in the back of my shirt-waist and see who's behind me. I didn't look around, because I make from eighteen to twenty dollars a week, and I didn't have to."

"That evening at knocking-off time she sends for me to come up to her apartment. I expected to have to typewrite about two thousand words of notes-of-hand, liens and contracts, with a ten-cent tip in sight; but I went. Well, Man, I was certainly surprised. Old Maggie Brown had turned human."

"'Child,' says she, 'you're the most beautiful-creature I ever saw in my life. I want you to quit your work and come and live with me. I've no kith or kin,' says she, 'except a husband and a son or two, and I hold no communication with any of 'em. They're extravagant burdens on a hard-working woman. I want you to be a daughter to me. They say I'm stingy and mean, and the papers print lies about my doing my own cooking and washing. It's a lie,' she goes on. 'I put my washing out,

except the handkerchiefs and stockings and petticoats and collars, and light stuff like that. I've got forty million dollars in cash and stocks and bonds that are as negotiable as Standard Oil, preferred, at a church fair. I'm a lonely old woman and I need companionship. You're the most beautiful human being I ever saw,' says she. 'Will you come and live with me? I'll show 'em whether I can spend money or not,' she says."

"Well, Man, what would you have done? Of course I fell to it. And, to tell you the truth, I began to like old Maggie. It wasn't all on account of the forty millions and what she could do for me. I was kind of lonesome in the world, too. Everybody's got to have somebody they can explain to about the pain in their left shoulder and how fast patent-leather shoes wear out when they begin to crack. And you can't talk about such things to men you meet in hotels—they're looking for just such openings."

"So I gave up my job in the hotel and went with Mrs. Brown. I certainly seemed to have a mash on her. She'd look at me for half an hour at a time when I was sitting, reading, or looking at the magazines."

"One time I says to her: 'Do I remind you of some deceased relative or friend of your childhood, Mrs. Brown? I've noticed you give me a pretty good optical inspection from time to time.'

"'You have a face,' she says, 'exactly like a dear friend of mine—the best friend I ever had. But I like you for yourself, child, too,' she says."

"And say, Man, what do you suppose she did? Loosened up like a Marcel wave in the surf at Coney. She took me to a swell dress-maker and gave her *à la carte* to fit me out—money no object. They were rush orders, and madame locked the front door and put the whole force to work."

"Then we moved to—where do you think?—no; guess again—that's right—the Hotel Bonton. We had a six-room apartment; and it cost \$100 a day. I saw the bill. I began to love that old lady."

"And then, Man, when my dresses began to come in—oh, I won't tell you about 'em! you couldn't understand. And I began to call her Aunt Maggie. You've read about Cinderella, of course. Well, what Cinderella said when the prince fitted that $3\frac{1}{2}$ A on her foot was a hard-luck story compared to the things I told myself."

"Then Aunt Maggie says she is going to give me a coming-out banquet in the Bonton that'll make moving Vans of all the old Dutch families on Fifth Avenue."

"I've been out before, Aunt Maggie," says

I. 'But I'll come out again. But you know,' says I, 'that this is one of the swellest hotels in the city. And you know—pardon me—that it's hard to get a bunch of notables together unless you've trained for it.'

\$300. I saw the bill. The men were all bald-headed or white-side-whiskered, and they kept up a running fire of light repartee about 3-per-cents. and Bryan and the cotton crop.

"On the left of me was something that talked



"It came, and it was \$600. I saw the bill"

"Don't fret about that, child,' says Aunt Maggie. 'I don't send out invitations—I issue orders. I'll have fifty guests here that couldn't be brought together again at any reception unless it were given by King Edward or William Travers Jerome. They are men, of course, and all of 'em either owe me money or intend to. Some of their wives won't come, but a good many will.'

"Well, I wish you could have been at that banquet. The dinner service was all gold and cut glass. There were about forty men and eight ladies present besides Aunt Maggie and I. You'd never have known the third richest woman in the world. She had on a new black silk dress with so much passementerie on it that it sounded exactly like a hailstorm I heard once when I was staying all night with a girl that lived in a top-floor studio.

"And my dress!—say, Man, I can't waste the words on you. It was all hand-made lace—where there was any of it at all—and it cost

like a banker, and on my right was a young fellow who said he was a newspaper artist. He was the only—well, I was going to tell you.

"After the dinner was over Mrs. Brown and I went up to the apartment. We had to squeeze our way through a mob of reporters all the way through the halls. That's one of the things money does for you. Say, do you happen to know a newspaper artist named Lathrop—a tall man with nice eyes and an easy way of talking? No, I don't remember what paper he works on. Well, all right.

"When we got upstairs Mrs. Brown telephones for the bill right away. It came, and it was \$600. I saw the bill. Aunt Maggie fainted. I got her on a lounge and opened the bead-work.

"Child,' says she, when she got back to the world, 'what was it? A raise of rent or an income tax?'

"Just a little dinner,' says I. 'Nothing to worry about—hardly a drop in the bucket—



"Throwing together a fifteen-cent kidney stew while wearing a \$150 house-dress"

shop. Sit up and take notice—a dispossession notice if there's no other kind.'

"But say, Man, do you know what Aunt Maggie did? She got cold feet. She hustled me out of that Hotel Bonton at nine the next morning. We went to a rooming-house on the lower West Side. She rented one room that had water on the floor below and light on the floor above. After we got moved all you could see in the room was about \$1500 worth of new swell dresses and a one-burner gas-stove.

"Aunt Maggie had had a sudden attack of the hedges. I guess everybody has got to go on a spree once in their life. A man spends his on highballs, and a woman gets woozy on clothes. But, with forty million dollars—say! I'd like to have a picture of—but, speaking of pictures, did you ever run across a newspaper artist named Lathrop—a tall—oh, I asked you that before, didn't I? He was mighty nice to me at the dinner. His voice just suited me. I guess he must have thought I was to inherit some of Aunt Maggie's money.

"Well, Mr. Man, three days of that light-housekeeping was plenty for me. Aunt Maggie was affectionate as ever. She'd hardly let me get out of her sight. But, let me tell you. She was a hedger from Hedgersville, Hedger

County. Seventy-five cents a day was the limit she set. We cooked our own meals in the room. There I was, with a thousand dollars' worth of the latest things in clothes, doing stunts over a one-burner gas-stove.

"As I say, on the third day I flew the coop. I couldn't stand for throwing together a fifteen-cent kidney stew while wearing, at the same time, a \$150 house-dress, with Valenciennes lace insertion. So I goes into the closet and puts on the cheapest dress Mrs. Brown had bought for me—it's the one I've got on now—not so bad for \$75, is it? I'd left all my own clothes in my sister's flat in Brooklyn.

"Mrs. Brown, formerly 'Aunt Maggie,'" says I to her, 'I am going to extend my feet alternately, one after the other, in such a manner and direction that this tenement will recede from me in the quickest possible time. I am no worshiper of money,' says I, 'but there are some things I can't stand. I can stand the fabulous monster that I've read about that blows hot birds and cold bottles with the same breath. But I can't stand a quitter,' says I. 'They say you've got forty million dollars—well, you'll never have any less. And I was beginning to like you, too,' says I.

"Well, the late Aunt Maggie kicks till the

tears flow. She offers to move into a swell room with a two-burner stove and running water.

"'I've spent an awful lot of money, child,' says she. 'We'll have to economize for a while. You're the most beautiful creature I ever laid eyes on,' she says, 'and I don't want you to leave me.'

"Well, you see me, don't you? I walked straight to the Acropolis and asked for my job back, and I got it. How did you say your writings were getting along? I know you've lost out some by not having me to typewrite 'em. Do you ever have 'em illustrated? And, by the way, did you ever happen to know a newspaper artist—oh, shut up! I know I asked you before. I wonder what paper he works on. It's funny, but I couldn't help thinking that he wasn't thinking about the money he might have been thinking I was thinking I'd get from old Maggie Brown. If I only knew some of the newspaper editors I'd——"

The sound of an easy footstep came from the doorway. Ida Bates saw who it was with her

back hair comb. I saw her turn pink, perfect statue that she was—a miracle that I share with Pygmalion only.

"Am I excusable?" she said to me—adorable petitioner that she was. "It's—it's Mr. Lathrop. I wonder if it really wasn't the money—I wonder if, after all, he——"

Of course I was invited to the wedding. After the ceremony I dragged Lathrop aside.

"You an artist," said I, "and haven't figured out why Maggie Brown conceived such a strong liking for Miss Bates—that was? Let me show you."

The bride wore a simple white dress as beautifully draped as the costumes of the ancient Greeks. I took some leaves from one of the decorative wreaths in the little parlor, and made a chaplet of them, and placed them on *née* Bates's shining chestnut hair, and made her turn her profile to her husband.

"By jingo!" said he. "Isn't Ida's a dead ringer for the lady's head on the silver dollar?"

A VISITOR

BY GEORGE STERLING

THE winter twilight and the mournful rain
Were one, and on the pavements of the town
The lights fell wet. Betimes the darkness came,
And came a headlong wind from out the south,
That plucked upon the dripping wires, and fled,
Affrighted at its harping. Night and storm
Made drearier the solitary streets,
And whining cars cast clamors on the dark.

But warm within their home Elaine and John
Sat by their fire, that round the pleasant room
Threw wincing shadows, or with restless gleams
Lit up a vase or book or patient clock,
Those placid friends we gather with the years,
Nor which outgrow us. Stern without, the wind
Spoke in some tree, but they spoke not at all,
Because between their hearts was made that rift
• Which, opening at times to most who love,

Ere long is closed, yet which perchance may gape,
And widen with the days, and deepen down,
Till some two gaze across a bridgeless gulf
At eyes grown strangers. So the unwearied wind
Moaned, and the rain was harsh upon the roof,
And John reread the news, till mute Elaine,
With eyes grown tired with gazing at the fire,
Saw half its glowing temples fall to ash.

Then, on that bitter silence of their pride,
There came a knock, not timid. John arose
And lit their little hall, and turned the knob:
A man stood tall without, with haughty face,
And costly garments proof against the rain.
Then John: "Come in." At which the stranger shook
From all his height the silver of the storm,
And bared his head, and entered. Then, with mind
Grown curious, said John: "What can I do?" •
"I only ask, ' their guest replied, "to walk
About your home." Thereat some parleying
Ensued, for tho' 'twas old—a rented roof,
A cottage mossed by many winters gone—
They cherished it, not wished remove therefrom.
But soon relenting, John arose, and lit
Their six small rooms, and at the stranger's side
Was usher, telling, needlessly perhaps,
The use of each. In one the light was low,
And gentlest breathing told of childhood's sleep—
Their guest paused longest there. But in each room
He paused, and said no word, while loud without
Echoed the storm, as hurrying from the south
The rain's gray army passed. Then hastily
He said: "I thank you," turned, a moment stood,
And went out silent to the cloven night.
But they two ran, reopening the door
(Wistful to call him back), and saw his form
Descend the steps, and heard a grievous cry
From out the dark: "Here I was happy once!"
And they two turned, and kissed in sudden tears.

This article was sent to the office by Mr. Dunne when he was away on his vacation. One of the staff seized upon it, and, after reading it, rushed in to his fellows joyously quoting Lord Macaulay's saying that the highest miracle of genius is to make the imaginings of one mind become the personal recollections of another.

Although Mr. Dunne is our friend and associate, we make bold, in his absence, to apply this wonderful phrase (the miracle of genius) to this piece of writing. It seems to us that never, at least in our time, has the philosophy of happiness and unhappiness been so perfectly stated. As always with Mr. Dunne, humor is a mere dress for truth.—THE EDITOR.

“MR. DOOLEY” ON UPLIFTING THE FARMERS

BY F. P. DUNNE

“WELL, sir,” said Mr. Dooley, “I see that me fri’nd Tiddy Rosenfelt has app’inted a commission to make th’ wives iv th’ farmers happy though marri’d.”

“What are they onhappy about?” asked Mr. Hennessy.

“Faith, I don’t know,” said Mr. Dooley. “But Tiddy Rosenfelt has a fri’nd that says they’re wretched. ’Tis conthry to me own idee iv what Hogan calls the boocolick life. I’ve often thought that if Jawn D. Rockefeller iver wint crazy fr’m th’ dhrink an’ left me a fortune iv two or three hundherd dollars I’d l’ave th’ sinseless luxury iv th’ rollin’-mill disthricht an’ buy an’ estate out among th’ billboards an’ settle down with th’ hardy agari-coolchrists an’ mangle th’ stubborn glebe, as Shakespeare says. ’Twas me hope so to end me days. I niver see manny farmers. They don’t get out this way often. But me idee iv a farmer was a care-free fellow that arose fr’m his bed in time to wake th’ lark, shampooed th’ horses, milked th’ cows, satisfied th’ cravings iv th’ inner hog, honed th’ scythe, ground th’ sickle, and returned to th’ house with a wholesome appytite f’r breakfast fr’m siven to siven-three; afther that he whiled away th’ mornin’ hours ploughin’ ontill dinner-time, whin he discussed a hearty repast between twelve an’ twelve-three; thince he dawdled through th’ afthernoon ploughin’ ontill th’ welcome sound iv th’ supper-horn rang in his ears, whin he ran home an’ ate supper with th’ family fr’m six to six-three. Th’ avenin’ hours were devoted to ploughin’, after which,

havin’ seen that th’ horses an’ cows had nawthin’ to complain iv f’r th’ night, he dashed to his bedroom, took a half-hour’s useful exercise f’r th’ muscles iv th’ leg with a bootjack, an’ thin fell asleep upon a bed that had been intinded f’r a rail fence but was disqualified f’r irregularity.

“A wholesome life. As f’r th’ farmer’s wife, if she wasn’t happy who shud be? All she had to attind to was th’ care iv th’ house, th’ cookin’, th’ chickens, th’ childher an’ th’ churn. Surrounded be th’ beauties iv nature, why shud she complain? Ivry rustle iv th’ breeze in th’ orchard promised her presarves to be put up in th’ fall. Th’ chickens strutting an’ cackling in th’ farmyard spoke iv eggs to be fried. Th’ lowing kine brought thoughts to her mind iv th’ churn. Fr’m her parlor window she cud see the goolden buckwheat gleamin’ in th’ sun, remindin’ her that th’ autumn was approachin’ with its stimulin’ combats between her griddle an’ th’ hired man’s appytite.

“But it seems that with all these here advantages th’ farmers’ wives are not happy, an’ Tiddy Rosenfelt proposes to see about it. Th’ idee iv annybody bein’ onhappy makes him feel bad. He wud like to see th’ whole wuruld inj’yin’ itself. Ti-ra-li is his motto. So he’s app’inted a commission to venture far, far beyond th’ last ilivated railroad station an’ ask th’ farmers’ wives why they are onhappy.

“’Tis a pearlous job these here gintlemen have undhertaken. Wan iv thim has been lacerated be dog bites, a sicond is sufferin’ fr’m a

contusion undher th' left eye caused be a copy iv a 'Garland iv Verse' flung at him be an anguished lady, while a third is a defendant in a breach iv promise suit. But, nawthin' daunted, they go on with their labors.

"Th' preeliminary report is nearly ready: 'Th' commission met at wanst an' repaired post haste on a throlley-car to th' rural distriicts. We were surprised to find that th' throlley line did not stop at th' city limits, but wint on out into th' counthry. This suggested wan reason f'r th' onhappiness iv th' farmers' wives. In th' city th' clangin' iv th' throlley-car gong is softened be a multichood iv other intolerable noises; but in th' counthry it has no compytition but th' crickets, th' cows, th' dogs, Lucille Ann playin' th' gramophone, an' father sleepin' like a child on th' lounge. We left th' throlley-car at what appeared to be a farm an' winded our way to'rds a comfortable-lookin' abode situated as near to th' highway as it cud be without bein' run over be auty-mobills. Entherin', we found a lady who was readin' a book, weepin', an' atin' a chocolate aclare at wan an' th' same time. "Madame," says I, "why do ye weep?" "I weep," says she, "f'r th' sorrows iv Bertha, th' poor sewin'-machine girl." We made a note at wanst f'r th' Prisdint that a gr-reat sthride to'rds th' happiness iv th' farmers' wives could be gained be securin' th' happiness iv Bertha, th' poor sewin'-machine girl. "But," says I, "what else have ye to disthress ye? Surely this is not all. Bertha cannot last f'rver. Soon she will marry th' rich mill-owner's son, an' thin what will ye have to fall back on f'r a sob? Is not ye'er home life mis'rab'le? Don't ye have rows with th' old man? Explain why ye are an object iv commiseration to th' wuruld, so much so that ivry time th' Prisdint thinks iv ye'er abject condition he bursts into tears iv pity," says I.

"At this th' lady rose an' demanded to know what we meant be intrudin' on th' privacy iv her home an' insultin' a lone woman. She stated that she wud have us to know that she was no more onhappy thin anny other lady, an' that th' commission wud be much better employed if they wint home an' inquired into th' causes iv th' onhappiness iv their (th' commission's) own wives, although th' same wud not be hard f'r anny wan to determine who wanst got a good look at us (th' commission). Th' onhappy woman further alleged that it was a good thing f'r th' commission that her husband had not come home f'r'm th' meetin' iv th' boord iv directors iv th' bank, but she wud show th' commission that an American lady cud protict hersilf. As we

did not wish further to disturb her, an' as she was edgin' over toward an onyx clock on' th' mantelpiece th' commission thought it best to retire, which it did. I regret to have to repoort that Profissor Higgins, th' indefatygable sicrety iv th' commission, severely injured his knee-pan gettin' over th' fence.'

"Well, sir, I expict great things fr'm th' commission, Hinmissy. I'm sure Tiddy Rosenfelt is not goin' to stop whin he has discovered th' causes iv onhappiness on th' farm an' removed thim be an act iv Congress. Onhappiness is a very gin'ral complaint. It is wan iv th' gr-reatest curses iv th' human race. It attacks us befure our first tooth comes, an' stays with us afther our last has gone. It is sthrange that iv all th' men who have governed counthries, fr'm Solomon down, Tiddy Rosenfelt is th' first to undhertake a scientific invistigation iv th' subject. Afther he has got th' farmers' wives to singin' sure he will app'int other commissions. Th' commission on onhappiness among infants will advocate th' abolition iv pins, parents an' prickly heat, an' th' substitution iv false teeth f'r th' nachral article. It will be found that little boys can be made happy be burning th' school-houses an' supplyin' each little boy with a set iv tin entrails. Much can be accomplished f'r th' happiness iv little girls be th' abolition iv bashfulness an' an onlimited supply iv pickled limes. Onmarried people shud be marri'd an' marri'd people shud be onmarri'd. Th' onhappiness iv th' poor can be relieved with more money an' so can th' onhappiness iv th' rich.

"Fin'ly all th' commissions will meet in gin'ral session an' repoort in favor iv abolishin' poverty, hunger, thirst, mosquitoes, sthreet noises, jealousy, ambition, fear iv impendin' death, human nature an' th' autymatic piano, an' ricommind in addition that ivry wan shud be allowed to inflict enough onhappiness on ivrybody else to make himsilf perfectly happy. They mustn't f'rget that last soorce iv happiness. Sometimes I think 'tis th' most reli'ble wan. Not, mind ye, that I like to have people suffer. I am not able to take much pleasure out iv seein' a man fall fr'm th' roof iv a building or get run over be a locomotive. But I've got to tell ye that I feel more comfortable settin' be th' fire on a cold winter's day fr'm seein' a teamster go by floggin' his chest with his hands; an' in summer th' cool shade where I sit is much improved be th' judicious addition of a few Eye-tafians diggin' a sewer in th' sun.

"Well, sir, 'tis a tur-rble problem this here wan iv human onhappiness. If Tiddy Rosen-

felt finds out th' causes iv it he'll be th' gr-great-est man since Moses. Some folks say th' on'y way to be happy is to wurruk. Maybe that accounts f'r th' onhappiness among th' farmers. Perhaps they wud be merryer if some employment cud be found f'r thim, preferably in th' open air. Some say 'tis money; they're poor. Some say 'tis simple poverty; they're rich. Hogan says 'tis human society; which accounts f'r th' happiness that prevails in all large cities. Some say selfishness will make ye happy. I've tried it. It didn't cure me. Other people say onselfishness; but that's no more thin to say that ye can on'y be happy be givin' up something that wud make ye happy. Th' nearest ye get to happiness is in wantin' something badly an' thinkin' ye have a chance to get it an' not gettin' it. If ye get it ye'll be onhappy. Whin ye have ivrything in th' wurruled that ye want th' fam'ly will do well to watch ye whin ye pick up a razor.

"Onhappiness," says Dock O'Leary, 'is th' most prevailin' disease in me practice. I can do nawthin' f'r it. Whin I have a bad case I call in Father Kelly f'r consultation. He can sometimes relieve it be promisin' th' patient something worse in th' hereafter. All us doctors know about it is that wan form iv onhappiness acts on another like a mustard plaster on a stomach-ache.'

"Does it iver kill?" says I.

"Divvle th' bit," says he. 'It usually hits hardest thim that don't have a chronic case. It's most severe with fellows that are jokin' an' laughin' most iv th' time. It knocks thim. They're always sicker fr'm it thin anny wan else. But people that have a long-standin' case get used to it an' talk about it an' are very tender with it. I've seen manny ladies, especially, who wudden't know what to do with themselves if they weren't onhappy. I think 'tis a mickrobe causes it.'

"Why don't you invint a medicine to cure it?" says I.

"If I did," says he, 'd'ye think I'd give anny to me patients? I'd consume most iv th' output mesilf an' th' rest I'd give to me wife,' says he.

"An' there ye are, Hinnissy. If Tiddy Rosenfelt iver app'ints a commission to inquire into th' mode iv life prevailin' among

Martin Dooley an' devises a means f'r improvin' it I won't know what to suggest that wud make me more happy. I wud like a little more loose change in th' till; I prefer to be a year or two younger, an' to be able to sleep an hour or two longer in th' mornings. An act iv Congress curin' th' pain in me back or causin' a few tufts iv hair (wavy brown preferred) to grow on th' top iv me head wud be much appreciated. An appropriation f'r a new stove-pipe hat f'r Saint Pathrick's day wud be as balm to me ag'nized spirits. I have two or three acquaintances that I wud like to have bastinadoed. But beyond these simple wants there is nawthin' I cud ask th' commission to do f'r me, an' they'd pay no attention to thim. They'd probably repoort that th' plumbing in me house was defective an' that th' roof needed mending, as if ayther iv thim things iver caused lines in me face. Th' commission on th' sorrows iv Cy an' his wife will tell us about th' necessity iv more bath-tubs an' window-screens, whin what they ought to do is to advocate givin' something to th' hired man that wud make him faint at th' sight iv a buckwheat cake an' teachin' th' dumb animiles to feed thimsilves without sloppin'. A horse that cud climb up in th' haymow an' prepare his own supper wud be iv more use to a farmer thin a presidential message on Vinzwala. An' if a farmer's wife sometimes had somebody to talk to that she didn't cook an' wash f'r she might be made quite jolly. If I had me way I'd app'int a committee iv entertainment f'r thim. I'd send out merrymakers fr'm Wash'n'ton. Think iv Sinitor Beveridge settin' in th' parlor iv th' farmhouse whisperin' soft nawthings about th' tariff into th' onhappy farmer's wife's ear! Th' throuble about our farms is that they're too far fr'm our cities, an' that's th' throuble with our cities, too."

"It must be a monotonous life," said Mr. Hennessy.

"It seems so to a butterfly iv pleasure like ye'ersilf. How long since ye quit wurruk?"

"About an hour."

"What are ye goin' to do now?"

"I'm goin' home an' have supper an' go to bed," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Jaded voluptuary," said Mr. Dooley.

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

LETTERS, COMMENTS AND CONFESSIONS FROM READERS OF THE MAGAZINE

Can President Roosevelt's Commission Help This Man?

(Written by a farmer who lives west of Dodge City, Kansas)

I have been wondering if President Roosevelt intends to send his commission to Western Kansas to study conditions on the farms, and especially to see what is the matter here.

I am a farmer. I live on a two hundred-acre place. I am the only one of five children to stick to the farm with the old folks. I am getting well on toward forty years old. I don't mind telling you that I'm plumb sick of it, too.

Year after year I've tugged along here in these fields of ours, listening to the whistle of the passenger-train morning and evening, and wondering if, some time, I wouldn't just drop the lines and go to the station and get on the train and go away and never come back. But then I get to thinking it over in the night, when I'm too tired to sleep and my legs ache and my eyes sting, and I come to the same old decision—to stay by the old folks.

You won't see many "boys" as old as I am on the farms of Kansas. They call me an old bachelor out here at Dodge and other towns where I'm known, but I don't care. Once, long ago, I went to Kansas City and saw a play they called "Peaceful Valley." There was a fellow in it in my fix. He couldn't leave home because of mother "a-leaning on him."

We came out here to Western Kansas in '78, when I was a kid. Along in the '80's father and the older boys had got the farm into pretty fair shape and were getting off some crops that paid well. About that time the boys and the two girls were grumbling considerable about being lonesome. There wasn't a thing on earth to do except work. There wasn't a soul that could get enough sleep—except father. Mother never did, I know, but she didn't complain. She came from an old New York family that was made of hard stuff, but I saw her fade. I didn't notice it then, but I know now how it was.

Well, Fred and Will went together one night, after a quarrel with father. Didn't say a word; just left a note saying they'd try it a while in some town. We heard, long afterward, that one was a brakeman and the other a bartender. You see, they'd had no education; they couldn't do anything else. They wanted to

get where folks quit work at six o'clock, and not when it got too dark to see.

The boys leaving rather quieted things down for a year. There was no place to go, though; an occasional preaching by some dried-up circuit rider who talked theology, a social or a "literary" or a debate about "rainfall versus irrigation," was the extent of our social activity.

One morning we found that my older sister had left in the night, and we never did hear of her again. In a month the other went. That wasn't desertion, no matter what you say. I wanted to go, too, but I was like the fellow I told you about: mother was "a-leaning on me." If father had given the boys a share in the farm—outside the work—they'd have stayed. If he'd moved into town and worked his farm from there, as he could have done, the girls wouldn't have gone away. He admitted this when it was too late. Then we had a talk. I was old enough by that time to know that I wasn't going to stick along year in and year out if there wasn't something in sight, and I told him so. He agreed to give me half if I'd stay—and I did.

If you've never lived on a farm, especially in the West, you can't understand what it means to be shut up here. I've tried to get the old folks to move into town—it's a pretty fair place now—but they're old and don't care. So I've made up my mind to stay. I've watched other farms and farm families; and I've seen our history repeated, time after time. But now some are learning. Once in a while I see farmers putting bath-tubs and furnaces in their houses. We have a bath-tub. I bought it the day I was twenty-one. Mother'd never used one. The girls always had wanted a bath-tub. They'd read of them in magazines or some place. You folks in cities can't appreciate how big those little things are to us.

It's lonesome out here in this old house, although we're surrounded by farms, and I'll change it some day. I'm taking scientific farm papers, magazines—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE among them—and the result is, that if ever I do marry—I may find some one some day who isn't afraid of a farm—I'll run things more up to date. I'll sell half this place the first thing.

One great trouble on Kansas farms is that farmers try to handle too much land and in old-fashioned ways. Might as well have no agricultural college. You'll find the same old methods in use within a mile of the college. The graduates are coming out with some new ideas, but they still get too much Latin and Greek

and civil engineering in there to help much in planting corn. They'd ought to teach more farming.

Yes, I believe I could help Mr. Roosevelt and his commissioners a bit. They'd ought to try to get farmers to live in communities, as I've read they do in some foreign countries, and go out to farm their land. They should put up modern houses if they stay on the place, and give their women folks a show for their lives. Right now, on hundreds of farms in Missouri and Kansas and Nebraska, there isn't a thing for the women to do except take down the receiver when someone else's call rings and listen to other folks's business. We have the rural carriers, and that helps now. We didn't have those things in '78. Modern machinery has helped, too; it's the whole thing. It makes it unnecessary to work as late as we did in the early days. I never work after six o'clock myself. Father still does the chores.

If you see boys leaving the farms you'll find that it's caused more by days that are too long than anything else. The boys need a share in the earnings. Girls need society of some sort. They'll get it, too, some way—like my sisters did. Community farming is the answer.

The women and the girls don't get a fair show out here or on any farm that hasn't an up-to-date house and facilities for getting into town. You will hear dozens of farmers deny that anything is wrong on the farm, but that is to be expected. As I said a while ago, no one except the old man ever gets enough sleep, and he's the last to complain. You get the real tragedy of the story when you meet the women and the girls and talk with them and get them to talk to you.

Get the President to scold Kansas a bit about its roads. The state hasn't done a thing in that line—at least very little—and the roads are very bad. Roads are mighty important to the women. If the road is good the old man will let the women folks take the horses to town; if they're bad he won't. Tell farmers to buy bath-tubs so that every one won't have to go into the front room or up-stairs while some one takes a bath in the kitchen in the tin washtub. Did you ever try to take a bath in a small round galvanized iron or tin tub that had a sharp rim? Don't try it. Bath-tubs and books are needed on Kansas farms. Good roads are needed. Modern ideas in the heads of father and mother—but especially father—are needed. Can the President help us out?

From the Viewpoint of a Professional Man

(By a lawyer)

Our population is not divided into two parts, the rich and the poor, but, like Gaul, into three. Midway there lies that most asinine type (and the adjective is used in a commendatory sense, for the ass is one of the most honorable as well as proverbially the most

patient member of the animal kingdom), the bourgeoisie.

It is the bourgeoisie who are suffering most from our present social unrest. The laboring class have their unions, and are better off to-day than ever they were before. The producer, whether a so-called trust or not, raises the scale of prices to cover not only the increased cost of production, but also to insure a tidy little extra profit. But we, as a class, which has hitherto evinced no cohesiveness, without armor, weapons, or a champion, find ourselves defenseless.

Some months ago I undertook to move. Certain repairs were necessary. To borrow a legal phrase, time was decidedly of the essence of the contract, and the most sacred oaths were exchanged that everything would be completed on the arrival of the vans. But when the vans did arrive the work was only half finished. Net result, annoyance almost endless. Four sets of workmen performed their labors in an inhabited house. Twenty cases of books lay around, opened and unopened, with little channels marked out for safe navigation. Three separate and distinct times did 2,500 volumes have to be shifted before they landed on their final resting places. Meals were partaken of in the kitchen. There was a post to mark the boundary line of property, and one of the different sets of painters (I had four sets all told) drew a line down the center, leaving half unpainted, thereby saving perhaps a dozen strokes of the brush. After building an addition, the contractor had been careful to deposit all the earth in the cellar. There were other items of trouble. In fact, not a single man of them had lived up to his contract.

Then follows an epilogue which tells of the turn of the worm. The work at length completed, bills came in. No attention was paid. Letters were ignored. Threats to bring suit were laughed at. Finally, and at the end of about three months, I called them all together and proceeded to address the meeting.

"Gentlemen," I began, "you have promised me thus and so, and so and thus. Individually and collectively you have failed to live up to your agreements. You do not seem to have given a thought to the trouble you have caused, but as soon as the jobs were finished you could not get around quick enough for your money. I've been giving you a dose of your own medicine. Also I have marked off certain deductions on the bill of every one of you for annoyance. You are at perfect liberty to sue if you feel so inclined. You will win your case, for the workingmen always hold the trump card in court. An intelligent jury will generally say, 'Well, he did the work and he should be paid,' and not bother themselves about the matter further. But I warn you that if my terms are not accepted, I am prepared to resort to every technicality known to the law, and as a pure matter of principle I will make you spend the amount of your bills in collecting them. This may not be law, but it's justice. Now, what have you to say for yourselves?"

There was silence for a moment. Then one of the delinquents asked, "Why didn't you tell us this before? You have kept us waiting all this time and never said a word. You put me in a bad hole when I came to meet my pay-roll." I replied by recapitulating the facts in *his* particular case, enumerating a few of *his* broken promises. "Now," I finished, "you are having it handed back to you. For any and all inconvenience caused, I'm devoutly thankful." They took the reduced amount, but, needless to say, I'm not popular.

What I want to know is this: How many clients would I manage to retain if I practised along such lines? But workmen may be guilty of misfeasance, malfeasance, and nonfeasance with impunity. Mind, I am not bringing a general indictment, nor am I drawing conclusions from a few isolated instances. I am simply stating the net result of my own experience in this and many other cases, and the experience of friends, relatives and acquaintances.

Socialists are agitating for an eight-hour day. "Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, eight hours to do what we will." I wish I had an eight-hour day. I really do. I don't have more than a couple of eight-hour Sundays in the course of the year, let alone an eight-hour week-day. I wish I didn't have to plan and plot, intrigue and scheme, in a legitimate way, of course, from ten A.M. until about midnight. I wish I were certain of receiving so much per. I wish I did not have to associate with any number of individuals whom privately I detest, just because they happen to be good clients. I wish I could go home once in a while feeling that my brain had not been converted into a slate over which a sponge had been passed. I wish that *my* sensibilities were blunted so that I could behold the glaring discordances which are daily offered to eye and ear without an internal shudder. I wish— But, oh, what's the use?

Consider also the clergyman, often the only cultured man in the village, living on \$500 per year, with an occasional donation party thrown in. One of them was telling me last week how, at the request of a deacon of the Church, he had signed a petition that the letter-carrier's pay be increased. "It was pretty hard work to remain silent," he said, "when I was told by the very individual who hands me a quarterly check for \$150 that it was impossible for a man to get along on \$850 per year." But a clergyman possesses this advantage, that he can count on a certain income, whereas physicians and lawyers oscillate between periods of "flushness" and financial depression, never knowing exactly where they are at.

CARTER JOHNSON.

The Home Builders' Opportunity

The year 1908 is the home builders' opportunity. Until last fall, the saw mills of the United States

were running to their capacity. They were producing a commodity that was decreasing in supply and that must, therefore, inevitably increase in value. They saw no reason why their product should decrease in price. In consequence, they manufactured heavily for present sale and future requirements. They did not see how it was possible that a product diminishing in quantity year by year, and increasing in demand quite as heavily, could, under any conditions, suffer a serious slump.

Then came the business depression. The railroads, which had been tremendous consumers of forest products, suspended repairs and improvements and postponed extensions. Great structures which had been contemplated were not begun. Box factories, furniture factories, flooring mills and other heavy consumers of lumber found their market curtailed and refused to buy new stock. Then lumber, which had seemed so sure of itself, which had seemed to have a fixed value, felt the brunt of the depression. There were big stocks of lumber at the mills and in the hands of dealers. Everybody knew that the lumber was worth 1907 prices; but the number of people in position to buy was materially lessened and lumber suffered the first serious reduction in price that it had known in many years.

The present season finds lumber cheaper than it has been in a long time and cheaper than it will be for a long time again. Other building materials have suffered to an equal, or greater, degree. In consequence, the cost of building a house this year is from 15 to 25 per cent. less than last year. This is the opportunity that the progressive home builder has recognized. He knows that he can buy now at reduced prices; and, even if there should be a general house-building boom throughout the United States, the situation will not be materially changed until the railroads and other great consumers come back into the market. As soon as they do, the home builders' opportunity is gone. Until they do, he has a chance to save himself from 15 to 25 per cent. on the cost of his building.

There are two other items that make home building now particularly advantageous. Nearly all home builders are compelled to borrow money to complete their structures. They generally have their lots clear and depend upon a loan to make improvements. Money was never so cheap and easy to get as it is now. There is a great volume of idle money in the country, and the holders of this idle money will jump at an opportunity to invest it in loans on homesteads, which are the very cream of all real-estate loans.

The man who builds must employ labor. He may find labor no cheaper per day, apparently, than it was a year ago, but he will find it vastly more efficient, and every increase in efficiency for the same amount of money means an increased return for the same wages paid.



IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress

A NEW VIEW OF THOMAS A. EDISON

NOT long ago—said the Observer—it was given out in the daily papers that Edison was about to retire: that he would invent no more. He was quoted as saying that he had been at work now for over forty

The Rumor

That Edison

Would

Retire

besides many nights all night long, and he thought it about time that he took a rest. He said he wanted to retire and have fun.

I suppose that many people who read this paragraph formed a swift mental picture of the

inventor, rich in both money and fame, living in some restful country place, or enjoying the diversion of a trip around the world in a steam yacht. I had a momentary vision of that sort myself, but it went up in a laugh. I knew it was another of Edison's little jokes.

THE other day I went out to see Mr. Edison at his laboratory in Orange, New Jersey. I had not expected to write anything about my visit, having quite another purpose in view, but I came away with a curiously new impression of the man. Seven or eight years ago I had occasion to visit Edison's laboratory repeatedly, and to talk a number of times, more or less at length, with the inventor himself. At that time I was chiefly interested in the results of Edison's extraordinary activities, for if there ever was a place of marvels, that place was, and is to-day, the inventor's laboratory at Orange. At that time I missed a clear view of the man in the multitude of his works. In eight years the plant at Orange has developed new and greater buildings, filled with even more marvelous marvels; and yet when I

came out of the little gate into the street after my visit the other day I found myself strangely unstirred by the new things I had seen. I found myself saying: "The most wonderful thing here is this wonderful old man." For while he has worked for forty years with retort and lathe and dynamo, the greatest of his inventions, after all, is a unique human character.

Having the

Fun of

His Life

When we met the other day I referred to the newspaper reports I had seen.

"I thought you had retired and that you were looking for fun."

"Me?" he answered. "Why, I have retired, and I'm having the fun of my life."

It was one of the hottest days in August, a time when many men rush away to the hills or the seashore; but Edison looked as though he were working harder than ever. He wore an old, thin, black coat, a good deal soiled; on his forehead were a number of bright green spots and streaks, reminders of recent activities in his chemical laboratory, and his white hair was well rumpled where he had run his fingers through it in one of his characteristic gestures. He gave the impression of a singularly sturdy, able, active man. And as for looking tired or worn, no man ever looked less so. I have rarely seen eyes with more of the eternally youthful in them than Edison's. Youth and humor, and a sort of accomplished contentment, these are all in Edison's eyes. As for the exact color of them—a friend has asked me since I returned—the other impressions I had, the character impressions, are so strong I can scarcely remember: I should say gray-blue.

He explained what he meant by retiring and resting after forty years of work.

"I've retired," he said, "from money-making. That's what I have been trying to escape from. Now I'm free, and I'm going to have some fun. Money has got me into all the trouble I've ever had. If you want lies and entanglements and trouble, just go in for money-making. If you want to meet rascals and have friends turn out bad, get into business! No,

I don't like the crowd or the game. I don't see how any man can go in for money-making as a real business in life. It would kill me. I don't need much of anything personally, but I've had to have a lot of money for my work. It's come, somehow, and now I've got all I need, and all I want—and I've retired."

That's All "And you're having fun?"

"Yes, I'm having the fun of my life—steering clear of anything that has any money-making connected with it. I'm trying some chemical experiments. For years I've been making notes—I've got a lot of books up there filled with suggestions which I've been planning to work out as soon as I could get the time. Now I'm going at them—not to make money—but just to find out things. I'm going to put a lot of things together and take 'em apart and see what the result is. That's the greatest fun in the world."

SO far, indeed, as the outer habits of Edison's life are concerned, there has been no change. He has merely retired into new achievements. In the library of the laboratory where I awaited the inventor I saw, on

The Cot

and the

Lunch

in the

Laboratory

a little bare table in one of the alcoves, the remnants of his luncheon: part of a glass of milk and a crust of bread. Every day, as he has done for forty years past, he takes this simplest of simple lunches alone in his library. In another alcove I saw a cot bed.

Here, if he is particularly busy, and fourteen, or sixteen, or eighteen hours a day in the laboratory is not enough, the inventor can drop down and sleep all night. Thus he rests and has fun.

He took me up-stairs to show me his plans for "pouring" houses. In a large work-room he has had the model of a house constructed. It is complete in every particular, doors, windows, roof, chimney and all, but it is only some

ten feet high and fifteen feet long. His idea has been to make a homelike house of architectural beauty, which can be constructed by his new method of "pouring," as he calls it, at a very low expense and in an incomparably short time.

"I wanted to do something," he said, "to solve the housing problem in the cities. My idea is to make a home that will have all the modern conveniences, and yet be within the reach of the workingman."

He has had molds of iron made for a full-sized house like the model. They can be set up and bolted together in a few days' time on the lot where the building is to stand. Into the completed mold is poured a liquid preparation of ordinary cement, which rushes into and fills every crack and corner.

"Pouring" It requires only three hours to do the pouring—in other

Houses— words to construct the house complete, including all orna-

His Present ments, chimneys, and even bath-tubs. After being al-

Enthusiasm lowed to harden for a day or two, the molds can be removed

and the house stands practically complete, save, of course, for windows, doors, and interior work. Mr. Edison calculates that such houses can be built at absurdly low prices, and being practically a solid block of cement, they will not only be indestructible, but will require next to no repairs. They will also be water- and vermin-proof.

"I have been working, off and on, with this scheme for a year or more," said Mr. Edison, "and I think now I've got it. It's more of a problem than you imagine. I have to meet the same difficulties that are found in casting a bronze statue—to make the cement go into the proper channels, expelling the air in such a way that every part of the mold is completely filled. They told me at first that I couldn't do it, because the solid parts of the cement combination would immediately settle to the bottom, and that I couldn't properly fill places where the cement had to flow upward. But I've proved that I can."

He took me down-stairs and out of doors, where he had been conducting a series of cement-pouring experiments in large wooden frames. One of these frames was constructed like a huge letter "U," with a square bottom. Into the top of one leg of the "U" he had poured the cement, and it had risen and filled the other leg. Upon drying, part of the frame was removed and I saw the smooth, even texture of the solid cement casting. I asked him when he was to "pour" his first building.

"Soon, now," he said; "the molds are about ready. They cost \$25,000, but can be used for an innumerable number of houses. I am training two young engineers to look after the work. We're going to pour the first building just over there, outside of the laboratory grounds. If it doesn't work out the first time we'll put a stick of dynamite under it and blow it out, and try again."

I remarked that it seemed to me that he stood a chance of making a good deal of money out of his invention, whether he wanted it or not.

"Not a bit," he said. "Personally, I shall not make a cent. This is my contribution to the housing problem. Of course I shall license contractors under my patents to do the work, in order to see that it is properly done. They will naturally make their profit, but none of it will come to me. I believe this system is going to make existence cheaper and better and pleasanter for thousands of men who now have to live in flats and tenements in the cities."

WE walked around in the sunshine to the door of the chemical laboratory.

Inside I could see the long tables filled with retorts, bottles and glasses and the like, all the familiar paraphernalia, and a number of men in long aprons at work. Edison himself does very little of the actual experimenting. His is the brain that directs, so that he can keep many men at work upon the details of the problem he has in hand. I parted from him there at the doorway, but I carried with me the picture

A Case

of Clean

Greatness

he made standing bareheaded in the sunshine, erect, white-haired, in his worn black coat. His fine face, with the minute humor-wrinkles around the eyes, was unmistakably that of a contented, peaceful, simple-hearted old man. And I thought of his unpropitious boyhood and youth, the lack of education in the sense that we now understand education, the long hours and the hard work—then I thought of the great manufacturing buildings rising all around him here at his Orange laboratory, each the material clothing of an idea that had sprung from his fertile brain. I thought of the manufacturing plants in every part of civilized creation where wheels turn and belts whirl wholly or partly because this man has lived and worked. I thought how life had been made brighter and easier and sweeter for hundreds of

millions of human beings through his many inventions. If any one remains who is not convinced of the power of mind over matter, let this convince him: for these things, also, are miracles.

And it is *clean* greatness—Edison's. He wears by rights the look of a contented man. He has robbed no widows, crushed no competitions, stolen no franchises, taken no rebates. He is rich not because he gambled in the stock markets; nor employed children and women at starvation wages; nor awaited, doing nothing himself, for the rise in the price of land or corn or cotton. He is famous not because he manipulated an election, or bribed a legislature. There is nowhere in his career any record of success which came of devious or deceitful ways. His is indeed a *clean* greatness. He has worked for what he won, and everything that he has done has been in the direction of making this a better world for mankind to dwell in.

Men who toil all their lives for themselves alone grow tired: they want to stop and "get something out of life." Of course they do;

A Man Who but they are tired, not of work, but of their own inadequate and selfish lives. But a man **Does Not** like Edison does not get tired: you see that in the youthful **Get Tired** look in his eyes. Money doesn't pay him. His enthusi-

asms are far otherwise, and external to himself. He has lived with the abstemiousness of a monk, having few personal wants, and the wants he had were gratified with the simplest things. He has never stopped to enjoy lengthy honors, though honors have been showered upon him from every part of the world, because he has been so busy all the time with new concerns. There is nothing, indeed, in this world which keeps a man young, joyous, simple, like the unselfish pursuit of truth.

Surely there is no better or more hopeful model for struggling, limited youth than this man Edison. Not that he has risen from a poor boyhood to be a rich and famous inventor, but because by steady work through many years he has become a fine, simple-hearted, generous, useful old man.

A NUMBER of years ago I asked Mr. Edison why he worked so hard and so steadily. He paused a moment, apparently a little puzzled that any one should ask so curious a question.

"Why, I don't know," he said. "I have always felt as though something inside of me were driving me."

It was a significant reply. Really effective men are thus driven by something within themselves which is greater than themselves. There is a sort of yielding to universal force, a unity with life, in which the man himself becomes, curiously, only the vehicle of greater inner forces. Great men are always more or less "possessed." They have been able to raise themselves somehow above themselves.

And that is the only true path to noble achievements. Samuel Daniel said:

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"

In times past we were accustomed to think of a man with such powers as a "genius," and to lie down in discouragement because we were not also "geniuses." But there is a new teaching abroad in the world (or a new emphasis upon a very old teaching), based upon the soundest science. It lies in the discovery that any man, the ordinary man, may, if he will, "erect himself above himself," surrender himself to the possession of universal forces. Professor William James of Harvard University outlined this new thought in his remarkable article on "The Energies of Men," in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for November, 1907. He said there:

"The plain fact remains that men the world over possess amounts of resource, which only very exceptional individuals push to their extremes of use."

The process by which men delve into, discover and utilize the deeper hidden energies within themselves he calls "energizing," and he shows that every human being is more or

less capable of thus elevating and improving his life. Without going further here into this absorbingly interesting subject, it may be said that Edison is a great "energizer," using to the utmost the deeper capacities of his nature. He would deny any special "genius." As a boy, indeed, he had a "knack," just as thousands of other boys have knacks for this or that thing. But Edison's success lies rather in the *power he acquired over himself*, the ability to use his energies through long hours when other men were asleep.

WHAT is it all for? I remember once asking Edison that question: what he was aiming at, what was the use, after all, of his inventions? He answered quickly, as though he had given that matter a good deal of thought.

"I don't know," he said.

A Conclusion "I don't know what you and I are here for, or where we are going. Do you? Why do people rush and struggle?"

Apology Why do you write as though your life depended on it—and enjoy it, too? Why do I invent? We work because in some way it satisfies us. That is all we know."

Carlyle quotes from the dark-age monks: "*Laborare est orare*"—to labor is to pray. That, perhaps, is the essence of Edison's religion.

In this inadequate sketch I make no excuse for thus celebrating a living man as a hero. It is well for us occasionally to remember that we also dwell in times when great heroisms are possible. Thomas Davidson, the philosopher, once said:

"Do not believe that all greatness and heroism are in the past. Learn to discover princes, prophets, heroes, and saints among the people about you. Be assured they are there."

A CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT

BY GOYA EL MENOR

IN repose, grim, gaunt, cold-visaged,
Almost emitting a repulsive force;
But at will, from some hidden reservoir within,
Flooding the face with pleasantness,
And for a moment washing out
The indomitable wrinkles;
Then relapsing into skinny granite;
A replica of Justinian in yellow marble,
Or reincarnation of the Borgias' sire!

DECEMBER, 1909. 10 CENTS

The Christmas **American** *Magazine*

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of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's; and January Cosmopolitan.

Table of Contents of this Number on Third Advertising Page

EXPERIENCE

BY HARRY H. KEMP

In the north, where leagues of forest sag beneath the plumey snow,
I've worked with lurching-shouldered lumbermen ;
I've seen the small, gray fishing fleets beat out with lifting bow
Toward the foggy coasts of Labrador again ;
I've plucked the purple, swollen grape beside the Great Blue Lake,
And gathered pungent hops from off the vine ;
I have watched the water swirling in a clumsy ore-boat's wake,
Laden down with dusty riches from the mine ;
I've seen the mad steer plunge and fall beneath the sledge's stroke
In packing-houses by the turbid Kaw ;
I have rotted three long months in a steel-barred Texan jail
And felt the bitter mockery of law ;
I have fed the myriad-headed grain into the toothed machine
Which tramples loud with wild interior feet ;
I have seen the Kansas plains carpeted with soft, young corn
And garmented with glory of the wheat ;
I have camped in California by the shoreward-heaving sea,
And have walked Manhattan's pavements all night long—
But the lives I've lived and suffered gave me more than poverty :
They paid me in the golden coin of song ;
They paid me in song's golden coin, those days were never lost ;
Tho' I had died an hundred deaths, it well were worth the cost,
For I beheld America ; Her sunrise kissed my brow . . .
I learned to know the miracle of living Here and Now.



WALTER L. FISHER OF CHICAGO

Who devised the program for settling the city's twelve-year traction war. A lawyer in active practice, devoted to the interests of the city and at the same time jealous of her honor, he worked out a program which would protect the acknowledged rights of both sides. His success was due to a thorough knowledge of his subject, great constructive ability, his patience and his sense of fair play. Already the qualities he displayed have brought him national recognition. At the suggestion of President Roosevelt he has been made head of the Conservation League of America, a new organization which aims to save our natural resources from further waste and exploitation.—IDA M. TARBELL.

(See "How Chicago is Finding Herself," page 124)

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVII

DECEMBER, 1908

No. 2

UNTIL THE LAST SHOT

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE FOREST," "THE RIVERMAN," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM

"BOBBY," said Mr. Kincaid gravely, "always remember this all your life, no matter what happens to you: a man is never defeated until the very last shot is fired.

"And remember this, too: that even if he is defeated, he is not beaten, provided he has done the very best he could and has never lost heart."



BOBBY ORDE and his setter dog, Duke, wandering down Main Street, paused to look at the first store window. In it was a weapon which he knew to be a Flobert rifle. It was something to be dreamed of, with its beautiful, blued-steel, octagon barrel, its gleaming gold-plated locks and its polished stock. Bobby was just under ten years old, but he could have told you all about that Flobert rifle—its weight, the length of its barrel, the number of grains of both powder and lead loaded in its various cartridges. Once he had cherished an ambition of saving industriously until he was a very old man and then buying it. Proposing this scheme to Stafford, the storekeeper, he was dashed to find the weapon not for sale.

"It's first prize for the fall shoot of the club," he said.

For some time this made Bobby very sad. Then came the comfort of an inspiration on which he was acting now.

He stepped into the store and asked to examine the Flobert rifle.

"My papa's going to win it and give it to me," he announced.

A very brown-faced man with twinkling gray eyes turned from buying black powder and felt wads to look at him amusedly.

"Hullo, Bobby," said he. "So your father's going to win the rifle and give it to you, is he? Are you sure?"

"Of course," replied Bobby simply. "My papa can do anything he wants to."

The man laughed.

"What do you know about rifles, and what would you do with one?" he asked.

"I know all about them," replied Bobby with great positiveness; "and I know there's lots of squirrels."

The storekeeper had by now taken the Flobert from the show window. The other man reached out his hand for it.

"Well, tell me about this one," he challenged.

"It's a Flobert," said Bobby without hesitation; "and it weighs five and a half pounds; and its ri-fling has one turn in twenty-eight inches; and it has a knife-blade front sight and a bar rear sight; and it shoots 22 longs, 22 shorts, C B caps and B B caps. Only B B aren't very good for it," he added.

"Whew!" cried the man. "Here, take it."

Bobby looked it over with delight and reverence. This was the first time he had enjoyed it at close hand. The blue of the octagon barrel was like satin; the polish of the stock like a mirror; the gold plating of the most fancy lock and guards like the sheen of silk. Bobby loved, too, the indescribable *gun* smell of it—compounded probably of the odors of steel, wood and oil. With some difficulty he lifted it to his face and looked through the rather wabby sights. Reluctantly he gave it back into the storekeeper's hands.

"Would you mind, please," he asked, a little awed, "would you mind letting me see a box of cartridges?"

Stafford smiled and reached to the shelf behind, from which he took a small, square, delightful red box. It had reading on it and a portrait of the little cartridges it contained. Bobby feasted his eyes in silence.

"I—I know it's a prize," said he at last, "but—how much *was* it?"

"Fifteen dollars," replied Mr. Bishop.

Bobby's eyes widened to their utmost capacity.

"Why—why—why!" he gasped, "I thought it must be a thousand!"

Both men exploded in laughter, in the confusion of which, stunned, surprised, delighted and excited with the thought of eventual ownership, Bobby marched out the door, where he was joined gravely by Duke, his beautiful feather tail waving slowly to and fro as he walked.

Later in the day Kincaid, the spare brown man with the twinkling gray eyes, met Mr. Orde on the street.

"Hullo, Orde," he greeted. "Hear you have a sure win of the tournament."

"Sure win," said Orde, puzzled. "What are you talking about? You know I couldn't hoot against you fellows."

"Well, your small boy told me you were going to win that rifle down at Bishop's and give it to him."

Orde's face clouded.

"He's been talking nothing but rifle for a month," said he. "I'm going West in September. Wouldn't have any show against you fellows, anyway."

When Bobby heard this paralyzing piece of news, his entire scheme of things seemed shattered. For a long time he sat staring, with death in his heart. Then he arose silently and disappeared.

In the Proper Place, among Bobby's other possessions, was a small toy gun. Its stock was of pine, its lock of polished cast iron and its barrel of tin. The pulling of the trigger released a spring in the barrel, which in turn projected a pebble or other missile a short and harmless distance. Then a ramrod reset the spring. When, the previous Christmas, Bobby had acquired this weapon, he had been very proud of it. Latterly, however, it had fallen into disfavor as offering too painful a contrast to the real thing as exemplified by the Flobert rifle.

Bobby rummaged the darkness of the Proper Place until he found this toy gun. From the sack in his father's closet, forbidden, he deliberately abstracted a handful of bird-shot. Retiring to the woodshed, he set the spring in the gun, poured in what he considered to be about the proper quantity of shot, and solemnly discharged it at the high fence. The leaden pellets sprayed out and spattered harmlessly against the boards. Thrice Bobby repeated this. Then, quite without heat or rancor, he threw the toy gun and what remained of the shot over the fence into the vacant lot behind it. His common sense had foretold just this result to his experiment, so he was not in the least disappointed; but he had considered it his duty to try the only expedient his ingenuity could invent. For if—by a miracle—the little gun had discharged the shot with force Bobby might—by a miracle—be permitted to participate with it in the shoot; and might—by a miracle—win the Flobert himself. Bobby was no fool. He marked the necessity of three miracles, and he did not in the least expect them. Merely he wished to fulfil his entire duty to the situation.

Saturday morning, the very day of the shoot, Mr. Orde left for California.

After lunch Bobby trudged to Main Street, turned to the right, away from town, and set himself in patient motion toward the shooting-grounds.

These were situated some two miles out along the country road. Bobby had driven to them many times, but had never attempted to cover the distance afoot. The sun was hot and the way dusty. Many buggies and one

large carryall passed him, each full of the participants in the contest. No one thought of giving Bobby a lift; in fact, no one noticed him at all. He could not help thinking how different it would be if only his father had not gone West.

"Hello!" called a hearty voice behind him.

He turned to see a yellow two-wheeled cart drawn by a gaunt white horse. On the seat, close to the horse's tail, sat Mr. Kincaid.

"Going to the shoot?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Bobby.

"Well, jump in."

Mr. Kincaid moved one side, and lifted half the seat so Bobby could climb in from the rear; then he let the seat down again and clucked to the horse. Mr. Kincaid wore an ancient gray slouch hat pulled low over his eyes, and a very old suit of gray clothes, wrinkled and baggy. Somehow, in contrast his skin showed browner than ever. He looked down at Bobby, the fine good-humor lines about his eyes deepening.

"Well, youngster," said he, "where's your father?"

Bobby's eyes fell. He kicked his feet back and forth. Beneath them lay Mr. Kincaid's worn leather gun-case and an oblong japanned box which, Bobby knew, contained shells. For an instant he struggled with himself.

"He—he had to go to California," he choked, and looked away quickly to hide the tears that sprang to his eyes.

Mr. Kincaid whistled and raised his hand so abruptly that the old white horse, mistaking the movement for a signal, stopped dead and instantly went to sleep.

"Get up, Bucephalus!" cried Mr. Kincaid indignantly.



With some difficulty he lifted it to his face and looked through the rather wabby sights

Bucephalus deliberately awoke and, after a moment's pause, moved on. To Bobby's relief Mr. Kincaid said nothing further, but humped over the reins, and looked ahead steadily across the horse's back. He stole a glance at the older man, and suddenly, without reason, a great wave of affection swept over him. He liked his companion's clear brown skin and the close-clipped gray of his hair, and his big gray mustache beneath which the corners of his mouth quirked faintly up, and network of fine crow's-feet at his temples. In the clear, steady steel color of his eyes beneath the bushy brows. On the spot Bobby enshrined a hero.

But now they turned off the main road through a gap in the snake fence, and followed many wheel tracks to the farther confines of the field, where, under a huge tree, they could see a group of men. These hailed Mr. Kincaid with joy.

"Hello, Kin, old man," they roared. "Got here, did you? What day did you start? The old thing must be about dead. Lean him up against a tree and come tell us about the voyage."

"The cannon-ball express is strictly on schedule time, boys," replied Mr. Kincaid, looking solemnly at his watch.

He drove to the fence, where he tied *Bucephalus*. The other rigs were hitched here and there at distances that varied as the gun-shyness of the horses. Bobby proudly bore the gun-case. Mr. Kincaid lifted out the heavy box of shells.

Bobby took in the details of the scene with a delight that even his just cause for depression could not quench.

The men, some twenty in number, sprawled on the ground or sat on boxes. Before them stood a wooden rack with sockets, in which a number of shotguns were already stacked. Two pails of water flanked this rack, in each of which had been thrust a slotted hickory "wiper" threaded with a square of cloth. A fairly large empty wooden box, for the reception of exploded shells, marked the spot on which the shooters would stand. The rotary trap lay in plain sight eighteen yards away. That completed the list of arrangements, which were, in light of modern methods, as every trap-shooter of to-day will recognize, exceedingly crude.

The men, however, supplied the interest which the equipment might lack. At that time every trap-shot was also a field shot. The class which confines itself to targets had not even been thought of. And good picked shots have in common everywhere certain qualities, probably developed by the life in the open and

the unique influences of woodland and upland hunting. They are generous and large in spirit and absolutely democratic—the millionaire and the mechanic meet on equal ground—and deliberate in humor and dry of wit. The quiet chaffing, tolerant, good-humored, genuine intercourse of hunters cannot be matched in any other class.

The components of this group had each served his apprenticeship in the blinds or the cover. They knew each other in the freemasonry of the field, and when they met together, as now, they spoke from the gentle magic of the open heart.

One exception must be made to this statement, however. Joseph Newmark, in advance of his time, shot methodically and well at the trap, never went afield, and maintained toward his



"Hello!" called a hearty voice behind him

neighbors an habitual dry attitude of politeness.

Bobby seated himself on the ground and prepared to listen with the completest enjoyment. These men were to him great or little according as they shot well or ill. That was to him the sole criterion. It did not matter to him that Mr. Heinzman controlled the largest interests in the western part of the state—he “couldn’t hit a balloon”; nor that young Wellman was looked upon as worthless and a loafer—he was well up among the first five.

Nearly everybody smoked something. The tobacco smelled good in the open air.

“Well,” remarked Kincaid, “if that Stafford party doesn’t show up before long, I’m going home. I can’t stand you fellows without some excitement for a counter irritant.”

“That’s right, Kin,” called somebody. “Better start that old buzzard toward town pretty soon if you want to get in for breakfast—there’s a good moon!”

But at this moment a delivery wagon turned into the field and droye briskly to the spot. From it Mr. Stafford descended spryly.

“Sorry to be a little late, boys—just could n’t help it,” he apologized.

His arrival galvanized the crowd into activity. From the delivery wagon they unloaded boxes of shells, two camp stools, and a number of barrels. The driver then hitched his horses to the fence and returned to act as trap-puller.

One of the barrels was rolled out to the trap, opened, and its contents carefully spilled on the ground. It contained a quantity of sawdust and brown glass balls. These were about the size of a baseball, had an opening at the top, and were filled with feathers. John, the driver of the delivery wagon, climbed down into a pit below the trap. He set the spring of the trap and placed a glass ball in its receptacle at the end of one of the two projecting arms. A long cord ran from the trap back to the shooting-stand.

Mr. Stafford opened a camp stool, sat down and produced a long blank book. In this he inscribed the men’s names. Each gave him two dollars and a half as an entrance fee. A referee and scorer were appointed from among the half-dozen non-shooting spectators.

“Newmark to shoot; Heinzman on deck!” called the scorer in a businesslike voice.

The trapper ducked into his hole. Mr. Newmark thrust five loaded shells into his side pocket, picked his gun from the rack and stepped forward to the mark. Then he loaded one barrel of the gun and stood at ready. In those days nobody thought of standing gun

to shoulder as is the present custom. The rule was “stock below elbow.”

“Ready,” said he in his dry, incisive voice.

“Ready,” repeated the trap-puller at his elbow.

“Pull!” commanded Mr. Newmark abruptly.

Immediately the trap began to revolve rapidly; after a moment or so it sprung, and the glass ball, projected violently upward, sailed away through the air. The mechanism of the trap was such that no one could tell precisely how long it would revolve before springing, nor in what direction it would throw the target. Nevertheless the mark offered would now, in comparison with our saucer-shaped target, be considered easy. Mr. Newmark brought his gun to his shoulder and discharged it apparently with one motion before the ball had more than begun its flight. A roar of the noisy black powder shook the air. The glass sphere seemed actually to puff out in fine smoke. Only the feathers it had contained floated down wind.

“Dead!” announced the referee in a brisk, businesslike voice.

Mr. Newmark broke his gun and flipped the empty yellow shell into the box next him. A cloud of white powder smoke drifted down over the group. Bobby snuffed it eagerly. He thought it the most delicious smell in the world, and so continued to think it for many years, until the nitros displaced the old-fashioned compounds. Four times Mr. Newmark repeated his initial performance, then stepped aside.

“Heinzman to shoot; Wellman on deck!” announced the scorer.

Mr. Heinzman was already at the mark, and young Wellman arose and began to break open a box of shells. Mr. Newmark thrust his gun-barrels into one of the pails and with the hickory wiper pumped the water up and down.

“He’s a good snap-shot,” Bobby heard a man tell a stranger in a half-voice.

“Has a brilliant style,” commented the other.

They fell into a low-toned conversation on the partridge season and the ducks, to which Bobby listened with all his ears, the while his eyes missed nothing of what took place before him. Nobody now spoke aloud. The chaffing had ceased. Shooters’ etiquette prohibited anything that even by remote possibility might “rattle” the contestants. Only the voices of the men at mark and the referee were heard and the heavy *bang* of the black powder. Bobby liked to listen to the referee. Reporting, as he did, hundreds of results in the course of the afternoon, his intonation became mechanical.



HE RAISED BOBBY'S CHIN IN HIS GNARLED BROWN HAND by Google

"Dead!" he snapped in the crispest, shortest syllable when the glass ball was broken by the charge.

"Law-s-s-t!" he drawled when the little sphere sailed away unharmed.

Each shooter on finishing his first string of five swabbed out his gun, leaned it against the rack and went to squat in the group, where he commented to his friends on his own or the others' luck, but always quietly. An air of the strictest business held the entire assembly.

This broke slightly when Mr. Kincaid's name was called. A stir went through the crowd, and someone called out:

"Go it, Old Reliable! Have you had any hoops put around her lately?"

Mr. Kincaid grinned good-naturedly, but made no reply. He had discarded his coat and now wore a brown cardigan jacket. He took his place with the greatest deliberation, consuming twice as much time as anyone else.

"Ready," said he.

"Ready," replied the trapper mechanically.

"Pool!" cried Mr. Kincaid.

The discharge delayed so long that Bobby looked up to see if a misfire had occurred, but when the ball reached the exact top of its swing Mr. Kincaid broke it.

"One of the most reliable duck shots we have," said Bobby's neighbor to the stranger. "He shoots just like that always. Never in a hurry, but he seems to get there. Kills a lot of game in the season."

The shoot progressed with almost the precision of a machine. Bobby amused himself by closing his eyes to hear the regular *ready, pull, bang!* that marked the progress of the score. From his level with the tops of the brown grasses of late summer he enjoyed the wandering puffs of hot air, the drift of pungent, aromatic powder smoke, the rapid, successive bending of the stalks, as though fairies were running over them, when the breezelets passed. It was all very pleasant, and for the time being he forgot his disappointment.

The match was to be at one hundred balls—sixty singles and twenty pair of doubles. Early in the game the different shooters began roughly to group themselves on the score-cards according to their ability. One class, among whom were Newmark and Kincaid, continued to break their targets with unvarying accuracy. Young Wellman by rights belonged with these, but he had undershot a strong incomer, and the miss had cost him two others before he could recover his temper. The second class had missed from one to five each. The third class, typified by Mr. Heinzman,

had a long string of "goose eggs" to their discredit.

The fiftieth bird, however, Mr. Kincaid missed. It flipped sideways from the arm of the trap and flew for twenty feet close to the ground. The referee had actually started to call "No bird!" but Mr. Kincaid elected to try for it, missed, and had to abide by his decision. At the close of the singles Newmark had a score of sixty straight, Kincaid fifty-nine, and the others strung out variously in the rear.

At this point a short recess was taken. The crowd of men lit fresh cigars, talked out loud, circulated about and relaxed generally from the long strain. Some scattered out into the grass to help the trapper look for unbroken balls. Ordinarily Bobby loved to do this, but to-day he sidled up to where his friend was stooping over the japanned box. Bobby watched him a moment in silence methodically laying away the used brass shells, one up, one down, in regular succession.

"It's too bad you got beat," he ventured timidly at last.

Mr. Kincaid ceased his occupation, removed his pipe from his mouth and looked up at Bobby searchingly.

"Youngster," he said kindly, "I'm not beat."

"You're behind," insisted Bobby, "and Newmark never misses."

Mr. Kincaid arose slowly, and without a word took Bobby by the arm and led him around the tree. He stooped and raised Bobby's chin in his gnarled brown hand until the little boy's eyes looked straight into his own. Bobby noticed that the twinkle had not disappeared, but drawn far back into their gray depths, which had become unaccountably sober.

"Bobby," said Mr. Kincaid gravely, "always remember this all your life, no matter what happens to you: a man is never defeated until the very last shot is fired."

He paused.

"And remember this, too: that even if he is defeated, he is not beaten, provided he has done the very best he could and has never lost heart."

He looked a moment longer into Bobby's eyes, and the little boy saw the gray twinkle flickering back to the surface and the crow's-feet deepening good-naturedly.

"That's all, sonny," said he, and withdrew his hand from Bobby's chin.

"So you want to see me win the rifle, do you?" asked Mr. Kincaid as they turned away.

"Yes, sir," replied Bobby.

"Why?"

"Because you're a friend of mine," replied Bobby with simple dignity.

"And that's the very best reason in the world," cried Mr. Kincaid heartily.

The shooting at doubles began. Two balls were placed in the trap at once—it will be remembered that it was provided with double arms—and thrown into the air together. At this game many good scores fell into disintegration, for it required great quickness of manipulation to catch both before one should reach the ground. Mr. Newmark's snap method here stood him in good stead. When Mr. Kincaid stepped to the trap the stranger turned to his friend.

"Here's where the old fellow falls down, I'm afraid," said he a trifle regretfully. "He's too deliberate for this business. I'm sorry. I'd like to see him give Newmark a race for it."

"Deliberate!" snorted the local man.

Mr. Kincaid's preparations were as careful and as wasteful of time as ever. But when he enunciated his famous "Pool!" the stranger was treated to a surprise. The first ball was literally snuffed into nothingness before it had risen five feet above the trap! Then quite slowly Mr. Kincaid followed the second to the top of its flight and broke it as though it had been a single.

"Lord!" gasped the visitor. "He surely can't do that with any certainty."

"Can't he?" said the other grimly. "Watch him."

Interest soon centered on Newmark and Kincaid, as those who had made straight scores on the singles now dropped one or more. Both the contestants named broke their nine pair straight. Bobby sent strong little waves of hope for a miss after each of Mr. Newmark's targets, but without avail. Only one pair apiece remained to be shot at, and in order that Mr. Kincaid should win the match it would be necessary that Newmark should miss both. This was inconceivable. Bobby threw himself face downward in the grass, sick at heart. He made up his mind he would not look. Nevertheless, when Mr. Newmark's name was called he sat up.

"Pull!" came Mr. Newmark's dry, incisive voice.

The balls sprang into the air. A sharp *click* followed, evidently a misfire. The referee, imperturbable, stepped forward to examine the shell. He found the primer well indented, so, in accordance with the rules, he announced:

"No bird!"

Mr. Newmark reloaded.

"Pull!" he called again.

On the first bird he scored his first miss of the day.

"Misfire threw him off!" explained the spectators afterward.

And then, curiously enough, a queer current of air, springing from nowhere, utterly abnormal, seized the dense powder smoke and whirled it backward, completely enveloping the shooter. The obscuration was momentary but complete. By the time it had passed the second ball had fallen almost to the ground. Newmark snapped hastily at it.

"Lost! Lost!" announced the scorer.

A deep sigh of emotion swept over the crowd. Bobby gripped his hands so tightly that the knuckles turned white. He resented the intervention of a half-dozen other contestants before Mr. Kincaid should be called, and rolled about in an agony of impatience until his friend stepped to the mark.

The men unconsciously straightened, and removed the cigars from their lips. Two hits would win; one miss would tie. Bobby stood up, his breath coming and going rapidly, his sight a little blurred. But Mr. Kincaid went through his motions of preparation, and broke the two balls with no more haste or excitement than if they had been the first two of the match.

A cheer broke out. Others were still to shoot, but this decided the winner.

"Congratulations!" said Newmark dryly as his rival stepped from the mark.

"That's all right," replied Kincaid; "but it was sheer rank hard luck for you."

On the way home just about sunset many teams passed the old white horse with his old yellow cart and his driver hunched comfortably over the reins. Everybody shouted final chaffing, kindly congratulations as they sped by.

Bobby, hunched alongside in loyal imitation of his companion's attitude, glowed through and through.

"Papa couldn't have won, even if he'd been here," he said at last. "My! I'm glad you won! Wasn't it exciting?"

Kincaid looked straight ahead of him, his gray eyes pensive, the short pipe shifted to the corner of his mouth. Finally he glanced down amusedly at his ecstatic companion.

"You see, Bobby," he said, "until the last shot is fired."

THE SEQUEL

One afternoon, returning home about two o'clock, he was surprised to find Bucephalus and the yellow cart hitched out in front and Mr. Kincaid sitting on the porch steps.

"No one home but the girl, so I thought I'd wait," he explained, shaking hands with Bobby very gravely. "I brought around the new rifle," he added further. "What do you say to driving up over the hill somewhere and trying her?"

They drove slowly up the road of planks which gave footing over the sandhills. The new shiny Flobert rifle, with its gold-plated locks and trigger guards, rested between Mr. Kincaid's knees. He would not permit Bobby to touch it, however.

When the old white horse had struggled over the grade and into the stump-dotted country Mr. Kincaid hitched him to the fence, and, followed closely by the excited Bobby, climbed into a field. From his pocket, quite deliberately, he produced a small paper target and a dozen tacks wrapped in a bit of paper.

"We'll just nail her up against this big stub," he said to Bobby, tacking away with the handle of his heavy pocket-knife, "and then you can get a rest over that little fellow there."

He stepped back.

"Now let's see you open her," he said, handing over the rifle.

Bobby had long since acquired a theoretical familiarity with the mechanism. He cocked the arm and pulled back the breech block, thus opening the breech with its broken effect due to the springing of the ejector.

"That's all right," approved Mr. Kincaid, pausing in the filling of his pipe; "but you have the muzzle pointing straight at Duke."

"It isn't loaded," objected Bobby.

"A man who knows how to handle a gun," said Mr. Kincaid, emphasizing his words impressively with the stem of his pipe, "never in any circumstances lets the muzzle of his gun, loaded or unloaded, for even a single instant point toward any living creature he does not wish to kill. Remember that, Bobby. When you've learned that, you've learned a good half of gun handling."

"Yes, sir," said Bobby.

"Keep the muzzle up," finished Mr. Kincaid, "and then you're all right."

He led the way to the smaller stump, and nonchalantly, as though it were not one of the most wonderful affairs in the world to own such a thing, produced a little square red box containing the cartridges. This he opened. Bobby gazed with the keenest pleasure on the orderly rows of alternate copper and lead dots.

"Now," said Mr. Kincaid, "kneel down behind the stump." He rested the rifle across it. "You know how to sight, don't you? I thought likely. When you pull the trigger,

try to pull it steadily, without jerking. Get in here, Duke!"

Bobby knelt and assumed a position to shoot. To his surprise he found that his heart was beating very fast, and that his breath came and went as rapidly as though he had just climbed a hill. He tried desperately to hold the front sight in the notch of the hind sight and both on the black bull's-eye. It was surprisingly difficult, considering the simplicity of the theory. Finally he pulled trigger for the first time in his life.

"Snap!" said the rifle.

"Now let's see where you hit," suggested Mr. Kincaid.

Bobby started up eagerly, remembered, and with great care laid the Flobert, muzzle up, against the stump.

"That's right," approved Mr. Kincaid.

The bullet had penetrated the exact center of the bull's-eye!

"My!" cried Bobby, delighted. "That was a pretty good shot, wasn't it, Mr. Kincaid? That was doing pretty well for the first time, wasn't it?"

But Mr. Kincaid was lighting his pipe, and seemed quite unimpressed.

"Bullet went straight (*puff, puff*)," said he. "That's all you can say (*puff, puff*). No one shot's a good shot (*puff, puff*). Takes two to prove it (*puff, puff*)."

He straightened his head and threw the match away.

"It's too good, Bobby, to be anything but an accident," said he kindly. "Now come and try again."

Bobby was permitted to fire nine more shots, of which three hit the paper and none came near the bull's-eye. He could not understand this; for with the dead rest across the stump he thought he was holding the sights against the black. Mr. Kincaid watched him amusedly. The small figure crouched over the stump was so ridiculously in earnest. At the tenth shot he put the cover on the box of ammunition.

"Aren't we going to shoot any more?" cried Bobby, disappointed.

"Enough's enough," said Mr. Kincaid. "Ten shots is practice. More's just fooling—at first, anyway. You can't expect to become a good shot in an afternoon. If you could, why, where's the glory of being a good shot?"

"I don't see what made me miss," speculated Bobby.

"I think I could tell you," replied Mr. Kincaid; "but I'm not going to. You think it over, and next time see if you can tell me. That's the way to learn."

"Next time?" cried Bobby, his interest reviving.

"You aren't tired of it, are you?" inquired Mr. Kincaid, with mock anxiety. "Because I've got ninety cartridges left here that I wouldn't know what to do with."

"Oh!" cried Bobby.

"Well, then," proposed Mr. Kincaid, "I'll tell you what we'll do. You and I will organize the—well, the Maple County Sportsman's Association, say. And we'll hold weekly shoots. These will be the grounds. You and I will be the charter members; but we'll let in others if we happen to want to."

"Papa?" breathed Bobby.

"Moved and seconded that Mr. John Orde, alias papa, be elected. Motion carried," said Mr. Kincaid. "I'll be president," he continued. "I've always wanted to be president of something. And you can be secretary. You must get a little blank book, and rule it off for the scores. Then maybe by and by we'll have a prize or something. What do you think?"

Bobby said what he thought.

"Now," said Mr. Kincaid, opening the wooden box that ran along the floor of the two-wheeled cart where the dashboard, had there been one, would have been placed, "this is the next thing: when you're through shooting, clean the gun. If you leave it overnight, the powder dirt will make a fine rust that you may never be able to get out; and rust will eat into the rifling and make the gun inaccurate. No matter how late it is, or how tired you are, *always clean your gun* before you go to bed. It's the second most important thing I can teach you. You'll see lots of men who can kill game, perhaps, but remember this: the fellow who lets his gun point toward no living thing but his game, and who keeps it bright and clean, is farther along toward being a true sportsman—even if he is a very poor shot—than the careless man who can hit them."

He gave Bobby the steel-wire cleaning rod, the rags, and the oil can, and showed him how to get all the powder residue from the rifling grooves in the barrel.

"There," said Mr. Kincaid, folding back the half seat, "climb in. That settles it for to-day."

Bucephalus came to with reluctance. Going downhill he settled into a slow, steady jog, which soon covered the distance to the Orde house. Bobby climbed out and turned to utter thanks.

"That's all right," said Mr. Kincaid. "Next time I'm going to shoot myself, and you'll have to rustle to beat me. Don't forget the score book."

"When will it be?" asked Bobby.

"Oh, Thursday again," replied Mr. Kincaid. He disengaged the Flobert from between his knees. "Here," said he, "you take this and put it away carefully. I'll keep the ammunition," he added with a grim smile. "Remember not to snap it. Snapping's bad for it when it is empty. Good-by."

He drove off down the street beneath the overarching maples, the old white horse jogging sleepily, the old yellow cart lurching. Over his shoulder floated puffs of smoke from his pipe.

Bobby carried the new rifle into the house, ascended to his own room, and sat down to enjoy it to its smallest detail. The heavy blued octagon barrel bore an inscription which he deciphered—the maker's name, and the patents under which the arm was manufactured. He examined the sights, and how they were fastened to the barrel; the fall of the hammer; the firing-pin; the mechanism of the ejector; the butt plate; the polished stock and the manner in which it was attached to the barrel. Over the fancy scroll of the gold-plated trigger guard he passed his fingers lovingly. The trigger guard extended back along the grip of the stock in a long thin metal strip, also gold-plated. It, too, bore an inscription. Bobby read it once without taking in its meaning; a second time with growing excitement. Then he rushed madly through the house shrieking for his mother.

"Mama! Mama!" he cried. "Where are you? Come here!"

Mrs. Orde came on the run, likewise the cook and the butcher. They found Bobby dancing wildly around and around, hugging close to his heart the Flobert rifle.

"Bobby, Bobby!" cried Mrs. Orde. "What is it? What's the matter? Are you hurt?"

She caught sight of the gun, leaped to the conclusion that Bobby had shot himself, and sank limply into a chair.

"See! Look here!" cried Bobby. He thrust the rifle, bottom up, into her lap. "Read it!"

On the plate behind the trigger guard, carved in flowing script, were these words:

To Robert Orde from Arthur Kincaid. September 10, 1870.

(This is the first of a series of stories of boy life)



LETTERS FROM G. G.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
R. M. CROSSBY



PROLOGUE



HERE was a Nice Girl who once spent a winter in Paris at a pension, and next her at table chanced to sit a Youth. He was a very Superior Person, very positive, very top-lofty, and he had some excuse, for he was Unusually Intelligent.

One day he undertook to snub the Girl—that is, he contradicted her, and treated her in general as if she were a part of the pattern of the wall-paper.

The Girl was unused to that sort of thing, and was breathless with surprise. People were not given to snubbing her, partly because she was so Very Nice, and also because she had a tongue which could be sharp on occasion.

She reasoned the case with herself: One of two things must happen—either she must sit upon that Young Man so hard that he would never recover, or she must be so nice that he would never do it again.

Either alternative was easy, but one was a little the more agreeable, so she gulped hard, and was nice for two whole weeks, to very good effect, for the night before the Youth left Paris he spent the entire evening telling her how very much he liked her.

By that time the Girl had discovered that

he was quite exceptionally amusing, and they agreed that though here their paths diverged, yet they would not entirely lose track of each other—that is, they would write.

They wrote at intervals more or less short for two years. Then the opportunity offered of their meeting again. But meanwhile they had grown such good friends on paper that they decided that a renewal of personal acquaintance would be a risk. Their letters were so eminently satisfactory that they doubted whether they would find each other as entirely delightful, and thought it wisest to let well alone.

More years passed, making them only better friends. They had almost forgotten each other as real people, and each thought of the other as a friendly Myth or Shadow from whom it was good to hear, and to whom it was very pleasant to give all one's real opinions about things.

They wrote . . . of what did they not write? They wrote of Love and Life and Death; of Dogs, of themselves, and one

another; of Mice and Men and Modern Instances; of trifles light as air; of all that one does and hears in the course of the day's work, and hands on because it means a laugh or a tear; of all that goes to make people and their lives.

They reveled in the rarity of a friendship which seemed like to become lifelong, based



on letters alone—barring the two little weeks of their knowledge of each other face to face. They enjoyed the Game, and agreed that to meet again in the light of common day would be stupid and obvious and commonplace.

And so they wrote until . . . but you shall read. Don't be alarmed . . . not until they died. They are still alive and writing.



From G. G. in Paris, to E. R. in Naples.

Spring.

I am not, as you suggest, "of those who make promises but to break them," and I propose to make you very sorry for your intimation of lack of good faith on my part. Shortly after you left Paris I fell ill—very, very, very ill. I am at this moment propped up in bed, and making a very special, very uncomfortable effort. Writing sick abed isn't a bit of fun. But you say you are sailing for home by the end of the week, so if word is to reach you in Naples at all, it must go now, or you will go to your grave thinking me faithless, for I don't know your American address, and I don't believe you would bend your proud pen to writing a third time in the teeth of silence.

It all seems very, very long ago that we were neighbors at table for those two good weeks at the pension; that we heard music together (weren't those good performances of Fidelio and Bohème at the Comique!); that we danced and discussed and walked and saw pictures. Even then I was a bit shaky. I wondered at times if I should weather the season safely, the chill of Paris winter struck so at the marrow of me. How I do hate cold! And the jaunt across the river to the atelier every morning, at misty peep o' day, to be on time for my criticism was a pretty wearing business, that, and the feverishly hard work. I wanted to do so much in the time I had.

Well, you left in February, didn't you? Middle of March I went to pieces—grippe, pneumonia, general smash. It wasn't nice. I almost went mad at the pension. There was a girl in the next room who sang the most heartrending exercises, and tramped about her bare floor industriously in calfskin boots. My doctor—the dear Lord bless him!—saw that if I didn't die of what ailed me, I'd go to

a lunatic asylum before he could get me well. So one day he came with a rubber-tired cab, had me packed in oiled silk and blankets and hot-water bottles, and took me to his mother's house. This mother was one of my mother's oldest and dearest friends, and when we were youngsters, he such a thoughtful, kind boy and I a toddler, we played about in the Tuileries and Champs Elysées together with our *bonnes*. And his dear mother has taken me in and done for me what my mother would have done for him had the situation been reversed.

I was horribly ill, but I'm getting well, and when it is all over there will be much that is lovely to remember. The dear kindness of these sweet people—for it is no joke having a sick girl suddenly plumped down into one's quiet, well-regulated household.

Good-by. I envy you so soon to be on your way home. Greet it for me. Greet home. Greet me America. Greet me Mlle. Liberté in the harbor. Greet me New York.
G. G.

From G. G. in Paris, to E. R. at Home in a Chicago Suburb.

Spring.

You see, I'm still here, but it is Italy next week. Convalescence is mighty pleasant. When, except after an illness, can one hope to feel so babyishly irresponsible? Kitty (one of my sisters who was sent for) does everything but breathe for me. I wish she could manage to do that, for I don't yet find it perfectly comfortable to do for myself. She thinks and acts and speaks for me. I am ashamed making her all this fuss and worry, coming over here to nurse me well, but it *is* such bliss having her around with nothing but me to occupy her mind and person. It makes me think of a verse of hers:

To be a little child once more,
And in its dreamless cradle lie,
And hear a soft voice o'er and o'er
Refraining: "Bylow, baby—bye."

To be a child, be innocent
Of all that hath man's heart beguiled,
Yet know by some mysterious sense,
How *good* it is to be a child!

That is it—after a great big illness it is like being a child, yet realizing, which one doesn't as a child, the fun that it is.

And then, after being very ill, one makes a fresh start. All the troublesome things of before are washed away, or sink back into their proper perspective. I don't suppose you suspected while we so gaily chattered in those



days that I was mightily bothered about things. So little does one know what goes on under one's neighbor's blond hair.

Well, I feel strangely shut of it all now, and troubled conscience and sorriness for myself have all melted and floated away. I find it painfully easy to laugh. You might, for instance, not be accustomed to thinking of Thoreau as a humorous writer, but Kitty had to stop in the middle of reading Walden aloud to me; we got into such gales over it that my ridiculous, incompetent lungs couldn't stand the shaking up. I was sent into such spasms of coughing that it didn't do.

It's all right chanting the delights of convalescence, but it's slow—so slow!—and I want to be well now! G. G.

From G. G. at Montoro, near Florence, to E. R. at Home.

Summer.

You were in Florence so lately that it is useless to rave to you about the place, to pile superlative upon superlative. But isn't it the dearest ever?

I've not been back since I was a child here in boarding-school and it's amazing how well I remember it all. I could find my way about blindfold, only it all looked so big and spacious to my child eyes, and how tiny it really is! One can put a girdle around the city in twenty minutes in a cab and cab-horses aren't racers

in this country, as you know—poor dears!

While you were here, did you come out in this direction? Did you hear of the Villa Montoro? I believe it is the most beautiful place in the world. Italy is indisputably the most adorable country on earth, Florence its fairest city, and Montoro avowedly the loveliest villa in Tuscany! . . . !

There is a view from the end of the bowling green . . . But what's the use? It is so perfect that you can pick out no special feature to describe. Down there in the valley lies Florence, sun-saturated in a baby-blue haze, the Duomo rising waist high above the houses and all about misty stretches of hill and valley, gray-green of olive orchards, accentuated with rows of black cypress and dotted with creamy villas and peasant houses with pinky-red tiled roofs. The whole so unconsciously right, as right as a daisy field.

But soon we shall be leaving this paradise and the enchanted princely life here for home, and I'm not sorry, though I don't mean by that to be ungrateful to our princely hostess. But I'd rather be at home than in heaven any day, wouldn't you? Aren't you glad you are

at home? You don't seem glad enough, yet your new quarters sound mighty attractive. The study you are building on sounds a comfy little hole. How glorious to be able to do things on such a gorgeous scale!

You don't seem to dote on your avocation of grain merchant, yet I should judge it had its compensations, when it enables one to line one's nest with Rodin statuary and Besnard pictures. It gave me a shock to hear you were on the Board of Trade. I never suspected it. How did I escape

finding out? You seemed to me a dilettante pure and simple, not a bit of a business man; you knew too much about the arts. I was in your city once and was taken to look into the Pit. I can't place you there. Do you behave as like a raging maniac as the rest of them?



I'd give ten cents to see you there with your nice, smooth hair all mussed up and your nice, smooth, correct person and bearing as mussy as your hair.

Good-by.

G. G.

From G. G. at Home in a New England Village, to E. R. at Home.

Summer.

I know you'll think it perverse of me to be glad to be here, in a scrubby New England village, with my own flesh and blood and bulldog, after visiting in an enchanted villa in Italy with royalty; there is a decided flavor of court about the place, a beautiful high decorum, a serene order and stateliness. Everything, every detail of the life and its setting is ravishingly beautiful, and I feel while there as if I were treading among the stars, up in the Milky Way and I dote on it; but . . . what would you? I'm clay, and here in this little old gray-shingled house with the green door I find life, if not so wonderful, yet very sweet to live. It's like getting back to one's worn old bed slippers after floating about in Mercury's winged sandals.

We had a nice journey home. We came on the *Trojan Prince* from Leghorn. Stopped a couple of days in Genoa. There was a church show going on there. The harbor was being blessed. There were barges filled with high dignitaries in superb togs filing around among the warships and merchant craft. The barges were decked out like things in pictures or on the stage, with velvet awnings and gold fringes and embroidery and flowery festoons,



and there were draperies and scarfs in melting colors, trailing deliciously over the sides in the water.

That always seems the last touch in glorious

extravagance and delights one of me, while it distresses the other.

Then the boat took us to Girgenti in the south of Sicily to pick up a cargo of sulphur. We had two days there, though it seems a dream, it was so incredibly lovely. I believe I've seen temples now to rival yours in Pæstum. Temples made of gold-colored crumbling stone, seen against a sea of chrysoprase, with an amethyst sky above, turning to turquoise overhead. And Girgenti itself? I'm convinced I've seen Greece and Spain and the Orient now. I'm sure that town on its high white crag is a composite of the three.

Then to Naples and we had a day at Pom-



peii. We had a beautiful young guide to show us about the place, and I *must* tell you about that guide—it's too good to keep. He was young and beautiful—as beautiful . . . well, as beautiful as a young Neapolitan guide. How do they manage it, the men there? They look like lovely animals, or ripe fruit, and as unconscious. The women, on the other hand, are deadly. All you are aware of as you look at them is a desire to catch them and scrub them, shampoo their hair, and clap them into some proper stays, and tell them to sit up. I'm speaking of the bourgeois, not the peasants.

But about our guide. He looked like a young emperor, as grave and lofty and sweetly dignified. When we had quite done the rounds of the sights he stopped, and leveling his impersonal gaze upon us: "And now, ladies, remains but to ask whether you prefer to depart with sweet memory of our beautiful Pompeii or whether you would wish to be shown some obscene paintings?"

If you knew Kitty you'd know how funny this is. She has the dearest, clear gray eyes in the world. She returned his sober gaze and answered without a quiver that he was very kind but we preferred to see nothing further.

Then we lagged behind, and when we were hidden from view behind the angle of a building we fell upon each other's necks in a long, limp giggle. That question, to us, the unmistakable, the just-as-far-as-you-can-see-them New England spinsters!

After Naples we stopped nowhere until we landed in New York and it took eighteen days. So the whole trip was a good month in perfect weather.

I had bought an old copy of Dante in three volumes for a franc in Genoa, and that was my 'board-ship reading, that and Mr. Dooley. Percy Atherton gave him to me before I left Paris, and I shall always bless him for the introduction. And then I learned by heart a score or more of the sonnets of the House of Life. I shall forget them in the main, I suppose, but never *quite*.

There were only eleven cabin passengers aboard, but hundreds of steerage, who kept us from being dull. They were a continuous show. All one needed do was to lean over the rail of our high deck and look down upon comedy and drama, with occasional suggestions of tragedy.

There was a girl, and we found out her name, ominously enough, was Carmela, and I miss my guess if she does not end her career with a stiletto in her back.

I'm afraid—yes, I'm very much afraid—I sympathize with what you confess is your ideal of bliss—to do nothing and have no desire to do anything. No wonder, if that's your frame of mind, you don't love your trade of buying and selling. I don't love my painting trade either, I'll confess to you. Not because I don't love art; I do, and that's why I don't enjoy the things I perpetrate. You who have never seen any of them have no idea how bad they are. When I have painted a member of any household I frequent, I feel the house closed to me forever—I can't bear to be faced by my objectionable creations. Funny, too! for in the art school I was rather of a prize pupil, snatched scholarships, and was especially petted and made of. But when I came to do it for money, that queered it all, and I've never worked freely since.

How often poor Manon Lescaut's cry has rung in my heart: "Oh! qu'il serait amusant, de s'amuser toute la vie!" Or even if there

were no question of amusing oneself, just to do nothing—nothing f'rever, 'n ever, 'n ever. Just to lie in the sun, the blessed, democratic sun. Why, Eric Rich, if I had an income the size of the point of a needle, suppose I'd ever do a stroke of painting or work of any sort again in this life? Catch me!

But now let me warn you right here: this is Gladys Gay, the Bohemian talking to you. Next week, or to-morrow, or three minutes hence, Gladys Gay, the Puritan may address you, saying: Work, work, work, for it is the only blessing, the only thing that is worth while, the only thing that earns you standing-room, the only real service, and hence the only road to peace and happiness.

Good-by.

G. G.



G. G. at Home, E. R. at Home.

Autumn.

You like the sound of my house? Yes, I believe you would if you saw it, too; people do. And there is something very endearing about the Cape. Of course, it is sometimes called nothing but a sand heap sparsely covered with scrub oak and pine, and there is some truth in that, I'm bound to admit. It is sandy and ragged *and* mosquitoey, but the stunted trees leave one all the clearer, freer, bigger hemisphere of sky, and such a splendid big wind sweeps across it constantly. The air is so clean, it is like being out at sea all the time.



And then the long, low line of the marshes. There is a homeliness, a humility in the landscape that makes it most lovable, and the tiny cottages seem the human expression of the

landscape, the little oxydized-silver houses, snuggled down low, hugging the ground, like the gray rocks in the pastures.

You want to hear more? Why, there is not much more to tell, except that it is a great, good thing to have a house of one's own. When Anna Hayden heard that we thought of buying one, when we were leaving our old home, she urged so feelingly: "Oh, *do* take it! Do! Have a place of your own, be independent of *visits*! People are always so shy of inviting folks who have no home to go to *after*. They always have the question in the back of their minds: 'I wonder has she any plans after her two weeks here are over? I wonder where she'll go when she leaves here?'"

Them as has, gits! Rather cynical view of the hospitable, but Anna assured me a true one—alas, to justify which, people will quote instances of homeless guests invited for ten days remaining fourteen years!

I must be sending you a picture of the house, and I want you to take special note of the front porch, for that is the Porch that Oliver Built.

The first year we were here Oliver spent several weeks at an inn hard by. He spent his days with us, and made himself useful, helping settle, unpack books and china, and washing the "images," as Arlie called the



bric-à-brac. A friend came to spend a few days with him about Labor Day. The two hired a canoe, and were enthusiastic over paddling about the river. I was awakened Labor Day morning by a mighty sound of thumping, sawing and discussion in the yard. When I came down I looked out of the back door, and saw Oliver and Geoffrey bustling about. I asked *whatever* was up? Oliver said that as they had no paddle for the canoe it seemed rather necessary to make one.

"Is *that* all? I thought from the catouse you were making you were building on an extension to the house, or at least a front porch."

At that, what Thomas Hardy calls a "deedy look" came into Oliver's eye, and no more

labor was wasted on the paddle—it was dropped and forgotten along with the canoe. He trotted off and collected cedar rails all over town, and by night there was a fair start toward a rustic porch. Geoffrey went away next day, but Oliver worked on alone for two mortal weeks; it was all you could do to get him in to meals.

And, you know, only a true artist could ever have made anything so pretty, so right in every line and proportion, so strong, so graceful, so complete. It gives the house such individuality and distinction. The little seats at the sides are just the right height and depth, the roof has just the right angle. It is a dear porch, and it is all smothered in trumpet vine now.

Some one, seeing it when it was first finished, turned in astonishment to Oliver: "Whoever would have thought you were such a carpenter?" "Why, didn't you know," said Oliver, "I did all the rustic work on the Waldorf-Astoria."

No, there is little further to tell you about the house except that it seems the place where every one in town has lived at some time. Half the population of the village appear to have been born in the southwest chamber, or their grandmothers died there, or their Aunt Jemimas set up housekeeping here when they were married. It seems to have had a varied career. I wonder what the ghosts of past inmates think of it now, with its concert grand piano, and Venetian mirrors, and Florentine tapestries, and Bokhara rugs, and all mother's dear belongings?

People ask us if we are not afraid of leaving the house alone over winters. Afraid? Why, the natives wouldn't take our stuff as gifts, let alone steal. There are no tramps; this is a respectable community, and they'd heaps rather have nice fresh-colored chromos than any of our dim paintings. What would they do with photographs of Botticelli Madonnas and saints? As for the books, much use they'd have for them! Then the rugs—no one would give them house room. Faded, rather threadbare, rather ragged—I daresay they wonder we litter the place up with them. And Ginori porcelain, I'll engage, is not sufficiently durable-looking to tempt them.

I could tell you a lot about the natives, but it's bedtime, and they'll keep.

G. G.

G. G. at Home, to E. R. at Home.

Autumn.

You can no more place me in a little grey cottage on the New England coast than I can

you in the Wheat Pit? Believe me, I very much belong here; I belong here as much as in the Louvre, or the Italian garden o' dreams, or little old Broadway.

You want to hear more about our place and our ways of life?

It's a tiny house, plenty of room in it for four guests, but none for a servant. Kitty and I are the servants, and you've no idea how deliciously clear and fresh the atmosphere of a servantless house is! The house is so small we *couldn't* have a domestic forever around under our feet. Besides, no servant would put up with a kitchen no bigger than a postage stamp, and no modern conveniences, no set tubs, not even a pump, nothing but a well. You couldn't expect a servant to see the beauty of the motion of pulling up a bucket from the well as compared with that of working a pump handle, now could you?

The kitchen is the pride and joy of our hearts. Talk about convenience! You can stand in the middle of it and open the window, shut the door, poke the fire, and stir the pudding. It is as compact as a ship's galley. In contrast to that, we have a great shelf filled with cookery-books in all languages—great tomes in red morocco: "*La Cuisine Classique*," "*La Regina delle Cuoche*," a big German volume full of illustrations of imperial puddings and ice-cream castles, also that greediest of works, George Augustus Sala's "*Thorough Good Cook*"; such good things in that! He describes dishes *con amore*, he makes your mouth water, only his recipes are rather impossible; they all begin with a pint of cream, and that, you know . . . when you have no cow . . .

Well, there's just one thing in life I pride myself upon, and only one, and that is my cooking. I'm a cook-book cook, I grant you, but that wouldn't trouble you a bit while you were eating my spaghetti, and my pies, and my gingerbread, and my chocolate cake, and my *soupe à l'oignon*, and my corn fritters. And Kitty cooks even better than I. We have our specialties, and neither encroaches upon the other's grounds.



We usually come down in May, and have a week's hard house-cleaning, but when that is over we sit back and breathe the fragrance of cleanliness, and rejoice our sight in shining brass and glass and china, and polished furniture, clean, mellow-colored rugs, and fresh curtains.

Then begins our happy summer career as hostesses. There is a peculiar pleasure and satisfaction in attending to the creature comforts of people one likes. It is a joy of a very special stamp to bake and brew things to make one's ascetic friends overeat disgracefully. It is pleasant to wait upon them, to prepare their bath, make their bed, wash their dishes.

We love to have people come. We love to have them stay, and stay as long as they will, and then, I don't mind whispering to you, we love to have them *go*, and come again some other time. We have people with us all summer long, and it is sweet! But the sweetest time of all is in October, when for our last six weeks here Kitty and I are quite by ourselves. That is when we are Darby and Joan indeed.

Oh, the days of Santa Pacea that dawn for us then! Long mornings of work, Kitty shut up in the library, I shut up here in my den; long afternoons of walking in the autumn woods; then long delicious rest when we come home dog-tired, that good tired that comes of beautiful long miles, rest by the blazing wood fire on the hearth in the dusk. We lie on the couch in front of it and dream long waking dreams. And then the long evenings! A lamp is lighted and placed on a table before the fire, and Kitty-Darby sits on one side reading aloud, and I-Joan sit on the other side rocking and knitting, and the fire purrs, and Mick over on the couch snores in con-



tent. And the wind outside sighs, and the lilac bush and the peach tree tap at the window and intensify the feel of protected warmth in the little book-lined library.

And when bedtime comes we build up a

high blaze and go to sleep in the next room with the pinky light dancing on walls and ceiling. Such good long nights o' sleep! *Talk about peace!*

The happy days draw all too soon to a close and then trunks are fetched down from the attic and all is prepared for winter. The smiling little house looks strange and unfriendly dismantled and shrouded in brown holland and sheets, with a pervasive penetrating odor of naphtha mothballs. It gives a twinge to turn the key in the lock of the green door,

with its nice old brass knocker, and to turn one's back upon the trumpet vine—but ahead lies New York! New York full of friends and picture shows and music and hot tubs! New York, the very smell of whose dirty streets and noise of whose insane traffic are thrilling.

It is a sad moment when one pulls out of the little station; but oh! it's fine to land at Forty-second Street!

Good night. It is late. My candles are flaring and fainting. G. G.

(The next instalment of these letters shows the gay and life-loving G. G. in New York, working and playing; observing; discoursing intimately about many things, such as people, hals, picnics, and herself.)



HOW CHICAGO IS FINDING HERSELF

BY IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN," "THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

II



IT is rare indeed that an American official enters office with greater confidence that he can accomplish that for which he has been elected than Judge Edward F. Dunne had in April, 1905, when he became Mayor of Chicago. He was to give the city *immediate* municipal ownership of the street railways—"I. M. O." it was called. As we have seen,* the city already had earned at great cost the right to own and operate. *Immediately* to exercise this right was Judge Dunne's program. He said he could do it before the snow flew.

He had strong backing for the confidence which inspired him; a substantial and enthusiastic majority had elected him, the town almost to a man—some gladly, some sadly—was convinced that the companies occupying the streets could never be brought to accept the terms it considered reasonable, and that as a consequence municipal ownership was inevitable. So convinced of this had Judge Dunne's predecessor, Carter Harrison, Jr., been, that he had been working with the City Council for nearly a year getting ready the nucleus of a municipal railway. This was to be a beginning, on which they could thresh out the complicated legal and financial difficulties involved in the undertaking. Bion J. Arnold had already been appointed to prepare the plans for this road, and it was expected that bids for construction would soon

*THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for November, 1908, How Chicago is Finding Herself, Chapter I.

be called for. Besides having the first step toward municipalization taken for him, Judge Dunne had an unusually able and experienced city council to work with.

But strong as was his backing, there were obstacles. Sober-minded people had been asking ever since he began his campaign, "How is he going to get the money to buy or build roads?" The city had reached its debt limit. There was a law giving it the right to issue special street railway certificates—the Mueller law—but this law had never been tested in the courts, and it was obvious that until it had been so tested it would be practically impossible to finance the certificates. Certainly that could not be done "before the snow flew." Judge Dunne had met this objection in the campaign by saying easily that there was \$500,000,000 in the savings banks of Chicago drawing three per cent. and that it would "flow to the city"—if offered five per cent. Sober-minded people, however, remarked that money which went into savings banks usually came out only for secure investments, and that until the intricate legal questions between the existing companies and the city were cleared up, the proposed municipal railway would be anything but a secure investment.

The Mistakes of a Confident Mayor

There were other difficulties. The companies were in possession. They claimed for the majority of their lines fifty years more of franchise and Judge Grosscup had upheld their pretensions. If the United States Supreme Court upheld *him*, Mayor Dunne had a high hurdle to take on his way to "I. M. O." There were, too, grave dangers in the temperaments of the factions involved; in the skepticism of Judge Dunne's power to redeem his promises entertained by many who had voted for him and wished to see him succeed; in the impatience of his radical friends who wanted quick results and talked of condemnation and confiscation as the true method; in the wariness and ability of the companies to take advantage of every false move he would make.

Plainly the situation was serious enough to make it essential that the new Mayor should not be overconfident and that he should hold together his forces. But from the start it was apparent that the Mayor did not clearly realize where either his strength or his weakness lay. He began his career indeed by a tactical blunder which at once weakened him where it was most essential that he be strong and that was in the Council and its Transporta-

tion Committee. The Chicago City Council in 1905 had almost reversed the proportions of ten years before—"58 skates + 3 dubious + 7 O. K's." Fifty-six of the now seventy members were regarded by the Municipal Voters' League as to be trusted to carry out their traction pledges. No doubt some of these had to be watched, but that the League was doing as well as the honest aldermen. The remaining twelve were frankly "gray wolves" as the members of the Gang were called, and it was expected they would stand with the companies, as graft came from no other quarter.

The aldermen in their ten years' training in traction had grown to be wary, proud and jealous. Wary, for they had learned that their tenure in office and their standing among their neighbors depended on their not allowing the companies to trick them into any concession which would weaken the city's power. Proud, for it was *they* who had produced the reports which had educated Chicago; they who had refused again and again to grant ordinances which were improperly framed; they who had led in the fight for the right to municipal ownership; it was they who must now carry the war to a triumphant conclusion. They were jealous, too, of their prerogative as legislators. *They* made the laws, not the executive. He might lead them if he could, but he must not ignore, order or bully them.

The Transportation Committee was made up of easily the most thoroughly informed and experienced men in the Council. Of its thirteen members five had been on the Committee ever since its organization, and two, Raymer and Foreman, had been on the Street Railroad Commission of 1900 which, as we have seen, worked out the program on which the Council had been proceeding since. I think there is no doubt but that a majority of this Committee were disposed to aid the Mayor in any constructive traction policy he might propose. Indeed, when he was elected, although the Council was Republican, it was conceded that the majority of the Local Transportation Committee should be his declared supporters, and they were, with Charles Werno, a Democrat, as chairman.* The Committee as a whole was entirely conscious of its own worth, was sure of its facts, jealous of its honor and ambitious to finish its work in a manner creditable to the city.

Now the Council and the Committee had been trained by Carter Harrison in his eight

* This concession, so unusual in our system, was made possible by the fact that the City Council of Chicago is—and for eight years has been—organized on a non-partisan basis by a bi-partizan committee of three Democrats and three Republicans—a plan proposed by the Municipal Voters' League and carried out through its cooperation.

years' service to expect the Mayor to consult constantly with them on traction matters. The chairman of the Transportation Committee at the time Mayor Dunne was elected, Mr. Foreman, waited on him and told him that he and his associates were ready to confer whenever he wished; but for some reason, probably a failure to comprehend the real relation he bore to the Committee, possibly a doubt of aldermanic sincerity, possibly a desire to "settle" the traction question himself, Mayor Dunne ignored the Committee and sought advice from *without* the city. He invited into consultation Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland; A. B. Du Pont, a Detroit street railway manager; and, most surprising to everybody, at Mr. Johnson's suggestion, the manager of the municipal railway of Glasgow, Scotland, James Dalrymple. This last named gentleman was lent to Chicago by the city of Glasgow itself on Mayor Dunne's private invitation and at his personal expense and without the slightest consideration of the Council. It was some two months before the result of the consultations was known, and then it was in a series of suggestions which deeply offended the Council and alienated some of the Mayor's best friends. The municipal road, the plans for which Mr. Arnold had already turned in and for which bids had already been asked, he brushed aside, asking that the request for bids be withdrawn. It was too small an affair to begin with. He and his counsel decided that there were 233 miles of street which it would be safe to seize, or a railway *paralleling* the existing lines could be built, thus driving them from the streets. He also asked that Mr. Du Pont be appointed his special traction engineer.

For financing the new scheme he proposed alternate plans—raising the money by issuing the Mueller certificates or by selecting a body of five trustees who should construct and operate the road under the city's direction at a moderate profit until such time as the city was able to buy it. The Mayor said he preferred the second or "contract" plan because it could be immediately carried out, while financing an issue of Mueller certificates would have to wait on the courts.

Here, then, was the Mayor unceremoniously setting aside at the start two things on which the Council prided itself—the nucleus of a municipal system where the preliminary experimenting could be done and the honored engineer Mr. Arnold, whose selection they properly regarded as one of their most creditable achievements. Here he was proposing without consultation with them an ambitious

system which was sure to stir up a new set of legal difficulties, and for financing it a scheme not carefully worked out but merely suggested in outline, and of which they were consequently suspicious.

An Excited City

A pretty hullabaloo broke out on all sides. The Council demanded to know who the five trustees were to be who were to furnish the money, what checks were to be put upon them. The radicals were even more severe. This was not immediate municipal ownership to turn the roads over to trustees—this was only a variation of the old system. Mayor Dunne is said to have had a very bad hour with the members of the Municipal Ownership League when he tried to explain his plans to them. The companies joined in the fracas and threatened to sue the city if it attempted to parallel their lines while the titles were still unsettled. They talked of the unfairness of getting up a new company to build a rival road when they themselves were willing to accept a twenty-year franchise or would sell to the city—if the city could pay! The City Railroad said it would accept the contract plan practically as the Mayor outlined it. On all sides there were hints that the five trustees were to be friends of Judge Dunne; that this was Tom Johnson's scheme and probably he was trying to get hold of the roads for himself—this was "Chicago for Cleveland, not Chicago for Chicago." Into this jangle Mr. Dalrymple projected in the summer a veritable boomerang—a report sent from Glasgow that political conditions in Chicago did not yet justify the serious experiment of actual municipal ownership and operation of street railways. Altogether poor Mayor Dunne found himself at the end of his first five months of office embroiled on all sides.

Early in September (1905) the question came up for settlement in the Council whether they should take up his contract plan or go on with the effort to work out a satisfactory ordinance with the companies. It was decided to ask him to perfect the "contract" plan himself while the Council gave its time to the "settlement" plan. The Mayor was deeply chagrined. Unhappily for him, he did not take his defeat patiently, but the very night after it, at the big farewell banquet given to Mr. Bryan before his trip around the world, he rehearsed his traction program and said in explanation of the delay in municipalization: "There are two arms in a city government—the Mayor and the Council. What if one arm

be paralyzed? What if the traction interests be hanging to the other arm?" Naturally the Council resented this attack on its honor and the incident was the beginning of a disastrous feud between the "two arms," of which, of course, the companies were quick to take advantage. They had been negotiating with the Council for nearly a year with little hope of a successful result, but this break between the Council and the Mayor gave them courage, and they pressed for an ordinance with all their force. The Transportation Committee on its side, stung by the Mayor's reflections on its loyalty, worked harder than ever. Its attorney, Edwin Burritt Smith, one of the most trusted men in the city and one who had been in the traction fight and the fight for an honest Council from the start, was confident that at last an ordinance would be framed which the city would be able to accept. Things looked blue indeed for immediate municipal ownership and the Mayor.

But the Mayor was not without resources. Glad to get away from his contract plan which the radicals would have none of, he suddenly presented an ordinance asking for an issue of \$75,000,000 of Mueller certificates with which to build a road. This brought the radicals trooping back to him but it only drove the Council majority farther away. Indeed, throughout the winter a running skirmish was carried on between the two factions. By spring, however, the Mayor had the vantage point, for the companies had overplayed their game. They had refused to incorporate in the committee ordinance provisions insisted upon by a vigorous and influential section of public opinion; and the ordinance was in consequence subjected to an almost destructive criticism. The "gray wolf" gang also had decided to make a demonstration of *its* power and by uniting suddenly with the Mayor's forces had passed the ordinance for the issue of \$75,000,000 of Mueller certificates for a municipal street railway. Most important for the Mayor, Judge Grosscup's decision upon the ninety-nine-year act had been overruled.

All of these advantages, however, the Mayor failed as utterly to turn to any constructive result as he had the great advantages at the start. His advisers saw with distress that the whole municipal ownership structure was in danger of crumbling to pieces and the town in desperation accepting anything, so inadequate and so uncomfortable was the service. Mr. Dunne's special traction counsel, Clarence Darrow, quarreled with him and resigned, giving as his reason that nothing could ever be

accomplished under a chief so vacillating.

The most serious feature of the demoralization, however, was a growing public mistrust of the Mayor's ordinance. Under the Mueller law the municipal *operation* of street railroads was made more difficult than municipal *ownership* of street railways to be operated by other agencies than the city itself. A proposition to issue street railway certificates had to be approved by a majority vote upon a referendum while the municipal *operation* of the street railways acquired by means of these certificates must be approved by *three-fifths* of those voting on the question. Mr. Dunne's program was both ownership and operation—in fact, municipal operation was its real object. So imperfectly, however, had the \$75,000,000 ordinance been considered and drafted that it aroused serious criticism and would undoubtedly have been defeated if Mr. Dunne had not given out a carefully prepared interview pledging himself to cure the principal objections. This interview was the work of Walter L. Fisher, then president of the Municipal Voters' League, who wished the ordinance to be used as the basis of a test of the validity of the Mueller law, and feared that its defeat at the polls would leave the companies in a position of too great tactical advantage over the city. His efforts undoubtedly saved the Mayor from utter wreck, for he quieted the most effective opposition, and the \$75,000,000 ordinance squeaked through on the referendum vote by the narrowest of margins. The separate vote on the general proposition of "municipal operation" did much better, *but still fell short of the necessary three-fifths!* If Mr. Dunne got his municipal street railroad he could not operate it municipally. This in a city where previous referendum votes on municipal ownership had favored it by overwhelming majorities. It was chaos.

Enter Walter Fisher

At this juncture one of the Mayor's ablest advisers, Raymond Robins, suggested that he appoint Mr. Fisher—whose standing as a lawyer was well known—as his special traction counsel in place of Mr. Darrow. To those who knew both men it was a surprising suggestion, for two honest men more unlike in temperament, method and point of view it would be impossible to find. Mr. Fisher, however, was admirably equipped to deal with the traction question. He had first come into the struggle in 1897 when he had revolted against Mr. Yerkes's effort to get fifty-year franchises and to make M. B. Madden a United States

senator. Mr. Fisher was active in the movement which prevented the sensational nomination, and immediately after joined in the campaign where the pitiful slaughter of some ninety of the 114 state assemblymen who had voted for the Allen bill took place. Naturally these activities brought him into the Municipal Voters' League, where, in 1901, he as secretary and Charles R. Crane as president became the responsible executive heads of the organization. He had not been long in this position before he had impressed his associates by his unusual political sagacity. His judgment as to what a ward or group of politicians would do was almost unerring. Mr. Kent once said Fisher's specialty was "telling one fellow what the other fellow was going to do."

The Municipal Voters' League was steadily growing in power in these years, and one of the things that the ward politicians soon learned was that if they would escape its censure they must satisfy the secretary who later became its president. Much as they feared him they got on with him. He could talk their language and he never deceived them. In a way they came to depend on him. "Fisher," they said, "is white if he is an up-lifter." One ward convention ended a bitter deadlock for hours over an aldermanic nomination by passing a formal resolution to leave the choice of the candidate to Fisher, and accepted his decision unanimously!

From the beginning of his official connection with the League, Mr. Fisher gave a great deal of time to studying the traction question. He seems to have attacked it without any preconceived notions of how it ought to be settled, but purely as a Chicago problem, all the factors of which must be considered—political as well as legal and financial, human as well as theoretical. He seems never to have shirked the hard intellectual labor which is involved in dealing with things as they are, not as they might be or as we would like them to be, never to have been tempted into the easy and inspiring way which a theory opens.

Now this method is slow and difficult but if a man follows it to the end he must be reckoned with. Certainly Mr. Fisher could be counted on to present his conclusions and to do it with remarkable vigor and lucidity. Indeed, for three or four years before the period we have reached, it is probable that he had been able to argue anybody in Chicago into silence on the traction question—or any other question his friends will tell you in resentful fondness!

His first constructive work in connection

with traction had been in securing enabling legislation. Indeed, it was he who prepared the bill which finally was passed—the Mueller bill. Whatever phase of the question came up he always had something to offer in the way of definite suggestion. Whatever action was necessary he could always be counted on. In the course of these years he contributed a series of addresses and interviews on traction, in which will be found lucidly set forth many notions which at one point or another were of controlling influence and which are not generally connected with his name. Mayor Dunne's contract plan, for example, was suggested in substance many months before he proposed it by Mr. Fisher as a method of taking advantage of the first pretense of a willingness to sell made by the City Railway.

The relentless logic with which he handled the traction question soon made him as much hated by certain defenders of the companies as his political sagacity had made him dreaded by the bosses, and more than once he had been attacked for his activity. Thus in 1903, at the time of the fight over the Mueller bill, the *Inter-Ocean* charged that money was being used by its supporters to buy votes in the Legislature. The editor, G. W. Hinman, called before a special House Committee appointed to investigate the charge, declared that he had based his remarks on "rumors" that Walter Fisher had recently been in conference with lawyers of the Union Traction Company. Mr. Fisher was able easily to clear himself and the Committee was able easily to show that there was nothing in the *Inter-Ocean's* charge of "boodle." Later the *Tribune* attacked Mr. Fisher for his efforts to secure for Chicago legislation which would enable her to regulate the price of gas and electricity and to sell surplus electric power from the city lighting plant. He was "the King Fisher." What did he mean by going to Springfield to direct the activities of the Legislature? He had never been elected to office. He was very useful to help elect proper candidates but he should stay at home and let those who had been elected do the legislating. He was a nuisance. To which Mr. Fisher replied that if he believed the people of Chicago should have the power to regulate gas and electricity, he should exercise his right as a private citizen to impress that need on the Legislature and he asked the editor pertinently: "Does the possession of a printing-press differentiate the members of a privileged class from the ordinary citizen in Illinois?"

At the time that Mr. Robins proposed Mr. Fisher's name to Mayor Dunne as special trac-

tion counsel his position on the question was clear enough. He had come with the majority of the town step by step to the conclusion that probably the only way out of their difficulties was municipal ownership. He had no theoretical predisposition to this solution. It was simply the logic of the facts. If the companies would not play the game according to the rules laid down in the Democratic code, it was the duty of the people to dispossess them, and Mr. Fisher had his program for this emergency.

*Walter Fisher
and Mayor
Dunne Com-
pared*

But how could Mayor Dunne work with such a man? and how could such a man work with Mayor Dunne? The guide of the one was his heart and his imagination, of the other his reason. If you had a captivating theory, the thing was as good as done for the Mayor, but Walter Fisher's intellect had to be convinced. Their aims, too, were different, for while the Mayor's object in the traction struggle was establishing a new order, Mr. Fisher's was to restore the democratic order. And yet different as they were they respected each other—for each in his way was big enough to recognize the honesty of the other and his devotion to the city. Mayor Dunne, too, had especial reason to be grateful to Mr. Fisher, for not only had he saved his ordinance in the way already described, but two of the most satisfactory achievements of his administration up to this point had been obtained through him.

The bill to regulate the price of gas and electricity already referred to was believed to be lost when Mr. Fisher as chairman of a Citizens Committee of One Hundred had gone to Springfield with the Mayor and his friends, and by a piece of clever strategy had turned defeat to victory. The radicals were ready to carry him on their shoulders in their glee. The other service was no less,

for it was Mr. Fisher's strong and clearly presented criticism on the ordinance which the Transportation Committee had worked out with the companies in the winter of 1905 and 1906 which had killed it and made way for the Mayor's own plan. Again the radicals had been ready to carry him on their shoulders.

At all events Mayor Dunne invited Fisher to become his special traction counsel. He asked the advice of his friends. Most of them were startled that he should consider it for a moment. "Of course," one of his law partners told him, "you must realize that any man who thinks he can settle the traction

question is presumptively insane." It is proof enough of the good sporting quality of the man that the difficulties they raised seemed only to whet his appetite for the task. Undoubtedly, however, his final acceptance hinged on the fact that he felt that he could not honorably decline. For several years he had been criticizing the efforts of others. He could hardly shirk the opportunity now to see what he could do.



JUDGE EDWARD F. DUNNE

Mayor of Chicago from April, 1905 to April, 1907. The city has never had a more loyal friend than Judge Dunne. If he had stood by the ordinances settling the traction question which had been framed with his help and approval, he would be Mayor of the city to-day



RAYMOND ROBINS

Whose work is principally for the labor party



CLARENCE S. DARROW

Well known as attorney for labor interests

A GROUP OF

It is doubtful if any city in America has so intelligent and vigorous a set of radicals as Chicago. Among the best known of the leaders are the four above—

The Conference with W. R. Hearst

But he made no mistake of overconfidence. Indeed, he prepared his ground like a farmer for a crop. It is a curious comment on conditions in Chicago that the first person whom the Mayor asked him to consult was not a Chicagoan at all. It was Mr. Hearst of New York. He and the Mayor went to New York, where the three spent hours going over Mr. Fisher's suggestions for a program which Mayor Dunne could advocate and which Mr. Hearst would promise to support. The plan was satisfactory to Mr. Hearst. On their return to Chicago, Mr. Fisher laid it in writing before the various radical advisors of the Mayor. Several conferences were held, and finally they all declared themselves satisfied that it was a safe and wise program to follow. At Mr. Dunne's suggestion it was also submitted to and approved by seven Democratic members—a majority—of the Local Transportation Committee. It was first made public in a letter written by Mr. Fisher and signed by Mayor Dunne, addressed to the chairman of the Transportation Committee, Charles Werno. Frankly admitting that he could accomplish nothing toward improving the intolerable street-car conditions without the cooperation

of the Committee, the Mayor laid his ideas before them. Municipalization of the railways and the improvement of the service while this was being done was their task, he said. The overthrow of the ninety-nine-year claim had practically cleared the streets for the city. The only thing which now stood in their way was lack of money. How could they get it? Only through the Mueller certificates, the validity of which was still undecided. It would take time and the improvement of the service could not be put off. Therefore they must arrange with somebody to advance the money and go on with the work under the city's direction and on the city's terms, it being understood that the company, trustees or licensee who did this had no permanent proprietary interest whatever in the roads,—that the city could take them over by purchase at any time. This point was reiterated. No contract or partnership was to be made with anybody on any other terms. The city aimed at owning its roads as soon as possible—and operating as soon as a three-fifths vote could be secured.

Now what was practical under the circumstances? The roads were now in the hands of the original companies. If these companies would consent to the city's terms and carry out the work they might be allowed to do it. If they would not, the city could form



LOUIS F. POST

The editor of the vigorous "Public"



MARGARET A. HALEY

Head of the Teachers' Federation

CHICAGO RADICALS

all of these were active supporters of Judge Dunne in his policy of Immediate Municipal Ownership and all of them are critics of the present ordinances

a construction company on the line of the "contract plan" and license it to rebuild and operate until she was ready to buy. But there was still another way. The companies occupy the streets, the city has police power over them. She can *compel* them to improve the service until she is ready to buy the roads.

"As between these various methods of obtaining improved service," wrote the Mayor, "*there are certain obvious advantages, both to the city and to the companies, in favor of proceeding by amicable agreement with the present companies, always preserving the right of municipalization.*" The city could probably secure in this way a more immediately complete reconstruction of the system and a greater immediate improvement of service; the price which the city would have to pay for the present property and future improvements would be definitely fixed at the present time, so that it would be known exactly how much money it is necessary to raise for municipal purchase. The work of reconstruction would proceed under plans and specifications prepared by the city and under efficient audit and account. The city would avoid a further period of controversy and strife with the companies. It might obtain a larger percentage of the profits of operation than could be obtained by a system of car licenses or reduction of fares under the police power."

This in outline was the program which Mayor Dunne signed in April, 1906, after having obtained the promise of Mr. Hearst and his advisers to support it. But would the companies consent? They did consent. Evidently they recognized the force of what Mayor Dunne said in the Werno letter, that any attempt on their part to obtain more than the city was ready to grant would only result to their serious disadvantage.

All parties were committed then to a definite program and almost immediately negotiations began—began under duress for all—for if Mr. Dunne and the radicals were working with the conservatives of the Committee because they felt the hand of the public forcing them to some action, the two companies also were acting together only from necessity. The Union Traction Company, indeed, had been forced into negotiation by Mr. Fisher's ultimatum that if an ordinance was passed which one company accepted and the other would not, the accepting company must be given the right and must incur the obligation to extend its system into and over the territory of the non-accepting company as rapidly as the city could acquire possession of its streets. It must also agree to advance to the city the necessary funds for this purpose. In this position the advantage was all with the South Side com-

pany—the City Railway—for it was a solvent concern backed by J. P. Morgan & Co. and under the management of one of the ablest street-car men in the country, T. E. Mitten. It was eager, too, it was believed, to add the West and North systems to its own.

The Union Traction Company, on the other hand, was a pitiful wreck loaded down with the Yerkes inheritance of legal complications and financial liabilities aggregating over \$87,000,000, bled by a receivership which in the last five years had cost it nearly \$2,000,000, its property antiquated, its management discouraged and irritated, its last hope shaken by the overruling of Judge Grosscup's ninety-nine-year decision. For months before this an internal war had been going on among the various security-holders, each trying to snatch from the wreckage as much as he could. That any negotiation was possible was due to Mr. Fisher's decision that the internal affairs must be kept entirely out of the negotiations with the city.

At the start the leaders of the various interested parties on both sides could have had little but suspicion of one another. To even a casual observer it would have been apparent that if anything definite was to come of the negotiations it could be only from a leadership which would hold the various antagonisms steady and would be so reasonable and fair that suspicion and difference of opinion would be overruled. To the thoughtful familiar with the situation it was apparent that still greater qualities must be combined in the leadership. There must be rare legal ability and constructive talent, real statesmanship in short; for what did the program of the Werno letter mean? It meant that if the companies accepted it, they recognized the principle that *public utilities are henceforth out of the field of exploitation*. It meant that if the Chicago public accepted it, they recognized the principle that *capital honestly invested in a public service is entitled to a fair return and to an assurance of the security of its investment*. How was it possible to get around the enormous difficulties that lay in the way of reconciling these two antagonisms—to embody in an ordinance provisions which would properly safeguard each side in every detail? To invent machinery which would convince each that it was workable, safe for them to accept? Could Walter Fisher do it? And most people answered: "Nobody can do it—the legal and financial and political difficulties are insurmountable."

The meetings which began in the early summer continued almost without interruption

until Christmas. Often they were daily and from nine in the morning until late in the night. As a rule, the small and badly ventilated little room in the City Hall devoted to the Committee was packed with reporters, delegations from civic organizations and curious or critical citizens, for this was the people deliberating and every man could have his say. Something of the stress, the excitement and the struggle of the meetings is realized if one goes over merely the chief of the points they had to settle: the price the companies were to be allowed, the amount of new money they were to put into restoring the system, the share of the profits the city should have, the conditions under which the city could take over the roads, the degree of public supervision. Take the matter of the price. Over \$87,000,000 had gone into the Union Traction system, the City Railway Company had cost the J. P. Morgan Company upward of \$36,000,000. This money had gone in on a supposition that the companies would control the roads for fifty years more. That hope was gone. Is it strange that there should have been a long and bitter fight over this valuation, that the roads should have asked the city \$73,000,000 as they did, that the Committee should have refused the figure and that when the experts whom the city employed suggested \$50,000,000* as a generous compensation for both tangible properties and unexpired franchise rights, nothing but the seriousness of the situation made its acceptance possible?

The percentage of the profits the city was to have was almost insolvable. Ten per cent. for construction and five per cent. for brokerage on new money had been decided on as fair payment to the companies for their capital, upon which it was agreed five per cent. interest should be paid. But what were they to have for their pains? There were radicals who did not see why they should have anything. The city had always declared for ten per cent. of gross receipts as its compensation,† and it was only after long calculations and arguments that it was settled that fifty-five per cent. of the net profits for the city and forty-

* This valuation was the result of an appraisal inventory made by Bion J. Arnold, A. B. Du Pont and Mortimer E. Cooley, Dean of the Engineering Department of the University of Michigan, which is probably the most accurate and elaborate appraisal ever made of a street road system—an illuminating illustration of the Chicago methods of reform.

† The city's share of the net receipts is set aside by the ordinances, primarily at least, as a sinking fund for the ultimate purchase of the roads; and the power of the City Council to divert it to other uses is undoubtedly controlled by a determined public sentiment against using what is an indirect tax upon the traveling public for any other purpose than the benefit of the traveling public. The city also has the option to convert its share into an equivalent reduction in the rates of fare.

five per cent. for the company was "fair," a division finally accepted.

Another point which the companies incessantly tried to evade and modify was the recognition of the complete ascendancy of the city. The city must have the right to buy whenever it would, to sell to whomsoever it would. It must regulate the service as it pleased. The Board of Supervising Engineers might do its work, but not take the city's power or responsibility. Moreover, while the contract was binding on the companies it was not on the city—the whole theory of the ordinance, indeed, was that the city was free, the companies bound.

Again and again as the companies felt the bonds fastening on them they revolted. Meetings again and again broke up in confusion and despair—only to form again the next morning, when almost invariably somebody had a new ray of light to shed which cleared the sky. As the days went on and point after point was concluded satisfactorily, pride in the enterprise became general. They were doing what everybody said was impossible—doing what most of them had believed in their hearts was impossible. Respect

and liking for one another grew as well. The Mayor might be a "socialist," but his honesty of purpose was too evident to permit of continued disrespect. Mr. Mitten might be "Morgan's man," but even Mr. Dever, the leader of the minority, publicly praised his open game. Mr. John Wilson might represent the City Railway, Mr. W. W. Gurley the Union Traction Company, and Mr. John Harlan Judge Grosscup; but it was obvious they were working honestly to perfect the ordinances and were not blind to the city's interests.

It is no lack of appreciation of what each was contributing to the settlement—and each contributed an essential something—to say that as the days went on one man became preeminent in everybody's esteem, and that was Walter Fisher. There was no longer any doubt of his ability to lead the difficult body. I have heard it said that he dominated by sheer intellect. No doubt his complete mastery of the elements of the problem, his firm conclusions and his readiness and clearness in argument

were large factors in his success. But his skilful strategy, the way at many a critical point he played one company against the other, served him well. Then he convinced everybody as time went on that he was fair—fair to all. It came to a point where Committee and companies constantly asked at knotty points, "What does Fisher think?" and usually they accepted his judgment on the ground that it was "fair." There were not a few of the negotiants on both sides to whom this careful weighing of the interests of both sides was to the end a puzzling mystery. He would decide in favor of a contention of the companies and then certain gentlemen would go away



BION J. ARNOLD

One of the wisest acts of the Chicago City Council was securing the services of Mr. Arnold as its chief engineer. The enforcement of the present ordinances lies now largely in his hands as chief of the Board of Supervising Engineers. Mr. Arnold has been engaged by the Special Public Service Commission investigating traction in New York City, to do for them a service similar to that he rendered the City Council of Chicago

jubilant. "Now, Fisher is all right; he is with us," they would say. At the same time certain implacable enemies of the railways would be in despair lest he had betrayed the city. The next day the tables would be turned. These persons never quite grasped that what the Mayor's counsel was aiming at was simply just and reasonable decisions; never understood that the most fundamental thing about this man was intellectual integrity.

The abler and more experienced particularly of the attorneys did, however, appreciate

his quality. "I did not know much about Fisher when he began," the chief counsel of the Union Traction Company said to the writer, "but as the negotiations went on my respect grew. He drove a hard bargain for the city but he was always fair. He would listen, and if convinced, agree, but he was not easy to convince. He was urged to wipe us from the street, to destroy utterly our values, but he would not consent that it be done. He treated us generously, humanely, but we never could catch him napping. He was always on guard. He never lost a point to us."

It was in December that at last the long negotiations grew to a close. The price was

on six months' notice by paying the purchase price plus whatever new money had gone into them. Or the city could authorize another company to purchase on payment of a twenty per cent. bonus, or a company acting as trustee for the city—"the contract plan"—could purchase without payment of the bonus. At the end of twenty years all rights of the companies to operate cease and the city or *any* licensee of the city can purchase without any bonus. Meanwhile the service and equipment must be maintained at the very highest efficiency. There are sinking funds for maintenance and repairs and for renewals and depreciation, the unexpended portions of which never revert to the companies, but are to be turned over to the city or its licensee in the event of purchase.*

Mayor Dunne was jubilant when he saw the ordinance rounding up. "It looks as if we would be able to give Chicago a belated Christmas present," he said in an interview on December 16. "We have passed all the danger points in these negotiations and nothing short of an earthquake can prevent a settlement. . . . Had I predicted one year ago that we could secure a settlement with the traction companies on a \$50,000,000 basis I would have been laughed at and called a fit subject for a lunatic asylum." The "three strong features" of the ordinance he enumerated as the price, the ability of the city to take over the companies at six months' notice, and the fifty-five per cent. of the net profits.

A few days later the Committee on Transportation was ready to pass the ordinance on to the Council amid almost universal huzzas. It was the beginning of the end and the thousands of half-frozen and buffeted and tired street-car travelers took heart. It certainly looked as if Mayor Dunne was right that nothing but an earthquake could prevent its passage. But the earthquake came.

It was perhaps inevitable that it should come. There is no doubt that many of the radical group had agreed at the start to Mr. Fisher's appointment and his policy, as defined in the Werno letter, only because they confidently expected that policy to demonstrate that the companies would not accept a settlement that really protected public rights. They probably expected that after Mr. Fisher had



CHARLES R. CRANE

An impressive feature of the Chicago traction struggle has been the number of men of large affairs who have backed up every progressive step. Mr. Crane is one of the most notable of this class

fixed. The city was to pay \$50,000,000 for the roads—\$29,000,000 to the Union Traction Company, \$21,000,000 to the City Railway. New money to any necessary amount was to be furnished by the companies for rebuilding. When the city wanted subways the companies were to furnish the money. There was to be a Board of Three Supervising Engineers, of whom the trusted Mr. Arnold was to be chairman, to supervise every contract, watch every dollar spent, pronounce on every new rail. There was to be constant publicity and an annual detailed report. The city was to have full supervision, and if for any reason the companies did not discharge satisfactorily the duties the city asked of them—or even if they did—the roads could be taken over by the city

*Space will not permit a description of the monumentally elaborate provisions for clearing up the Union Traction legal and financial difficulties, significant as these would be to those who must grapple with the wrecks of the dying system of high finance—the New York City Metropolitan and its fellows for whom the racks of the future wait. It is enough to say that the miracle was wrought and after many stormy seas the Union Traction cargo much diminished was safely transferred to a new corporation—the Chicago Railways Company. Digitized by Google

failed to coerce the companies he would become their constructive leader in municipalization. And if the companies had not at last ceased to be "somnambulists"—as Mr. Fisher called them—the radicals would surely have achieved their hope. They did wake up, however. When the radicals realized this they suddenly began bitterly to oppose the ordinances, secured hostile resolutions in the local Federation of Labor, and employed counsel to attack them before the Committee on Local Transportation. They demanded a compulsory referendum; and some of the Council Committee made the serious tactical mistake of opposing even an optional referendum. Now there is nothing more sacred to Chicago than this right. As soon as the people were led to believe that they were not to have a referendum, either optional or compulsory, a strong opposition to the ordinances developed and before anybody realized it a bitter struggle was on.

Mr. Hearst was the first to take advantage of it—if his agents did not actually incite it—and this was to be expected. Mr. Hearst's policy is opposition, not construction. To follow through to the end a piece of legislation which confessedly aims not at the destruction of anything or anybody would be contradictory to his creed. True he had stood by the ordinance up to its adoption by the Committee, i.e. so long as the Committee was fighting the corporations he was with it but the moment a definite understanding was brought about Mr. Hearst turned. And in this he was entirely consistent. Anything that can really be done is not useful to Mr. Hearst. For the system is bad and must be destroyed from the ground up. Patching up treaties and arrangements with it is only deferring the revolution. So Mr. Hearst abandoned the ordinance as soon as he saw it was going through; so did Margaret Haley, head of the Teachers' Federation, whose suspicion of the companies was so intense that she could not believe they would sign an agreement in which they had not inserted loopholes for cheating the city; so did the labor organizations who wanted the city to insist on an eight-hour day, a wage scale and a compulsory arbitration binding on the companies but not upon the employees. Once started, the opposition grew fast and furious. The chorus of applause ringing at the end of December had become before the end of January a chorus of objections, jeers and innuendo. The city was paying too much. It was a perpetual franchise, for enough money could never be raised by the city to buy the renovated property. The net profits would be

"nit profits." Nobody would ever know what the companies did with their receipts. The city would be swindled by sub-contractors. In short, it was a loud prophecy that all of the old Yerkes evils were to be repeated.

All of the soberer radical elements of the town were soon in the movement, it being with many of them no doubt as with Raymond Robins, who abandoned the ordinances only when it became in his judgment a question between them and the progressive party and who felt that the party was his more imperative duty.

In this sudden storm poor Mayor Dunne tossed like a wind-swept boat. If there had



EDWIN BURRITT SMITH

The Chicago traction war had its martyrs and Mr. Smith is by many counted among them. He gave the very last of his strength to the ordinance of 1905-06, dying soon after it was dropped

been no political issue involved he might have weathered the blow, but he meant to be a candidate for reelection in April, and it was his party and his newspaper which had forsaken him. He saw—or was advised—that he could never be supported on a constructive platform; he must have a point of opposition. He seized the referendum as his issue, and started the police to secure signatures to a petition. But the Council saw its blunder, and passed a resolution submitting to the voters a petition of its own, to be printed and distributed by the city officials; and when (through the efforts of Mr. Dunne and his supporters) more than the requisite number of signatures had been obtained to this petition the traction ordinances were amended



MILTON J. FOREMAN

In framing Chicago's advanced traction program and in finally embodying it into an ordinance, Mr. Foreman has been an active force. For eight years he has served steadily as a member or as chairman of the Council committees handling transportation

was no time for reason. The stampede was on and each had to choose his place. The Council chose its by passing the ordinances on February 4 by a vote of 56 to 13. Mr. Fisher chose his by offering his resignation to Mr. Dunne; he was going down the middle of the road, he said. And the Mayor chose his by vetoing the ordinances.

Seven days later the Council passed the ordinances over the veto by a vote of 57 to 12. It now rested with the people whether the settlement should be approved or not.

The referendum vote was to be taken on April 2, 1906, and for the next six weeks Chicago was filled with such a traction din as she had not heard since the campaign against the Allen bill. The newspapers, the clubs, the barrooms, the streets rang from morning until night with arguments. If ever any undertaking was stripped to its bones and expounded to the people it was these ordinances. If any man did not understand all that could be said for and against them, it was because he closed his ears. The debate over them was the more impressive because of the preparedness of the people. They understood both what they were and were not getting, and the people approved the ordinances by a majority of 33,086. At the same time the people defeated Mayor Dunne by only 12,923. His abandonment of his own work was his downfall.

And so Chicago's twelve years' traction war ended in a treaty of peace, which, like every treaty signed since the world began, meant victory and laurels for some, defeat and bitterness for others. But too much has been gained for even those who have been most grievously disappointed—the radical supporters of immediate municipal ownership—to waste their time and energies in regret. Their most serious criticism resolves itself on consideration I think. It is that the amount paid for the property, \$50,000,000, together with the new money put into rehabilitation each year, makes purchase by the city forever out of the question. The sum will be too great. Thus the first object the Werno letter laid down—municipalization as soon as possible—is defeated. The critics forget that if the city could have obtained the money to purchase outright in 1909—and there never was a time when Mayor Dunne could show any satisfactory financial backing for his plans of purchase—it undoubtedly would have paid the \$50,000,000—Mayor Johnson's company paid more relatively for the Cleveland roads, though of course he gets more if he succeeds—and it would have been forced to pay as much for new money as it now pays (the

to provide that they should not take effect unless approved by a majority vote at the ensuing municipal election. At the same time the companies gave out a written statement that they would not accept an ordinance which had not been approved in a referendum.

It was necessary to get a new opposition program and the Mayor made one out of objections to the ordinances, all (or nearly all) of which had been threshed out in the Committee. This platform he put out with the announcement of his candidacy for reelection. It was a warning to the Council that unless they accepted these points as amendments they might expect a veto from Mayor Dunne.

But these points, as any one can see who cares to go into the merits of the controversy, were either inconsistent with the theory of the ordinances or they were reversals of compromise agreements made with the Mayor's knowledge and consent. Mr. Fisher, called on to explain, was entirely frank. "We would have liked to have seen some of them" (Mayor Dunne's demands) "incorporated in the ordinances," he said, "if they could be obtained, but these are settlement ordinances and there are always two sides to a settlement." And with patience again and again he showed how completely the ordinances fulfilled the program of the Werno letter. "I wish there were no 'Werno letter'!" exclaimed the counsel of the radicals. But it

companies. With the property increasing in value as a stable investment as it has since the settlement, it is unthinkable that Chicago cannot raise money to *any* amount to purchase when she has established her legal ability to do so, and that she cannot find a way to do that is unthinkable. Let the critics concern themselves with *that* problem now and with seeing that the ordinances are strictly enforced.*

Already the gains of the "settlement" are obvious and impressive. Some of them were hinted at in the opening of these articles: the substantial sum actually paid over to the city out of the first year's profits—over one and one-half million dollars—the improving service, the full publicity, the increased value of stocks. But these are by no means all. One of the most hopeful is the growing pride and interest of the public, the companies and the employees in the improved service. It is shown in the receipts in one way. They have substantially increased. That is, under the old régime it was a virtue for people and employees to cheat the companies; now it is a sin, for now the city shares in the profits! On the South Side Mr. Mitten is cleverly cultivating this growing feeling by keeping posted such screeds as the following:

IMPROVING THE SERVICE

The Cooperation of Passengers will enable the Company to Perfect

THE BEST STREET RAILWAY SYSTEM IN THE WORLD

THE CITY GETS 55%

Again and again I heard passengers explaining to inquiring visitors the meaning of this fifty-five per cent. In the same way you hear criticism of service which is contrary to the law. I heard even ordinary shop-girls pointing out the use of trailers which the ordinance forbids, and saying "ag'in' the law."

Significant as the terms and the results so

*It is now clear that the radical program never could have been carried out without a constitutional amendment in Illinois. The special certificate plan, inserted in the Mueller law by Mr. Fisher, was the only possible hope of avoiding the constitutional limit of municipal indebtedness. Mr. Fisher always held up the possibility of this plan being defeated in the courts as a reason for a settlement with the companies while its validity was assumed and before the favorable decision he had obtained in the lower court could be reversed or modified upon appeal. He always insisted that the vital point was to reserve the right of municipal purchase when the city might wish to exercise it hereafter; that public regulation would always be ineffective without this reservation, and that municipal ownership would be impossible until the legal and financial ability of the city had been definitely established. The wisdom of this position has been conclusively established by the adverse decision on the validity of the Mueller certificates which the Supreme Court of Illinois has rendered since the election. Although the trustee or "contract" plan (which was Mr. Fisher's real alternative) is still available, there can be no doubt that the city gained enormously in settling with the companies before this decision was announced.



THOMAS E. MITTEN

Head of the Chicago City Railway. The new type of street railway man who considers that his problem is threefold: earning dividends, serving the traveling public and taking care of his employees. On this last point Mr. Mitten's work is most significant

far of the settlement are to a country interested in the control of corporations, and especially public utility corporations, there is a more important side to this traction war. It is the principles established by it:

1. *Public utilities must be removed from the field of exploitation.*
2. *Private capital invested in a public utility is entitled to a fair return and assurance of security.*
3. *If public regulation cannot be made effective under provisions as fair to capital and as carefully matured in technical detail as the Chicago ordinances, then public ownership and operation is the only possible alternative.*

The Chicago traction question is not "settled." It remains to be "settled." The significant thing in Chicago is that there the way is open to settle it.

The entire experience from whatever angle we view it is rich in lessons and suggestions. To everyone, however, who is a believer in or simply an observer of democratic government, the impressive fact is the Chicago people, the way they grappled with every hard group of facts, hesitated at no new theory, rose to every ideal, patiently waited until each hindrance was removed. Looking from the window of a towering Chicago office building one day last summer a shrewd and able lawyer said to me half laughingly: "You can't throw a brick from this window without hitting a savior

of the traction situation." There was more truth in the remark than he realized, for the real "savior of the traction situation" was the crowd swarming in the streets below. The greatest tribute one can pay to the men who led in this fight, from Hamline to Fisher, is that they all—in the Council, in the Municipal Voters' League, in the Municipal Ownership League, in the labor organizations—saw this and bowed to it. They felt that it was supremely worth while to make things clear to the people, that they could safely leave decision to the people. Take Mr. Fisher's work. From the beginning of his connection with the problem he never shirked any pains to put his conclusions into language so clear and logical that the common man could not fail to understand him. Even his bitter critics pay tribute to his vigorous and convincing expression, but they sometimes add begrudgingly, "He is only an intellectual machine. He has no ideal," which only shows the critic has not yet come to understand the source of all great intellectual achievement, that it is born *only* in enthusiasm for the truth, in devotion to ideals. With his faith in the people, Mr. Fisher com-

bined a virtue rare in men of his intellectual type, amazing patience with those who differed from him. Throughout the long summer and fall and winter of 1906-07 he had spent frequently from twelve to eighteen hours a day in work on the ordinances. In this time he had listened to every man, answered every man, given to every man his due, and then in the end he saw the work in danger of wreck. But he kept his grip and smile. If discouraged, no one knew it. He meant to go down the middle of the road and he did it. Even the Mayor was touched. "I have an epitaph for your tombstone, Fisher," he said one day. "It is: 'And he was a patient man.'"

The whole story, indeed, brings one back to the earlier days of the republic before the self-seeking political middleman stood between the people and their representatives and revives the faith that sometimes grows dim in the best of us that we are still a people who have the power to grow up leaders who are willing to think things out, a people who can at once keep our eyes on the vision and our feet on the ground, who need only to be shown, to be trusted to act.

FIRE FROM HEAVEN

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

AUTHOR OF "LETITIA," "EMMY LOU," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY ARTHURS



IF Prometheus, that well-intentioned Titan, hanging in his chains against the Caucasian cliff and hurling toward Heaven the defiance of a spirit sustained by the righteousness of its cause, had moments of doubt, it must have been when his gaze fell earthward and he saw certain of his pigmy brethren, torches in hand, stumbling in the blinding light of the fire from Heaven which they carried, at once their bewilderment and embarrassment.

We will say her name was Docia. She came to our country community seeking domestic employment. She was a mulatto, just past twenty, a delicate-looking girl with eyes full of melancholy, discouragement and tenacity. Her voice was soft and held to a monotone and she had a slight lisp in her

speech which slurred her words rather than impeded them. Her vocabulary was astonishing. She came to our neighborhood from an institution for the betterment and teaching of her race, a school which truly and in the highest sense may be said to stand a Promethean altar to its people, where each may fire his or her own torch of self-enlightenment.

But poor, slight little Docia! She carried hers so loftily and fanatically high that its light blinded her, and she banged against the mundane things of everyday earth to her own bruised hurt and the oft-demolishment of the mundane matters. This literally, for in her two months with us, she broke the equivalent of six months' wages had it been counted against her, as indeed she herself proposed and insisted on. She was high-minded and high-principled.

"After a certain fair proportion is put down

to natural wear and loss," she said concisely and earnestly, "the rest should be paid for out of my wages."

In that case Docia, under the ancient régime of the old world, now happily past, would have ended so far in our debt that the debtor's prison must have swallowed her up for aye.

She applied for the place as cook to my household. She had served as house girl to one family in the neighborhood before coming to me. She was ladylike in her manners and while very shabby, was quiet in her dress; in personality she was rather distressing by reason of her nervousness and intensity.

I went to the telephone and called the neighbor. She had nothing to argue against Docia except a certain dazed bewilderment in her own mind concerning her.

"She is odd," was the neighbor's way of putting it, "but in intentions and principles she is all right. The trouble probably was with me. I have nothing to urge against her, except I confess I do not understand her."

I returned to the girl.



"What do you pay for the position as cook?" she in her turn asked me.

I replied. The sum was the average maximum paid in the community for skilled service.

She demurred, quietly and with perfect respect, but with finality. "If that is the usual price, I am worth more, since I come from the school. My loyalty to what it is accomplishing, requires that I keep the standard of prices up for those of us who fit ourselves for better service. Coming from that institution, I am worth more."

Open to conviction, even willing to be sanguine about it, I agreed to try her at her own valuation.

"Are you a graduate?" I inquired.

"No; I broke down my last year, and will have to return to finish. I had a more than ordinarily bad case of nervous prostration."

"From overstudy?"



This literally, for in her two months with us, she broke the equivalent of six months' wages

"And insufficient food and neglect when I was young." She said it quietly, as a fact, without self-pity or ostentation. "I was hungry up to the time I was fifteen. It all culminated last year in a breakdown."

"You were preparing yourself to be a cook?"

She was quick to disclaim this. "Oh, no."

"You were studying domestic science as a whole, perhaps?"

"No. I am only taking service now as a means to an end. I want to return to finish my academic course. After that I will make my final choice in a profession. I had thought of hair-dressing or of millinery and again of dress-making. But they told me domestic service would be better for me right now to restore my health, and then, too, it will enable me to earn my living until I can return to school. I came where I heard wages in the South were highest."

"But," doubtfully from me, "you know how to cook?"

"I have studied the science of it," said Docia earnestly; "I am now putting it into practice."

It was a doubtful experiment but the girl interested me as well as appealed to me in being so far from her home and apparently without acquaintance in the neighborhood.

She came at once. Indeed she had no place other to go. She had no working dresses, no aprons, no umbrella, no rubbers, no really whole shoes.

"As a house girl my felt shoes and dresses and white aprons were furnished me by Mrs. B——," she explained. Which was true; and indeed, whatever she came to be supplied with in my house in any way came from me. Nor did I ever succeed in getting her to buy herself one thing. That she owed me anything in appearance in return for maximum wages, she could not see. She hoarded her money to

parsimony, except that it was being saved for the highest motive she knew of, her return to school. She really had an insufficiency of under-

clothing and the weather was raw and cold. But that we bestowed upon her she was grateful for, kept in order and washed faithfully. She did, however, have a good Bible, a Milton's "Paradise Lost," a copy of "David Copperfield," and an "Up From Slavery."

She told me she read them constantly, and while the volumes were neat and clean and cared for, they looked as if she did. What part she grasped of the Milton,

or of a social life so different from anything she knew as in "David Copperfield," I cannot claim to know. She also asked permission to take books one at a time from our shelves, which was given. To my knowledge in no case did she ever take a volume of fiction with the

exception of "Pickwick Papers." If she brought to its reading the serious intensity of purpose with the entire absence of humor which she did to everything else, one wonders what she made of Samuel Weller. Poor Docia! A volume of Whittier's poems, it recurs to me, was the book she kept longest.

She came to me on the day of her arrival after putting her few possessions about her room. "Am I to be allowed to systematize my work according to my ideas? Or must I work according to your way?"

I met her halfway, my difficulty being to curb my pleasure at this sign of the initiative on her part. I determined she should prove herself without handicap. "Certainly you may do the work your own way; all we require in the family is results."

But, alas! she proved at the start to be singularly deficient in manual dexterity, as well as in the simplest mechanical sense. She did not kindle a successful fire in her stove, the time she was with me, nor could she learn to manage the draughts and dampers. Finally



She read constantly

the man servant was directed to aid her in these details.

From the first meal doubts arose, heavy and lowering, as to the science of cooking as practically applied by anxious, conscientious Docia. She confessed entire ignorance as to the making of beaten biscuits and quick-yeast substitutes were the compromise for this first meal. At the end of it she came to me more distressed than I could have been possibly, even bad as I had to confess the biscuits, which were heavy and uneatable.

"I had not calculated on the sudden heating of the oven after they were in," she explained earnestly and anxiously, "and it generated too much carbolic acid—the gas, you know, which is formed in the dough by the action of the cream and the tartar and the soda."

My poor, human Docia, even further incapacitated by the additional loss of energy which went in holding her torch aloft!

Dripped coffee was new to her, but she said that if we would explain the physical laws by which it worked she was sure she could make it.

Yet to Docia these principles placed the responsibility onto the workings and laws of Nature and seemed to remove all idea of personal responsibility in the matter from herself.

"Above a certain temperature ice always melts," she told me, not argumentatively nor impertinently but rather patiently, as with one who states facts, when I, one morning, showed her the refrigerator door open, evidently overnight and the ice-box empty.

To fathom her ability and resources, it was suggested she prepare a dessert she could make. She advocated gingerbread. To encourage her the suggestion was adopted.

It developed that she preferred the recipe in use at her institution of learning rather than the one used by my household. She was politely, pathetically, fanatically obstinate in these matters.

"I committed the recipes in use there to memory," she assured me; "they are scientifically tried and tested. For gingerbread the rule was twelve pints

of molasses, twelve eggs, twelve teaspoonfuls of ginger, six cups of sour milk, thirty pints of flour, twelve teaspoonfuls of saleratus dissolved in——"

"But, Docia, with five in the house and three in the kitchen we only need gingerbread for eight——"

"Our rule was for seventy-five," said Docia with patient calmness; "it only requires that I should divide seventy-five by eight, and put the result into the whole. It will give me the proportions."

I had agreed to allow her to prove herself her own way. I left her. Whatever the result of $\frac{75}{8}$'s put into the recipe calling for, say, twelve eggs, resulted in as to figures, the result in gingerbread was failure. Yet she had



She did not kindle a successful fire in her stove the time she was with me

done her earnest best. The man-servant told us that she had figured on a sheet of brown wrapping paper for an hour. I did not doubt it. In the matter of sour milk alone I should probably have figured an hour or so longer, being weak at figures. My only motive in allowing her to ruin the gingerbread was the hope that failure might leave her open to reason from me or other members of the household.

She came to me her second day with news of a bowl of some value being broken—poor, nervous creature, with thin hands that twitched in spite of themselves. "The inability of the outside of the glass to contract as rapidly as the inside when I put the hot water in caused the bowl to break," she told me with distress.

"You have studied something of physics?" I asked her, divining as much from her terms, however mixed.

"My uncle is the gentleman professor of certain of the sciences in the school," she replied with a pride in the statement.

Gentleman professor! It was the characteristic touch of her race in her at last. And yet not characteristic of only *her* race either. As she used the expression there sprang to my mind the case of a classmate in the public school I attended in my day. She it was I had been trying to recall ever since my first acquaintance with poor Docia. For there are Docias in all classes and colors of the human race, who are victims to well-meaning systems which endeavor to cut all to one pattern that come their way.

In the case recalled of the classmate, the unhappy victim's name was Beatrice, with the emphasis, earnestly insisted on by herself, on the *at*. She used to explain this, after some mental process evidently clear to herself, by saying her mother named her out of a book. She also told us that since she would have to earn her living, she was being planned by her mother to be a "lady teacher."

"Why not a gentleman one?" I remember the class wit flippantly asked her; "you are assured of more salary from the start." But—as I also recall, nobody laughed, the extent of the inability of poor Beatrice to see the joke robbing the matter of any humor and making it even cruel. And now that I come to think about it, we did not laugh in the family over Docia and the gingerbread at the time. The tragic intensity of the affair to her robbed it of any hilarity.

And in both these cases the conscientiousness of the victims kept them stupid. The mind of the Anglo-Saxon Beatrice was so obedient to the rule laid down, she was literal

to a maddening degree. I well remember her arising in class one day with her paper in English in her hand. The requirement was to give the word, its definition and a sentence illustrating this meaning.

"Dishabille," read the patient, faithful Beatrice; "an undress. Illustration: The soldiers gave a dishabille parade."

"Concomitant; one who accompanies. He played the concomitant to her song."

So why should one be harder on the patient, striving Docias or on the patient teachers of the patient race of the Docias? For my Anglo-Saxon Beatrice and my Negro Docia remain in my mind as absolutely similar types. Whether the indiscriminating processes that produced the unhappy two are similar in their well-meaning blindness, I have no way of determining.

The next step in my household with Docia was that she was removed from the practical application of the science of cooking and taken into the house for trial as house-girl. We had come really to take her case to heart.

First however, I went to that neighbor whom she had served in this capacity. The report was scarcely satisfactory.

"The only objection I have to urge is so absurd," this lady assured me; "it sounds more like I was at fault to have allowed it. At dinner one evening the conversation turned on that hardly allowable topic for table talk, leprosy, by reason of the recent tragedy in the papers."

I nodded.

"Just as the coffee was served Docia disappeared. Needing her for some trifle, I touched the bell and touched it again; then again. No Docia. Following another and more imperative ringing, my cook appeared at the pantry door.

"'No'm, she ain't in the kitchen and she ain't in the pantry, neither,' she assured me in an aggrieved whisper.

"Investigation discovered her in the library on her knees before a bookcase. I must state, however, that she had asked permission to use a book at a time when she came. She explained anxiously and hurriedly when I appeared:

"'The subject of leprosy is new to me, and we are taught and urged to inform ourselves at once on any subject we are ignorant of. I have been looking up leprosy in the encyclopedia.'

"It was about this we parted. She could not see why I objected, not to her consulting my books, but to her doing so at such a time. She left me, feeling that I held her desire to inform herself against her."

Poor Docia! If her little learning had not made her quite mad, it came near rendering so those employing her. One never knew where these axioms of her learning were to be applied next.

At a summer breakfast given during her stay with us, and at which she was allowed to assist in the serving, a ghastly wait occurred owing to an absence of knives. And yet a last survey of the table that morning had shown every detail as it should be. Midway of the meal, as a course was placed before the guests, a thunderstorm broke, and the maids hurried to assist in closing windows in all directions against the sudden driving deluge of rain.

It was just here the lack of the needful implement was discovered and the guests and the embarrassed hostess sat and waited. It should be explained that a small steel-bladed knife had been the implement provided. When at last the maids returned, it was after another wait that they brought, not the steel knives, but silver ones from a former course, warm.

with the evidence of having been washed for the purpose and returned—that keenest mortification in the experience of a housekeeper.

Later as the guests were trooping out to the porch, I managed to question Docia.

"It was threatening to storm," she said earnestly, "and I took them off before you all came in. Steel, we were taught, is dangerous to handle when there is lightning."

The rock of our final disagreement, on which we split, proved to be the one called individual liberty of action. Just as she claimed to know the science of cooking but not its application, she felt she was versed in the theory of house work. Only, again, she could not do the work. Nor could one teach the poor girl anything in this department either. She was quietly, tenaciously, maddeningly obedient to the only guidance she knew, the tenets of her

institution's teachings *as she had grasped them*. I found these lines written out and pinned on the door of her room after she had gone, and I fairly wept over them:

"A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine."



"No'm, she ain't in the kitchen and she ain't in the pantry, neither," she assured me in an aggrieved whisper

And yet she could not manage to thoroughly clean one room a day! Or, rather, she would not confine her energy to one room a day.

"We were taught that by concentration we economize labor," she explained. And so every piece of china or bric-à-brac in the several bedrooms would appear in collection and confusion in some one spot to be washed one day; and every rug from every source would be concentrated for cleaning purposes on another. In other words, no one spot was ever in complete order at any one time during Docia's administration. A general stir up and chaos followed her footsteps. Indeed, the

family or the servants generally had to fall to and help her to achieve any sort of restoration at all.

"I shall have to have matters done my way, Docia," finally I said, after allowing her full opportunity to prove herself. "Results hardly justify your way, do you think? I have written out the rules by which the work usually has been done and will give them to you. This will be pleasanter for you than to be shown. I think you will find it much easier and your hours shorter this way."

"It is a question of more than myself," said she quickly and trembling in her intensity; "it is a question of the welfare of my race. We can only develop as we exercise individual liberty of action. We have obeyed and done by rote too long." Digitized by Google



"Docia," I said, "let us try to understand one another. Did you mean to disobey me in this matter of the dining-room?"

"As my servant you are free to do my work in your way, only so long as the work does not suffer," I tried to show her, the more that I caught the girl's point of view at this and saw that she had had an idea behind her course of action; "but it has suffered. By letting us teach you now, you will be more competent hereafter to manage for yourself."

I gave her the rules for the future and matters went along sullenly for some days. Then I was obliged to speak concerning a transgression which had repeated itself on successive days.

"Docia," I said as gently as possible, "I notice the table cloth and the asbestos have been left on several times between meals. I am quite sure that you did not mean to forget them."

At the moment she did not reply but later she came to me, again trembling with the intensity to which she was wrought.

"They taught us that economy is the first law of nature," she said; "it is wasting it to

take them off the table after breakfast and put them back for lunch unless mats are to be used or a different cloth."

"Docia," I said, "this sounds like answering back. I do not care to have the cloth left on in my dining-room."

The next morning was an idyllic one in June. The carriage was waiting for some of the family to take an early drive. As I came down the stairs I could see through the dining-room door not only the asbestos in place but a fresh cloth and centerpiece being spread thereon by Docia. It was not yet nine o'clock. There was nothing for it but to have it out with her.

She came at my bidding to the sitting-room. Her high cheek-bones, pressing against the thin skin, her frail physique, her intensity, her melancholy eyes, stubborn though their gaze was, wrung my heart.

"Docia," I said, "let us try to understand one another. Did you mean to disobey me in this matter of the dining-room?"

She answered me calmly, though her poor hands, hanging at her sides, worked unhappily, and a slow and dusky color gathered under the pallor of her face. "I did it after much thought," she replied; "*it is an issue.*"

"What is the issue, Docia?" I asked, determined to do her justice by getting her point of view if possible.

"Whether I, standing for my race, am to insist on the individual liberty of action necessary for my development or in giving in to submit to further bondage for my race."

"I am afraid this is an issue on other grounds, Docia," I said; "but before I try to assist you in finding another and the right sort of place, I would like for your own sake to make you understand this thing." And I began to state the perfectly obvious as clearly as I could.

"In taking my money you guarantee me certain things in exchange for it, among them the execution of my reasonable wishes. In failing to execute these, you do not earn the money you bargained for. Individual liberty of action on your part, which goes counter to the wishes I am paying to have executed, is not what you bargained for. For me to forbid you to leave the cloth on your table in your house would be interference with your liberty of action, but in my house I have, through ability to pay for it, the right to have my reasonable idiosyncrasies humored to any extent for which I can give the equivalent in wages."

But poor Docia could not see this. "I stand for my race," she stated steadfastly and stubbornly; "*it was an issue, the tablecloth was.*"

"How many homes have you had since you left the school last year, Docia?"

"Six. I came farther north this spring because I could not have individual liberty of action so far in the South. And wages were higher. But it is just as unfair here; there's no hope for us since there is no fairness; but," and her poor, excited voice went pitifully high, "I stand for my race—I stand for my race—"

Which brought the conversation to a close, leaving me as unnerved through pity as she through her conviction of the injustice of the race I stood for.

She went from me to a neighbor to whom I applied for her after a full discussion of the case, a woman of Northern blood and affiliations, of means and of broad sympathies, a worker and an aider in various activities for the cause of women of all creeds and colors. I felt that if any one could help the poor girl to a clearer understanding she could, by reason

of her predisposed sympathies and her knowledge in the practical application of such sympathies.

Several weeks later I met her. She opened the conversation without waiting for me to ask.

"She has gone. She is a sounding cymbal of the phrase without the idea. How can we have hoped so soon to graft the reason of an adult race onto the minds of a child race? A part of the negro people, as I am beginning to realize, are not yet evolutionized out of the infancy of their race. How much happier would this poor, bewildered, conscientious, striving girl, oppressed in mind and sickly in body, be with a simple understanding of the mere a b c of learning and more dexterity of the trained manual worker. It seemed to be a part of some lofty idea with her, loyalty to her people or her school, I cannot say which, to refuse to recognize or admit her incompetency. When I insisted on the rectifying of certain matters which were her part to see to, it became a question of her liberty of action, and an issue and Docia has gone."

Where? I do not know, but more than once I have pictured her, drifting from here to there, unhappy, friendless in this roving pilgrimage, frail, resentful, sensitively nursing a growing idea of grievance toward us of the other race.

Poor child of a young and yet, in some ways, precocious people! It is not we who are demanding too much of you as a race too soon. It is the leaders of your race, too optimistic, too sanguine for you thus oversoon, who are urging too great things upon you too rapidly, just as the mother of the limited Beatrice cruelly imbued her with a harassing sense of her obligations to the parental expectations. The simple a b c of it were enough for the type of this generation's Docias; the next step enough for the child born of a Docia; leaving time to decide the degree of progression possible for that child's child. For how many generations have been required by the Anglo-Saxon to master the alpha of their knowledge as a race and not be within sight of the omega of it by such long way yet?

My poor Docia was young, little more than a child. By every racial instinct and right the blood of this slight giri should be quickening in some degree with the laughter, the inconsequent merriment, the light heartedness, the nimble-footedness natural not only to her youth but essentially natural to her people. After she had gone we recalled that we had never heard this young creature laugh, had never seen the dim approach to a smile on her troubled face.

THE MIND OF WOMAN

BY W. I. THOMAS

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HERE is something very mournful in the labors of those scientists who have devoted their lives to the study of the brain weight of men, women and races on the assumption that there is a direct ratio between intelligence and the bulk of the brain. It would be about as valid to assume that a vessel of water and a vessel of lye of the same weight have the same potency, or that timepieces of the same weight are necessarily equally good timekeepers.

Great men may have great brains, or they may not. Turgenieff holds the record at 2,012 grams, while the brain of Gambetta, who was a greater man in popular estimation and popular achievement, weighed only 1,160, or only 160 grams above the point at which, according to the calculations of French anthropologists, idiocy begins. In a series of 500 brains the lowest and highest will, in fact, differ as much as 650 grams in weight, but there will be found no constant relation between the weight and the intelligence.

Various Brains in Various Bodies

The brain is so largely concerned with moving the body that large bodies require large brains, but their possessors are not on that account more intelligent. Tall men have usually large brains, but the old church worthy Thomas Fuller remarked that "the cock-loft of very tall men is usually empty." A human grade of intelligence is, of course, necessary to human work, and this is not usually present if the brain falls below 1,000 grams in weight. Particularly endowed brains also unquestionably do unusual forms of work, as in the case of musicians and mathematical prodigies, but this particular endowment is not necessarily associated either with great brain weight or with great all-around intelligence. Musicians are among the most unintelligent of the professional classes, and mathematical prodigies (that is, "lightning calculators") are in other respects usually near the class of idiots—their whole output is mathematics.

The eminence of Gambetta was more an eminence of the emotions than of the intelligence; that is, it emanated rather from the abdominal zone than from the brain. It is also true that immortal fame, or at least substantial accomplishment and a place in the biographical dictionaries, is rather more frequently associated with a persistent and dogged assertion of the will than with extraordinary mental brilliance.

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it.
This high man with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.

It is significant, indeed, that men of small stature, weak health, and even physical affliction, have, if anything, more than an ordinary chance of becoming famous. Their attention is limited and they are stimulated to win out in spite of their handicap. Pasteur is a clear case of a truly great man. He was paralyzed on one side from 1868 until his death in 1895, but, as Berthollet says, it was after he was stricken that his inventive genius perhaps shone most brightly. Herbert Spencer, Darwin and von Hartmann hardly had a well day in their working lives. Pope was so feeble that he could hardly draw on his own stockings. Napoleon was of small stature and of weak health and physique.

The Brains of Woman

From this standpoint it is idle to argue whether women have less brain weight than men in proportion to their body weight, or to notice that other argument against the intellectual possibilities of women—that the functions of motherhood and the periodic organic disturbances characteristic of their sex constitute them perpetual invalids.

It is undoubtedly true that what we call modern progress—our science and inventions and art, our philosophical, religious and political systems—are mainly the accomplishments of the white man, but in estimating the degree of intelligence which lies back of these accomplishments we usually fall into two errors: first, that man is superior to woman in these lines because of inborn psychological peculiarities,

and, second, that he is for the same reason superior to what we call the lower races. Now I have no doubt that the mental life of men and women is colored, so to speak, by the fact of sex. The greater abdominal zone of woman and the consequent difference in blood pressure is alone a fact quite sufficient to make it safe to say that no man has ever fully understood the mental constitution of a woman. And I am not prepared to deny that in some particular regions, like West Africa, the average grade of mind may have been forced slightly below the normal by the operation of an extraordinary environment. But the fact remains that there is no type of mental activity in which the average member of any race or either sex cannot become proficient with practice. The white man has entered a region of experience, interest and practice into which woman and the lower races have not followed him. But he is not a superior creature; he is merely a specialist. He has attained an admirable skill along his line and is regarded as prodigiously intelligent, while in fact he has merely acquired that facility with which, for instance, an expert chessman moves the pieces or the man of letters reads the printed page or the manuscript, though badly defaced or ill written; and specialized skill either in these regions or in mathematics, logic or mechanical invention should not be confused with extraordinary capacity.

The Mental Inferiority of Woman Explained

And the real causes of the mental inferiority of woman and the lower races are so much alike that I must first point out, as briefly as I can, the nature of the backwardness of the lower races in order to understand better the backwardness of woman.

Comparatively speaking, all whites are highly specialized. Even reading, writing and arithmetic are high accomplishments, and the white child who has missed them has failed of an intelligent career. He does not exactly remain a savage, because he is living in a civilized world which floats him above the level of savagery. But what we normally do with the child is worth pondering in this connection. Beginning in infancy we attempt to hand over to him not only the experience and feeling of his own family and community, but the accumulated wisdom of historical time. And this is done not only in the home but continued in schools where specialists, followed perhaps by still more eminent specialists, give him the data of science, teach him the method of handling them, limit his attention finally to a very narrow field, and even set his problems for him,

until after say twenty-five years of apprenticeship he is pronounced ready to begin life. The dissertation required in connection with the doctorate in our universities is really taken as a demonstration that, under careful coaching by a master, the candidate has done a small piece of thinking of a civilized grade. I do not even mean to claim that the schools produce the most intelligent men. The occupational and competitive organization of our society produces an intelligence rivaling that of the schools, but the schools represent how serious and elaborate is our attempt to redeem the child from savagery. But for all this, our system is not completely effective. If the stream of socializing and intellectualizing influences does not strike the child with full force, if our attention to him is not incessant and wise, and the copies we present are not stimulating, he escapes and becomes a criminal, a tramp or a sport; and even if transformed into an incarnation of civilization, he periodically breaks away from the network of social habit and goes a-fishing.

Moreover mental expressions are always relative to the state of knowledge in society. You cannot have a high state of mind in a low state of society. A mathematician, psychologist or physicist who wrote a general treatise on his science a hundred years ago must necessarily have written a very poor treatise from the standpoint of to-day. Sir Henry Savile, one of the most eminent mathematicians of his day, who died in the same year as Shakespeare, closed his career as a professor at Oxford with the words:

"By the grace of God, gentlemen hearers, I have performed my promise. I have redeemed my pledge. I have explained, according to my ability, the definitions, postulates, axioms, and the first eight propositions of the *Elements* of Euclid. Here, sinking under the weight of years, I lay down my art and my instruments."

When tribes like the Veddahs, the Bushmen and the Australians, are found with no names for numbers beyond two, five or ten, we set this lack down confidently to a lack of intelligence, whereas it is really due, like the relatively defective knowledge of Savile, to the state of society and of the science. The mind is nothing but a device for manipulating the outside world, and the directions of attention and the simplicity or complexity of mental processes depend on the character of the external situation which the mind has to manipulate. If the activities are simple, the mind is simple; and if the activities were *nil*, the mind would be *nil*. Number, time and space conceptions and systems become more complex

and accurate, not as the human mind grows in capacity, but as activities become more varied and call for more extended and accurate systems of notation and measurement. The low tribes mentioned have little property, little trade and little to count; therefore they have not developed a counting system. But wherever, as in some regions of Polynesia, a people develops a trade which requires the enumeration of say 500,000 cocoanuts, it develops also a numeral system on that scale. Still more significant is the fact that "the cannibal Maoris in a single generation have acquired all the characteristics of a white civilized race except the power to resist disease," and that, during one year under white instruction, a school of aborigines made a better record than any white school in Australia. To the case of Japan I need not refer. She has even broken some of our records.

Importance of Stimulating the Intellect

The fundamental explanation of the difference in the mental life of two groups is not that the capacity of the brain to work is different, but that the attention is not in the two cases stimulated along the same lines. Wherever society furnishes copies and stimulations of a certain kind, a body of knowledge and a technique, practically all its members are able to work on the plan and scale in vogue there, and members of an alien race who become acquainted in a real sense with the system can work under it. But when society does not furnish the stimulations, or when it has preconceptions hostile to certain lines of thought, then the individual shows no intelligence in these lines. This may be illustrated in the fields of scientific and artistic interest. Among the Hebrews a religious inhibition—"thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image"—was sufficient to prevent anything like the sculpture of the Greeks; and the doctrine of the resurrection of the body in the early Christian Church, and the teaching that man was made in the image of God, formed an almost insuperable obstacle to the study of human anatomy.

What we call the upper stages of barbarism are as complex as our own civilization, and perhaps show as much intelligence, only it is not directed along the scientific lines which distinguish us. Other ideals have become so dominant that there is even a profound contempt for science. The Mohammedan attitude toward scientific interest is represented by the following extracts from a letter from an Oriental official to a Western inquirer, printed by Sir Austen Henry Layard:

MY ILLUSTRIOUS FRIEND AND JOY OF MY LIVER:

The thing that you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it. . . . Listen, O my son! There is no wisdom equal to the belief in God! He created the world, and shall we liken ourselves unto him in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, Behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years? Let it go. He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it. . . . Thou art learned in the things I care not for, and as for that which thou hast seen, I spit upon it. Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek paradise with thine eyes?

The meek in spirit,

IMAUM ALI ZADI.

Nor does the actual contemporaneous superiority of the white argue necessarily superior mental power. It is a notorious fact that the course of human history has been largely without prevision or direction. Things have drifted and forces have arisen. Under these conditions an unusual incident—the emergence of a great mind or a forcible personality, or the operation of influences as subtle as those which determine fashions in dress—may establish social habits and copies which will give a distinct character to the modes of attention and mental life of the group. We got our religion from a Semitic people, and our logic, mathematics and art and our scientific and philosophical interest from the Greeks, just as the Japanese are getting them from us. Medieval attention was diverted from scientific interest by a religious movement, and we lost for a time the key to progress and got clean away from the Greek copies, but found them again and took a fresh start with the revival of Greek learning. It is quite possible to make a fetish of classical learning, but Sir Henry Maine's remark, "Nothing moves in the modern world that is not Greek in its original," is quite just.

The differences in mental expression between the lower and the higher races can thus be expressed for the most part in terms of attention and practice, due to the development of different habits by groups occupying different regions, and consequently having no copies in common. In the case of woman, certain organic conditions and historical incidents have inclosed her in habits which she neither can nor will fracture and have also set up in the mind of man an attitude toward her which renders her

almost as alien to man's interests and practices as if she were spatially and historically separated from him. She exists in the white man's world of practical and scientific activity, but is excluded from full participation in it.

Man Did Not Design to Injure Woman

Looking at this situation historically, we find that one of the most important facts standing out in a comparison of the physical traits of men and women is that man is a more specialized instrument for motion, quicker on his feet, with a longer reach, and fitted for bursts of energy. His most immediate, most fascinating and most remunerative interest consequently became the pursuit of game. This pursuit stimulated him to the invention of devices for killing and capture and the aptitude for invention was later extended to the invention of tools and mechanical devices in general and finally developed into a settled habit of scientific interest. Stated in another way, this means that woman could not have the varied life and roving experiences, the stress and strain which man encountered, because she could not leave her children; and indeed her less facility of motion is connected with her organic adaptation to the bearing of children. Her activities were therefore limited to the development of plant life, to weaving and pottery and handling the products of the chase. Thus so simple a matter as relatively unrestricted motion on the part of man and relatively restricted motion on the part of woman determined the occupations of each and these occupations in turn created the characteristic mental life of each. At this point woman was already becoming the mental inferior of man, not on account of inherent psychological defects but through her seclusion and limited experience, just as the European peasant in his seclusion becomes dull in comparison with the scientist in his more varied world.

Early man had no design of being hard toward woman. Then as now he simply gave her interests no particular thought. He had acquired the habit of accomplishing things, and he employed animals, slaves and women as he now employs machinery, steam and electricity. This left him only the more stimulating work and the oversight; in other words, the more mental part of the work. At first he was not precisely romantic about woman, in the modern sense, but he was jealous and that is the main ingredient of romanticism. As fast as possible he withdrew the women over whom he had control from other men and this resulted in their still more radical seclusion. In

some parts of the world, as New Ireland, girls were actually kept in covered cages between the ages of about seven and fourteen, excluded from light, conversation and the outside world. The harem system of the East is a mitigation of this, and the chaperonage of Europe is a further mitigation, but they are all of a piece, and under such conditions of seclusion and inexperience the mind can no more grow wise than the hand can grow cunning without practice. But inexperience is what man has desired.

What the Mind of Woman is Like

Some years ago an eminent German scientist, Professor Carl Vogt of the University of Geneva, attempted to show us what the mind of woman was like, but really showed us the ravages which the continental system of chaperonage can work on her natural powers. He writes:

"At the lectures the young women are models of attention and application; perhaps they even make too great effort to carry home in black and white what they have heard. They generally sit in the front seats, because they register early, and, moreover, because they come early, long before the lecture begins. But it is noticeable that they give only a superficial glance at the preparations which the professor passes around. Sometimes they pass them to their neighbor without even looking at them; a longer examination would prevent their taking notes.

"On examination the conduct of the young women is the same as during the lectures. They know better than the young men. To employ a classroom expression, they are enormously *crammed*. Their memory is good, so that they know perfectly how to give the answer to the question which is put. But generally they stop there. An indirect question makes them lose the thread. As soon as the examiner appeals to individual reason, the examination is over; they do not answer. The examiner seeks to make the sense of the question clearer, and uses a word, perhaps, which is in the manuscript of the student, when, pop! the thing goes as if you had pressed an electrical button. If the examination consisted solely in written or oral replies to questions on subjects which have been treated in the lectures or which could be read up in the manuals, the ladies would always secure brilliant results. But, alas! there are other practical tests in which the candidate finds herself face to face with reality, and that she cannot meet successfully unless she has done practical work in the laboratories and it is there that the shoe pinches.

"The respect in which laboratory work is particularly difficult to women—one would hardly believe it—is that they are often very awkward and clumsy with their hands. The assistants in the laboratories are unanimous in their complaint; they are pursued with questions about the most trifling things, and one woman gives them more trouble than three men. One would think the delicate fingers of these young women adapted especially to microscopic work, to the manipulation of small slides, to cutting thin sections, to making the most delicate preparations; the truth is quite the contrary. You can tell the tale of a woman at a

glance from the fragments of glass, broken instruments, the broken scalpels, the spoiled preparations. There are doubtless exceptions, but they are exceptions."

A Woman's Good Memory

Geneva was among the first European universities to admit women and it is interesting to note their first efforts in connection with the higher learning. Like all persons unprepared for constructive thinking, they fell back on the memory. But this does not mean, as is frequently alleged and is implied in Professor Vogt's report, that women are distinguished by good memories and poor powers of generalization. A tenacious memory is characteristic of women and children and of all persons unskilled in the manipulation of varied experience in thought. But when the mind is able at any moment to construct a result from the raw materials of experience, the memory loses something of its tenacity and absoluteness. In this sense it may even be said that a good memory for details is a sign of an untrained or imitative mind. As the mind becomes more inventive, the memory is less concerned with the details of knowledge, and more with the knowledge of places to find the details when they are needed in any special problem.

The awkwardness in manual manipulation shown by these girls is also surely due to lack of practice. At an early age the boy begins to practise on the outside world with his hand and eye, and while he is throwing, cutting, hammering, calculating distance and playing competitive games the girl is sitting at home in a pretty frock. But in activities not requiring great strength and speed the boy is not superior. The fastest typewritist in the world is to-day a woman; the record for roping steers (a feat where the horse does the heavy work) is held by a woman; and any one who will watch girls making change before the pneumatic tubes in the great department stores about Christmas time will experience the same wonder one feels on first seeing a professional gambler shuffling cards.

Vogt wrote forty years ago and whatever the limitations of the American university woman of to-day may be, nobody could possibly write these things about her. The personal liberty of women is, comparatively speaking, so great in America, suggestion and copies for imitation are spread broadcast so copiously in the schools, newspapers, books and lectures, and occupations and interests are becoming so varied, that a number of women of natural ability and character are realizing some definite aim in a perfect way. But these are sporadic cases representing usually some definite interest rather

than a full intellectual life, and resembling also in their nature and rarity the elevation of a peasant to a position of eminence in Europe. Nowhere in the world do women as a class lead a perfectly free intellectual life in common with the men of the group, unless it be in restricted and artificial groups like the modern revolutionary party in Russia.

Coeducation

Even in America few of the great schools are coeducational and in those which are so many of the instructors claim that they do not find it possible to treat with the men and women on precisely the same basis, both because of their own mental attitude toward mixed classes and the inability of the women to receive such treatment. Men and women still form two distinct classes and are not in free communication with each other. Not only are women unable and unwilling to be communicated with directly, unconventionally and truly on many subjects but men are unwilling to talk to them. I do not have in mind situations involving questions of propriety or delicacy alone, but a certain habit of restraint, originating doubtless in matters relating to sex, extends to all intercourse with women, with the result that they are not really admitted to the intellectual world of men; and there is not only a reluctance on the part of men to admit them, but a reluctance—or rather a real inability—on their part to enter. Modesty with reference to personal habits has become so ingrained and habitual and to do anything freely is so foreign to woman that even free thought is almost of the nature of an immodesty in her. There is even a phrase that a "woman who thinks is as disgusting as a man who paints."

The woman who undertakes to do man's work to-day undertakes to compete with professionals and has about the same relation to man that the amateur has to the professional in games. She may be desperately interested and may work to the limit of endurance, but she got into the game late, has not had a lifetime of practice and does not have the advantage of that pace gained only by competing incessantly with players of the very first rank. No one will contend that the amateur in billiards has a nervous organization less fitted to the game than the professional; it is admitted that the difference lies in the constant practice of the professional, the more exacting standards prevailing in the professional ranks and constant play in "fast company." A group of women would make a sorry spectacle in competition with a set of men who made billiards their

life work. But how sad a spectacle the eminent philosophers of the world would make in the same competition!

Superiority of a French Peasant Woman

I have referred to the dulness of the peasant but after all it is perhaps in peasant life that we find the clearest expression of the truth that all classes of society and both sexes contain minds as bright as their individual surroundings will permit. Among all social classes women of tremendous will, wit, energy, endurance and sagacity occasionally appear. But this type is more frequent among the peasant class, because the women are less secluded, less surrounded by romantic tradition and lead more the life of men. And particularly a widowed woman of this class is likely to be forced to reveal her natural powers. Take this case of a French peasant woman. She presents an interesting contrast with the Parisienne, as we think of her, and with the adventitious American product described in the latter part of the passage:

"Mother was a large, stout, full-blooded woman of great strength. She could not read or write and yet she was well thought of. There are all sorts of educations, and though reading and writing are very well in their way, they would not have done mother any good. She had the sort of education that was needed in her work. Nobody knew more about raising vegetables, ducks, chickens and pigeons than she did. There were some among the neighbors who could read and write and so thought themselves above mother, but when they went to market they found their mistake. Her peas, beans, cauliflower, cabbages, pumpkins, melons, potatoes, beets and onions sold for the highest price of any, and that ought to show whose education was the best, because it is the highest education that produces the finest work.

"Mother used to take me frequently to the market. . . . The market women were a big, rough, fat, jolly set, who did not know what sickness was, and it might have been well for me if I had stayed among them and grown up like mother. One time in the market-place I saw a totally different set of women. It was about eight o'clock in the morning, when some people began to shout: 'Here come the rich Americans! Now we will sell things!' We saw a large party of travelers coming through the crowd. They looked very queer. Their clothes seemed queer, as they were so different from ours. They wore leather boots instead of wooden shoes, and they all looked weak and pale. The women were tall and thin, like bean-poles, and their shoulders were stooped and narrow; most of them wore glasses or spectacles, showing that their eyes were weak. The corners of their mouths were all pulled down, and their faces were crossed and criss-crossed with lines and wrinkles, as though they were carrying all the care of the world. Our women all began to laugh and dance and shout at the strangers. . . . The sight of these people gave me my first idea of America. I heard that the women there never worked, laced themselves too tightly, and were always ill."

Why the Peasant, the Savage and the Woman Stand Outside

Intellectual life and particular expressions of intelligence are beyond the reach of far the larger part of humanity because the larger part of humanity lives in a commonplace world. The world of scientific interest is limited to the white race, to a small portion of the men of the white race, and is of recent historical origin. The peasant, the savage, woman, and the poor man are outside this world simply because they are not taught to know and manipulate the materials of knowledge. The savage is outside the process for geographical reasons; the peasant is not in the center of interest; the poor man's necessities do not permit of any but immediate and practical activities, and woman does not participate because it is not necessary and not "womanly." The whole of Christendom was at one time barred from this world because of the conception that scientific interest conflicted with the scheme of things as revealed by God and was impious. Even today the Greek and Roman churches are almost hostile to inquiry and their adherents make only sporadic contributions to knowledge. Of the three great divisions of Christians, only the Protestants are conspicuously scientific. Our peasant woman labors under the double handicap of being a peasant and a woman, either of which would doom her brilliant natural powers to scientific barrenness.

The world to-day is in reality a white man's world and no women enter it in the fullest sense. They are not excluded from it in precisely the same ways as the lower races. It is a more honorific exclusion but along some lines it is even a more complete exclusion, for they do not vote. I do not mean that what I have called the white man's world is the best possible of worlds. In some respects it is a horribly imperfect and ill-conducted world—a world which men would even spare their women from entering. But it is a world which provokes and compels more varied and specialized expressions of the mind than the protected and restricted world in which woman lives. Nor is it any longer a world in which great strength and ability to travel fast count in getting experience. We can bring our experiences to us by the use of postage stamps, or reach them by the use of the common carriers. But to enter this world in the fullest sense means to be in it at every moment from the time of birth to the time of death, and to absorb it consciously and unconsciously as a child absorbs language. If woman and the lower races choose to enter it, or are allowed to enter it, in this sense there is

no type of work in it which they cannot perform. There are in fact only certain forms of work which are possible to any human mind, and they are possible to all normal minds.

Whether this or that race or sex performs this work most signally is a matter of individual variation and of specialization, and not of race or sex.

SOME OF MY NEIGHBORS

AN OLD MAID

BY DAVID GRAYSON

AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY



ONE of my neighbors whom I never have chanced to mention before in these writings is a certain Old Maid. She lives about two miles from my farm in a small white house set in the midst of a modest, neat garden with well-kept apple trees in the orchard behind it. She lives all alone save for a good-humored, stupid nephew who does most

of the work on the farm—a little unwillingly. Harriet and I had not been here above a week when we first made the acquaintance of Miss Aiken, or rather she made our acquaintance. For she fills the place, most important in a country community, of a sensitive social tentacle—reaching out to touch with sympathy the stranger. Harriet was amused at first by what she considered an almost unwarrantable curiosity, but we soon formed a genuine liking for the little old lady, and since then we have often seen her in her home, and often she has come to ours.

She was here only last night. I considered her as she sat rocking in front of our fire: a picture of wholesome comfort. I have had much to say of contentment. She seems really to live it, although I have found that contentment is easier to discover in the lives of our neighbors than in our own. All her life long she has lived here in this community, a world of small things, one is tempted to say, with a sort of expected and predictable life. I

thought last night, as I observed her gently stirring her rocking-chair, how her life must be made up of small, often-repeated events: pancakes, puddings, patchings, who knows what other orderly, habitual, minute affairs? Who knows? Who knows when he looks at you or at me that there is anything in us beyond the humdrumness of this day?

In front of her house are two long, boarded beds of old-fashioned flowers, mignonette and petunias chiefly, and over the small, very white door with its shiny knob, creeps a white clematis vine. Just inside the hall-door you will discover a bright, clean, oval rag rug, which prepares you, as small things lead to greater, for the larger, brighter, cleaner rug of the sitting-room. There on the center-table you will discover "Snow Bound," by John Greenleaf Whittier; Tupper's Poems; a large embossed Bible; the family plush album; and a book, with a gilt ladder on the cover which leads upward to gilt stars, called the "Path of Life." On the wall are two companion pictures of a rosy fat child, in faded gilt frames, one called "Wide Awake," the other "Fast Asleep." Not far away, in the corner, on the top of the walnut whatnot, is a curious vase filled with pampas plumes; there are sea-shells and a piece of coral on the shelf below. And right in the midst of the room are three very large black rocking-chairs with cushions in every conceivable and available place—including cushions on the arms. Two of them are for you and me, if we should come in to call; the other is for the cat.

When you sit down you can look out between the starchiest of starch curtains into the yard, where there is an innumerable busy flock of chickens. She keeps chickens, and



all the important ones are named. She has one called Martin Luther, another is Josiah Gilbert Holland. Once she came over to our house with a basket, from one end of which were thrust the sturdy red legs of a pullet. She informed us that she had brought us one of Evangeline's daughters.

But I am getting out of the house before I am fairly well into it. The sitting-room expresses Miss Aiken; but not so well, somehow, as the immaculate bedroom beyond, into which, upon one occasion, I was permitted to steal a modest glimpse. It was of an incomparable neatness and order, all hung about—or so it seemed to me—with white starched things, and ornamented with bright (but inexpensive) nothings. In this wonderful bedroom there is a secret and sacred drawer into which, once in her life, Harriet had a glimpse. It contains the clothes, all gently folded, exhaling an odor of lavender, in which our friend will appear when she has closed her eyes to open them no more upon this earth. In such calm readiness she awaits her time.

Upon the bureau in this sacred apartment stands a small rosewood box, which is locked, into which no one in our neighborhood has had so much as a single peep. I should not dare, of course, to speculate upon its contents; perhaps an old letter or two, "a ring and a rose," a ribbon that is more than a ribbon, a picture that is more than art. Who can tell? As I

passed that way I fancied I could distinguish a faint, mysterious odor which I associated with the rosewood box: an old-fashioned odor composed of many simples.

On the stand near the head of the bed and close to the candlestick is a Bible—a little, familiar, daily Bible, very different indeed from the portentous and imposing family Bible which reposes on the center-table in the front room, which is never opened except to record a death. It has been well worn, this small nightly Bible, by much handling. Is there a care or a trouble in this world, here is the sure talisman. She seeks (and finds) the inspired text. Wherever she opens the book she seizes the first words her eyes fall upon as a prophetic message to her. Then she goes forth like some David with his sling, so panoplied with courage that she is daunted by no Goliath of the Philistines. Also she has a worshipfulness of all ministers. Sometimes when the Scotch Preacher comes to tea and remarks that her pudding is good, I firmly believe that she interprets the words into a spiritual message for her. This may seem like an exaggeration, but, tried out, it will be found to contain not a little of the essential oil of truth.

Besides the drawer, the rosewood box, and the worn Bible, there is a certain Black Cape. Far be it from me to attempt a description, but I can say with some assurance that it also occupies a shrine. It may not be in the inner

sanctuary, but it certainly occupies a goodly part of the outer porch of the temple. All this, of course, is figurative, for the cape hangs just inside the closet door on a hanger, with a white cloth over the shoulders to keep off the



dust. For the vanities of the world enter even such a sanctuary as this. I wish, indeed, that you could see Miss Aiken wearing her cape on a Sunday in the late fall when she comes to church, her sweet old face shining under her black hat, her old-fashioned silk skirt giving out an audible, not unimpressive sound as she moves down the aisle. With what dignity she steps into her pew! With what care she sits down so that she may not crush the cookies in her ample pocket; with what meek pride—if there is such a thing as meek pride—she looks up at the Scotch Preacher as he stands sturdily in his pulpit announcing the first hymn! And many an eye turning that way to look turns with affection.

Several times Harriet and I have been with her to tea. Like many another genius, she has no conception of her own art in such matters as apple puddings. She herself prefers graham gems, in which she believes there inheres a certain mysterious efficacy. She bakes gems on Monday and has them steamed during the remainder of the week—with tea.

And as a sort of dessert she tells us about the Danas, the Aikens and the Carnahans, who are, in various relationships, her progenitors. We gravitate into the other room, and presently she shows us, in the plush album, the portraits of various cousins, aunts and uncles. And by-and-by Harriet warms up and begins to tell about the Scribners, the MacIntoshes, and the Strayers, who are *our* progenitors.

"The Aikens," says Miss Aiken, "were always like that—downright and outspoken. It is an Aiken trait. No Aiken could ever help blurting out the truth if he knew he were to die for it the next minute."

"That was like the MacIntoshes," Harriet puts in. "Old Grandfather MacIntosh——"

By this time I am settled comfortably in the cushioned rocking-chair to watch the fray. Miss Aiken advances a Dana, Harriet counters with a Strayer. Miss Aiken deploys the Carnahans in open order, upon which Harriet entrenches herself with the heroic Scribners and lets fly a MacIntosh who was a general in the colonial army. Surprised, but not defeated, Miss Aiken withdraws in good order, covering her retreat with two *Mayflower* ancestors, the existence of whom she establishes with a blue cup and an ancient silver spoon. No one knows the joy of fighting relatives until he has watched such a battle, following the complete comfort of a good supper.

If any one is sick in the community Miss Aiken hears instantly of it by a sort of wireless telegraphy, or telepathy which would astonish a mystery-loving East Indian. She appears with her little basket, which has two brown flaps for covers opening from the middle and with a spring in them somewhere so that they fly shut with a snap. Out of this she takes a bowl of chicken broth, a jar of ambrosial jelly, a cake of delectable honey and a bottle of celestial raspberry shrub. If the patient will only eat, he will immediately rise up and walk. Or if he dies, it is a pleasant sort of death. I have myself thought on several occasions of being taken with a brief fit of sickness.

In telling all these things about Miss Aiken, which seem to describe her, I have told only the commonplace, the expected or predictable



details. Often and often I pause when I see an interesting man or woman and ask myself: "How, after all, does this person live?" For we all know it is not chiefly by the clothes we wear or the house we occupy or the friends we touch. There is something deeper, more secret, which furnishes the real motive and character of our lives. What a triumph, then, is every fine old man! To have come out of a

long life with a spirit still sunny, is not that an heroic accomplishment?

Of the real life of our friend I know only one thing; but that thing is precious to me, for it gives me a glimpse of the far dim Alps that rise out of the Plains of Contentment. It is nothing very definite—such things never are; and yet I like to think of it when I see her treading the useful round of her simple life. As I said, she has lived here in this neighborhood—oh, sixty years. The country knew her father before her. Out of that past, through the dimming eyes of some of the old inhabitants, I have had glimpses of the sprightly girlhood which our friend must have enjoyed. There is even a confused story of a wooer (how people try to account for every old maid!)—a long time ago—who came and went away again. No one remembers much about him—such things are not important, of course, after so many years—

But I must get to *the* thing I treasure. One day Harriet called at the little house. It was in summer and the door stood open; she presumed on the privilege of friendship and

walked straight in. There she saw, sitting at the table, her head on her arm in a curious girlish abandon unlike the prim Miss Aiken we knew so well, our Old Maid. When she heard Harriet's step she started up with breath quickly indrawn. There were tears in her eyes. Something in her hand she concealed in the folds of her skirt; then impulsively—unlike her, too—she threw an arm around Harriet and buried her face on Harriet's shoulder. In response to Harriet's question she said:

"Oh, an old, old trouble. No new trouble."

That was all there was to it. All the new troubles were the troubles of other people. You may say this isn't much of a clue; well, it isn't, and yet I like to have it in mind. It gives me somehow the *other* woman who is not expected or predictable or commonplace. I seem to understand our Old Maid the better; and when I think of her bustling, inquisitive, helpful, gentle ways and the shine of her white soul, I'm sure I don't know what we should do without her in this community.



THE DISADVANTAGES OF CHAZY (ADIRONDACKS)

BY RICHARD WIGHTMAN

THERE is no market here. On certain days
One rides along the unfrequented ways,
Beckons the farmer from his mellow field
And buys first-handed what his acres yield.

There are no steamboats here. His arm is brown
Who spurns the varied engines of the town,
And to the measured rhythm of the oar
Bounds in his skiff along the verdant shore.

There are no pavements here. The forest loam
Signals our feet and far we blithely roam
Where strange, sweet odors soothe our little ills.
And valleys guide the courses of the rills.

There is no college here. But well endowed
Is every growing thing and every cloud,
And He who knoweth all imparts His mind
Unsparringly to docile hearts and kind.

A MINOR CHORD

BY OCTAVIA ROBERTS

WITH A FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATION BY E. BLUMENSCHN



It was a glorious Northern afternoon; the lake and sky were a uniform blue, the air as clear as crystal, and the shifting breeze equally grateful to the city people winding slowly up the sandy road in an old buckboard whether it blew cold from the lakes or warm and sweet from the sun-baked balsams on the hill.

Even the old German woman working in a sandy field of burned tree stumps had her pleasure in the day. Behind her poor cabin, sheathed only with builder's paper, she could see the gathering rows of clothes which her daughter was pinning to the line, and felt pleasantly conscious that the sun would bleach them to the whiteness the summer people demanded, while the wind whipped them dry for the ironing.

As they billowed grotesquely in the wind these garments claimed momentary allegiance to their owners. A heavy linen walking-skirt needed nothing but hob-nailed shoes for a strenuous golfer, and the ruffled petticoat coquettishly flapping might have been the young widow herself who scandalized the resort by appropriating the accumulated youth at the hops. But to the tired old woman in the field they were merely suggestive of the money she was trying to scrape together for a final payment on the barren farm.

Suddenly among the summer finery dancing gaily on the line a coarse, flowered lawn caught her eye. Instantly she rose from her knees and challenged the girl who had hung it there with the rest.

"Anna Katarenchen, what is that?"

The girl flushed to her high cheek-bones and mild blue eyes. Her slow smile was conciliatory, as, after the fashion of the younger immigrants, she answered her mother's German with English.

"I got time for dot, too."

"Time! I don't know what time you've got. We have to iron all evening now. You ain't got time to be ironing up ruffles for yourself, I tell you that."

The girl murmured inarticulately.

"What you getting that ready for? Tell me!" the mother persisted. "It ain't Sunday, is it?"

"Maybe Ludvig, he come out to-night," the girl explained timidly.

"To-night! If he does he go home. Who help me with the ironing if that fellar comes here?"

"Louise, she can help. Lena, she can try."

"Louise ain't comin' home; she waits on the party at the hotel. Lena has sold flowers all day and go to bed. Ain't you ashamed to put on little sister?"

The girl made no answer. But as she hung with accustomed care a heavily embroidered waist on the line the unchecked tears fell down her sunburned face.

The old woman approached nearer. She flourished her hoe angrily. "Anna Katarenchen, you know as well as I we got to pay that money or we lose the farm. You can't get married till it's paid, can you? No; even such a bad girl, trying to put on little sister, wouldn't want to see her mother and the children on the town. Then let us work—maybe by fall the farm is paid for, and this winter I let you get married."

Still weeping, the girl articulated: "Ludvig, he tired of waiting. He board so long, he don't like dot."

"Work, then! That's the only way out, ain't it? The way out ain't to iron ruffles for yourself in the middle of the week. If he comes to-night I tell him so," the old woman concluded and marched back to the field, holding her hoe like a torch.

At the end of a quarter of an hour she rose stiffly from her weeding and peered sharply toward the back of the house, but only to find it deserted, save for the ruffled lawn, which dangled, in a sudden lull of the wind, limp and dejected.

Tramping to a point commanding a wider view, she saw that a buckboard stood before the house, and that Anna was held in conversation by two ladies, smartly dressed in costumes as stiffly white as those that fluttered from the line.

At her approach the girl called, "This lady wants me to go home mit her unt cook for her

little girl vat has been so awful sick she can't eat notting at the hotel."

At this point a pale little girl, hitherto hidden by the bulky form of the driver, peered anxiously out of the carriage.

The two ladies also waited expectantly while the girl and her mother held a discussion in German.

"She says she can't spare me," the girl began tentatively, at its conclusion.

"But you will have to," the lady interposed severely. "Look at my little girl; she is not fit to go to the hotel. The work is very easy."

"She says ve make more vashing," the girl demurred. "If I go could you pay me ten dollars a week?"

"Ten dollars! To keep our little cottage and cook for a child?" The ladies were breathless at her effrontery. "I don't pay such a sum as that in town." She addressed the mother as the more responsible of the two, raising her voice in futile effort to better her understanding of English.

"You don't realize that your daughter will get room and board free with me. That ought to make a difference."

But this consideration failed to make the desired impression, and the girl repeated with a certain wistfulness, "Ten dollars a week; I couldn't afford to stop vashing for less."

The lady's silence was snubbing. Turning to the driver, who leaned familiarly around from his seat in order to thoroughly enjoy the conversation, she asked of him, "Don't you know anyone I could get for less, Mr. Higgins?"

Mr. Higgins removed his old hat, rubbed his ear meditatively and began, "Wull, the season's awful short, and everybody makes what they kin. I couldn't rightly say you could git a soul."

The lady turned to her friend. "Shall I take her, Mrs. Baxter?"

"It's only for three weeks," her friend murmured, and Mrs. Atwater, capitulating with a sigh, said limply, "Come, then, to-morrow."

The country horses had started their toilsome way over the sand, the old German woman had gone back to the field, when Anna Katarenchen started suddenly after the retreating wagon.

"Missis, could I haf one night out a week, would dot be all right, unt could I haf company in de kitchen ven de little girl is asleep?"

Mrs. Atwater's arched brows expressed in their perplexed raising, "What next?" but she could only say, "Oh, I suppose so," as the girl turned her anxious face upward before bounding lightly back along the roadside, among the

blur of magenta fireweed and the stately stalks of the mullein.

The cottage at Maplewood with its quiet spaciousness, its emerald lawn sloping to the water's brink, seemed to Anna, after the squalid crowding and clamor of the farm, a veritable Eden. A bewildered alien, she moved among the wonderful inhabitants, who neither toiled nor spun, in happy amazement. With resolute purpose she put far from her the ugly life at home, determined for once to live joyously in the present.

Of her mistress, to her surprise, Anna saw almost nothing. Busy with the alluring summer sports, Mrs. Atwater left the girl and the child to a solitude seldom disturbed. Sometimes in the morning's quiet, broken only by the lapping of the water, Anna would pause, broom in hand in the dustless little rooms, to stare wonderingly about her; it was almost as though the pretty cottage and all that it contained were her own, and that easy work, long leisure, plenty and peace had been her natural heritage.

But the little girl soon broke the spell, recalling her to the past. She was filled with a gentle curiosity about Anna, and as she watched her at her work, and listened to the regular snap of sweet young peas as they fell into the bowl, questioned:

"Are you an only child, Anna?"

The girl's plain little face lighted to a rueful smile. "I guess you not ax dot if you come to der farm sometimes."

"Why, Anna? Tell me."

"Vell, dere's Louise, she's old, like me, unt works at de hotel; unt Lena, she's half-grown, she sells flowers; unt Emmie unt Menie, little girls dot carry clubs on de golf links; unt Henry, he's fourteen, he drives a 'bus dis summer; unt Villie, he does chores for de summer folks. (He ain't got so awful good sense.) I guess you t'ink I ain't a only child, hein?"

The little girl dimpled appreciatively.

"You aren't ever very lonesome then, Anna."

"Lonesome? Dot's a feelin' I ain't never had a chance to get yet."

"Do you like to live on a farm, Anna?"

The girl's face clouded. "I'd like it if ve owned dot farm. Ve been trying to pay off on it for six years. So many t'ings happen to our family. It seems like ve ain't had such awful good luck."

"Isn't your father rich, Anna?"

"Mine fadder? He's dead already. He died de first year ve come from de ole country."

"Didn't you always live here?"

"I was born in Germany. Ve come over six years back."

The little girl was filled with a pleasant sense of kinship. "Oh, Anna! I've been in Germany, too. Mother and I were there last summer. Did you live on the Rhine, and did you ever play in that castle where the mice tried to eat the bishop?"

"I never see nothing but yust our dorf. Vas you to a awful pretty little place called Nordeck?"

The child wistfully shook her head.

"I wish you had vent. Dot's vere I was born, unt lived until my uncle got us to come here. I don't like it here so awful vell."

"Why, Anna, haven't we the best country?" The little girl hitched her chair nearer.

"For some it's all right. Ve ain't had so awful good luck. My uncle, he likes it fine. He come ven he was young. He made an awful lot of money. Maybe you know my cousin, Lizzie Schultz? She's got a silk dress unt a parasol. She hardly vorks at all. Dey keeps boarders unt der summertime."

"Won't your uncle give you any money?"

"His folks wouldn't let him, you bet. He got my fadder to come over here. He lent us the money. Ve haven't been able to get that paid off either. My aunt, she don't like dot. She's got feelings against us." She raised her head spiritedly. "But ve got more feelings than vat she has."

The little girl's mind wandered.

"Is Nordeck prettier than it is here, Anna?"

"It's so awful different. I have such a good time there. Maybe because I didn't have to vork so hard ven I lived in our dorf."

She passed her hand over her eyes.

"It vasn't so awful lonesome in de ole country. Ve haf farms, but ve live close, in little dorfs. I had some good friends, too. Ve vent to school yeek-days, unt Sundays ve valked all togedder in de forest. Everybody valked and sang, unt you sat under trees and drank beer and coffee. On Sundays in dis country you don't have no funny. Ve had such awful pretty music, too. I sang often in the sanger-fest. Vonce Ludvig unt I sang togedder, unt vonce ve danced in der kirmess."

"Was Ludvig your brother, Anna?"

The girl smiled shyly. "No, he was yust my friend. I did everyt'ing mit Ludvig."

"Did you ever see him again?"

Anna rose hastily. "I talk too much; it's time for you to swallow your raw eggs. No, don't cry! Dey ain't so awful bad. I tell you vat ve play. Let's say dey're t'ree bad boys unt you are a big giant; you swallow dem right down, 'cause dey mock you for your size. Here

dey come—ein, zwei, drei. Now pretty soon ve have supper, unt den I put you to bed. Let's play de bed is on de steamer, unt you are sailing to de ole country."

Under this pleasant delusion, the little girl found sleep easy. She sailed and sailed. Sometimes Anna's voice came to her ears from the back steps, and she thought they wandered in the dorf together. Sometimes a man's laugh sounded in her ears—perhaps that was the captain of the steamer.

It was hot in the boat; she sat up suddenly and called lustily for a glass of water. Anna bent over her almost instantly. The moonlight shone on her smooth flaxen braids and her face, tender and smiling. When she tried to detach herself, the little child clung to her lovingly.

"Anna, somebody keeps laughing. Did I dream it or is it real?"

The girl smiled shyly. "I t'ink dis time it's real. De fellar vat I goes vith is here. He sometimes laugh so awful loud. I'm sorry if he vakes you up."

"What's his name?" the little girl persisted sleepily. Anxious at any cost to avoid the solitude, she held Anna's retreating form with two limp fingers.

"I guess"—the girl's voice floated to her uncertainly—"I guess maybe his name is Ludvig."

In the morning the little girl was able to drive with her mother; consequently it was afternoon before she sought Anna's society. When she entered the kitchen in search of her, Anna sat by the table soberly inspecting a shabby summer hat, but she brightened into a smile at the child's entry.

"You been outd all morning, hein? Dot's goot."

Lois hopped alternately from one foot to the other. "I drove to Middlevillage with mother, Anna. She let me buy some of the favors for the regatta cotillion."

"De cotillion, hein?"

"Yes; it's the party they are going to have after the races. Mother is going to lead with Newton Raymond." Her manner was an infantile reproduction of adult triumph.

"She like dot, hein? Vell, I like de funny all right myself. Vat you t'ink I was going to do next Vednesday? You can't guess, no? Vell, I'm going to Middlevillage myself, to a party the help gives from the hotels. Ve dress up funny unt wear false faces. Nobody knows who you are—like dot, you know." She smiled broadly.

The glories of the cotillion paled. The little

girl drew nearer. "Oh, Anna! What are you going to wear? Can I help you get ready?"

"I don't know vat I got to wear. Not much." She picked up her old hat ruefully. "Maybe I can take dese flowers off and pin dem on my dress, like de Springtime, hein?"

The little girl was doubtful. "Go as Folly, Anna. Mother always goes as Folly. You pin ribbons—black and red and yellow—all over your dress, with bells on the ends, and wear gold slippers."

"I'd look goot, hein?"

"Oh, you'd be so pretty, with a little cap on your head."

"Where would I get dose ribbons and dem bells?"

"You can get them in the village. We bought some for German favors this morning. Mother bought twenty yards."

"Maybe they'd gost so awful much?"

The child was doubtful. "Mother gave them a bill. I don't know how much it was."

Anna threw down her hat dejectedly. "I guess I could never get dose t'ings. My mudder takes my money. I can't pay notting for anyt'ings."

As the day waned her dejection increased. The party at Middlevillage filled her thoughts to the exclusion of all else, but the lawn dress and the wreath from her hat, which at first had seemed adequate, grew less assuring. A city maid from a neighboring cottage, who unknown to her mistress sometimes borrowed groceries across the lawn, increased her discontent, as she had paused that night to ask:

"Going to Middlevillage to the waiters' hop?"

"Dot's vot I hope."

"Do you want to go with the girls at our house? Mis' Rockford says we can have James take us in the buckboard."

"I promised to go with Ludvig Gosswein. Maybe you know him? He's the tinner for Bell unt Smith."

"What are you going to wear?"

The feminine question instantly pricked Anna's bubbling pride. She grew sober and her head drooped over the sink. "I ain't got so awful much."

"Us girls are sending down to the city for costumes. We can get you anything you want. They charge three dollars without a wig."

Anna summoned all her dignity, for the offer, she instinctively felt, was made with a lurking disbelief in her power to join them.

"If I vant dot you do dat, I let you know."

Anna of course knew that the costume from the city was an impossibility. She no more dreamed of aspiring for its grandeur than she

dreamed of going to the tri-weekly hops for the summer people. All she asked, all she hoped, was that her mother would allow her to reserve from her wages enough to buy the ribbons and bells, and that no unkind fate would deny her this one night of pleasure, for which she was hungry and thirsty, after the long drought of unbroken labor.

When Mrs. Atwater a few days later gave her the pony and cart, with orders to keep the child in the air for the morning, she drove with a bounding heart resolutely homeward. After the ease of Maplewood it was impossible to believe in the poverty of the farm, and therefore upon her approach the cabin had never looked as poor, nor the farm as sterile. When her mother hurried from the house, wiping her hands, coarse and red, on her short, faded dress, the girl's heart sank with foreboding.

"It's time you came home, Anna Katarchen. Why didn't you give your wages to Willie when I sent?"

The girl held out the money, which the mother counted eagerly. Then her brow darkened: "Where are the other two dollars?"

"I vant dot money for myself dis veek."

The old woman's face was terrible. "For yourself! Two dollars! What for? Ain't your shoes good? Ain't you got room and good food? Ain't we got to buy a horse yet? We can't run the farm without a horse! Ain't we got to pay your uncle? Ain't we got to pay the money on the farm?"

The little girl, reading only the language of kindling eyes and flushed faces, cowered closer to Anna. She was relieved when the quarrel ended and the pony started on his way.

On either side the road the buckwheat in full blossom fluttered like fields of white butterflies; goldfinches pecked contentedly at ripening grain, and far below the little white-winged boats flew gaily before the summer wind. And Anna, dimly realizing the beauty and gaiety of the life around her, struggled blindly, instinctively, to escape the treadmill of toil and claim her share of innocent pleasure.

Upon reaching the village, therefore, she turned resolutely to a road leading to a neat house bearing the almost universal sign of "Rooms to Let." A red-haired girl was picking geraniums on the lawn. Anna drew the pony cart to the fence.

"Lizzie," she called boldly.

The girl dropped her flowers and turned abruptly.

"Lizzie, I guess you know who I am all right."

The girl made no answer but a slow flush.

"Lizzie, I vant you to help me a little bit."

The tears ran down her face. "I vant to go so awful much to the dance at Middlewillage. I ain't got notting to veer. Can't you give me some old sashes or somet'ings? I vant so awful much to go."

The girl murmured inarticulately, "Well, I never!"

"Lizzie, I am so poor. I never have the funny in dis country. I vant so awful much to go. Ludvig Gosswein—you know him, Lizzie?—he vants that I go mit him."

The girl's brow darkened. Suddenly a fat, elderly woman rose from the piazza. Her short, white waist and broad, dark skirt gave her the appearance of a black-hulled steamer bearing down upon them.

"Is that Anna Schultz? What are you trying to get out of us now? Isn't it enough that you owe my husband two hundred dollars? Isn't that enough, I say? Get that paid off before you try and borrow off of Lizzie. It's time to go to parties when you're out of debt."

She stood panting angrily by the geranium-bed, her daughter by her side, as Anna started the pony on his way.

As they neared the outskirts of Maplewood they passed a black-mustached young working-man, swinging a smelting-pot. Upon seeing Anna he stopped abruptly, while his smile showed his white teeth.

"Anna Katarenchen! Enchen!" he shouted, swinging his hat. "Don't forget about Wednesday. I got a awful funny face to wear."

At that moment the swift clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and a party of ladies, carefully guarding a solitary young man, drew near. One of the ladies abruptly checked her horse; "Anna," she called reprovingly, "be sure and tell the tinner about the leak in the gutter. We can't wait for him another day."

Upon second thought she drew nearer to upbraid him herself for the delay of carpenters, plumbers, and marketmen alike, from which she suffered in the rush of the season, and during the conversation the pony cart disappeared down the road.

Upon her return to the cottage an hour later she found Anna industriously pressing the gown which she had elected to wear to the regatta ball, the fine embroidery, the delicate appliqué, revealing its artistry under the magic pressure of the iron.

From the doorway Mrs. Atwater, in her riding-habit, smiled approvingly: "That's beautifully ironed, Anna. I'm going to ask you to do up some table linen for Wednesday." She hesitated to gather courage: "I'm going to have some people in for tea, just a *few*, after the races." She seated herself provisionally,

and smiled winsomely from the chair. "You are a natural cook. I tell all the hotel people about you until they are envious. You won't mind making some of your brod torte and little caraway cakes, I know. With tea and chocolate and punch that will be enough."

"You said I could go out Vednesday night," Anna began in quick alarm.

"Wednesday, did I? Dear me! Can't you make it Thursday this week?"

"I couldn't do dot. I vant awful bad to go to the Help's Hop Vednesday."

"A hop! Are *they* going to have a hop?"

"Yes, ma'am; at Middlewillage."

"Well, I dare say if you hurry you can get through the tea in time to go. You don't want to go before eight o'clock."

"Yes, ma'am; de train it don't leave only at seven unt nine."

"Seven! Is nine too late?"

"Yes, ma'am; seven is de right train."

"Well, you can give Miss Lois a simple little dinner, I dare say, and get through."

Anna's face darkened, then brightened as she compromised: "Mis' Atwater, I ain't anything so awful nice to wear for the hop. Could you let me have some pretty ribbons unt bells? Von't dey be troo vid dem at your party to-night?"

Mrs. Atwater smiled cordially: "A bal masque? Why, certainly, Anna; the hall will be filled with all kinds of trinkets. I'll bring you home an armful. But the party isn't until Tuesday. There'll be plenty of time, however. Make your very best brod torte, won't you? The ladies are all dying to taste it."

Wednesday morning Mrs. Atwater slept late after the gaiety of the regatta ball. Anna had watched her smilingly the night before, from the closely packed windows where the villagers and servants of the summer people pressed to see. As her mistress glided lightly down the room in a maze of scarfs and lanterns and paper flowers, Anna, her lips parted with excitement, saw their possibilities on the morrow. Once she turned to her little charge, sleepily leaning against her side.

"Is Folly vat I dress up like anybody dot vorks?"

The child was puzzled. "I don't know, Anna; it's all red and yellow."

At her reply Anna said decisively, "I don't vant to go as any kind of a vorking person. I'll be the Springtime. Dot pink scarf would be awful pretty, hein?"

But the following morning, upon Mrs. Atwater's awakening, the pink scarf was not forthcoming. She met Anna's accusing eyes peevishly, as she gave the last orders for the



*"In the face of these far-reaching calamities her
own little sorrow sank into temporary nothingness"*

punch. "Oh, I forgot them! I'll get them this morning. I left the bundle at Mrs. Baxter's. Remember, just a dash of çurisoa."

Anna waited nervously all day. In the early afternoon she paused in her preparations to raise her eyes inquiringly to her mistress as she hastily darted in the cottage for a heavy coat, while a sailboat lurched impatiently at a neighboring pier.

"You get dose scarfs, Mis' Atwater?"

"What scarfs?" her mistress asked abruptly. "Oh, *those!* No, Anna; I haven't had an instant's time. I'm almost sure I left them at Mrs. Baxter's. You can stop there for them on your way to the train." She turned to call from the walk, "I'll try to be back early, but if I shouldn't get here, have everything ready at five."

At five o'clock the rich, brown cake, the piles of sandwiches and the punch were ready, but on the placid bosom of the lake a mile from shore, the sailboats rested like sleeping birds. Anna peered anxiously at them again and again. Then, as they still lay lifeless, she dressed herself in her faded little lawn, and gave the child her evening meal. Four bells rang clear and ominous from a ship at anchor. "Six o'clock!" Anna wailed. The little girl waved from the window. "Here they come, Anna. Mr. Raymond is towing them in in his launch."

In a few minutes a party of sunburned, disheveled people were seen clambering from the boats, Mrs. Atwater first on the pier, hospitably urging them to enter. After some demur about a dozen people straggled up the walk, and sank into the veranda seats. Anna, dark with despair, flew in unseemly haste from one to another with the cakes and drinks. Some of the men drank heartily, but as a rule the ladies prudently refused, remembering it would spoil their dinner, or that they had done nothing but eat every afternoon that week. When they at last departed, Anna, surrounded by the debris of the feast, hastily grabbed her shabby little hat from the peg, and with no pretense of procuring further leave, set off on a hard, panting run for the station. On the way she paused wildly at Mrs. Baxter's cottage in the hope of securing the parcel of properties from the cotillion. But the cottage at that hour was deserted, as both the family and the domestics ate at the hotel. Weeping, almost spent, Anna ran on. As she saw the lights of the station in the distance, faint but clear, six bells rang out from the ship peacefully rocking on the harbor's breast. Seven o'clock! The train had gone! She cast herself on the ground under the sighing pine trees and shook the trailing forest vines with her weeping.

A clumsy touch on her arm at last aroused her from her despair: "Anna, sister, is dot you?" She raised her swollen little face to look into the eyes of her brother Willie, whose rough hand rested on her shoulder.

"Anna, I stopped after vork to tell you, but I guess you know, yah?"

"Know vat?"

"De new horse we bought, he died dis afternoon. Unt mudder, she lost Mis' Ainsley's vash."

"Oh, Villie, is dot so?" In the face of these far-reaching calamities her own little sorrow sank into temporary nothingness. She leaned her head for a moment on the lad's shoulder. His poor, simple face reflected waveringly her own grief.

The full blow of the calamity, however, broke only little by little upon her. What was it Willie had said? The horse had died? Why, he had cost eighty-five dollars! All the money she had earned at Mrs. Atwater's, that Henry had made driving the 'bus and the little girls at their caddying, had barely sufficed to pay for him. And he was dead! They could not farm without another. Before spring they must somehow replace the loss. And the season was so short. The winter, long and cold, loomed ominously before her. They must all be clothed; there were school books to buy and taxes to be met. But Mrs. Ainsley's wash: Was that gone, too? They had made fifteen dollars a week off of that; and she took it away because Willie had lost something. But what was to be done? The mortgage must be renewed and the season was almost over. It would take another summer at least to make the payment. She hid her face in the lad's shoulder, glad of even his feeble support. Another summer! And Ludwig was so tired of waiting for his own home. How could she blame him, when she saw him so seldom and the village girls had so much more leisure? She felt momentarily as if she sank deeper in troubled waters, while far above was the little island of joy on which she had dreamed of spending one care-free night.

After a long time she rose stiffly from the ground and made her slow way back to the cottage. Before her two washerwomen wheeled baby carriages heaped with summer clothing. They walked heavily onward. One voice floated to her in their rear: "Maybe I wasn't glad to get Ainsley's clothes. The season is about over now; 'tain't often I have such luck."

Half an hour later Mrs. Atwater was distracted from her game of bridge, with which she beguiled the tedium of her night at home, by the clatter of dish-washing, and rose to warn Anna to si-

lence, for in the shell-like cottage every sound was audible.

The game soon after drew to a close, and Anna in her turn could hear the ladies' light laughter as her mistress recounted her afternoon at an auction.

"I paid eighty-five dollars for a rug that the auctioneer said was worth two thousand. I got so excited I bid against myself." She spread forth the rug for their inspection. "He said it was a genuine Kermanshah. He made me believe I had such a bargain that I bought a bronze elephant I didn't want and a seven-branched candlestick. Isn't it wonderful what you can spend at those places?"

The following morning the maid across the lawn spared Anna no detail of the Middlevil-lage dance; not even the splendid appearance of Ludwig Gosswein, who had taken the prize for the best costume as he led the grand march with Lizzie Schultz. Anna, the night before, had charged Willie with her excuses to the plumber, but she had little hope that he would remember them by morning.

Late in the day Ludwig, in his professional capacity, appeared to mend the leaking gutter, and Anna, standing wistfully at the foot of the ladder, addressed herself to his stolid form.

"Ludvig, didn't Villie tell you how I missed dot train?"

Ludwig blinked on indifferently.

"Ludvig, maybe you t'ink I didn't vant so awful bad to go mit you?"

Ludwig wrenched the worn tinning from its place before he looked down sulkily into her up-turned face.

"Maybe you t'ink I ain't tired of dis. I gan't come to your house; you gan't go out mit me; we gan't get married. It ain't no use."

She stood for a long moment with parted lips, looking upward. An inward struggle sent the blood pulsing to her forehead. On the one hand was her lover and the cottage they had often wistfully desired in the village; but on the other was the farm and the children, her mother bent with toil, the father's grave on the hill. She saw again the quivering face of the simple brother, felt his fingers slide trustingly into hers. She raised her eyes slowly to Ludwig as he looked stubbornly down into hers. Then with a wave of renunciation she stiffened her shoulders and dully repeated his words, with a

finality which his had lacked: "No, it ain't no use."

Two days later, in the quiet of the early evening she rowed little Lois for the last time over the glassy harbor, and let the boat skirt the shores of the hamlet where the villagers took their rest. The bray of the local band rent the air, and from the water the girl and the child could see the village people eagerly flocking about the pagoda where they played. The little girl was filled with pleasure; she rocked the boat to the rhythm of the music, and smiled repeatedly at Anna as she rested on her oars.

Among the promenaders Anna could discern the figure of Ludwig and her cousin Lizzie. With wide, tearless eyes she noted the girl's finery, fashioned in close imitation of the ladies at the resorts. Looking down at her own poor faded calico and thick shoes, she did not wonder that Ludwig was dazzled.

She spoke softly; the little girl could hardly catch her words: "I vish you had seen our dorf. It vas so awful pretty. On Saturday nights all de children take dere little switches and sweep der gosse. Ve have such awful fun. Unt all of us alike—no difference—no child bedder dan anudder. On Sundays ve put on vite stockings and valk by der river to de church at Vienen. Everyone goes. Unt in de afternoon ve sit at the Gasthaus all togedder. De music is so pretty. It ain't like dis band." She smiled through her tears. "Here de music yust awful—dey don't even stop togedder yet; but in de ole coundry we sing so pretty; and in Maytime de cuckoo sings best of all. Ludvig," she turned her eyes to the shore, "he forget dose days already. He ain't never goin' to remember dem no more."

The little girl turned puzzled eyes from the girl to the shore. "Are you sorry you came to this country, Anna?"

"I can't say dot—it ain't over yet. It ain't no better for my fadder, but he hopes it is for us. It ain't so goot for me unt mudder, but ve hope it is for Villie unt Menie unt Emmie. Tomorrow you and your mudder go back to the city, but I go to de farm; ve ain't it paid for yet. Our horse die, unt de vinter is long unt cold. Oh, yes; America is a fine country for some, all right, but ve ain't had such awful good luck."

Children that I have met



STEPHEN

and that refused to meet me



PATIENCE



ERNEST

THE LOST CHILDREN

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES



MR. MARTIN heard Phoebe's bedroom door slam with the force characteristic of that decided young person. Simultaneously her husband's chair scraped back from his late and lonely dinner. He was coming slowly through the dining-room. Phoebe was running swiftly down the two flights of stairs. They would meet in the

lower hall. Mrs. Martin stopped her work and listened, anticipating amusement.

Down came Phoebe. On came Mr. Martin. Her husband stopped suddenly. Mrs. Martin knew, without seeing it, just the expression that came into his face. She heard the airy bravado of Phoebe's, "Well, father, how do you like it?"

But Mr. Martin said nothing. Came Phoebe's gay laughter sweeping like a banner



PHOEBE

through the silence; came the swift patter of her high heels as she danced toward the kitchen to show Julia her gown. Then Mrs. Martin heard her husband's step approaching.

"Well, I've lost my little girl, mother," he said from the doorway. A note of real distress quivered in his voice, and he gazed about the pleasant living-room as if that, too, had lost some of the sweetness of familiarity.

In deference to his feeling, Mrs. Martin tried to look sympathetic, but her mouth trembled slightly.

Mr. Martin sank into the Morris-chair by the big reading-table. "I don't see why you had to put her in long skirts so soon," he grumbled; "she's only a child still."

A tiny smile, full of a staid, middle-aged mischief, flicked across Mrs. Martin's lips.

"Why, don't you like it, Ed?" she said, drawing him out artfully. "I think she looks splendid." She pushed the big green-shaded lamp a little nearer to his side of the table, as if to call his attention to the evening paper lying there.

"Like it!" He made no move toward the paper—ordinarily he seized it with avidity. "Of course I don't like it," he protested. "Couldn't you have put it off a little longer?"

Mrs. Martin laughed outright. "Oh, Ed!" she exclaimed. "The fact is," she went on more seriously, "I've really held Phoebe back, because she was so small for her age. And the sailor suits that girls are wearing so much nowadays have kept her looking young. But this last year she's shot up so. My land, I never saw a girl grow the way she has! She's

seventeen and over now, you must remember. It's time she was in long skirts. And then she's kept at me so! I guess you know as well as anybody how Phoebe can tease."

She paused as if expecting a reply. He grunted an assent.

"Some girls hate to go into long skirts, but Phoebe has always been crazy to grow up. I'm tickled enough, she's that kind. She's always had a great eye for dress ever since she was a little girl. Oh, I was so glad when I found out she was going to be vain—well, not *vain*, perhaps, but *particular*."

"*Vain* will do," her husband said with a certain grimness.

"I wasn't vain enough. I never cared what I wore, but Phoebe has always been the fussiest child. But I knew just how you'd feel about her first long dress. I warned her never to mention that princess to you until it was finished or she'd never get a chance to put it on her back."

"Do you mean to tell me, Bertha, that you want her to grow up?" Mr. Martin demanded.

"Of course I do." She dropped her sewing to shake her hands in the gesture which her family knew betokened rapturous delight. "Why, Ed, you just think what fun it's going to be for me." Mrs. Martin, with an innocent, wifely malice, was playing on his mood. "That's more than half the fun of having a daughter—watching her grow up and living all through it again with her."

"Of course you know what it means." Mr. Martin's tone was that of one who prophesies dire calamities. "She'll be going to halls next."

"Of course she will," Mrs. Martin agreed serenely. "I'm going to let her go to all the school dances this year if she's asked. Mrs. Minot and I are going together and look on from the balcony. Phoebe'll be asked easy enough. She's a real pretty girl, and a lovely dancer. The young men won't be long in finding that out."

Mr. Martin stared at her. "Every Tom, Dick and Harry will be calling on her."

"Of course they will."

"Let me catch one of them round here," Mr. Martin threatened in a stormy irritation. "She's too young for that sort of thing."

"You don't seem to mind Tug Warburton," Mrs. Martin suggested.

"Tug!" her husband repeated. "Tug!" he reiterated scathingly. "Why, Tug comes over here to see Ernest!" He glared at his wife. The mischievous smile still played about her lips. "You don't mean to tell me, mother—oh, pshaw!"

Mrs. Martin stopped her darning and looked at him.

He was a tall, big man, nearing fifty. He had been a shy, stammering boy when she married him. Raw-boned and lumbering, his appearance then gave no trace of the sterling ability which, at thirty-five, suddenly began to develop in him. Now he had the alert air of a man of affairs. But, save for his silvering hair, he looked as young as when she first saw him. Without aging, he had changed, however. His figure had filled out, and he was even handsome in a large-featured, leonine way. He had not noticed the change, although she had watched it with the pride of possession. It had never occurred to her to tell him of it, though.

She, on the contrary, was much older than the girl to whom he had become engaged at the outset of his college career. Then she was just in the bud of her fragile, blonde beauty. Now she looked his elder by at least ten years. She was thin and meager. She had false teeth and she wore spectacles. But behind the round thick lenses of her glasses her eyes were soft. Hints of the delicate coloring of her youth lingered in her complexion. And her hair, which she always wore parted in the middle and trained to frizzed bunches over her ears, accented the daguerreotype sweetness of her face. She was one of those women who always wear a shawl in the house. But under its transparent folds her shirt-waist, fitting trimly over her still pretty, sloping shoulders, gave her a curious effect of a faded, belated girlishness.

She had never been his intellectual equal, although he did not realize this. He knew only that she had taken spiritual heights that he could not achieve; his love for her had never lost its youthful quality of veneration.

"Why, you really do care, father," she said in wonder.

"Care? Of course I care! Didn't I tell you I'd lost my little girl? I feel as if she were dead. Then beside—" He stopped short, for Phoebe stood in the doorway. But it was too late. She had caught his words.

"Oh, bother you, dad! What a trial you are to me!" Phoebe scolded.

She was a tall, slim girl; she had her father's features, softened to a piquant femininity, and her mother's charming coloring, become, in the second generation, a little more vivid and permanent. Her lips were brilliant. Her gray eyes were as limpid as tiny lakes. The cream of her skin, reinforced by some shadowing admixture, seemed almost dusky. She had a spirited look, but as yet the soul of the girl

had not begun to shine through these lustrous surfaces.

The offending gown was a princess dress of a delicate, pale-yellow crêpe with insertions of lace. It did its soft full best to fulfil the charming promises of her immature figure. It came quite to her toes. That trait for which her mother professed to be so grateful—her interest in her personal appearance—showed itself in the care in which her hair, a turbulent, brown-gold mass, was trained to follow the contours of her little head, in the perkiness of the bows on her shoes, in the trim adjustment of the ribbon and lace at her neck.

She swept her father a series of curtsies, very low. She perched herself on the arm of his chair and began ruffling his hair until it stood out in all directions from his head; she smoothed it down again with one of her side-combs. He submitted meekly.

"What a goose you are, dad," she continued airily. "I suppose you'd be perfectly content to have me in short clothes until I was an old maid of twenty-five and people stared at me in the streets."

"I don't like to see a child forced into womanhood," her father retorted, trying hard not to be mollified.

"Well, it's lucky for me, dad, you haven't a word to say about anything that goes on in this house," she said, with the frank impertinence that was one of her great charms for him, "not—a—word—to—say—about—anything—that—goes—on—in—this—house," she repeated tenderly, kissing him on the end of the nose with every word. "When I get married, daddy, I'm going to keep my husband under my thumb just the way mother has kept you."

He laughed at this in spite of himself.

"But I suppose you probably won't ever let me get married," she went on.

She jumped from his chair and danced about the room. His eyes, still holding the lees of discontent, followed every move of her buoyant figure.

"I suppose if I did get engaged to be married you wouldn't let me wear my wedding dress because I hadn't grown up. I'd be married in a Peter Thompson suit if you had your way." At this picture she bubbled over with laughter. "I'd either have to wear a Peter Thompson or elope. That's what a father like you does—you drive a girl to eloping. Oh, father"—she interrupted herself suddenly with true feminine inconsequence—"the game this afternoon was great. There's a little junior at guard—Molly Tate—and she's a corker—dandy, I mean," she corrected her-

self under his reproving eye. "If we play Tyndal Hall next week, couldn't you come over with me? I want you to see—"

Mrs. Martin, smiling a little to herself, went on darning. She was thinking how doggedly her husband had fought every maturing change that she had made in Phoebe's attire. Even when she was a baby he had resented her first short clothes. And from that time on he had examined every new thing she bought the little girl. He always had convictions about her hats, her boots, the way her hair was done. Phoebe was almost four before Mrs. Martin could persuade him to let her have the child's long curls cut. He protested against each of the subsequent cuttings which Mrs. Martin insisted were necessary to strengthen and thicken it. The truth of the matter was that he did not like anything that made her look boyish or mature. It was the little girl in her that he adored, and after each new metamorphosis he was unhappy until he rediscovered that little girl again.

He had been quite different with Ernest, their son. He wanted to make a man of Ernest as soon as he could, Mrs. Martin reflected, with the surge of an old resentment. He never liked the little dresses she made for him, and Ernest had gone into trousers at three, skipping entirely the kilt epoch, upon which Mrs. Martin was depending to prolong his boyhood. When Ernest was three, without consulting her at all, Mr. Martin had the child's soft golden curls hacked off in what he called a "fighting cut." Again Mrs. Martin throbbed reminiscently with a sense of that injury. Up-stairs in her top bureau drawer still lay those curls. Mr. Martin had had presence of mind to bring them placatingly home from the barber's.

Phoebe was twisting before the mirror, one admiring eye on the unbroken line of the back of her princess gown; also she was talking. "Tug Warburton translated *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, 'I fear the Greeks and their gifts something fierce.' You ought to have heard Mr. Ballington laugh. He said when he was at college somebody translated it 'I fear the Greeks and their fierce gifts,' but Tug held the record up to date.

"Oh, and, father, Mr. Ballington brought an edition of Plutarch to school to-day that he bought in Rome last summer, and let us all look at it. Printed in 1516, bound in parchment, and all marked up with the comments of some old bughouse—funny old scholar, I mean. Oh, it was perfectly lovely! I was just crazy about it."

Mrs. Martin was listening, but she did not

interrupt. She had become accustomed to playing the silent auditor to Phoebe's long daily talks with her father. It was one of their family jokes that Phoebe was the apple of his eye and that her distinguished looking father was Phoebe's supreme family pride. Mrs. Martin took a great deal of delight in the friendship that supplemented their natural devotion. Sometimes she herself felt a little awe of the daughter who chattered so nimbly about Latin and Greek, was glad that Mr. Martin at least could meet Phoebe on an equal intellectual footing. Although she had never formulated it to herself, she knew this absorbed devotion to the girl-fruit of their union was the highest tribute he could pay her, his wife. He liked to indulge Phoebe as he had never been able to indulge her mother. The gold locket, for instance, which Phoebe was wearing at that moment. She knew that when he gave these things to Phoebe he was really giving them to her; he was trying to make up for the lean years when she had toiled and economized for him.

And when he was extravagant for Phoebe it was always at his own expense. Nothing, Mrs. Martin knew, could induce him to break into the monthly sum that he was putting away for Ernie's college education. Mr. Martin could no more have borrowed from this fund—Ernest's inherent right as the son of a Harvard man—than Mrs. Martin, to make presentable the ever-shabby Ernest, could have pilfered from the generous dress allowance which was Phoebe's inherent right as an American girl.

"Here's Ern," Phoebe broke into these meditations suddenly; "I wonder what he'll say about my dress. Some knock, all right. Ern!" The door closed, but there was no footstep in their direction. "Ern! come in here!" she called again.

From where she sat Mrs. Martin could see her son reflected in the long hall mirror. From force of habit she watched him through the process of taking off his coat. He hung it up; paused for a moment as if in deep thought. Then, after a furtive, irresolute look about, he put his hand into a side pocket and brought out two or three small bundles. It was then precisely that Phoebe's peremptory "Ern!" rang out.

Ernest started as if it had been a bullet. Turning quickly, he thrust the bundles back into his coat pocket. Then he shambled into the living-room, tripping over the rug at the door.

Taller and bigger than Phoebe, though he was fifteen and she seventeen, Ernest was

downy-cheeked and broad-shouldered, all nose, hands, and feet. In society his gray eyes always sulked. This was the only defense he had against the world. When he walked, especially if he fancied himself under observation, his arms and legs flew at all kinds of angles from his body. His voice broke at unexpected intervals.

When Phoebe looked at him she saw him exactly as he was—a gawky youth, his hands rough and dirty, his hair bristling, his clothes perpetually shabby.

When Mr. Martin looked at him he saw him exactly as he was—just boy, with the makings of a fine, athletic physique in his big, bulky body.

When Mrs. Martin looked at him she never saw him as he was. Sometimes she saw the cherubic, curly-headed baby of a dozen years ago, sometimes the stalwart, handsome, clear-cut youth of a few years ahead.

He advanced to the doorway and stood there, shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

"What d'yer want, Phoeb'?" he asked huskily.

"What do you think of my new dress?" his sister demanded, for his expression showed no change.

"Oh, all right, I guess." Then, with true masculine conservatism: "Say, but your hair looks fierce that new way."

"Oh, of course," Phoebe returned, taking fire over the criticism she had invited. "You always hate any new way I do my hair, Ern Martin. Nothing I wear ever pleases you."

This was not at all true. Ernest was, in fact, exceedingly proud of his pretty sister. She was two grades ahead of him in High School, president and social arbitress of her class. It was openly asserted that she would be valedictorian. Ernest knew she was much admired by the boys. He realized that he held a certain standing among the seniors simply because he was Phoebe's brother. And aside from his admiration of the quality of leadership in her, he really thought her a pretty girl. More than once he had steered his "gang" a block out of the way for the secret purpose of intercepting her and showing her off to his friends. A deep, shy satisfaction came over him at the admiring silence which fell upon these lower classmen as they approached her, at the punctiliousness of their salutes. But, to make up to him for this weakness, his "Hullo, Phoebe!" and his poke at his visor cap were carefully perfunctory.

Phoebe complained of this to her mother.

"You tell Ernest, mother, that he is to take his hat entirely off his head when he meets me on the street or I sha'n't recognize him," she had threatened loftily.

This, transmitted to Ernest, elicited something unintelligible in defense and defiance. He would have died rather than confess, even to his mother, how much he admired his sister.

So at this moment Ernest thought her very pretty; but his ethics of boyhood forbade him to tell her so.

"What you would like me to do," Phoebe concluded, "is to wear it wound around my head like Molly Tate."

Ernest stiffened. "Aw, cut it out! I dunno how Molly Tate wears her hair," he returned hotly.

"Oh, no; of course you don't!" Phoebe jeered. "Carrying her books to school for her every day and——"

"I don't, neither," Ernest contradicted. "I guess I've got something better to do than to be carryin' books for a lot of girls. I jes happened to be passing her house that morning, and she had such a lot of books she asked me to help her. I guess you needn't talk. Everybody's on to Tug Warburton hanging around the corner every morning for a half hour to carry your books."

"Toland is very kind about carrying everybody's books," Phoebe said in her most grown-up manner—a manner whose labored loftiness and condescending sweetness she knew always infuriated her brother. "He not only carries my books for me, but occasionally he carries them for Molly. He is always to be relied on. He never loses them on the way, and as he washes his hands occasionally he returns them in the same condition in which he receives them."

This was the retort sisterly and four-pronged. Her "Toland" rebuked him for the use of the nickname that Toland's mother was vainly beseeching that engaging scapegrace to live down. Any allusion on her part to "clean hands" always provoked a battle. Also, Ernest had lost one of Molly Tate's books and dropped one of his sister's in the mud.

To defend himself against this series of stings was like beating off a swarm of bees. Ernest shifted the attack to Toland. "Well, I'm glad I'm not like that sissy," he retorted, casting the foulest aspersion he knew.

"Stop this quarreling, children," interrupted Mrs. Martin. It came over her that Mr. Martin might send Ernie to his room if the discussion went any further. "It does seem to me, Phoebe, that you pick on Ernie an awful lot."

"Well, I guess if I didn't call him down once in a while there'd be no living with him. You think he's perfect, mother Martin." Phoebe, without waiting for a reply, ran out of the room and up-stairs.

Mrs. Martin reflected irritably that she was always the buffer in their microscopic family rows. She was eternally peace-making between Phoebe and her father, between Ernie and Phoebe, between Ernie and his father. If there was one thing she could criticize in Edward Martin it was his treatment of Ernie. Indulgent as he was to Phoebe, he kept a sharp and minatory eye on his son. Whenever he had any criticism to make of his daughter's conduct it was conveyed to her, properly softened, through his wife. But with Ernie he came straight out in unchastened language. Mrs. Martin was forever trying to anticipate his complaints, forever putting Ernest on his guard. It was always a surprise to Mrs. Martin when she came upon Ernest's underlying admiration for his father.

In the past Ernest had come to her whenever he wanted something from his father. Now—she remarked it with no sense of rancor, more with another prideful recognition of the bond between father and daughter—Ernie always went to his sister. And Phoebe, although she used the opportunity to drive bargains with her brother, invariably did her best.

At least, Mrs. Martin reflected gratefully, Phoebe and she never had to have any go-betweens. That was the joy of having a daughter. You always knew what a daughter was doing and thinking. Now a son——

That little scene in the hall was the first overt evidence that something was wrong with Ernie. There had been something wrong for three days. She knew it absolutely, although wild horses would not have drawn the admission from her so long as what was verity in her mind could be only suspicion in another's. Something was wrong—she did not know what. Something was wrong—how she knew it she could not have told. With just the same impalpable organs of perception she had foreseen their troubles and feelings when they were babies—known long before anyone else noticed it when they were going to be sick.

If it had been Phoebe, her instincts would have told her all about it long before this. Phoebe was a girl creature—her daughter—part of herself. There had never been any need of explanations between them. She read Phoebe's mind as she read her own face in a mirror. But Ernie was alien. There lay between them a barrier—a barrier as delicate and intangible as mist or fog, a barrier strong

as adamant—the insuperable barrier of sex. She could not *know* things about Ernie. She could only *sense* them. Some day, she told herself, she could not know so much of Ernie's life as she knew now, when she must guess, conjecture, surmise. That time *must* come. It was right that it should come, she assured herself fiercely.

Had it come?

It might be, this impalpable change of the last few days, only a sense of guilt. Boys of his age, she knew as well as anyone else, often committed minor peccadillos as impossible to the simplicities of an earlier age as to the maturity of a later one. She had seen him through much. She had cured him of lying and swearing, although she had been at her wits' ends to devise punishments for these crimes. At fourteen he had smoked his first cigar; she had not needed to punish him for that: Nature, to his father's grim delight, had taken the responsibility from her. He had not always been docile. There was the dreadful summer when he had gone in swimming repeatedly and against her orders. This was one of her absolute defeats; for he became so proficient in the end that his father had prevailed on her to repeal a law which was dead-letter from its inception. There was the next summer, even more dreadful, when he had learned how to sail a boat. She spent that summer on the back porch of their seaside cottage because it did not command a view of the water.

Like all boys, he had broken windows playing baseball; he had robbed orchards. Once, soon after he entered High School, the principal, Mr. Ballington, visited upon Ernest the supreme disgrace of sending for his mother. It appeared that her boy had been organizing pitched battles between his class and the one above it. Yes, Ernie had done the things that all boys do; but he had never done anything mean. His crimes had been honorable, the inevitable outcome of his hard young health and his boyish mischief.

What could it be now?

Ernest had been trimming a hanging piece of leather from the sole of his boot. He finished, hurled the trimmings (miraculously) into a waste-basket, and his voice broke into his mother's meditations.

"I'm going over to Tom's to-night, mother; Father won't kick, will he, if I stay a little late?"

"No," answered Mrs. Martin. "Be sure you don't let the cat out when you come in." Her voice and manner were tranquil; but when he hurried out of the room she watched his re-

flection in the mirror. He went straight to the bulging pocket of his coat. She saw him fumble an instant. Then, concealing his bundles with his hands flat against his chest, he dashed up-stairs to his room. In another moment he came running down, dove into his coat, and raced out into the street.

What had he taken up to his room? Mrs. Martin's heart beat fast. She had an impulse to turn to her husband and confide in him. But, obeying that instinct which compels mothers to shield their boy young as long as possible, she checked it.

Phoebe, the sweetest of girlish visions, came floating down the stairs. Over her princess gown she wore a long blue evening cape, on her soft hair a big, frilly blue scarf.

Mrs. Martin kissed her mechanically. Mechanically Mrs. Martin watched her link her arm in her father's and trip down the street, talking busily. But she did not see either of them. Even after they had turned the corner she stood for a moment staring abstractedly after them. Then a blinding terror sent her scurrying to Ernest's room.

It was a big, square chamber. It was filled with the litter that accumulates out of the successive collecting manias of a growing boy. The big black-walnut book-case, long ago rejected from the living-room, was filled with minerals and shells laboriously labeled, with birds' nests and birds' eggs, with stamp albums and picture postal cards. His trunk, his tool chest and his closet all ran over. Mrs. Martin stood looking about her with the air of one who has never seen the place before.

The idea came to her to make a thorough search of his things. But even as she moved toward the bureau something held her back. She struggled with herself. She repeated to herself over and over that she, Ernie's mother, had the right to see anything that was his. But the something still held her back. It was as though the ghost of Ernie's manhood stood on guard there. It came to her that her right had gone. Suddenly she turned and walked out of the room.

Mr. Martin was just coming in. "Well, I *have* lost my little girl," he remarked again. But this time his despair was comic. "What do you think she told me? She said I needn't come after her to-night. Tug Warburton is going to bring her home."

It was after eleven when Ernest came home. Phoebe, returning promptly at eleven, had gone to bed and to sleep long ago. Mr. Martin, secure in his wife's statement that she had told Ernest he could stay out later than

usual, was sleeping tranquilly. Mrs. Martin lay quiet, but tense and wide-eyed, listening. It seemed as though Ernest would never come.

At last she heard steps coming up the asphalt walk, steps creaking stealthily over the piazza, steps tiptoeing into the house. Some of her tension relaxed, but she listened as breathlessly as ever.

Mrs. Martin could never sleep so long as any member of the family was out. Dozens of times she had lain just so, waiting for Ernie. Now as always she visualized his actions.

The steps she heard next were taking him into the hall closet. In the pause which succeeded he was hanging up his coat and hat. Now he was going into the kitchen. She could hear him moving ponderously about there, making efforts, boyishly awkward, to muffle his noise. Now he was getting out the molasses jug. Now he was cutting the half-dozen thick slices of bread that would reduce one of Julia's creamy loaves to a heel. For the first time she failed to smile at his childish love of bread and molasses. Then came another pause.

She listened.

He was not sitting down to his bread and molasses; he was moving about. She could hear him jingling about the gas stove. Could it be possible that he was cooking something? No, that was not probable. Ernie had never cooked anything in his life. Besides, there were cookies, pie, cake, any number of things for him to eat if he was unusually hungry. No, something mysterious was going on down there. She pictured him bending over the stove, a slice of bread, dribbling molasses, in his hand. What could he be doing? Another moment and she heard him filling the tea-kettle. He was heating water. What on earth—

Could it be that he felt ill? But her instinct rejected this; told her that, whatever he might be doing, it was connected with the mystery of the last two or three days. Now was her chance to find out. Involuntarily she sat straight up in bed. Should she go down there and confront him? Something held her back. Something compelled her to wait.

A long time went by.

Then she heard him come, quietly for him, out of the kitchen and up the stairs. He came with care and caution. She continued to vis-

ualize the scene. She sat up, her hand to her forehead, and it seemed to her that her soul walked with him. That extra sense in mothers flashed the truth to her. He was carrying something which had to be managed with skill and delicacy. Should she get up and meet him?

Something held her back. Something compelled her to wait.

She heard him fumble at the door of his room. She heard the door open. She heard it shut.

And then, quite suddenly, the thing which had been holding her back fettered her no longer. So quietly that she made no sound, she rose and slipped into her bed slippers. Her door was open. Still soundless, she crept down the hall to Ernie's room.

It occurred to her that this was the most awful moment she had known since her mother died. What might come of it? She dared not speculate on that, for she must go on. Every instant a fresh impulse held her back. Every instant a stronger one hurried her forward.

Noiselessly she knelt in front of Ernest's door and looked through the keyhole.

At the farther end of the room, his back to her, was Ernest standing before a hand mirror that dangled from the flaring gaslight.

He was shaving.

Mrs. Martin never knew what happened immediately afterward. But presently she found herself clinging to the doorway of her chamber. Mr. Martin was bending over her.

"What's the matter, Bertha?" he asked in alarm.

"Oh, Edward," she wailed, "I can't bear it—I can't bear it! Now I understand how you felt about Phoebe. I've lost my little boy. I've lost Ernie."

"Lost Ernie, mother! What do you mean?"

"He's shaving," Mrs. Martin sobbed.

If Mr. Martin's man sense of humor showed him that the situation was comic, he concealed it immediately.

"Don't cry any more, mother," he begged, patting her gently on the shoulder. "You've not lost him—he's only changed. It's all right."

"Oh, I know it's all right," Mrs. Martin said, clinging to him. "Of course it's all right. But, oh, I'm glad of one thing. *You* don't change."

SIMPLE SEPTIMUS

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

AUTHOR OF "THE BELOVED VAGABOND," "THE MORALS OF MARCUS ORDEYNE," ETC.

PART VIII

CHAPTER XIX



"I'm very sorry to leave you, Mr. Sypher," said Shuttleworth, "but my first duty is to my wife and family."

Clem Sypher leaned back in his chair behind his great office desk and looked at his melancholy manager with the eyes of a general whose officers refuse the madness of a forlorn hope.

"Quite so," he said tonelessly. "When do you want to go?"

"You engaged me on a three-months' notice, but——"

"But you want to go now?"

"I have a very brilliant position offered me if I can take it up in a fortnight."

"Very well," said Sypher.

"You won't say it's a case of rats deserting a sinking ship, will you, sir? As I say, my wife and family——"

"The ship's sinking. You're quite right to leave it. Is the position offered you in the same line of business?"

"Yes," said Shuttleworth, unable to meet his chief's clear, unsmiling eyes.

"One of the rival firms?"

Shuttleworth nodded, then broke out into mournful asseverations of loyalty. If the Cure had flourished he would have stayed with Mr. Sypher till the day of his death. He would have refused the brilliant offer. But in the circumstances——

"*Sauve qui peut*," said Sypher. "Another month or two and Sypher's Cure becomes a thing of the past. Nothing can pull it through. I was too sanguine. I wish I had taken your advice oftener, Shuttleworth."

Shuttleworth thanked him for the compliment.

"One learns by experience," said he modestly. "I was born and bred in the patent-medicine business. It's very risky. You start a thing. It catches on for a while. Then something else more attractive comes on the market. There's a war of advertising, and the

bigger capital wins. The wise man gets out of it just before the rival comes. If you had taken my advice five years ago, and turned it into a company, you'd have been a rich man now, without a care in the world. Next time you will."

"There'll be no next time," said Sypher gravely.

"Why not? There's always money, for instance, in a new cure for obesity if properly worked. A man like you can always get the money together."

"And the cure for obesity?"

Shuttleworth's dismal face contracted into the grimace which passed with him for a smile.

"Any old thing will do, so long as it doesn't poison people."

Uncomfortable under his chief's silent scrutiny, he took off his spectacles, breathed on them, and wiped them with his handkerchief.

"The public will buy anything, if you advertise it enough."

"I suppose they will," said Sypher. "Even Jebusa Jones's Cuticle Remedy."

Shuttleworth started and put on his spectacles.

"Why shouldn't they buy the Remedy, after all?"

"You ask me that?" said Sypher. All through the interview he had not shifted his position. He sat fixed like a florid ghost.

The manager shuffled uneasily in his chair beside the desk, and cleared his throat nervously.

"I'm bound to," said he, "in self-defense. I know what you think of the Cure—but that's a matter of sentiment. I've been into the thing pretty thoroughly, and I know that there's scarcely any difference in the composition of the Remedy and the Cure. After all, any protecting grease that keeps the microbes in the air out of the sore place does just as well—sometimes better. There's nothing in patent ointment that really cures. Now is there?"

"Are you going to the Jebusa Jones people?" asked Sypher.

"I have my wife and family," the manager pleaded. "I couldn't refuse. They've of-

fered me the position of their London agent. I know it must pain you," he added hurriedly, "but what could I do?"

"Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. So you will give me what they used to call my *coup de grâce*. You'll just stab me dead as I lie dying. Well, in a fortnight's time you can go."

The other rose. "Thank you very much, Mr. Sypher. You have always treated me generously, and I'm more than sorry to leave you. You bear me no ill will?"

"For going from one quack remedy to another? Certainly not."

It was only when the door closed behind the manager that Sypher relaxed his attitude. He put both hands up to his face, and then fell forward on to the desk, his head on his arms.

The end had come. To that which mattered in the man, the lingering faith yet struggling in the throes of dissolution, Shuttleworth had indeed given the *coup de grâce*. That he had joined the arch-enemy who in a short time would achieve his material destruction signified little. When something spiritual is being done to death, the body and mind are torpid. Even a month ago, had Shuttleworth uttered such blasphemy within those walls Clem Sypher would have arisen in his wrath like a mad crusader and have cloven the blasphemer from skull to chine. To-day, he had sat motionless, petrified, scarcely able to feel. He knew that the man spoke truth. As well put any noxious concoction of drugs on the market and call it a specific against obesity or gravel or deafness as Sypher's Cure. Between the heaven-sent panacea which was to cleanse the skin of the nations and send his name ringing down the centuries as the Friend of Humanity and the shiveringly vulgar Jebusa Jones's Cuticle Remedy there was not an atom of important difference. One was as useful or as useless as the other. The Cure was pale green; the Remedy rose pink. Women liked the latter better on account of its color. Both were quack medicaments.

He raised a drawn and agonized face and looked around the familiar room, where so many gigantic schemes had been laid, where so many hopes had shone radiant, and saw for the first time its blatant self-complacency, its piteous vulgarity. Facing him was the artist's original cartoon for the great poster which once had been famous all over the world and now, for lack of money, only lingered in shreds on a forgotten hoarding in some Back of Beyond. It represented the Friend of Humanity, in gesture, white beard, and general appearance resembling a benevolent minor prophet, distrib-

uting the Cure to a scrofulous universe. In those glorified days, he had striven to have his own lineaments depicted above the robe of the central figure, but the artist had declared them to be unpictorial, and clung to the majesty of the gentleman in the white beard. Around the latter's feet were gathered a motley crew—the fine lady in her ball dress, the shoeblack, the crowned king, the red Indian in Fenimore Cooper feathers, the half-naked negro, the wasted, ragged mother with her babe, the jockey, the Syrian leper, and a score of other types of humans, including in the background a hairy-faced creature, the "dog-faced man" of Barnum's show. They were well grouped, effective, making the direct appeal to an Anglo-Saxon populace, which in its art must have something to catch hold of, like the tannin in its overdrawn tea. It loved to stand before this poster and pick out the easily recognized characters and argue (as Sypher, whose genius had suggested the inclusion of the freak had intended) what the hairy creature could represent, and as it stood and picked and argued the great fact of Sypher's Cure sank deep into their souls. He remembered the glowing pride with which he had regarded this achievement, the triumphal progress he made in a motor-car around the London hoardings the day after the poster had been billed. And now he knew it in his heart to be nothing but a tawdry, commercial lie.

Framed in oak on his walls hung kindly notes relating to the Cure from great personages or their secretaries. At the bottom of one ran the sprawling signature of the grand duke who had hailed him as "*ce bon Sypher*" at the Gare de Lyon when he started on the disastrous adventure of the blistered heel. There was the neatly docketed set of pigeonholes containing the proofs of all the advertisements he had issued. Lying before him on his desk was a copy, resplendently bound in morocco for his own gratification, of the forty-page, thin-paper pamphlet which was wrapped, a miracle of fine folding, about each packet of the Cure. On each page the directions for use were given in a separate language. French, Fijian, Syrian, Basque were there—forty languages—so that all the sons of men could read the good tidings and amuse themselves at the same time by trying to decipher the message in alien tongues.

Wherever he looked, some mockery of vain triumph met his eye: an enlargement of a snap-shot photograph of the arrival of the first case of the Cure on the shores of Lake Tchad; photographs of the busy factory, now worked by a dwindling staff; proofs of full-page ad-

vertisements in which "Sypher's Cure" and "Friend of Humanity" figured in large capitals; the model of Edinburgh Castle, built by a grateful inmate of a lunatic asylum out of the red celluloid boxes of the Cure.

He shuddered at all these symbols and images of false gods, and bowed his head again on his arms. The abyss swallowed him. The waters closed over his head.

How long he remained like this he did not know. He had forbidden his door. The busy life of the office stood still. The dull roar of Moorgate Street was faintly heard, and now and then the windows vibrated faintly. The sprawling, gilt, mid-Victorian clock on the mantelpiece had stopped.

Presently an unusual rustle in the room caused him to raise his head with a start. Zora Middlemist stood before him. He sprang to his feet.

"You? You?"

"They wouldn't let me in. I forced my way. I said I must see you."

He stared at her, open-mouthed. A shivering thrill passed through him, such as shakes a man on the verge of a great discovery.

"You, Zora? You have come to me at this moment?"

He looked so strange and staring, so haggard and disheveled, that she moved quickly to him and laid both her hands on his.

"My dear friend, my dearest friend, is it as bad as that?"

A throb of pain underlay the commonplace words. The anguish on his face stirred the best and most womanly in her. She yearned to comfort him. But he drew a pace or two away, and held up both hands as if warding her off, and stared at her still, but with a new light in his clear eyes that drank in her beauty and the sorcery of her presence.

"My God!" he cried, in a strained voice. "My God! What a fool I've been!"

He swerved as if he had received a blow and sank into his office chair, and turned his eyes from her to the ground, and sat stunned with joy and wonder and misery. He put out a hand blindly, and she took it, standing by his side. He knew now what he wanted. He wanted her, the woman. He wanted her voice in his ears, her kiss on his lips, her dear self in his arms. He wanted her welcome as he entered his house, her heart, her soul, her mind, her body, everything that was hers. He loved her for herself, passionately, overwhelmingly, after the simple way of men. He had raised his eyes from the depths of hell, and in a flash she was revealed to him—incarnate heaven.

He felt the touch of her gloved hand on his,

and it sent a thrill through his veins which almost hurt, as the newly coursing blood hurts the man that has been revived from torpor. The mistiness that serves a strong man for tears clouded his sight. He had longed for her; she had come. From their first meeting he had recognized, with the visionary's glimpse of the spiritual, that she was the woman of women appointed unto him for help and comfort. But then the visionary had eclipsed the man. Destiny had naught to do with him but as the instrument for the universal spreading of the Cure. The Cure was his life. The woman appointed unto him was appointed unto the Cure equally with himself. He had violently credited her with his insane faith. He had craved her presence as a mystical influence that in some way would paralyze the Jebusa Jones dragon and give him supernatural strength to fight. He had striven with all his power to keep her radiant like a star, while his own faith lay dying.

He had been a fool. All the time it was the sheer woman that had held him, the sheer man. And yet had not destiny fulfilled itself with a splendid irony in sending her to him then, in that moment of his utter anguish, of the utter annihilation of the fantastic faith whereby he had lived for years? From the first he had been right, though with a magnificent lunacy. It was she, in very truth, who had been destined to slay his dragon. It was dead now, a vulgar, slimy monster, incapable of hurt, slain by the lightning flash of love, as his eyes met hers, a moment or two ago. In a confused way he realized this. He repeated mechanically:

"What a fool I've been! What a fool I've been!"

"Why?" asked Zora, who did not understand.

"Because—" he began, and then he stopped, finding no words. "I wonder whether God sent you?"

"I'm afraid it was only Septimus," she said with a smile.

"Septimus?"

He was startled. What could Septimus have to do with her coming? He rose again, and focusing his whirling senses on conventional things, wheeled an armchair to the fire and led her to it, and took his seat near her in his office chair.

"Forgive me," he said, "but your coming seemed supernatural. I was dazed by the wonderful sight of you. Perhaps it's not you, after all. I may be going mad and have hallucinations. Tell me that it's really you."

"It's me, in flesh and blood—you can touch for yourself—and my sudden appearance is the simplest thing in the world."

"But I thought you were going to winter in Egypt?"

"So did I, until I reached Marseilles. This is how it was."

She told him of the tail of the little china dog, and of her talk with Septimus the night before.

"So I came to you," she concluded, "as soon as I decently could, this morning."

"And I owe you to Septimus," he said.

"Ah, I know! You ought to have owed me to yourself," she cried, misunderstanding him. "If I had known things were so terrible with you I would have come. I would, really. But I was misled by your letters. They were so hopeful. Don't reproach me."

"Reproach you! You who have given this crazy fellow so much! You who come to me all sweetness and graciousness, with heaven in your eyes, after having been dragged across Europe and made to sacrifice your winter of sunshine, just for my sake! Ah, no! It's myself that I reproach."

"For what?" she asked.

"For being a fool, a crazy, blatant, self-centered fool. A fool!" he exclaimed, smiting the arm of his chair as a new view of things suddenly occurred to him. "How can you sit there—how have you suffered me these two years—without despising me? How is it that I haven't been the mock and byword of Europe? I must have been!"

He rose and walked about the room in great agitation.

"These things have all come crowding up together. One can't realize everything at once. 'Clem Sypher, Friend of Humanity'! How they must have jeered behind my back if they thought me sincere! How they must have despised me if they thought me nothing but an advertising quack! Zora Middlemist, tell me what you have thought of me. What have you taken me for—a madman or a charlatan?"

"It is you that must tell me what has happened," said Zora earnestly. "I don't know. Septimus gave me to understand that the Cure had failed. He's never clear about anything in his own mind, and he's worse when he tries to explain it to others."

"Septimus," said Sypher, "is one of the children of God."

"But he's a little bit incoherent on earth," she rejoined with a smile. "What has really happened?"

Sypher drew a long breath and pulled himself up.

"I'm on the verge of a collapse. The Cure hasn't paid for the last two years. I hoped against hope. I flung thousands and thou-

sands into the concern. The Jebusa Jones people and others out-advertised me, out-manuevered me at every turn. Now every bit of capital is gone, and I can't raise any more. I must go under."

Zora began, "I have a fairly large fortune——"

He checked her with a gesture, and looked at her clear and full.

"God bless you," he said. "My heart didn't lie to me at Monte Carlo when it told me that you were a great-souled woman. Tell me. Have you ever believed in the Cure in the sense that I believed in it?"

Zora returned his gaze. Here was no rhodomontading. The man was grappling with realities.

"No," she replied simply.

"Neither do I any longer," said Sypher. "There is no difference between it and any quack ointment you can buy at the first chemist's shop. That is why, even if I saw a chance of putting the concern on its legs again, I couldn't use your money. That is why I asked you, just now, what you have thought of me—a madman or a quack?"

"Isn't it enough that I'm here—to show you what I thought of you?"

"Forgive me," he said. "It's wrong to ask you such questions."

"It's worse than wrong. It's unnecessary."

He passed his hands over his eyes, and sat down.

"I've gone through a lot to-day. I'm not quite myself, so you must forgive me if I say unnecessary things. God sent you to me this morning. Septimus was His messenger. If you hadn't appeared just now I think I should have gone into black madness."

"Tell me all about it," she said softly. "All that you care to tell. I am your nearest friend—I think."

"And dearest."

"And you are mine. You and Septimus. I've seen hundreds of people since I've been away, and some seem to have cared for me—but there's no one really in my life but you two."

Sypher thought: "And we both love you with all there is in us, and you don't know it." He also thought jealously: "Who are the people that have cared for you?" He said:

"No one?"

A smile parted her lips as she looked him frankly in the eyes and repeated the negative. He breathed a sigh of relief, for he had remembered Rattenden's prophecy of the big man whom she was seeking, of the love for the big man, the gorgeous tropical sunshine in which

all the splendor in her could develop. She had not found him. From the depths of his man's egotism he uttered a prayer of thanksgiving.

"Tell me," she said again.

"Do you remember my letter from Paris in the summer?"

"Yes. You had a great scheme for the armies of the world."

"That was the beginning," said he, and then he told her all the grotesque story to the end, from the episode of the blistered heel. He told her things that he had never told himself; things that startled him when he found them expressed in words.

"In Russia," said he, "every house has its sacred pictures, even the poorest peasant's hut. They call them ikons. These," waving to the walls, "were my ikons. What do you think of them?"

For the first time Zora became aware of the furniture and decoration of the room. The cartoon, the advertisement proofs, the model of Edinburgh Castle, produced on her the same effect as the famous board in the garden at Penton Court. Then, however, she could argue with him on the question of taste, and lay down laws as the arbiter of the elegancies of conduct. Now she viewed the sorry images with her own eyes, and he had gone through fire to attain this clearness of vision. What could be said? Zora the magnificent and self-reliant found not a word, though her heart was filled with pity. She was brought face to face with a ridiculous soul's tragedy, remote from her poor little experience of life. It was no time to act the beneficent goddess. She became self-conscious, fearful to speak lest she might strike a wrong note of sympathy. She wanted to give the man so much, and she could give him nothing.

"I'm dying to help you," she said, rather piteously. "But how can I?"

"Zora," he said huskily.

She glanced up at him and he held her eyes with his, and she saw how she could help him.

"No, don't—don't. I can't bear it."

She rose and turned away. "Don't let us change things. They were so sweet before. They were so strange—your wanting me as a sort of priestess—I used to laugh—but I loved it all the time."

"That's why I said I've been a fool, Zora."

The bell of the telephone connected with his manager's office rang jarringly. He seized the transmitter in anger.

"How dare you ring me up when I gave orders I was to be undisturbed? I don't care who wants to see me. I'll see nobody."

He threw down the transmitter. "I'm very

sorry," he began. Then he stopped. The commonplace summons from the outer world brought with dismaying suddenness to his mind the practical affairs of life. He was a ruined man. The thought staggered him. How could he say to Zora Middlemist: "I am a beggar. I want to marry you"?

She came to him with both hands out, her instinctive gesture when her heart went out, and used his Christian name for the first time.

"Clem, let us be friends—good friends—true, dear friends, but don't spoil it all for me."

'When a woman, infinitely desired, pleads like that with glorious eyes, and her fragrance and her dearness are within arm's length, a man has but to catch her to him and silence her pleadings with a man's strength, and carry her off in triumph. It has been the way of man with woman since the world began, and Sypher knew it by his man's instinct. It was a temptation such as he had never dreamed was in the world. He passed through a flaming, blazing torment of battle.

"Forget what I have said, Zora. We'll be friends, if you so wish it."

He pressed her hands and turned away. Zora felt that she had gained an empty victory.

"I ought to be going," she said.

"Not yet. Let us sit down and talk like friends. It's many weary months since I have seen you."

She remained a little longer and they talked quietly of many things. On bidding her good-by he said half playfully:

"I've often wondered why you have taken up with a fellow like me."

"I suppose it's because you're a big man," said Zora.

CHAPTER XX

Septimus walked back to his club after his dinner with Zora, blessing his stars for two reasons: first, because a gracious providence had restored him to favor in his goddess's sight, and, secondly, because he had escaped without telling her of the sundered lives of Emmy and himself. By the time he went to bed, however, having pondered for some hours over the interdependent relations between Zora, Sypher, Emmy, and himself, he had entangled his mind into a condition of intricate complication. He longed to continue to sun himself in the presence of his divinity. But being a married man (no matter how nominally), too much sunning appeared reprehensible. He had also arranged for the sunning of Clem Sypher, and was aware of the indelicacy of two going through this delicious process at the same time.

He also dreaded the possible incredulity of Zora when he should urge the ferociousness of his domestic demeanor as the reason for his living apart from his wife. The consequence was that after a sleepless night he bolted like a rabbit to his burrow at Nunsmere. At any rate, the mission of the dog's tail was accomplished.

His bolt took place on Friday. On Saturday morning he was awakened by Wiggleswick.

The latter's attire was not that of the perfect valet. He wore an old colored shirt open at the throat, a pair of trousers hitched up to his shoulder-blades by means of a pair of red braces, and a pair of dilapidated carpet slippers.

"Here's a letter."

"Oh, post it," said Septimus sleepily.

"You haven't written it. The missus has written it. It has a French stamp and the Paris postmark. You'd better read it."

He put it on his master's pillow, and went to the window to admire the view. Septimus, aroused, read the letter. It was from Emmy. It ran:

DEAREST SEPTIMUS:

I can't stand this loneliness in Paris any longer. I can't, I can't. If you were here and I could see you even once a week, I shouldn't mind. But to go on day after day indefinitely without a comforting word from you is more than I can bear. You say the flat is ready. I am coming over at once with baby and Madame Bolivard, who swears she will never leave me. How she is going to get on in London without a word of English, I don't know. I don't mind if I meet Zora. Perhaps it will be better for you that I should. And I think it will be quite safe for me now. Don't hate me and think me horrid and selfish, my dear Septimus, but I do want you. I do. I do. Thanks for the toy train. Baby enjoys the paint on the carriages so much; but Madame Bolivard says it isn't good for him. Dear, if I thought you wouldn't forgive me for being such a worry, I wouldn't worry you.

Your always grateful

EMMY.

Septimus lit the half-smoked pipe of the night before that lay alarmingly on the coverlet, and becoming aware of Wiggleswick, disturbed his contemplation of nature by asking him if he had ever been married.

"What?" asked Wiggleswick in the unmodulated tone of the deaf.

"Have you ever been married, Wiggleswick?"

"Heaps of times," said the old man.

"Dear me," said Septimus. "Did you commit bigamy?"

"Bigamy? No. I buried 'em all honorable."

"That," said Septimus, "was very kind of you."

"It was out of gratitude."

"For their goodness?"

"No. For being delivered from 'em. I had a lot of experience before I could learn the blessedness of a single life."

Septimus sighed. "Yet it must be very nice to have a wife, Wiggleswick."

"But ain't yer got one?" bawled the disreputable body-servant.

"Of course, of course," said Septimus hurriedly. "I was thinking of the people who hadn't."

Wiggleswick approached his master's bedside, with a mysteriously confidential air.

"Don't you think we're all cozy and comfortable here, sir?"

"Yes," said Septimus dubiously.

"Well, I for one have nothing to complain of. The vittles is good, and one sleeps warm, and one has one's beer and 'baccy regular. What more does a man want? Not women. Women's a regrettable hincident."

"Aren't you cold standing there in your shirt sleeves, Wiggleswick?" asked Septimus, in his hesitating way.

Wiggleswick ignored the delicacy of the suggestion.

"Cold? No. If I was cold, I'd precious soon make myself warm. Which I wish to remark, Mr. Dix, that now you've parted with the missus pro tem, don't you think it's more cozy and comfortable? I don't say but if she came here I'd do my best willingly. I know my duty. But, sir, a woman, what with her dusting and cleaning, and washing of herself in hot water, and putting flowers in mugs, do upset things terrible. I've been married oftener than you. I know 'em. Don't you think we get on better, the two of us, as we are?"

"We get on very nicely," said Septimus politely, "but I'm afraid you'll have to do some cleaning and dusting to-day. I'm awfully sorry to trouble you. Mrs. Middlemist has returned to England, and may be down this afternoon."

A look of dismay came over Wiggleswick's crafty, weather-beaten face.

"Well, I'm jiggered. I'm just jiggered," said he.

"I'm delighted to hear it," murmured Septimus. "Bring me my shaving-water."

"Are you going to get up?" asked Wiggleswick in a tone of disgusted incredulity.

"Yes."

"Then you'll be wanting breakfast."

"Oh, now," said Septimus, with the wan smile that sometimes flickered over his features, "afternoon tea will do—with some bacon and eggs and things."

The old man went out grumbling, and Septimus turned to his letter. It was very kind of

Emmy, he thought, to write to him so affectionately.

He spent the mild, autumn morning on the common consulting the ducks in the pond, and seeking inspiration from the lame donkey, his state of mind being still complicated. The more he reflected on Emmy's letter and on Wiggleswick's views on women the less did he agree with Wiggleswick. He missed Emmy, who had treated him very tenderly since their talk in the moonlight at Hottelôt-sur-Mer; and he missed the boy who, in the later days in Paris, after her return, had conceived an infantile infatuation for him, and would cease crying or go to sleep peacefully if only he could gather a clump of Septimus's hair in his tiny fingers. He missed a thousand gossamer trifles—each one so imperceptible, all added together so significant. He was not in the least cozy and comfortable with his old villain of a serving-man.

Thus he looked forward, in his twilight way, to Emmy's coming. He would live, perhaps, sometimes in Nunsmere and sometimes in London. Quite lately, on visiting his bankers, in order to make arrangements for the disposal of his income, he was surprised to find how rich he was, and the manager, an astoundingly well-informed person, explained that a commercial concern in which he held many shares had reached such a pitch of prosperity as to treble its dividend. He went away with the vague notion that commercial companies were models of altruistic generosity. The main point, however, made clear by the exceptionally intelligent manager, being that he was richer by several hundreds a year, he began to dream of a more resplendent residence for Emmy and the boy, than the little flat in Chelsea. He had observed that there were very nice houses in Berkeley Square. He wondered how much a year they were, with rates and taxes. For himself, he could perch in any attic close by. He resolved to discuss Berkeley Square with Emmy as soon as she arrived. William Octavius Oldrieve Dix, Member of Parliament, ought to start life in proper surroundings.

Clem Sypher, down for the week-end at Penton Court, burst in upon him during the afternoon. He came with exciting news. The high official in the Ordnance Department of the War Office had written to him that morning. He was so greatly impressed by the new quick-firing gun that he proposed to experiment forthwith, and desired to be put into communication with the inventor.

"That's very nice," said Septimus, "but shall I have to go and see him?"

"Of course," cried Sypher. "You'll have

to interview boards and gunners and engineers, and superintend experiments. You'll be a person of tremendous importance."

"Oh, dear!" said Septimus, "I couldn't. I couldn't, really."

He was panic-stricken at the notion.

"You'll have to," laughed Sypher.

Septimus clutched at straws. "I'm afraid I shall be too busy. Emmy's coming to London—and there's the boy's education. You see, he has to go to Cambridge. Look here," he added, a brilliant idea occurring to him, "I'm fearfully rich; I don't want any more money. I'll sell you the thing outright for the two hundred pounds you advanced me, and then I shan't have anything more to do with it."

"I think before you make any proposals of the kind you ought to consult Mrs. Dix," said Sypher with a laugh.

"Or Zora."

"Or Zora," said Sypher. "She came down by the same train as I did. I told her the good news. She was delighted."

He did not inform Septimus that for all her delight Zora had been somewhat skeptical. She loved Septimus, she admitted, but his effectuality in any sphere of human endeavor was unimaginable. Could anything good come out of Nazareth?

About half an hour later the goddess herself arrived, shown in by Wiggleswick, who had been snatching the pipe of the over-driven by the front gate. She looked flushed, resolute, indignant, and, on seeing Sypher, she paused for a second on the threshold. Then she entered. Sypher took up his hat and stick.

"No, no. You had better stay. You may help us. I suppose you know all about it."

Septimus's heart sank. He knew what "it" meant.

"Yes, Sypher knows. I told him."

"But why didn't you tell me, dear Septimus, instead of letting me hear of it from mother and Cousin Jane? I don't think it was loyal to me."

"I forgot," said Septimus in desperation. "You see, I sometimes remember it and sometimes forget it. I'm not used to being married. Wiggleswick has been married several times. He was giving me a lot of advice this morning."

"Anyhow, it's true?" asked Zora, disregarding Wiggleswick.

"Oh, yes! You see, my ungovernable temper——"

"Your what?"

It was no use. On receiving the announcement she looked just as he had expected her to

look. He tried to stammer out his catalogue of infamies, but failed. She burst out laughing, and Sypher, who knew all and was anxiously wondering how to save the situation, laughed too.

"My poor, dear Septimus," she said kindly, "I don't believe a word of it. The woman who couldn't get on with you must be a virago. I don't care whether she's my own sister or not, she is treating you abominably."

"But, indeed she's not," pleaded poor Septimus. "We're the best of friends. I really want to live like this. I do. I can't live without Wiggleswick. See how cozy and comfortable he makes me."

Zora looked round, and the coziness and comfort made her gasp. Cobwebs hung from the noble oak beams across the ceiling; a day or two's ashes defiled the grate; the windows were splashed with mud and rain. There were no curtains. Her finger drawn along the green baize tablecloth revealed the dust. A pair of silver candlesticks on the mantelpiece were stained an iridescent brown. The mirror was fly-blown. In the corner of the room a tray held the remains of the last meal, and a plate containing broken food had overflowed onto a neighboring chair. An odd uncleaned boot lay, like a frowsy, drunken visitor, on the floor. The springs of the armchair on which she sat were broken.

"It's not fit for a pig to live in," she declared. "It's a crime to leave you to that worthless old scoundrel. I'll talk to him before I go. He won't like it. And then I'll write to Emmy. If that has no effect, I'll go over to Paris and bring her to her senses."

She had arrived royally indignant, having had a pitched battle with Cousin Jane, who took Emmy's side and alluded to Septimus in terms of withering contempt. Now she was furiously angry. The two men looked at her with wistful adoration, for when Zora was furious in a good cause she was very beautiful. And the adoration in each man's heart was intensified by the consciousness of the pathetic futility of her noble rage. It was for her own sake that the situation had arisen over which she made such a pother, and she was gloriously unconscious of it. Sypher could not speak lest he should betray his knowledge of Septimus's secret, and Septimus could only murmur incoherent ineffectualities concerning the perfection of Emmy, the worthlessness of himself, and the diamond soul that lodged in Wiggleswick's forbidding body. Zora would not listen to unreason. It was Emmy's duty to save her husband from the dust and ashes of his present coziness, if she could do nothing else for him;

and she, Zora, in her magnificence, was going to see that Emmy's duty was performed. Instead of writing she would start the next morning for Paris. It would be well if Septimus could accompany her.

"Mrs. Dix is coming to London, I believe," said Sypher.

Zora looked inquiringly at Septimus, who explained discursively. Zora renounced Paris. She would wait for Emmy. For the time being the incident was closed. Septimus, in his hospitality, offered tea.

"I'll get it for you," said Zora. "It will be a good opportunity to speak sweetly to Wiggleswick."

She swept out of the room; the two men lit cigarettes and smoked for a while in silence. At last Sypher asked:

"What made you send her the tail of the little dog?"

Septimus reddened, and ran two of the fingers of the hand holding the cigarette up his hair, and spilled half an inch of ash on his head.

"I broke the dog, you see," he explained luminously, "I knocked it off the mantelpiece. I'm always doing it. When Emmy has a decent house I'll invent something to keep dogs and things on mantelpieces."

Sypher said: "Do you know you've done me one of those services which one man rarely does for another? I'll never forget it to my dying day. By bringing her to me you've saved my reason. You've made me a different being. I'm Clem Sypher—but, sir, you're the Friend of Humanity."

Septimus looked at him with the terrified expression of a medieval wrongdoer writhing under an ecclesiastical curse. He made abject apology.

"It was the only thing I could do," said he.

"Of course it was. And that's why you did it. I never dreamed when you told me to wait until I saw her before I went mad or broke my heart that you meant to send for her. It has set me in front of a new universe."

He rose and stretched his large limbs and smiled confidently at the world out of his clear blue eyes. Two little words of Zora's had inspired him with the old self-reliance and sense of predestination to great things. Out of her own mouth had come the words which, when they had come out of Rattenden's, had made his heart sink in despair. She had called him a "big man." Like many big men, he was superstitious. He believed Rattenden's prophetic utterance concerning Zora. He was, indeed, set in front of a new universe, and Septimus had done it by means of the tail of a little china dog.

As he was stretching himself, Wiggleswick shambled in, with the fear of Zora written on his wrinkled brow, and removed the tray and the plate of broken victuals. What had passed between them neither he nor Zora would afterward relate; but Wiggleswick spent the whole of that night and the following days in unremitting industry, so that the house became spick and span as his own well-remembered prison cells. There also was a light of triumph in Zora's eyes when she entered a few moments afterward with the tea-tray, which caused Sypher to smile and a wicked feeling of content to enter Septimus's mild bosom.

"I think it was high time I came home," she remarked, pouring out the tea.

The two men supported the proposition. The western hemisphere, where she had tarried so long, could get on very well by itself. In the meantime the old eastern hemisphere had been going to pieces. They had a gay little meal. Now that Zora had settled Wiggleswick, arranged her plan of campaign against Emmy, and established very agreeable and subtle relations between Sypher and herself, she could afford to shed all her charm and gaiety and graciousness on her subjects. She was infinitely glad to be with them again. Nunsmere had unaccountably expanded; she breathed freely and no longer knocked her head against beams in bedroom ceilings.

She rallied Septimus on his new gun.

"He's afraid of it," said Sypher.

"What! Afraid of it's going off?" she laughed.

"Oh, no," said Septimus. "I've heard lots of them go off."

"When?" asked Zora.

Septimus reddened, and for once was at a loss for one of the curiously evasive answers in which his timidity took refuge. He fidgeted in his chair. Zora repeated her jesting question. "Was it when they were firing royal salutes in St. James's Park?"

"No," said Septimus.

His back being against the fading light she could not perceive the discomfiture on his face. She longed to elicit some fantastic irrelevance.

"Well, where was it? Why this mystery?"

"I'll tell you two," said Septimus. "I've never told you before. In fact, I've never told any one—not even Wiggleswick. I don't like to think of it. It hurts. You may have wondered how I ever got any practical acquaintance with gunnery. I once held a commission in the Militia Garrison Artillery. That's how I came to love guns."

"But why should that pain you, my dear Septimus?" asked Zora.

"They said I was incompetent," he murmured, brokenly, "and took away my commission. The colonel said I was a disgrace to the service."

Clem Sypher smote the arm of his chair and started up in his wrath.

"By heavens! I'll make the blundering idiot eat his words. I'll ram them down his throat with the cleaner of the new gun. I'll make you the biggest ornament the service ever possessed. I'll devote my existence to it! The Dix gun shall wipe humanity off the face of the earth!"

"I don't want it to do that," said Septimus, meekly.

Zora begged his forgiveness very sweetly for her indiscretion, and having comforted him with glowing prophecies of fame and domestic happiness, went home with a full heart. She loved Sypher for his generous outburst. She was deeply touched by Septimus's tragic story, but having a sense of humor she could not repress a smile at the thought of Septimus in uniform, handling a battery of artillery.

CHAPTER XXI

Cousin Jane was for packing her boxes and departing, but Zora bade her remain until her own plans were settled. As soon as Emmy arrived she would have to go to London and play fairy godmother, a proceeding which might take up considerable time. Mrs. Oldrieve commended her beneficent intention, and besought her to bring the irreligiously wedded pair to the Vicar, and have them wedded in a respectable, Anglican way. She was firmly convinced that if this were done, nothing more could possibly be heard of separate lives. Zora promised to do her best, but Cousin Jane continued to sniff. It would be far better, she declared, to shut the man up in an idiot asylum and bring Emmy to Nunsmere, where the child could have a decent upbringing. Zora dissented loftily, but declined to be led into a profitless argument.

"All I ask of you, my dear Jane," said she, "is to take care of mother a little longer while I do what I consider my duty."

She did not inform Cousin Jane that a certain freedom of movement was also rendered desirable by what she considered her duty to Clem Sypher. Cousin Jane lacked the finer threads of apprehension, and her comments might have been crude. When Zora announced her intention to Sypher of leading a migratory existence between London and Nunsmere for the sakes of Emmy and himself, he burst into a panegyric on her angelic nature. Her presence would irradiate these last dark

days of disaster, for the time was quickly approaching when the Bermondsey factory would be closed down, and Sypher's Cure would fade away from the knowledge of men.

"Have you thought of the future—of what you are going to do?" she asked.

"No," said he, "but I have faith in my destiny."

Zora felt this to be magnificent, but scarcely practical.

"You'll be without resources?"

"I never realized how full empty pockets could be," he declared.

They were walking across the Common, Sypher having lunched at "The Nook." Presently they came across Septimus sitting by the pond. He rose and greeted them. He wore an overcoat buttoned up to the throat and a cloth cap. Zora's quick eyes noted an absence of detail in his attire.

"Why, you're not dressed! Oh, you do want a wife to look after you."

"I've only just got up," he explained, "and Wiggleswick wanted to do out my bedroom, so I hadn't time to find my studs. I was thinking all night, you see, and one can't think and sleep at the same time."

"A new invention?" laughed Zora.

"No. The old ones. I was trying to count them up. I've taken out about fifty patents, and there are heaps of things half worked out which might be valuable. Now I was thinking that if I made them all over to Sypher he might get in some practical fellow to set them right, and start companies and things to work them, and so make a lot of money."

He took off his cap and ran his hand up his hair. "There's also the new gun. I do wish you'd have that, too," he added, anxiously. "In fact, it was our talk yesterday that put the other idea into my head."

Sypher clapped him on the shoulder and called him his dear, generous fellow. But how could he accept?

"They're not all rot," said Septimus pleadingly. "There's a patent corkscrew which works beautifully. Wiggleswick always uses it."

Sypher laughed. "Well, I'll tell you what we can do. We can get a syndicate together to run the Dix inventions, and pay you royalties on sales."

"That seems a very good idea," said Zora judicially.

But Septimus looked dissatisfied. "I wanted to give them to Sypher," said he.

Zora reminded him laughingly that he would have to provide for the future member of Parliament's election expenses. The royalties

would come in handy. She could not take Septimus's inventions seriously. But Sypher spoke of them later in his enthusiastic way.

"Who knows? There may be things hidden among his models and specifications of enormous commercial value. Lots of his inventions are crazy, but some are bound to be practical. This field gun, for instance. The genius who could have hit on that is capable of inventing anything. Why shouldn't I devote my life to spreading the Dix inventions over the earth? It's a colossal idea. Not one invention, but fifty—from a corkscrew to a machine gun. It's better than Sypher's Cure, isn't it?"

She glanced swiftly at him to see whether the last words were spoken in bitterness. They were not. His face beamed as it had beamed in the days when he had rhapsodized over the vision of an earth, one scab, to be healed by Sypher's Cure.

"Say you think it's better," he urged.

"Yes. It's better," she assented. "But it's chimerical."

"So are all the dreams ever dreamed by man. I shouldn't like to pass my life without dreams, Zora. I could give up tobacco and alcohol and clean collars and servants, and everything you could think of—but not dreams. Without them the earth is just a sort of backyard of a place."

"And with them?" said Zora.

"An infinite garden."

"I'm afraid you'll be disillusioned over poor Septimus," she said, "but I shouldn't like you to take up anything you didn't believe in. What would be quite honest in another man wouldn't be honest in you."

"That means," said Sypher, "you wouldn't like to see me going on dealing in quack medicines?"

Zora flushed red.

"It was at the back of my mind," she confessed. "But I did put my thoughts into the form of a compliment."

"Zora," said he, "if I fell below what I want to appear in your eyes, I should lose the dearest dream of all."

In the evening came Septimus to Penton Court to discuss the new scheme with Sypher. Wiggleswick, with the fear of Zora heavy upon him, had laid out his master's dinner suit and Septimus had meekly put it on. He had also dined in a Christian fashion, for the old villain, in some past phase of his career, had learned to cook daintily. Septimus proclaimed the regeneration of his body-servant as one of the innumerable debts he owed to Zora.

"Why do you repay them to me?" asked Sypher.

Then he rose, laughed into the distressed face, and put both his hands on Septimus's shoulders.

"No, don't try to answer. I know more about you than you can possibly conceive, and to me you're transparency itself. But you see that I can't accept your patents, don't you?"

"I shall never do anything with them."

"Have you tried?"

"No."

"Then I will. It will be a partnership between my business knowledge and energy and your brains. That will be right and honorable for the two of us."

Septimus yielded. "If both you and Zora think so, it must be," he said. But in his heart he was disappointed.

A few days afterward Shuttleworth came into Sypher's office, with an expression of cheerfulness on his dismal countenance.

"Can I have a few moments with you, sir?"

Sypher bade him be seated. Since his defection to the enemy, Shuttleworth had avoided his chief as much as possible, the excess of sorrow over anger in the latter's demeanor toward him being hard to bear. He had slunk about, not daring to meet his eyes. This morning, however, he reeked of conscious virtue.

"I have a proposal to put before you, with which I think you'll be pleased," said he.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Sypher.

"I'm proud to say," continued Shuttleworth, "that it was my suggestion, and that I've carried it through. I was anxious to show you that I wasn't ungrateful for all your past kindnesses, and my leaving you was not as disloyal as you may have thought."

"I never accused you of disloyalty," said Sypher. "You had your wife and children. You did the only thing possible."

"You take a load off my mind," said Shuttleworth.

He drew a long breath, as though relieved from an intolerable burden.

"What is your proposal?" asked Sypher.

"I am authorized by the Jebusa Jones Company to approach you with regard to a most advantageous arrangement for both parties. It's your present intention to close down the factory and shut up this office as soon as things can be wound up."

"That's my intention," said Sypher.

"You'll come out of it solvent, with just a thousand pounds or so in your pocket. The Cure will disappear from the face of the earth."

"Quite so," said Sypher. He leaned back in his chair, and held an ivory paper-knife in both hands.

"But wouldn't that be an enormous pity?" said Shuttleworth. "The Cure is known far and wide. Economically financed, and put, more or less, out of reach of competition, it can still be a most valuable property. Now, it occurred to me that there was no reason why the Jebusa Jones Company could not run Sypher's Cure side by side with the Cuticle Remedy. They agree with me. They are willing to come to terms, whereby they will take over the whole concern as it stands, with your name, of course, and advertisements and trade-marks, and pay you a percentage of the profits."

Sypher made no reply. The ivory paper-knife snapped, and he laid the pieces absently on his desk.

"The advantage to you is obvious," remarked Shuttleworth, who was beginning to grow uneasy before the sphinx-like attitude of his chief.

"Quite obvious," said Sypher. Then, after a pause: "Do they propose to ask me to manage the Sypher Cure branch?"

The irony was lost on Shuttleworth.

"No—well—not exactly—" he stammered.

Sypher laughed grimly, and checked further explanations.

"That was a joke, Shuttleworth. Haven't you noticed that my jokes are always rather subtle? No, of course you are to manage the Cure."

"I know nothing about that, sir," said Shuttleworth hastily.

Sypher rose and walked about the room, saying nothing, and his manager followed him anxiously with his eyes. Presently he paused before the cartoon of the famous poster.

"This would be taken over with the rest?"

"I suppose so. It's valuable—part of the good-will."

"And the model of Edinburgh Castle—and the autograph testimonials, and the 'Clem Sypher, Friend of Humanity'?"

"The model isn't much use. Of course, you could keep that as a curiosity——"

"In the middle of my drawing-room table," said Sypher, ironically.

Shuttleworth smiled, guessing that the remark was humorous.

"Well," he said, "that's as you please. But the name and title naturally are the essence of the matter."

"I see," said Sypher. "'Clem Sypher, Friend of Humanity,' is the essence of the matter."

"With the secret recipe, of course."

"Of course," said Sypher, absently. He paced the room once or twice, then halted in front of Shuttleworth, looked at him fixedly for

a second or two out of his clear eyes and resumed his walk; which was disconcerting for Shuttleworth, who wiped his spectacles.

"Do you think we might now go into some details with regard to terms?"

"No," said Sypher, stopping short of the fireplace, "I don't. I've got to agree to the principle first."

"But, surely, there's no difficulty about that!" cried Shuttleworth, rising in consternation. "I can see no earthly reason——"

"I don't suppose you can," said Sypher. "When do you want an answer?"

"As soon as possible."

"Come to me in an hour's time and I'll give it you."

Shuttleworth retired. Sypher sat at his desk, his chin in his hand, and struggled with his soul, which, as all the world knows, is the most uncomfortable thing a man has to harbor in his bosom. After a few minutes he rang up a number on the telephone.

"Are you the Shaftesbury Club? Is Mr. Septimus Dix in?"

He knew that Septimus was staying at the club, as he had come to town to meet Emmy, who had arrived the evening before from Paris.

Mr. Dix was in. He was just finishing breakfast, and would come to the telephone at once. Sypher waited, with his ear to the receiver.

"Is that you, Septimus? It's Clem Sypher speaking. I want you to come to Moorgate Street at once. It's a matter of immediate urgency. Get into a hansom and tell the man to drive like the devil. Thanks."

He resumed his position and sat motionless until, about half an hour later, Septimus, very much scared, was shown into the room.

"I felt sure you were in. I felt sure you would come. There's a destiny about all this business, and I seem to have a peep into it. I am going to make myself the damndest fool of all created beings—the very damndest."

Septimus murmured that he was sorry to hear it.

"I hoped you might be glad," said Sypher.

"It depends upon the kind of fool you're going to make of yourself," cried Septimus, a ray of wonderful lucidity flashing across his mind. "There's a couplet of Tennyson's—I don't read poetry, you know," he broke off apologetically, "except a little Persian. I'm a hard, scientific person, all machinery. My father used to throw poetry books into the fire if he caught me with one, but my mother used to read to me now and then—oh, yes!—Tennyson. It goes: '*They called me in the public squares, The fool that wears a crown of thorns.*'

That's the best kind of a fool to be." He suddenly looked round. "Dear me; I've left my umbrella in the cab. That's the worst kind of a fool to be."

He smiled wanly, dropped his bowler hat on the floor, and eventually sat down.

"I want to tell you something," said Sypher, standing on the hearthrug with his hands on his hips. "I've just had an offer from the Jebusa Jones Company."

Septimus listened intently while he told the story, wondering greatly why he, of all unbusinesslike, unpractical people—in spite of his friendship with Sypher—should be summoned so urgently to hear it. If he had suspected that in reality he was playing the part of an animated conscience, he would have shriveled up through fright and confusion.

Said Sypher: "If I accept this offer I shall have a fair income for the rest of my days. I can go where I like, and do what I like. Not a soul can call my commercial honesty in question. No business man, in his senses, would refuse it. If I decline, I start the world again with empty pockets. I'm going to decline. I wanted to know what you would have done in the circumstances."

"I?" said Septimus, with his usual gesture of diffidence. "I'm such a silly ass in such things."

"You would have done the same. I know you would."

Septimus reflected, and said, hesitatingly:

"I think I should have done it for Zora's sake. She doesn't mind empty pockets."

Sypher dashed his hand across his forehead, and broke into a loud cry.

"I knew you would say that! I brought you here to say it! Thank God! I love her, Septimus. I love her with every fiber in me. If I had sold my name to these people I should have sold my honor. I should have sold my birth-right for a mess of pottage. I couldn't have looked her in the face again. Whether she will marry me or not has nothing to do with it. It would have had nothing to do with it in your case. You would have been the best kind of fool and so shall I."

He swung about the room greatly excited, his ebullient nature finding relief in words from past tension. He laughed aloud, proclaimed his love for Zora, shook his somewhat bewildered friend by the hand, and informed him that he, Septimus, alone of mortals, was responsible for the great decision. And while Septimus wondered what the deuce he meant, he rang the bell and summoned Shuttleworth.

The dismal manager entered the room. On seeing Sypher's cheery face, his own brightened.

"I've thought the matter over, Shuttleworth."

"And you've decided——"

"To refuse the offer, absolutely."

The manager gasped. "But, Mr. Sypher, have you reflected——"

"My good Shuttleworth," said Sypher, "in all the years we've worked together have you ever known me to say I've made up my mind when I haven't?"

Shuttleworth marched out of the room and banged the door, and went forth to declare to the world his opinion of Clem Sypher. He had always been half crazy; now he had gone stick, stark, staring, raving, biting mad. And those to whom he told the tale agreed with him.

But Sypher laughed his great laugh.

"Poor Shuttleworth. He has worked hard to bring off this deal. I'm sorry for him. But one can't serve God and Mammon."

Septimus rose and took his hat. "I think it awfully wonderful of you," he said. "I really do. I should like to talk to you about it—but I must go and see Emmy. She came last night." Sypher inquired politely after her health, also that of her baby.

"He's taking such a deuce of a time to grow up," said Septimus. "Otherwise he's well. He's got a tooth. I've been wondering why no dentist has ever invented a set of false teeth for babies."

"Then your turn would come," laughed Sypher, "for you would have to invent them a cast-iron inside."

Before Septimus went, Sypher thrust a gold-headed umbrella into his hands.

"It's pouring with rain, and you'll wade about and get wet through. I make a rule never to lend umbrellas, so I give you this from a grateful heart. God bless you."

(To be concluded)

"MR. DOOLEY" ON A NEW LITERARY LIGHT

BY F. P. DUNNE

WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I see that me old frind Jawn D. has broken into lithrachoer. An' I'm glad iv it. I've often said to meself: 'Oh, that me old frind Jawn D. wud write a book!'"

"What's it like?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "Hogan says there are two kinds iv product fr'm petrolyum—illuminatin' an' non-illuminatin'. An' this is wan iv thim. But Hogan's jealous, bein' a lithry man himsilf. 'Twas a sorry day for th' likes iv him whin Jawn D. discovered this new bye-product iv the juice iv th' rocks. He's made kerosene, gum-shoes, marmalade, side combs, soap, anti-pyrine, judges, United States sinitors, an' so much money that th' Rothschilds are glad to come around an' buy his old hats fr'm him, an' now, be hivens, he's goin' into lithrachoer. A sad day f'r Hogan, says I. What chance will he have as an independint refiner again Jawn D.? Here he is thryin' to arne a little money now an' thin be pushin' out a pint or two iv pothry, an' along will come Jawn D. an' mannyfacther it be th' hogshead an' th' car-load. He'll undhersell Hogan in ivry

corner iv th' wurruld. While Hogan has to carry his pothry down to th' iditor, Rockyfellar will pipe his over, an' besides he'll own th' iditor. He'll deliver Standard pothry at ye'er dure. I'll bet in a year's time Hogan will be dhrivin' a pothry tank wagon f'r Rockyfellar an' be glad to do it. If I was Hogan I'd go over to-morrow an' sell me refinery to Rockyfellar an' jine with him to push Roodyard Kipling out iv th' markets iv th' wurruld. 'Tis his on'y hope.

The Editor Gets the Autobiography

"But so far he hasn't gone into pothry. His first appearance as a lithry man is a little effort called 'An Attmpt to Defind a Blameless Life,' or something like that. In other wurrds, Jawn D. is writin' his autybiography. He was persuaded to do so be his frinds, his inimies concurrin'. Wan iv th' gr-reatest iv modern iditors secured th' rollickin' romance f'r his sterling magazine, an' ye can buy it at anny news-stand f'r twenty-five cints, if ye have twenty-five cints, which is a good deal f'r

lithrachoer with th' price iv kerosene ile where it is. Th' iditor wint out to see Jawn D. before acceptin' his brochure, as Hogan calls it. He confessed that he felt a deep-seated prejudice against th' great gasolene king. He had such an inhuman feeling as an iditor wud nacherally have against a man with so much pelf. He come away absolutely charmed with th' simplicity iv this splendid character. He expicted him to enter th' room on goolden roller skates. Th' iditor was obliged to wait f'r some time, an' he was examining th' carefully selected libry iv three hundherd thousand volumes iv railway rates, whin he heerd th' frou-frou iv congress gaiters, an' lookin' up with startled, fawn-like eyes he found himsilf in th' prisince iv our hero. Th' sturdy charackter iv th' iditor showed at wanst in th' fact that he did not swoon, an' havin' been invited be Misther Rockyfellar to dhraw up a chair, th' two were soon engaged in frindly converse. Th' great man was found to be as simple an' modest as if he had been a mere Abraham Lincoln or Ulyss S. Grant. He was very frank about his life, which has been devoted to golf. He is a sound, although not a brilliant player, havin' done th' home coorse in a sterling two hundherd an' fifty. It appears that if by anny unforchnit mischance, as th' caddy smilin' loudly or a grasshopper leapin' in th' next field, he dh rives th' ball into a swamp or rough place, he does not, as most men with over a millyon dollars wud do, sind th' boy afther it an' thry another. Indeed no. Like anny poor man, this peerless spoortsman goes down into th' mephitic morass, bravin' malaria an' th' sting iv vicious winged monsther, an' slams away first with wan bat thin with another, ontill th' ball is extricated or merciful night descinds. In keepin' his scoor he is most scrupulous, th' iditor remarks. Playin' around be himsilf, he puts down ivry sthroke an' adds thim up at th' end iv th' game. He niver cheats himsilf. Admirable restraint.

How the Story Reads

"Well, Hinnissy, th' imprission I got fr'm this here little heart-to-heart was that me frind Jawn D. was quite a jolly, rollickin' old soul. I plunged fr'm thence into his auty-biography an' immeejedly plunged out again. I cannot tell ye all iv this dashin' story iv adventure. I class it among th' gr-great fightin' romances iv lithrachoer. How he was beset be rivals—how he pierced wan with a rebate, how he broke th' law over another's head, how he leaped through a loophole in a Supreme Coort decision an' was safe f'r a time; th' great

peril he was in fr'm f'rgettin' th' combination to his safe; how he was threecherously sthruck down be Kenesaw M. Landis; how honest Peter Grosscup come along an' lifted th' fine an' carried him home an' nursed him back to life. I'll not tell ye about it. Ye must read it f'r ye'ersilf. An' if it's not too much to ask, read it f'r me, too.

Rockefeller Explains Himself

"There's wan thing sure fr'm what I see an' that is that Jawn D. hasn't anny idee that he iver done wrong to annywan. I like that about him. It shows he's a human being. Says he: 'Settin' here, on a rainy day, th' thought comes over me that I shud put down th' adventures that have befell me, Jawn D. Rockyfellar, a cadet iv a noble Ohio house, goin' over th' ivints iv a long life an' describin' episodes that have made histhry in th' kerosene ile business. It is well that I shud utter me narrative in the quite iv a counthry house rather thin in th' brawl iv a coort, with a lawyer waggin' his finger undher me nose. So to begin at th' beginning, I will skip forty years an' say that I have been wrongly blamed. Not be mesilf, but be others not so well-informed. If I had been a bad man wud I be surrounded as I am to-day be lile an' devoted pardners? Manny deplorable acts have, no doubt, been done be overzealous subordinates. I cannot excuse these here zealots. All I cud do was to take thim out iv th' way iv temptation an' give some wan else a chance. I made thim me pardners an' now manny iv thim are on such terms with United States sinitors that they can hand thim a little something without blushing. It has been a great pleasure to me to save these men an' make thim what they are. They have grajated fr'm crime, but I am glad to say that th' last time I visited th' old college down in Broadway, I saw th' grads mixin' in on th' best iv' terms with a splendid growin' kindergarten.

John D. and the Small Manufacturer of Oil

"An' so it goes. An' I'm with Jawn D. I niver see him in me life, though his face is famlyar to me through all th' popylar papers, an' I know a fellow that dh rives a wagon f'r him. But I'm with Jawn D. Th' time was whin I hated him, an' me romantic soul protest-ed again his croolty in exterminatin' th' gallant little mannyfacthrer iv kerosene ile—those brave, splendid warriors who were fightin' th' battles iv th' people. 'Twas a good manny years before I discovered that th' on'y thing ayether iv thim was fightin' f'r was to see which

shud be first to me cash dhraver. It was me they were fightin' about. An' the best an' toughest man won. 'Tis like this: I'm goin' home late at night an' a small but enthusiastic fellow jumps on me back an' yells: 'Ye'er money or ye'er life!' an' thries to take both. But just as I'm fadin' away a big sthrappin' la-ad ears around th' corner, knocks me assailant down, robs an' beats him, knocks me down an' goes through me pockets, an' thin says: 'Now, boys, if both iv ye behave ye can come down to-morrow an' get a good job f'r life shovellin' coal an' fr'm day to day I'll hand ye part iv ye'er money back,' says he. That's what's called th' devlopment iv th' home market. Th' devlopment iv th' foreign market is whin I stake th' big fellow to go over an' garotte a Rooshan or a Chinyman. In th' long run I settle ivrything an' much diff'rence does it make to me who I settle with. I'd just as lave pay over th' money I extort fr'm ye to Rothschild as to th' corner grocer. In fact if they'll let me keep enough to support me life an' promise not to disturb me sleep, I'll lave th' rest on me dure step an' let thim fight f'r it. An' may th' best man win. An' he will win an' all he'll get out iv it will be another way iv livin' to be discontented with.

A Cynic Turned Inside Out

"Father Kelly says I'm gettin' to be a cynic turned inside out. Findin' that I can't hate ivrything in th' wurruld, I can't hate anything. 'Tis a poor feelin' f'r a prize-fighter, but I long

ago retired fr'm th' ring an' I'm contint to subscribe to th' purse, pay an admission fee an' watch th' scrap. In this kind iv battle I was a bad second-rater always.

"So what's th' use iv botherin' our poor heads because wan man is richer thin another man. I refuse to be intrusted in Jawn D. because he has sold more kerosene thin anny other man in th' wurruld. To me, Hinnessy, he is on'y a larger disposer iv kerosene thin somewan else. Jawn is me grocer. 'What does Jawn D. Rockyfellar do f'r a livin'?' says ye. 'He sells kerosene to Martin Dooley,' says I. 'Fill that can, Jawn, an' don't lave too much froth on top. How's business in Chiny?' says I. An' I pay an' go out. That's all there is to it. An' if me kerosene dealer come in to see me I wudden't reprove him f'r handin' his loose change to th' polisman on th' beat or a United States sinitor to have his business proticted again rivals. No, sir. I'd say: 'Well, Jawn, me boy, ye look as if ye'd done a good day's business but ye aren't glad about it. Oh, niver mind excuses. It's all right. Ye an' I are about th' same age but I don't have to have me pitcher took. Will ye jine me in something nourishing?' An' we'd have a beaker iv biled milk together an' I'd ring up: 'No change,' an' we'd go home in th' arly avenin' singin': 'A charge to keep I have.'"

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "It's a puzzling thing to know where all th' wrong comes fr'm."

"Oho!" said Mr. Dooley. "Whin ye find that out won't ye be mad!"

INFLUENCES

BY JOHN B. TABB

EACH separate life is fed
 From many a fountain-head:
 Tides that we never know
 Into our being flow,
 And rays of the remotest star
 Converge to make us what we are.

AIRSHIPS

BY HARRY H. KEMP

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. RAKEMAN

BRAVE captains of the oceans of the air.
Agile the buffets of the winds to dare,
To dartle upward on a track oblique
As eagles fade from peak to mist-wrapt peak;
Forerunners of the mighty time to be
When men will sail the air as now the sea
And flocks of ships like migrant birds will go,
Their shadows speeding under them below,
And take the buffets of celestial gales
In cloudy tier on tier of bulging sails—
All hail! Columbuses of realms unwon
And windy champaigns germane to the sun!

Neglected as of yore will be the Deep
Ere timid Commerce on its edge did creep,
Abandoned to the pale and lonely moon
And to the awful flails of the Typhoon;
And the brown savage, vivid with tattoo,
Gliding from isle to isle in swift canoe,
And clumsy junks manned by the Chinese crew,
And fishing smacks dim-seen through slant gray rain
Alone will tempt the bosom of the Main;
And Liners useless at the docks will stand
Like dead Leviathans washed up to land,
While steamship companies through bribed law
Will seek the winged fleets to overawe.

Yea! Gradual, by ones, and twos, and threes,
The daring mariners will tempt the breeze:
At first for pleasure only will they sail
And chart the sightless currents of the gale,
But next increasing cargoes will be laid
In holds, and over continents conveyed,



"The death which, everywhere, would shriek and flame adown the gulfs of air"

And, automobiles antiquated quite,
Flying machines will throng the upper night—
With flashing headlights high expresses shine
Like meteors dropping in a golden line.
Inventors on invention will refine
Until machines, the children of their skill,
Will move obedient to the infant's will. . . .
Yet here and there when flying ships appear
The superstitious swain will flee for fear,
Until the Marvellous dons Use's face
And miracles become the commonplace.

And then, should murderous War with passion mar.
Terrific fleets would gather from afar;
Nor would banked coast defense and barricade
And the long line of soldiers on parade
Avail against the death which, everywhere,
Would shriek and flame adown the gulfs of air—
But yet, methinks, ere that time war will cease
And in one symphony divine of peace
The world will work and trade and build, and plan
Not profit, but the betterment of man,
Mountains and lines no more will states divide
And all the world become one countryside.

Hail, brave adventurers who soar, and dare
To climb the unscaled ramparts of the air!
The spirit pushes ever on and on
Toward some great end and toward some greater dawn.
Oh, it is hardly daylight yet—'tis gray
First light before the sunrise of the day.

If man has but upon his course begun.
How great will be the world ere God is done!



"AND FLOCKS OF SHIPS LIKE MIGRANT BIRDS WILL GO"

THE SPIRITUAL UNREST

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

"It is quite obvious that a wave of religious activity, analogous in some respects to the spread of early Christianity, Buddhism and Mohammedism, is passing over our American world."

—Professor WILLIAM JAMES of Harvard.

I.—HEALING THE SICK IN THE CHURCHES



ORTY Protestant churches in various parts of the country—not to speak of hundreds of Christian Science churches—are now conducting "religious clinics" or health services for the healing of the sick. Beginning with the work of the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester and his associate, the Rev. Dr. Samuel McComb, at Emmanuel Church in Boston in 1906 the movement has spread with a rapidity which indicates that it must have met a genuine human need.

On the other hand, many doctors, health departments and hospitals are extending their work into wholly new fields, social, psychic, philanthropic, which were formerly more or less within the province of the church. Both minister and physician, in these times of spiritual unrest, have grown discontented with their former successes. A new relationship is seen to exist between religion and medicine. Religion is reaching out over debatable ground to do the work of the doctor; the doctor is reaching out over debatable ground to do the work of the church.

What, then, are these extraordinary new movements? How did they originate, what are they doing now, what are their possibilities and limitations? In answering these questions we shall not only come to a more complete understanding of the new movements but we shall be able to see something of the conditions of spiritual unrest to which they are evident responses.

In the present article I shall deal chiefly with the religious movement, as typified by the work of Emmanuel Church of Boston; in a following article I shall consider certain new phases of the work of the medical profession.

For years past Emmanuel Church has been regarded as one of the most successful churches in Boston. It has had the largest membership of any Episcopal church in the city. It has had a wealthy and generous following. It has had able ministers. No other church in Boston and few in America have gone further with institutional activities, for none has felt more keenly the need of some agency to soften the strain of modern economic relationships. Its clubs, classes, camps, gymnasiums, its hospital work and other activities are widespread and highly developed. In Emmanuel Memorial house, located in one of the poorer neighborhoods of Boston, it conducted what is to all intents and purposes a social settlement. An examination of the year book of the church is a revelation of extraordinary activities such as no church of twenty years ago would have dreamed of undertaking.

A Discontented Church

And yet, somehow, all this success, these widespread activities were not enough. Something was lacking. Dr. Elwood Worcester, the rector, wrote in one of his annual reports:

"The people are very willing to accept what we offer them in the way of fine parish buildings, libraries, gymnasiums, music, trade-schools, art classes, and, in some instances, baths; and these things are of incalculable importance as elements of a well-ordered life. But the best that the Christian church has to offer men is the religion of Jesus Christ, and this all our social endeavors do not seem to make our people particularly anxious to receive at our hands."

Dr. Worcester also voices the disheartenment of the ministry over the fact that the

churches are not performing their function.

"I have heard many of the ablest and most conscientious clergymen of our church confess with tears that they are doing this (social) work with a sense of despondency and humiliation because they do not feel that they are giving their people the best they have to give. In other words, the Church of Christ cannot maintain and propagate itself by anything less comprehensive, less spiritual and tremendous than the Christian religion, and the plain truth is, we are not bringing the full force of our religion to bear upon the hearts and lives of the people."

It was this deep conviction of failure that caused Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb to try the experiment which has resulted in the truly notable Emmanuel Movement. They asked themselves what it was, in times past, that made the church strong. Was it not the fact that the church had something to give to men and women which, down in their hearts, they desired above everything else? In its periods of real power and faith, the church has never been compelled to seek men; at such times men have passionately sought the church.

"The Christian religion began its mission," says Dr. Worcester, "with an enormous sense of power. Taking its stand in the very center of the universe—the soul of man—the church had gifts to bestow, gifts for all. In those days no one touched the religion without being transformed by it."

How the Church Has Lost Its Hold

The problem was how to re-inspire the church with its old faith and power. The failure in the past has been due to no lack of willingness on the part of the ministry. Thou-



DR. ELWOOD WORCESTER

Founder of the Emmanuel Movement

sands of leaders of the church would willingly lay down their lives if they might experience the joy of transforming men's lives. Nothing, indeed, is more pathetic in this world than the spectacle of the good man who is seeking to do good, but cannot. Instead of increasing power in the church, the ministry has seen its influence lessening. Uncounted Americans whose ancestors looked to the church as the chief inspiration of their daily existence no longer attend any church. Other thousands, though still nominally members or attendants, have ceased to admit the church or its ministers as a really vital influence in their lives. With expensive equipment, large funds, an educated clergy, often costly music and other attractions, the church, taken as a whole, no longer leads or even deeply stirs the American people. Able young men do not go into the

ministry as they once did; last year there were seven hundred fewer students in fifty-eight Protestant theological seminaries than there were twelve years ago. Ministers generally are underpaid and often disheartened by the prevailing apathy and neglect. Thousands of churches, especially in the east, stand empty and deserted. There are fewer churches in New York city than there were in 1840; and while the modern church is much more commodious, it is rarely well filled at any service.

The Catholic church has apparently fared better than the Protestant churches, because it has been constantly recruited from the ever-swelling streams of immigration from the Catholic countries of Southern Europe. But the Catholic church is also discontented. The second generation of foreigners, whether Catholic or Jew, tends to slip away from church influences. A Catholic priest recently put it thus vigorously:

"Americanizing means the loss of the man to the church."

Is not this an extraordinary statement? Is Americanism irreligious?

New Wave of Religious Enthusiasm

But in spite of these striking facts, we hear a clear-sighted observer like Professor James saying that "a wave of religious activity analogous in some respects to the spread of early Christianity, Buddhism and Mohammedism is passing over our American world." In short, there is not less of moral enthusiasm or spiritual activity in America, rather far more of it, but the church somehow has ceased to lead or inspire it as it did in former times.

Dr. Worcester felt deeply this condition. What should be done, in Emmanuel Church, to get back the power of inspiring and transforming men's lives?

In order to reach any clear understanding of the Emmanuel Movement, it will be necessary to consider, as a foundation, some of the larger movements of modern thought.

The world is just now being swept with a great wave of idealistic philosophy. It is a rebound from the years of materialism and materialistic philosophy which swayed the intellectual and spiritual life of men during a large part of the last century. It is the return of the pendulum of human thought which ever oscillates between the material and the spiritual interpretations of life, less of Herbert Spencer, Huxley and Haeckel, and more of the German idealists and the modern psychologists.

The New Idealism

The new idealism lays its emphasis upon the power of mind over matter, the supremacy of spirit. Its thinkers have interested themselves as never before in the marvelous phenomena of human personality, most of which were contemptuously regarded by the old materialistic science. The wonders of the human mind, the attribute we call consciousness, the self, the relation of mind to mind, telepathy, the strange phenomena of double or multiple consciousness, hypnotism, and all the related marvels, are now crowding for serious attention and promise to open to us new worlds of human knowledge.

Now, every great philosophical and scientific movement has its popular and practical reflex. Just as the spread of the materialistic philosophy in the last century was accompanied the world over by a wave of so-called "rationalism," infidelity and agnosticism, among the people, so the present wave of idealistic philosophy finds expression in a number of most remarkable popular movements. Every philosophy has its correlated faith: the faiths of the materialistic nineteenth century were pessimistic, negative, deterministic, while the new faiths are optimistic and positive. "I do not" and "I cannot" are superseded by "I do," "I know," "I will." They are expressed in the spreading and significant Christian Science and New Thought movements, in the rise to power of leaders of the type of Dowie, in the revival in interest in spiritualism as a religion, in the idealistic side of socialism. At the very time that the philosophers and psychologists were *thinking* their way to the new philosophy, P. P. Quimby and Henry Wood and Mrs. Eddy and Dowie and many others were *feeling* their way toward new popular faiths. The world was weary of the old materialism, and the revolt, which some men reasoned out while others only felt, came alike to all.

And necessarily it has deeply affected both religion and medicine. The scientific spirit of the last century, turning its cold, necessary gaze upon the Bible, upon church history, upon religious phenomena, relentlessly cutting away accumulations of superstition and error, for a time dampened and confused the ardor of a primitive faith. Critical examination, coming at a time when the world was also undergoing swift material changes, in which men's minds were consumed with the thirst for wealth and conquest, tended to rob the church of its ancient influence. The churches themselves grew rich and materialistic, and like any other entrenched institution, they

have accepted the New Thought with intense reluctance. They are naturally aristocratic and conservative, rather than democratic and liberal. Most of them yield only when some diet of defiance is nailed to their doors.

From time to time, indeed, the spirit blazed up in widespread revivals which were often unconnected with organized religious bodies. It appeared in such democratic revolts as the Salvation Army. It has expressed itself on the ethical side in extraordinary reform movements in politics and industry, but for the most part the church remained unaffected. Divided into warring sects, it busied itself with acrimonious and wearisome disputes over creeds and interpretations; it cast out heretics. It had no sure sense for that which was extinct.

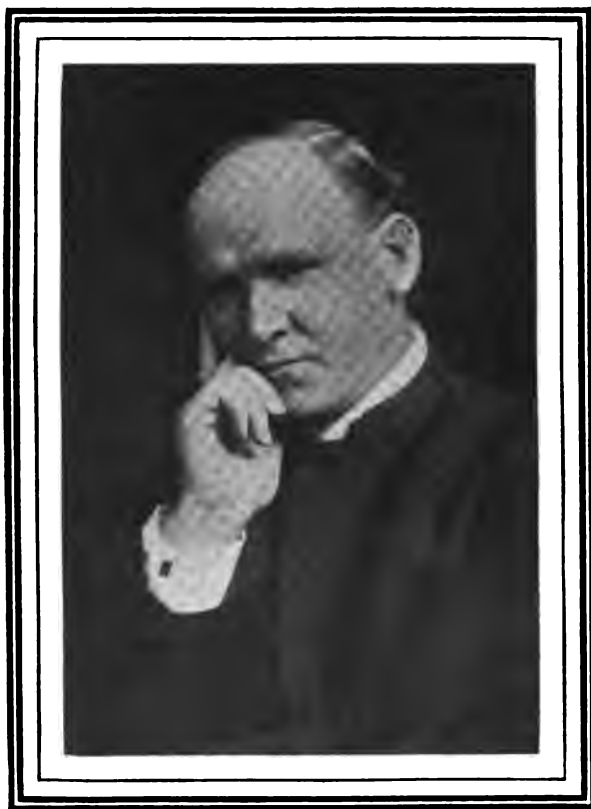
The social work of the churches—the clubs, settlements, and so on, to which I have referred—was a dim response to the new spirit, but it assumed, not unnaturally, a materialistic form. It was not keyed high enough. It was an intellectual, not a spiritual, response to the problem. As Dr. Worcester says mournfully, the people accepted all the libraries, trade schools and classes the church had to offer, but they would not receive the religion of Jesus Christ. Is it possible that the churches did not have that religion to bestow?

Power of Christian Science

When men and women wanted the Spirit of the new thought they sought it, rightly or wrongly, elsewhere. Men and women flocked to the Christian Science movement; or gave their money and placed their lives in Dowie's

hands; or surrendered themselves to the peace of the New Thought; or eagerly, pathetically, sought out the spiritualistic séance; or became passionate socialists, making of Socialism a very real religion; or satisfied themselves in an unselfish devotion to reform movements in municipal and state politics—all wholly or mostly outside of the churches. In short, they followed blindly—and are following to-day—any move-

ment which had in it a spark of the new thing their souls required. It is noteworthy that the Christian Scientists have not had to go out for a single convert, nor establish a single costly gymnasium, nor conduct a single settlement; and the socialist, instead of receiving personal advantages for being a member of the party, has willingly paid to join! Surely there is a deep significance in the fact that hungry people have rushed forward to accept these new faiths, and have been willing to give their lives and their money to sustain them. The new faiths must have something of life and vitality in



DR. SAMUEL McCOMB

Who has been associated from the start with Dr. Worcester in this Movement

them—a certain response to the main currents of the world's thought—which cannot be disregarded or overlooked. Tell a Christian Scientist that Mrs. Eddy is a jealous autocrat, or a Dowicite that Dowie was a charlatan, or the spiritualists that the medium he goes to is a fakir, or the revolutionary socialist that his dream of a perfect state is the veriest nonsense, and he will reply, "Whereas I was blind, now I see." Something has changed the man's life, and his conviction, so far as he is concerned, confutes the logic of the wise. It is unanswerable. No church, offering glorious traditions, aristocratic associations, costly music, or clubs or

classes, can compete for an instant with a faith which works marvels in men's souls.

Let us now return to the Emmanuel Movement which may best be approached, perhaps, through the men who originated it.

Personality of Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb

The Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester is a stout, solid, vigorous man who wears by preference a business suit and looks like an energetic business man. A lover of outdoor life, no year passes when he does not go hunting in the Rocky Mountains, or fishing in Newfoundland, or exploring and pearl-hunting in Labrador. Born in Ohio he came up fighting, making his own way. After graduating at Columbia University he told Bishop Potter that he wanted to lay the foundations of his theological training in Germany. But the Bishop objected:

"No," he said, "you stay here and graduate at the seminary; then you will not be tinged with German rationalism."

"If I graduate from the seminary," asked the candidate, "will you then offer any objection to my going to Germany?"

"Not the slightest," said the Bishop.

Fired with his project, Worcester hired a room in a vacant house in New York City, and worked alone all summer long from early morning until late at night. At the opening of the General Seminary in the fall he was able to pass the first two years of the course, and was graduated a year later. True to his promise he returned to the astonished bishop, who now gave his permission for the candidate to go to Germany. And there, at once, he found himself in the atmosphere of the New Thought: he studied under the eminent

psychologists Wundt and Fechner and he chose for his thesis the "Opinions of John Locke." On his return to America he was ordained and after a short experience in church work in Brooklyn, became chaplain and professor of philosophy at Lehigh University.

All along he had been a vigorous and independent thinker. He had accepted broadly the argument of the "higher critics"; his volume,

"The Book of Genesis in the Light of Modern Knowledge," in which he voiced the newest thought on the Bible, was published while he was rector of St. Stephen's Church in Philadelphia. He came to Boston in 1904.

Dr. Worcester's co-worker, Dr. Samuel McComb, is an Irishman with the Celtic vividness of mind and personality, a persuasive and magnetic speaker. He was educated at Oxford, and for a time was a minister in the Presbyterian Church. After becoming an Episcopalian he joined Dr. Worcester, and has

worked with him upon the closest terms of friendship ever since. Worcester and McComb defended the Rev. Dr. Crapsey when he was tried for heresy.

Beginning of the Emmanuel Movement

In the fall of 1906 the Emmanuel Movement began. As I have shown, Dr. Worcester was discontented with the work of the church: he felt, as he says, that "the time is come when the church must enter more deeply into the personal lives of the people and make a freer use of the means modern science and the gospel of Christ place at her disposal, if she is to continue even to hold her own."

Acting upon this thought it was most natural that Emmanuel Church should turn to the



DR. ISADOR H. CORIAT

A physician who has been associated with the work from the beginning



SOME WELL-KNOWN PHYSICIANS INTERESTED IN THIS MOVEMENT

DR. JAMES J. PUTNAM
*One of the foremost neurologists
of Boston*

DR. MORTON PRINCE
*Professor of neurotic diseases
Tufts College*

DR. WEIR MITCHELL
The great nerve specialist

healing of the physically and mentally sick. It was one of the commands of Christ that his disciples should heal the sick. In certain Catholic churches to-day, Lourdes, the Cathedral of St. Ann de Beauprè, and others, "the lame, the halt and the blind come and are cleansed and go away leaping and singing and praising God." Similar cures have been wrought by Christian Science. Why should the Protestant churches alone have abandoned this important work?

Now, every new religious movement must be based upon two elements: Faith and Reason. If there is Faith alone, unanchored by the very best reason of the times, then the new religion soars away into fanaticism and superstition. If there is Reason alone, then the religion, if it can be called religion, sinks into the morass of materialism. As fast as Reason explains a mystery, Faith presents innumerable new mysteries for explanation. As man progresses, old creeds must yield to new; old Faiths, crumbling before advancing Reason, ever give rise to new and greater Faiths.

Dr. Worcester saw the need of the great faith which cures the Catholic who kisses the stone toe of the saint, but he saw also the need of the best reason that science could give

for such a cure. A mass of scientific knowledge has been attained by the medical profession: much is known of disease and the cure of disease. Why should all this knowledge be disregarded or discarded?

"Most religious workers," says Dr. Worcester, "in this field (of mental healing) have made the mistake of supposing that God can cure in only one way and that the employment of physical means indicates a lack of faith. This is absurd. God cures by many means. He uses the sunlight, healing and nourishing substances, water and air."

Two Different Kinds of Diseases

Medical science and psychology have shown that a very large proportion of all the diseases from which men suffer—nearly half, in fact—are diseases in which the mind, the personality or the moral nature is the controlling factor—the point at which the vicious circle of physical and psychical misery can be broken. They are called, roughly, functional nervous disorders, and include neurasthenia, hysteria with its myriad forms of simulated organic disease, hypochondria, morbid fears and worries, addiction to alcohol and drugs, and moral disorders of many kinds.

On the other hand, a large group of diseases, called roughly organic disorders, such as small-pox, diphtheria, appendicitis, do not primarily affect the personality.

Formerly the doctor drugged and the surgeon cut impartially for all sorts of diseases. So long as the materialistic interpretation of life was absolutely accepted, medicine tended to become a mere group of scientific formulæ. Given a certain disease its cure was to be found on page 269 of the manual. And the whole world was deluged with drugs.

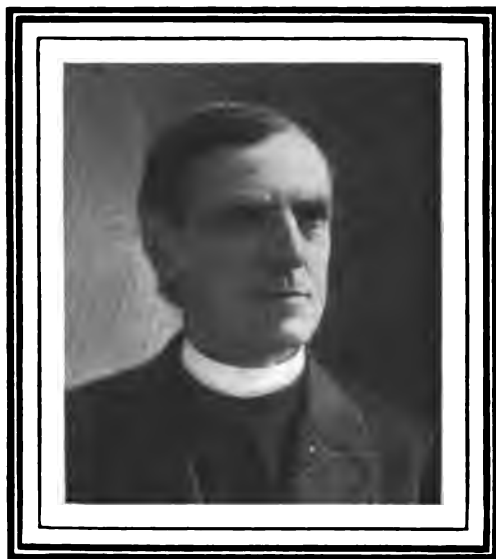
Then Dr. Osler appeared with his declaration that medicine was not a science but an art, in which he showed that there are in reality only a few drugs which are genuine specifics for any disease. But still earlier, the psychologists, beginning with Fechner in 1860, had begun to lay a broad, deep foundation for the study of men's minds and personalities. Wundt (in 1878) established the first psychological laboratory in the world, and in 1883 Professor G. Stanley Hall opened the first laboratory in America. Professor William James published his *Psychology* and Dr. Pierre Janet began giving to the world his studies in abnormal psychology and the phenomena of multiple consciousness. Many other workers speedily entered the field.

And yet, is it not a marvel that until this year there was not in any Medical College in the world any department for the study of the mind? The brain, indeed, is minutely examined; but the mind is disregarded. Is it any wonder, that from a science which regarded men as all body and no mind, no spirit, there should be revolts such as those of Mrs. Eddy and Alexander Dowie? And revolts, especially when inspired with faith, naturally go far—go, indeed, as in Christian Science, to the other extreme, in which men are regarded as all mind and no body. Thus the people, right in their instincts, are forever disciplining the pundits who, with their eyes too closely fixed upon their own theories, become warped and unhuman. At the present time the pundits, not only in medicine but in politics and religion, are being forced to adapt themselves to new lines of thought which they have not hitherto willingly recognized.

Fundamental Beliefs of Emmanuel Movement

Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb have attempted to establish no new dogma. They believe profoundly in the power of the mind over the body, that the mind, when inspired, or transformed, can cure many of the diseases

of the mind and of the moral nature. It can also help greatly in alleviating pain and producing the state of confidence and hope which are favorable to the cure of all other diseases. But organic ailments generally, they believe, must be left to physical treatment, to medi-



MINISTERS WHO PRACTICE

BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS
St. Paul's Church, Chicago

cine, surgery, hygiene, isolation and skilled nursing. If a headache is caused by eye-strain, a pair of glasses is far more effective than any mental treatment. If a tooth is bad it must be filled or pulled out. If a leg is crushed it must have the surgeon's knife. A case of yellow fever must be isolated: no amount of mental treatment will prevent the disease from spreading unless it is isolated. In short, the need of the whole man must be met: the doctor and the minister must work together. But before there is an attempt to cure, all the light that science possesses must be thrown upon the disease; there must be a diagnosis. Otherwise, what is to prevent a patient with small-pox or diphtheria wandering into a church full of people and spreading the contagion of his disease?

Two cases at Emmanuel Church show the necessity of a thorough diagnosis. One man came to be treated for neurasthenia; but the history of the case, together with a careful physical examination of the patient, revealed the presence of a cancer in the stomach. Immediate operation was advised and performed, instead of wasting the patient's time by a wholly ineffectual mental treatment. Another case

shows the reverse condition. A young man had been treated, drugged and dieted for years for an organic disease of the stomach. Careful examination indicated that the symptoms referable to the stomach were nervous and mental in their origin. Treatment was



HEALING IN THE CHURCHES

REV. T. W. BATTEN
St. Mark's Church, New York

given to him by Dr. Worcester and he promptly improved.

Thus we find the first meeting of the Emmanuel Movement in 1906 taken part in by Dr. James J. Putnam, one of the foremost neurologists of Boston. It also had the support of such able neurologists and physicians as Dr. Weir Mitchell, Dr. Barker of Johns Hopkins (Dr. Osler's successor), Dr. Richard C. Cabot and many others. Dr. Isador H. Coriat has been associated with the work from the beginning. Professor William James and other psychologists have also been deeply interested in this attempt to apply practically some of the newer teachings of psychology.

The Subconscious Self

It is impossible, in a brief space, to go into anything like a full explanation of the psychological theory upon which the Emmanuel Movement is founded. But in reality it is exceedingly simple. It is based on the belief that underneath the conscious life of every human being resides a subconscious or subliminal self which has powers and energies which only a comparatively few people learn to utilize.

"Men the world over," says Professor James, "possess amounts of resource which only very exceptional individuals push to their extremes of use."

It is supposed that in the phenomenon of hypnotism the conscious personality is put to sleep and that the hypnotist addresses the subconscious personality, so that when the patient awakens, although he will often have no memory of what was said to him while in trance, yet he will follow out the instructions given.

The subconscious mind is also suggestible without hypnosis; that is, it is subject to moral influence and direction. This is, of course, no new phenomenon. Human beings are constantly suggesting to one another: we practice suggestion every day of our lives. A little girl falls down and hurts herself. Mother kisses the spot and makes it well.

It is possible, then, to exert a profound influence over men's minds by thus asserting or suggesting strength, truth, hope. Many men also learn to exercise the same power over themselves by auto-suggestion. Instead of worry, fear, sin, which cause many of the ills and woes that flesh is heir to, and aggravate many others, the aim is to fill the mind with hope, good thoughts, kindness, courage. And this is no new philosophy, although recently it has been endowed with the power of *faith*.

Long ago, as Professor James says, Spinoza wrote that anything that a man can avoid under the notion that it is bad, he may also avoid under the notion that something else is good. He who habitually acts under the negative notion, the notion of the bad, is called a slave by Spinoza. To him who acts habitually under the notion of good, he gives the name of free-man.

"I Do" Supersedes "I Do Not"

The basis of the whole system is a vital belief based partly on religion, partly on the applications of new psychological knowledge that a man is, indeed, largely the master of his fate: that there is new hope for the weakest and the lowest; that if a man will place himself where he is in the current of good and high thoughts, if he says, "I do," "I will," instead of saying weakly and hopelessly, "I cannot," "I do not," his life will become a new thing. This is the phenomenon of the "new birth," the "transformed life." In short, it is a living faith in the free will of men, as against the old fatalism.

Having explained the philosophical foundations upon which the Emmanuel Movement



A TREATMENT

Rev. Lyman P. Powell of St. John's Church, Northampton, Mass., has been unusually successful in applying the methods of the Emmanuel Movement

rests, we may now consider the concrete processes of healing, and after that the criticisms which have been leveled against the Movement. Before the hundreds of suffering men and women who come to Emmanuel Church are treated by the ministers they are examined by physicians who are sympathetic with the work, and careful records are kept of every case. Those who require medical treatment only are referred to doctors: those who need mental and religious treatment are sent to Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb. In reality the treatment is exceedingly simple.

"I place a man in a comfortable reclining chair," says Dr. Worcester, "cut off the stream of external sensation by darkening the room and insuring quiet, and I earnestly tell him that in a few moments he will be asleep. If he knows that hundreds of other persons have undergone this experience he will be more certain to accept my assurance and to obey the suggestion. I visit a woman who

has been bedridden for months or years, convince myself that her inability to move does not proceed from true paralysis and I assure her that she can arise and I earnestly command her to do so, which she proceeds to do. A patient with palpitating heart comes to me. I soothe him by a few gentle and quiet words and tell him that his nervousness is passing away, that his heart is beating quietly and regularly and that in a few moments he will be calm and happy. He listens to me, believes me, and the prediction is fulfilled."

These words of Dr. Worcester concerning his method have at first an unreal sound: the whole operation seems mysteriously or miraculously simple. And yet men and women have been actually healed—not all the cases that present themselves, by any means, but a good many. Formerly such cures might have been called miracles: now they are merely the application of understood scientific methods. Of course the ultimate "Why?" of the healing is

as much a mystery as ever it was. Mental healing has been compared to the use of electricity. Although we learn more every year of methods of using the force known as electricity, yet we know nothing whatever concerning the real nature of that force. And thus, though cures are wrought by mental treatment, yet we know nothing of the real nature of the forces which are invoked.

In order to convey an even more vivid idea of the method of treatment, I will give an exact account of it as I saw it in operation. The case in point was one treated by the Rev. Lyman P. Powell of St. John's Church, Northampton, Massachusetts, who has been unusually successful in applying the methods of the Emmanuel Movement. A tall, rather fine-looking man—Mr. X.—came into the rector's study. He did not look at all ill, but I learned that he had been under treatment for several months. His story was a familiar one. He had come a stranger to the city with his family: he had been under a great strain, he was without acquaintances, and he had begun to use stimulants until he found himself unable to throw off the habit. As a final resort he sought out Mr. Powell.

"If you really want to be cured, I can cure you," said the rector.

"I do want to be cured," said Mr. X.

The treatments began then and there, and Mr. X. reports that he has not since taken to drink. He has, moreover, become a steady attendant with all his family at Mr. Powell's church. He is a wholly different man. On the night I was there Mr. Powell gave him a treatment. The man sat comfortably in an easy chair, the light was turned down, the study was silent and peaceful. Mr. Powell stood behind the chair and told Mr. X. to compose himself, that he was going to sleep just as he had gone to sleep before when he had come to the study.

Treating a Man for Alcoholism

"You are going to sleep," said Mr. Powell, "you are sinking deeper into sleep. No noises will disturb you. You will drop off into sleep. You are asleep."

These words, repeated numerous times, soon produced a deep sleep on the part of Mr. X. I could hear his steady slow breathing. Then Mr. Powell began giving suggestions in a low monotone.

"I told you before that you were not to drink any more. I told you that you could not yield again to the drink habit. You cannot drink any more. You will go on now

into the perfection of freedom. Your whole physical nature will revolt at the thought of alcohol. If you should take to drink again it would blast your life and leave your wife and children without support; it would cost you your position. You are too good a man to drink: you are too fine a character to be ruined by drink. In God's name I command you therefore not to drink any more. You cannot drink any more. You will use every means to keep from drink: you will not be able to drink any more."

These suggestions were repeated in different forms many times, the treatment lasting perhaps ten or fifteen minutes. The patient was then aroused. After Mr. X. went away I asked Mr. Powell if his treatment was not in its essence the practice of hypnotism.

"We do not often hypnotize our patients," he said; "it is not necessary. Our idea, of course, is to influence their subconscious lives; to replace their hopelessness and moral weakness with suggestions of power and virtue and strength. We do not need to produce a hypnotic sleep, except in rare cases, to reach this end. All that is required is a relaxation of mind and body, a repose, in which the deeper nature is open to suggestion. We don't know why it is, but if good thoughts and strong purposes are thus impressed upon the mind of a patient in times of repose, these good thoughts act upon and stimulate his life afterward. He is cured, sometimes instantly, of his sickness or his sin, but usually the treatments must continue for some time."

Relieving Pain

In some cases organic diseases seem to be incidentally helped or the pain eliminated. I visited one of Mr. Powell's patients who was afflicted with a malignant internal growth and often suffered the most excruciating pain. She had been more or less bedridden for years and had taken all sorts of medicine for relief. Mr. Powell has been treating her now for many months, not promising a cure but merely freedom from suffering. The pain instantly disappears under his treatment so that the patient rests in perfect comfort or is even able to get up and walk. In four or five days, however, the pain returns and Mr. Powell gives another treatment. This summer a remarkable thing happened. Mr. Powell was away on his vacation for several weeks and during a part of the time the woman suffered acutely, but on the day she heard that Mr. Powell was returning so great was her faith in his power to bring relief that the pain stopped before he

arrived. He is thus able to make the life of a suffering woman comfortable and even happy where it was formerly wholly miserable.

All sorts of cases have been treated by Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb and their followers. The lives of many men and women have been utterly transformed: from weak, hopeless, complaining, suffering beings, they have changed to hopeful, happy, courageous beings. In April, 1907, for example, there entered the clinic a middle-aged man suffering from pseudo angina pectoris, severe psychic pains all over the body, and in a very miserable state of mind. He had been unable to do any work for almost three years, had gone the usual round of doctors and hospitals, and had fallen into despair of getting better. He was a man of deep religious feeling. First of all his despair was dissipated by frequent reassurance that there was nothing incurable about his disorder. Then from time to time during a period of five months suggestion was applied and his religious instincts appealed to, until at the end of that period he recovered his health and nervous balance. He has remained well and has gone back to work.

There have been many strange cases of men suffering from fears, worries and phobias which have paralyzed their lives. From all sorts of causes they had come to a nervous breakdown which neither medical treatment nor self-control could cure. They have had their lives in many cases literally reconstructed.

One day after Sunday morning service in the church, Dr. McComb saw a woman leading forward a tall, emaciated, dissipated-looking man.

"Doctor," she said, "you must cure this man."

Dr. McComb said that he was in the midst of his Sunday service and that he could not do anything until Monday.

"But he must be cured," insisted the woman.

Finally Dr. McComb yielded and took the man into his study. It was a case of hopeless alcoholism—in which the man had reached the end of his rope, had ceased to work, neglected his family.

"Do you want to stop drinking?" asked Dr. McComb.

"Yes," said the man.

Beginning then and there Dr. McComb treated him for several days, and from the first the man has not returned to his evil habits.

But the mere treatment by suggestion is not the only remedy used. Suggestion must be accompanied by education and continuous moral influence. The devil having been cast

out, new interests and activities must be inspired, else seven devils will appear to fill the place of the one cast out. Emmanuel Church has an organization of social workers, both paid and voluntary, who follow up the cases treated. For example, the alcoholic, whom I have just mentioned, was visited in his home, money was advanced to buy him a wagon, he was set to work at once making a living and his family was helped and cheered. He is paying back the money loaned to him and getting hold of life again.

How Auto-suggestion is Practiced

One great effort made by the Emmanuel Movement is to encourage patients in auto-suggestion, that is, in the effort to heal themselves, to give them power over their own natures. The Rev. Lyman P. Powell has been especially successful in developing the use of auto-suggestion. Having cured himself of persistent insomnia, he gives a clear statement of methods by which other people may do the same thing:

"Those to whom auto-suggestion is an unfamiliar thought sometimes find difficulty in beginning to use it. They need to know how others who have found it helpful in inducing sleep actually use it. The following formula, which has helped several, is given for illustrative purposes. If used audibly it should be said slowly, drowsily, soothingly, whisperingly, and repeated till sleep comes:

"I am going to sleep. I shall not lie awake. I cannot lie awake. I am going to sleep. The tired eyes are closing. The blood is flowing from my brain to my extremities. There is no longer any pressure on the brain. The muscles are relaxing. Sleep is stealing over all my senses. They are growing numb. I am getting drowsy, drowsy. I am softly sinking into sleep, dreamless sleep. I am sinking deeper, deeper, deeper. I am almost asleep. I am asleep, asleep, asleep."

I do not desire to overemphasize the success of the new work. While most patients have been helped, some have received no benefit. There must not only be the power of suggestion on the part of the minister but *faith* on the part of the patient. He must believe and be willing to try and fight. There are dark cases in which character seems to have been entirely broken down; nothing is left to build upon, not even that desire for better things, which is the beginning of faith. Especially difficult have been the cases of men suffering from the drug habit—the use of morphine or cocaine—and yet even these have been helped.

Health Services in the Church

In addition to quiet personal treatment a largely attended meeting is held every Wednesday evening in the church. It is in reality an apotheosis of the old ill-attended prayer-meeting: but under the impetus of the new work, people come by hundreds; there are often eight hundred to one thousand men and women present. After singing and Bible reading requests for prayer are read. "A woman who is to undergo a serious operation to-night asks your prayers that she may be sustained." "A man struggling with the demon of drink asks your prayers." These are merely samples. The people kneel and Dr. McComb or Dr. Worcester prays. Afterward a short practical address, applying the teachings of Christ to human ills, is given. When this service is over the people go up to the social room where an hour is spent in making and renewing acquaintances. Many of those who come have had great help from these meetings.

It is difficult to convey any idea of the eagerness with which suffering men and women, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, non-believers, have come to Emmanuel Church, in search of the new life. Where once the ministers were compelled to go out and urge men to come in, it is difficult now to find room or time for all who come. Last winter Dr. Worcester was awakened about four o'clock one morning by a ring at his door-bell. Half aroused, he thought he heard a man crying or groaning. He went to his window and looked out. There, sprawled on his front steps, lay the body of a man. He rushed down and opened the door and found the man lying in his blood, his wrists cut in an attempt to commit suicide. Dr. Worcester sent for a doctor and after the necessary medical treatment found out that the poor fellow was suffering from hypochondria, "life not worth living," and after a number of treatments brought him around all right. The young man told Dr. Worcester he had heard of his work and took a last chance to come from Rhode Island to see if he could not be helped.

People have come not only from Boston but from all over the country, one the other day from Glasgow, Scotland, and the mail received by Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb is very heavy. Many ministers and doctors have come to study the work; and last spring, so great was the demand, a sort of summer school, or course of lectures, was provided, extending over three weeks' time. A small fee was charged, and many ministers, doctors,

teachers and social workers were in attendance. In fact, the movement has spread like wildfire. It has been taken up in churches in New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Buffalo and elsewhere.

Criticisms of the Movement

I have thus endeavored to give a clear account of the Emmanuel Movement. What now are the criticisms of it?

The questions I have heard most frequently advanced are these: "Where does religion come in? Cures are made, but how are they different from similar mental cures made by physicians or indeed other persons who know how to practice suggestion? Why should the church enter upon the matter at all?"

Upon these points I have made many inquiries of the ministers and physicians who are interested in the movement and I have also talked with a number of the patients who have been helped. I shall condense their arguments here.

There are two groups of reasons why the church should take up the work of healing. The first is a human or social reason. To be really cured a man must be dealt with not merely as a material body composed of such and such chemical elements, but as a human being, having a soul, a spirit. Man is a religious animal, and any work for his upbuilding that neglects that element neglects the most important factor in his life. Not every doctor is fitted to build up the moral and spiritual nature of men; nor have most doctors time for such work, whereas the minister is more or less at the service of the public.

The sick man, coming for treatment to the church, say the supporters of the movement, receives not mere scientific advice and direction, but what to many sufferers, especially from nervous diseases, is far more important, human sympathy, disinterested advice. To many patients the fact that they are brought out of lonely lives to friendly surroundings, the quieting and hope-inspiring meetings of the church, where every one is trying to look on the bright side of life, is a powerful stimulant toward health. To this must be added the important matter of confession. Before a patient can be successfully treated he must unburden his soul, must let the minister who is treating him understand to the depths all the sources of his troubles. Without this it is impossible to begin anew, and the very fact that a sufferer can thus unburden himself of his secret troubles and receive sympathetic advice and comfort often starts him on his way toward better living. The church in-

spires confidence that its ministers have no ulterior or selfish purpose; and many a discouraged man finds in that feeling the first gleams of a new hope. Besides this, the church gives men a new interest in life, a new work to do—work for some one beside themselves. Dr. Richard C. Cabot of Boston says of his practice: "I think one-half of all the nervous people who come to me are suffering for want of an outlet. They have been going at half pressure, on half steam, with a fund of energy lying dormant." One of the efforts of the Emmanuel Movement is to get men and women to work, accomplishing something which is unselfishly useful. And in that alone in many cases, lies a distinct curative power.

But the great influence of the church in healing lies in religious faith. It is spiritual. Dr. Worcester quotes a striking passage from Möbius upon this point:

"We reckon the downfall of religion as one of the causes of mental and nervous disease. Religion is essentially a comforter. It builds for the man who stands amid the misery and evil of the world another and fairer world. Meditation calms and refreshes him like a healing bath. The more religion descends into life the more it remains at man's side early and late, the more it affects our daily life the more powerful is its consoling influence. In proportion as it disappears out of the human life and as the individual and the nation become irreligious, the more comfortless and irritating life becomes."

Why Religion Helps to Heal Disease

A man is not really cured until his character is changed, until he has substituted peace, love and courage, for fear, worry, sin. Physical disease is often only a symptom of deeper distresses of the personality growing out of sin and selfishness, and such a physical disease cannot be permanently cured until the deep underlying cause is removed. And these things are within the gift of religion and religion alone.

"Trust in God," says Dr. McComb, "draws together the scattered forces of the inner life, unifies the dissociations of consciousness created by guilt and remorse, soothes the wild emotions born of sorrow or despair, and touches the whole man to finer issues of peace and power and holiness. By the sweet constraint of such a faith, the jarred and jangled nerves are restored to harmony. The sense of irremediable ill disappears and hope sheds her light once more upon the darkened mind."

But perhaps the best explanation of the need of religion in the healing of the body is given not by a minister but by one of the foremost physicians of Boston—Dr. Cabot. It is noteworthy that while Dr. Cabot is greatly interested in the Emmanuel Movement he is connected with no church. He says in his little book, "Psychotherapy and its Relation to Religion":

"I think I can best make the matter clear by calling your attention to a distinction which I have already used, the distinction between a pain and what we think of it, or between a suffering or a misfortune of any kind and what we think of it. These two elements always exist, are always separable, and in my opinion they are usually to be dealt with by quite different methods. The pain must be dealt with largely by physical methods and by the physician, but what the man thinks of it, that goes down deep into his character, involves the whole mental life, his whole point of view, his religion. It is for this reason that psychotherapy is so directly and deeply connected with religion and needs so constantly the support and guidance of the religious conception of life."

I asked one of the Emmanuel Movement patients, who had been relieved of a serious nervous disease, what part religion played in his case. "Would not a doctor who knew how to give this mental treatment have done as well?" I asked him.

A Patient Tells How He Was Cured

"Perhaps," he said, "I hadn't thought of it. I am not a church member or even a church-goer, or was not before I was cured. But it seemed to me, when I went to the rector for treatment—I was then a perfect stranger to him—that somehow the church guaranteed that I should receive honest advice, that its ministers should tell me the truth. I seemed to get something behind me immediately to help me support my weak life. I don't know that I've got any more religion than I ever had; I don't know exactly what religion is; but I do know that I am far sounder in health, that I feel at peace with myself, that I want to live a better all-round life, and as you see, I've developed a passion for telling everybody of the good news about how I was cured. It seems to me that everybody with anything wrong can be cured as I was if I could only let them know about it."

But there are other criticisms levied at the Emmanuel Movement. Some of the physicians, among them Dr. Putnam, who were at

first supporters of the movement, now believe that it has gone too far and too fast, that it will escape from the hands of its well-grounded originators and be used by unwise and careless imitators. There is danger, they assert, that the church, without sufficient scientific knowledge, will enter upon the treatment of many people with physical ailments who should be under skilled medical supervision. They say: If the clergymen are to engage in the practical work of healing to the extent indicated, they should organize better for this one end and form a new *institution* analogous to that of the medical profession devoted wholly to the work. This would be undesirable for many reasons and the churches themselves are not ready for it. At the same time able doctors believe that they themselves should be open-minded and that both clergymen and physicians should strengthen each other's position and influence.

Others fear the use of suggestion in untrained hands. In the cure of nervous diseases suggestion is, moreover, only one element, albeit a powerful one; there must also be a steady "re-education" of the patient, a training of his will; an effort, not only to reach him by the "back-door method" of influencing his subconscious self, but to train him in self-control. Can the church do this work satisfactorily; has it the wisdom and knowledge? To these objections the leaders of the Emmanuel Movement reply that any new movement or discovery is likely to go too far or to be used unwisely by over-hasty people. The X-ray treatment, for example, was at first carried much too far, and until the limitations of its use were discovered it injured many people. As to "re-education" and the necessity of long-continued supervision of the patient and the upbuilding of his character the Emmanuel Movement believes it is better fitted through its many avenues of personal influence and social work to influence the patient and change his life than is the busy, privately paid doctor.

Struggle Between Ministers and Doctors

Thus, though there is a union of ministers and doctors in the work of the Emmanuel Movement, yet back of it all lies a real struggle of the two professions to attain a greater influence over the lives of men. Both are competing for the new field and the church is not more energetic than the medical profession.

For at the same time that the Emmanuel Movement is spreading, a similar work is going on in medicine. An effort is being made to answer the need of medical students for a more extended knowledge of psychology and psychotherapeutics. The University of Wisconsin has established a chair in Psychology and Medicine. The Phipps Fund of \$500,000 will shortly be available for a similar course in the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Weir Mitchell will throw the weight of his name and personality into its inception. Dr. G. Stanley Hall offers a series of free lectures in the same subject at Clark University this winter, and Professor Morton Prince has started a similar course at Tufts. The doctors have also been scarcely less energetic than the ministers in writing articles and books on various phases of the new healing.

Conclusions

Thus while the church asserts the need of more faith in the healing of men, the medical profession demands sounder reason, more scientific insight. Both are necessary; and it is significant of the power of the present spiritual awakening that both doctor and minister should be struggling to fill this newly recognized need of human life. It would seem that the only way out was for the medical profession to become more religious and the ministry more scientific. Both faith and reason are needed; but the one most difficult to cherish and keep alive is faith, religious faith. Without faith we are dead; we do not grow. It is easy enough to give reasons why the fire of faith, such as that kindled by the Emmanuel Movement, does not or should not burn; it is more difficult to kindle and keep alive that precious fire.

In the final analysis it makes little real difference to you or to me what profession does the new work—whether doctor or minister or a combination of the two—so long as it is done. The final test is service, and to that end institutions and professions must shape themselves. Men, after all, whether ill or well, will follow those leaders who can give them hope, courage, faith, health, virtue, enable them to meet the inevitable difficulties and trials of this life with a happier face and a serener soul. In any event the fine new work will go on, whether the church in its present form leads it or not, for that way lies truth.

THE VICTOR

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

‘THOU hast not lived! No aim of earth
Thy body serves—nor home nor birth;
No children’s eyes look up to thee
To solace thy mortality.

“Thou hast not lived! Forbidden seas
Shut thee from Beauty’s treasures;
Not for those hungry eyes of thine
Her marbles gleam, her colors shine.

“Thou hast not lived! Hast never brought
To steadfast form thy hidden thought:
Striving to speak, thou still art mute,
And fain to bear, hast yet no fruit.”

*So spake the Tempter, at his plot,
But thee, my Soul, he counted not!
Who mad’st me stand, serene and free,
And give him answer dauntlessly.*

“Yea, shapes of earth are sweet and near,
And home and child are very dear;
Yet do I live—to be denied
These things, and still be satisfied.

“Yea, Beauty’s treasures all are barred
By one dark hand—so spare, so hard!
Yet do I live—who still can be
Their lover, though I may not see.

“Yea, it is true that I have wrought
No form divine from secret thought;
Yet do I live—since fain am I
To work that marvel ere I die.

“And if I fruitless seem to thee,
Yet hath my God some fruit of me;
Since I can hear thee out—and bear
A spirit still for dreams and prayer!”

MIND-CURING A RATE-MAKER

BY W. G. EGGLESTON



N a straight, level piece of track the rails had spread under a long freight train, and the West-bound Pacific Limited was tied up on a siding until the wrecking crew could make a run of forty-five miles, gather up the fragments and lay a few rods of track.

There was nothing to do but kill time; but there was some satisfaction in knowing that in the elegant private car attached to our train was the "Old Man," the president of the road, held up by a wreck on his own line. I was walking back and forth on the main track, thinking of what I'd do if I were president of the road, when a large man rushed out of the "Old Man's" car and called my name.

"Jove, Doc, I'm glad to see you," he said. "Come into the car. The Old Man's in an awful way."

"What's the trouble, Archie?" I asked. "Is he sick, or just mad, or both?"

"Don't know what's the matter—not mad—not even grumpy—just all gone to pieces. Seems to be out of his head half the time, moaning and praying and carrying on—never saw him that way before—seems to be nutty about the two-cent-a-mile laws; getting worse all the time—hasn't slept three hours in about two days."

"Now, Archie, I'll gladly do anything I can, but I haven't even a dinner pill with me."

"Oh, that's all right; you can do something for him. Run a stiff bluff on him if you can't do anything else. Come on."

The Old Man was stretched out on a comfortable lounge. He gave me a sharp look, pointed to a chair, and, as if I had caused his trouble, broke out:

"Well, what do you want? Country is going to ruin. Hughes is the only sane man in public life. Vetoed that fool two-cent bill. Told the Legislature it didn't know enough to make railroad rates. Two-centers! Roads need equipment. Business needs more cars and more trackage. Roads must borrow money for repairs and equipment. Fools trying to cut down revenues! Two cents a mile for carrying passengers! Roads can't borrow

money. Credit gone! Government will have to lend its credit and take charge of roads! Downfall of the Republic! Why don't you say something—do something?"

I grasped his wrist, took out my watch and began to count his pulse.

"How's the old thing pegging away?" he asked in a softer tone.

"Fifteen two, fifteen four, fifteen six, and a run of thirteen," I replied, as I turned and pressed the electric button.

"Bring a cup of weak tea," I said to the porter, "and ask Mr. Graham to come here."

"I can't drink tea," said the Old Man impatiently.

"Can't! You're too big a man to say 'can't.' Leave that to the little men who are successful at making failures.—Ah, Archie! won't you dig up some folders for me, of as many roads as you can, and bring all the special-rate advertisements you can find?"

The Old Man sat up suddenly, glared at me and said gruffly:

"What do you want with folders? Are you crazy, or do you think I am?"

"I'm the crazy man," I replied. "I've lost my mind over the way the railroads are going to lose money if they have to carry passengers at less than three cents a mile, and while we're tied up by that wreck I want you to make me sane. You'll do it, won't you? I want the folders and the advertisements to prove that I'm right."

"I can prove it without them," he said.

"But not to me, for I don't understand bookkeeping. Please let me prove it my way," I pleaded.

Archie and the porter came in, the first with a handful of folders and magazines, and the porter with the tea.

"Now, you drink your tea while it's hot, and light a cigar if you choose," I said to the Great Transportationer. "You'll have a cup of tea every twenty minutes until you go to sleep, and meanwhile we'll take some trips over the country at rates that are ruining the roads; trips at 'special low rates,' as the advertisements say. They're nice trips, but I don't take them, for I'd be helping to throw some roads into the hands of receivers. My

brain is afire with the idea that a two-cent-a-mile passenger rate spells B-A-N-K-R-U-P-T-C-Y in letters that can be read across the continent."

"It does! It does!" he moaned.

"Of course it does. I felt that you'd agree with me. But here, in the high-priced advertising pages of these magazines, your general passenger agent is hollerin' for the whole nation to come and ride over your roads at less than a cent and a half a mile. He's trying to bust you!"

"Stuff! Nonsense!" shouted the Old Man.

"Here's the proof—two-column, six-inch advertisements, running every week in three of the highest-priced advertising media in the country—not less than \$4 an agate line, from \$50 to \$60 an inch; and that man is using 36 inches—*one yard of advertising every week*—imploing the public to bankrupt your road by buying for less than a cent and a half what I know and you say you can't afford to sell for less than three cents!"

"Where are we offering passenger rates at less than a cent and a half a mile?"

"Right here, in these ads. In June you offer a rate of \$54 from Chicago to Spokane and return, which is 1 cent, 3.9 mills a mile; and in July you offer round-trip tickets from St. Paul to Spokane at \$55, which is 1 cent, 8.4 mills a mile. In June your round-trip rate to Seattle from Chicago was 1.37 cents a mile, and the same month you offered a round-trip rate from Chicago to Vancouver for 1.28 cents a mile."

"You seem to be precise," he said.

"Seem? I *am* precise; for I'm talking to a precise man."

"But these are exceptional rates," he insisted. "We're not offering them all the time, nor to everybody."

"So I know. You're merely offering your 'surplus transportation,' so to speak, to the 'foreigners' outside of your territory, so as to keep your locomotives and cars and coal and rate-makers busy. You're giving the down-trodden foreigners of the East an opportunity to 'see the Rockies of Montana,' as your advertisements say, at less than a cent and a half a mile. But let's look at some other ads:

"In June your G. P. A. advertised round-trip tickets, from St. Paul to Spokane, for \$42.50, or 1.42 cents a mile, and St. Paul to Seattle for \$50, which is 1.36 cents a mile. Did you authorize that rate?"

"Of course I did. No rate is made on my road without my consent," he replied.

"All right. Then, later, when you advertised a \$60 round-trip ticket from St. Paul to

Seattle, you made it only \$62.50 from Chicago. That's \$2.50 from Chicago to St. Paul and return, 884 miles over the Burlington, or only 2.8 mills a mile! Ten miles for less than three cents, and you say you can't afford to carry a passenger one mile for less than three cents! Do you wonder I've got a hot-box in my head?"

"But you don't understand—" he said.

"No; that's the trouble. That's why I know I'm crazy. I don't understand why great Captains of Transportation buy high-priced advertising space to sell their transportation at less than cost. If I understood that I'd be sane. You tell governors and legislatures that less than three cents a mile will ruin the roads, and here you're advertising for all the buyers in creation to come and take what you have at less than a cent and a half. The same week that Wall Street praises a governor for vetoing a two-cent bill, you advertise that your road is anxious to carry passengers for less than a cent and a third a mile! You're dallying with calamity! Don't you see that, on your own statement, when you offer transportation at less than a cent and a half a mile you're losing one one-hundredth of a mill every fifty-two one-hundredths feet?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" he wailed. "Two-centers! Ruination!"

"Let's talk about something more pleasant. We'll go to Old Mexico and ramble about on the cheap rates there. We can do a lot of traveling in Mexico at less than two cents a mile.

"We can start from Albuquerque and jaunt around more than 5,000 miles in Mexico and return for 1.42 cents a mile. If you start from New York City with a ticket to the City of Mexico, price, \$121.10, your rate for the round trip is 1.58 cents a mile. From Chicago the round trip is 1.59 cents a mile. It's cheaper to start from Kansas City, for the round trip from that point is only 1.45 cents a mile."

"You understand that, don't you?" asked the Old Man.

"Yes; the short-haul rate is lower because there's no water competition between Kansas City and the City of Mexico. If the roads can't afford to carry passengers for less than three cents a mile, I don't see why they experiment with so many different lower rates. The round trip from Denver to the City of Mexico is 1.93 cents a mile. From San Francisco it was 2.33 cents a mile early last June, but in July the Southern Pacific marked it down to 1.8 cents a mile. For the 2,582 miles from San Francisco to El Paso and return, the Southern Pacific charged 1.93 cents a mile, while for the 2,446 miles from El Paso to

Mexico City and return, the Mexican Central charged only 1.65 cents a mile."

"How do you know they divided it that way?" asked the Old Man.

"I don't know how they cut it up after they got it. Maybe the S. P. took more. Anyway, after you get into Mexico you can travel more than 3,000 miles, taking the nice little side-trips that the American roads make barrels of money on, and pay from 2.6 cents down to only 7 mills a mile."

"Bad business," said the Old Man. "Traffic doesn't justify it."

"Evidently. Funny they don't charge more; but those Mexican railroad men are amateurs. And then—but before I forget it, for I'm so indignant over these two-cent laws—I want to remind you that all the transcontinental lines are not only carrying through passengers at less than three cents a mile, but passengers get their meals and sleeping-car berths in addition to transportation for less than three cents a mile. A Chicago-Seattle round-trip passenger can pay \$62.50 fare, \$24 for his berth, and spend \$12 in the dining-car, and his rate is 2.7 cents a mile. So if you're not losing money on 1.35 cents a mile, long hauls, then two cents for local rates is better than selling life insurance for cats."

"No, no!" he protested. "It means ruin! It means the downfall of the Republic!"

"I guess you're right. But let's continue our journeys. Last June the Santa Fé was advertising cheap round-trip fares from both ends of its line, San Francisco to Chicago and return, \$72.50, or 1.4 cents a mile, but from Chicago to San Francisco and return, at the same time, 1.1 cents a mile; San Francisco to Kansas City and return, 1.66 cents a mile, and to Houston and return 1.34 cents a mile."

"Don't you understand that?"

"Certainly; it's perfectly simple. But let's go on. Last May, when the Shriners met in Los Angeles, the rates advertised were 1.36 cents a mile round trip from the East; and in July, when the National Educational Association met in Los Angeles, the first round-trip rate advertised was 1.4 cents a mile-average rate. But lower rates were advertised later—1.11 cents a mile from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Omaha and Kansas City, 1.21 from Chicago and 1.3 from St. Louis."

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

"Nothing; nothing at all. All those rates were less than a cent and a third a mile, and six less than a cent and a quarter. Handsome invitations to State legislatures to enact two-cent laws."

"Pshaw! Members of legislatures never figure such things," said the Old Man.

"That's true; I'd forgot that. But about this \$82.75 round-trip fare, New York to Los Angeles. That's 1.11 cents a mile for the whole distance, 1.6 cents a mile from New York to Philadelphia and return, and only 9 mills a mile from New York to Chicago and return! How do they do such figuring?"

"It's a matter of arrangement between the roads," he replied.

"I see—on account of the fierce competition. Roads say they can't afford to carry passengers for two cents a mile, and prove it by carrying them for less than one cent a mile! On that \$82.75 rate from New York to the Pacific Coast the rate was 1.6 cents a mile over the 456 miles from New York to Philadelphia and back; but on the \$108.50 round-trip ticket from San Francisco to New York, the rate over that same 456 miles was only 3.28 mills a mile! And look at these round-trip rates, advertised in June, July and August, from Eastern points to San Francisco, and from San Francisco to the same points:

	West from	East to
Boston.....	\$84.75	\$109.50
New York.....	82.75	108.50
Chicago.....	62.50	72.50
Omaha.....	50.00	60.00
Kansas City.....	50.00	60.00
St. Louis.....	57.50	67.50

"Suppose a legislature should fix such rates! The only one of those rates that's as much as 1.5 cents a mile is the one from San Francisco to Boston and return. Suicidal, isn't it?"

"Sometimes we have to make such rates to get business, to create business," he replied.

"Yes; when you need business. But last April you said the roads had more business than they could handle. And when you said that, the 'Katy' was advertising round trips to San Antonio for 9.33 mills a mile from St. Louis, 9.24 mills a mile from Chicago, and 8.13 mills a mile from St. Paul!"

"But the 'Katy' is trying to settle up Texas, so as to create more local freight and passenger traffic," the Old Man explained.

"Bankrupting itself to settle up Texas? I see. If you think it's good policy, why don't you try it on Montana, Idaho and Washington?"

"How'd I ever get back to the old rates?" he replied.

"Ask the 'Katy.' But let's go to Chicago and see some local rates. Here's a Northwestern folder, called 'Short Jaunts for Busy People,' giving two sets of round-trip rates to summer resorts on that road—tourist and week-end rates. The Northwestern is glad to get passengers to the Rockies and Pacific Coast

over its Omaha and St. Paul lines at less than 1.5 cents a mile. But in its 'Short Jaunts,' where it has no competition, the tourist rates run from 3.05 down to two cents a mile, and the week-end rates from 2.35 down to 1.33 cents a mile; and, of thirty-seven rates given, no two are the same per mile."

"Why should they be?" he asked.

"They shouldn't. If they were, there'd be no use for rate-makers. Now, our friend John Doe takes these four 'Short Jaunts' during the summer at tourist rates—to Dousman, Milwaukee, Clear Lake and Crystal Lake. He travels 666 miles for \$17.35, which is 2.6 cents a mile. Dick Roe takes four week-end 'Jaunts,' to Madison, Lake Ripley, Lake Mills and Power's Lake—966 miles for \$17.50, or 1.81 cents a mile. Dick pays 15 cents more than John, and travels 300 more miles. That's 5 cents a hundred miles, local business. Only one-twentieth of a cent a mile! Ruin and desolation!"

"Say!" interrupted the Old Man. "How long can you keep this up?"

"Don't mind me. I believe you're clearing my head up. Now, again, you take ten trips to Clear Lake, 1,800 miles, for \$55, and I take ten trips to Forest Lake, 2,660 miles, for \$55. If your ten trips are worth the money, then the Northwestern has hauled me 860 miles for nothing—which is less than two cents a mile. When a road can carry one man 300 miles for 15 cents, and then carry another man 860 miles for nothing, I'm wondering if the directors have fixed the date for the downfall of the Republic."

"We can't adjust all those details," he said.

"No; they're unimportant. Here's a Milwaukee folder with some bargain-counter rates. Last April it offered these marked-down specialties:

\$33.00—Chicago to	Mile Rate.
San Francisco.....	1.45
Los Angeles.....	1.43
Portland.....	1.52
Seattle.....	1.04

\$30.50—Chicago to	
Spokane.....	1.32
Pendleton.....	1.48

\$30.00—Chicago to	Mile Rate.
Laramie.....	2.81
Ogden.....	2.01
Helena.....	1.57

"Nine different mile rates over the same roads from Chicago to Laramie, 1,086 miles; five at less than a cent and a half a mile, and all less than three cents. Nine men leave Chicago on the same train, each with a ticket for one of those places, and no two pay the same rate per mile. Ogden rides 427 miles farther than Laramie, but pays no more. Helena rides 831 beyond Laramie, and pays no more. Now, how much more would the roads lose if they had ten passengers for Helena and one for Laramie than if they had ten for Laramie and one for Helena?"

"Humph! There's not a railroad man on earth can tell you that," replied the Old Man.

"That's queer. In each case the eleven tickets would cost \$330. In the first case the total mileage would be 20,256, and in the second case 12,801—both for the same money, but with a difference of 7,455 miles traveled."

"What's the difference to the roads, as long as they are running the trains, anyway?" asked the Old Man.

"None, I suppose—which proves that a two-cent rate means ruin. Now, I want you to take notice: San Francisco is 1,213 miles farther than Laramie, but the additional fare for that distance is only \$3. That's \$2.47 a thousand miles! One hundred miles for less than two bits! Ten miles for less than two cents and a half!

"Now, hold on to something while I remind you that the passenger for Spokane pays only 50 cents more for his 2,315-mile ride than the Laramie man paid for his 1,086 miles—or 50 cents for the extra 1,229 miles, and \$2.50 less than the San Francisco passenger paid for his extra 1,213 miles. Talk about ruin! At 50 cents for 1,229 miles, what's the rate per mile?

"I won't take advantage of you. It's .000-406834743620 of a cent a mile, and yet you——"

I heard a gurgling sound, and thought he had fainted; but he was sleeping sweetly.

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

LETTERS, COMMENTS AND CONFESSIONS FROM READERS OF THE MAGAZINE

A Woman Speaks

We have heard much of the race suicide question. But as yet nothing has been heard from the one most vitally concerned: she of the middle class, she of the great common people. To her it is given to wrestle with the problem, to meet the issue face to face. To her it is no theory. It is a hard fact, a terrible reality, with which she must deal first-hand. She it is who goes down to the gates of death and brings back in pain and in peril the little white soul. With sweat of brow and agony unspeakable she pays for each of these little ones. Who shall blame her for shrinking back from the dread task? For shrinking back, aye, for avoiding, if may be, this hideous hour of agony? It is for her I speak and I speak from her ranks, of a knowledge born of experience. It is not an excuse I would frame but a protest rather.

I have heard of dying grace and have known those who greatly feared to die to be serene and unafraid when the hour of death came. I believe that some such special grace sustains a woman through this most trying time. Women when their hour approaches lose somewhat of that awful dread and become fortified by some specially prepared brand of courage that carries them through. Else how live they through it? Each child-bearer is a heroine and must needs be. Men have come from under the lash, from suffering not near so intense, cowed and broken for life. Yet the woman must arise with renewed energy and fresh courage for upon her are laid fresh duties and new tasks. This, the climax of months of hard work and bodily discomfort, is but the prelude to harder work and more bodily discomfort to come. Since unto her it is given to tend and care for the little white soul and the body that encases it.

A woman recently gave birth to her fourth child some several months after the death of her husband. She could hardly be dissuaded from getting up the second day after the baby was born to go back to her work of office scrubbing. She was afraid to stay away longer lest her place be filled and the bread be taken from her children's mouths. However, neighbors saw the janitor and he promised to keep the place for her three weeks.

In another family, the husband's weekly wage was seven dollars. The woman's sole food while she lay in bed, was black coffee and stale bread unless the doctor or some charity worker gave her better. How

could she sustain herself and nourish her child on such food? A woman, a farmer's wife, not of the very poor, was compelled by circumstances to hold her first child in her arms and soothe it while the second one was being born.

Especially do I know one unconquerable soul, who ten months ago gave birth to her eighth child. For those ten months her husband, a copper molder, has sought work at anything that man can turn his hand to and sought in vain. Fortunately there are three daughters, pushed into factories before the legal age, who keep the wolf from the door. The mother takes in washing to help in that mighty endeavor. Brave and indomitable souls, Carnegie medals they deserve and more.

It seems to me that there are too many children born instead of too few and that it would be far better if some safe and sane way could be found to prevent the overcrowding of homes. A woman might with equanimity face the ordeal of bearing and rearing three or four children. But the constant bearing of children is enough to make the boldest of us quail and quail we do and shrink with dread until life seems to hold no good thing nor any other thing save the continuous bringing forth of children. The very indefiniteness of the number we may be destined to bear is appalling.

Let those who have had children and know whereof they speak, the women of the masses, let them say whether of their experience, race suicide or woman murder is the worst. For murder it often is by slow and gradual torture, the sapping of life, the draining away of strength, the shutting out from the pleasures of this life, bodily and mentally.

Let no man least of all, dare presume to pass judgment. They do not know nor understand nor, in the nature of things, can they. Yet these are they who wail to heaven: "The race is dying—she who Thou gavest me, she it is who does this thing. Not upon me, O Lord, is the sin but upon the woman who walketh by my side."

HELEN GRAHAM WILSON.

A Business Man's Point of View

The so-called better class business men and professional men are interested in reformatory matters more than would seem from their actions. Mazzini said "how cowardly is the tendency when men ac-

accumulate a little property or acquire social position." Their timidity prevents them from openly participating in progressive matters when their sympathies are that way. That was illustrated in my personal experience in our Constitutional Convention this year.

I was elected without a campaign or without effort, on the Democratic ticket, in a district so overwhelmingly Republican that the Democrats seldom make a nomination. They have made none this year. This shows party lines were not observed, but irrespective of party affiliations men voted for me because I have been bold and outspoken. During the four months' session I was continually reminded of the sympathy and support of such citizens, though when the citizens were called upon to come out in the open and support me or the measures I supported I was met by explanations or excuses.

Business men are but few who are directly benefited by the dominance of corporations in governmental matters, but because the corporations seem to be all powerful in government they are reluctant about arousing their displeasure. The same applies to professional men. Probably not five per cent. of the lawyers and doctors are direct beneficiaries of the corporations, but ninety-five per cent. of them expect to be. So it is expectation on their part and timidity on the part of the business men that keeps them silent.

Just the same they are interested in progress and reform. They want to read about it, they want education. Their moral courage should be stimulated where it exists and developed where it does not exist. This can be done by magazines like yours. There should be no hysterics, but sober literature. I feel sure there is an immense clientele for such literature. It may take some time for recognition, but recognition will come.

I consider Miss Tarbell, Mr. Steffens and Mr. Baker in a class by themselves. There is no competition. Mr. Steffens in his late articles is hinting at the remedy. The remedy to restore the rule of the people. The people are ready to listen to it. This is evidenced by the agony of the special interests all over the United States in their efforts to prevent the enactment of direct legislation measures.

Direct legislation was new to the members of our Constitutional Convention, notwithstanding that the measure I introduced passed at the first reading, it was only defeated after the most severe contest that "the interests" have ever had in this state and then defeated by a compromise.

F. F. INGRAM.

Detroit, Michigan.

Mr. Baker's Articles

Had THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE done nothing more in the past year than to send Ray Stannard Baker on his mission, it would yet have accomplished something to be proud of—something of no small value to the American people.

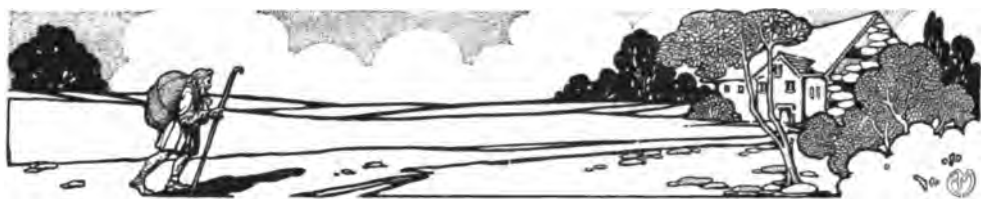
I am Northern born and reared, have lived some years in the South, and recently have returned to my native state. I have followed Mr. Baker's articles with much interest, and have marveled to see how truly he was getting in touch with his subject. His conclusions, expressed in the September number, put into words many things which I have tried to say and have failed for want of his clear and logical style. Hereafter, when, as often happens, I am asked my views on the race problem, my reply will be, "Read what Ray Stannard Baker says about it."

H. L. STOREY.

The Articles on Woman

Professor Thomas's article on "The Adventitious Character of Woman" will no doubt bring into the editorial offices of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE myriads of feminine snow flurries, sheets covered with highly punctuated writings of the sex, in which the suggestions and truths of the article will be treated (and ill-treated) with all the various shades of feeling, as multifarious and as bewildering as the shades of the very crown of glory itself. To add to that inevitable cloudburst, may a woman be permitted to express her appreciation of Professor Thomas's article? It is ill apropos, perhaps even a little uncalled for, but surely sincere appreciation is acceptable anywhere and from any source. It must be admitted that in his article Professor Thomas does not express anything exceptionally new or startling; we all know (even the Woman) the things of which he writes. But the merit of what he says lies in the fact that it is written, not as some dry psychological treatise or some didactic paper on sociology—things which the Woman will pass by as being all right for the entertainment of professors or philosophers but not applicable to everyday life or more especially, *her* own case—but as something in which she will read the truth plainly and clearly said, with just a little sting (or chuckle) of scorn in it to give the intimate and convincing touch of reality, like having the things *said* to her.

If Professor Thomas thinks or hopes that more women will receive this as a warning or at least a lesson, than not, I think he will be disappointed. How many of the dear little things will not see in it a new avowal of her perdurable invincible charm—a new light of interest on her already overcrowded personality? Be that as it may, the article (and those following) is sure to be read, and by women, and it will be felt. If in all cases it does not have the desired effect, Woman, in reading it, will at least be gracious enough to smile; for if she cannot or refuses to recognize herself when exposed, she will surely not miss the opportunity of enjoying a laugh at the expense of her sisters. May I be allowed to repeat, I greatly enjoyed Professor Thomas's article.



IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress

IT is a satisfaction—said the Philosopher—to reflect that the campaign of 1908 will not go down into history as eventless. It looked at one time as if Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan would succeed in their amiable effort to keep all thinking out of it. Mr. Hearst frustrated them by contributing a

A Remark

Made by

President

Eliot

food for thought that even the most jaded appetite could not resist. In my opinion it was a food the body politic has great need of. I remember President Eliot saying a few years ago that "secret influence" was the greatest evil of our times.

Most of us, I suspect, agreed with him. The trouble has been to put our finger on it; to say that this and this is the way they are doing it; to make it as clear that Congress and Congressmen were being used for private purposes as Mr. Folk made it clear a few years ago that St. Louis was being robbed.

It is useless to try to stir the-people of this country to action unless you can prove your case. You win no election by exploiting suspicions. "Show me" is the motto of the United States, not of Missouri alone. Well, Mr. Hearst has shown us conclusively the machinery of "secret influence." With these documents one can re-construct with sufficient accuracy the interesting process by which the Standard Oil Company—and of course in this as in other "methods" this concern is merely the most perfect type—aims to make and unmake laws and defeat and elect candidates according to its needs. There seems to exist at 26 Broadway what may be called the Political Committee, its head the able and experienced vice-president of the concern, Mr. John D. Archbold. This committee collects

information about impending legislation and elections, and has it examined as to its "safety" and "sanity." To take care of those bills and candidates which do not measure up to the test, that is, do not harmonize with its interest, it employs agents. Naturally it follows the principle of the concern in this matter and employs the best talent it can secure because it "pays to have the best chemist, the best driller, the best sellers, the best buyers, the best lawyers"—the best politicians—United States Senators preferred! Senator Foraker is shown by the letter published by Mr. Hearst to have looked after the interests of the Standard Oil Company in the Senate of the United States for several years, receiving large sums in return—both gentlemen admit this. Mr. Archbold, however, does not appear to have been satisfied with one Senator. He evidently was known to be in the habit of retaining them, for at least one of his correspondents approaches him on the subject of "investing" in the election of a gentleman whom he thinks can be counted on to serve the Standard's purpose in the Senate. Mr. Hearst's document shows that Mr. Archbold uses the information he collects and the agents he employs ably and regularly. He advises Mr. Foraker that this law won't do and that they cannot stand for this man—that is, he gets his money's worth when he "invests" in Senators as he does when he invests in pipe lines and oil fields.

BUT we've known it for years—said the Reporter. I come from Ohio and it doesn't surprise me. Senator Foraker simply is the last in the Standard succession in that state. Mr. Rockefeller has been spending money in politics for nearly forty years out there. He began it as early almost as he began

to take rebates. This is no hearsay. Senator Payne of Ohio said on the floor of the Senate twenty years ago that when he was a candidate for the other house in 1871 "*No institution, no association, no combination in his district did more to bring about his defeat and went to so large an ex-*

pense in money to accomplish it as the Standard Oil Company." Senator Payne offered this remark as proof that it could not be possible that his election to the Senate fifteen years later (1886) was due to the money of the Standard Oil Company as the Republican party and a large number of his own party charged. The scandal of his election and seating was one of the greatest of that day—so great that Senator Hoar said on the floor of the Senate that there were Senators who thought that the *admission of Mr. Payne, his continuance in his seat without investigation marked the low-water mark of the Senate of the United States itself*. Everybody in Ohio knows that Senator Hanna was the friend of the Standard Oil Company. Politicians and newspaper men at least have not forgotten how, at the request of Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Hanna tried in 1890 to get the state's attorney-general, David R. Watson, to withdraw his suit breaking up the trust—or the cynical argument he used to persuade him: "You have been in politics long enough to know that no man in public office owes the public anything." Mr. Foraker inherited Mr. Payne's and Mr. Hanna's duties, though I have no idea that either of them received checks as Mr. Foraker has. They had no need of that kind of remuneration.

Not many months ago I had an illuminating talk on this whole subject with a man of great importance in Wall Street—a candid pirate if there ever was one. His frankness emboldened me. "How about contributions to campaign funds? You make them—do you demand a return?" "Of course," he said, "we generally make them as individuals, not as a corporation. Then when a legislature which we do not like threatens, or we want a franchise or a particular appointment or any like favor, we simply let our friends know. That is all that is necessary. We consider that they are under obligations to do what they can for us."

There you have it—a simple transaction between gentlemen! And when one of the parties does not fulfill his part of the bargain, as Mr. Roosevelt is said not to have done in return for the Standard Oil Company's \$100,000 contri-

bution in 1904, it is regarded in the system as treachery and the agents connected with Mr. Archbold's Political Committee warn the President, as Mr. Joseph Sibley did, that "no man should win or deserve to win who depended upon the rabble rather than upon the conservative man of affairs," a sentence worthy to be coupled with Mr. Hanna's "*No man in public office owes the public anything!*"

It is all very ugly—said the Responsible Editor—and I refuse to treat it lightly because we have "known it all along." What are we trying to do anyway in this country? If I understand it, it is to find out and execute the will of the majority of the people. We have

A

Daylight

Contrivance

devised what we thought was a pretty good machine to do this. But this will not do its work in the dark. It has to be run in full daylight. Set it to work at night and it is sure to do the will of the individual and not of the people. It is an open-air broad-daylight contrivance and darkness is fatal to its operation. What the Standard Oil Company and its kind have been trying to do for forty years is to run the government by night instead of by day. They have had plenty of "moral support"—the two great parties have given them the most effective backing they could ask when they have refused to publish the names of contributors to the campaign fund. So long as we have secret campaign contributors we are going to have secret alliances between Senators and corporations. One supposes the other.

I cannot for the life of me see why it would have been more treasonable for Mr. Archbold to have paid one of the admirals in Sampson's fleet to try to prevent him carrying out the Santiago campaign because for some commercial reason the Standard Oil Company did not want Santiago disturbed than it is to have done what he has been doing. We are carrying on a campaign—a campaign for liberty and opportunity, and Mr. Archbold pays Mr. Foraker to do what he can to retard our progress. That is the real and painful meaning of this correspondence which Mr. Hearst has published. The only cheering feature of the unpleasant business is the unanimity with which press and people spew it out of their mouths. They have no question about the character of the act. Everybody recognizes its nature and hastens to get as far from its vicinity as he can. That is, the majority grasp the fundamental notion that this is a daylight system we are working under and that darkness will be its ruin. Digitized by Google

I AM hoping—said the Philosopher—that before Mr. John D. Rockefeller finishes the *Reminiscences* which he has just begun in the *World's Work* he will use this Foraker incident as a reason for giving us an unpurgated account of the political activities of himself and his associates in Ohio, beginning with the time when he furnished money to defeat his friend, Senator Payne, for Congress. A frank account of Senator Payne's election—

World's

Work

Please

Copy

of his talk with Senator Hanna, and, of course, a detailed story of what Senator Foraker has been able to do for the Standard Oil Company, would be one of the greatest public services Mr. Rockefeller could render. I should like to have him give his real point of view in regard to these activities—just why he felt them necessary, just how he squared them with his notions of the duties of citizenship—with his ideals of democracy.

I should above all like to know from Mr. Rockefeller if he really considers it worth a man's while to serve any corporation, however great and prosperous and "beneficent," if in so doing he must learn to defend a course of action clearly contrary to our public policy like this relation of Mr. Foraker and Mr. Archbold—if he must close his mouth and his mind to the moral quality of the service required of him—if he must perform acts which cannot stand the light of day—if he must refuse to remember on the witness stand—or worse. The individual tragedies in the Standard Oil Company—the prosperous men smirched with dishonor—are appalling. I don't know that I've ever seen anything which gave me a more terrible wrench than Standard men of standing and position on the witness stand "not remembering" facts that every office boy in the great concern knew they must know. They never will forget the part they had to play—no more than their fellow townsmen will forget. What Mr. Rockefeller should do for us is to state in clear terms the estimate he evidently must have made as a guide for himself of how much truthfulness, character, frankness, public spirit are worth in dollars and cents.

And while I am suggesting topics there is another department of his great business which originated with him and which I wish he would be explicit about, and that is the spy system. Certainly Mr. Rockefeller will not venture to attribute this peculiar activity to the "overzeal" of some employee "anxious for his own or his company's advancement"—the general explanation he gives in the first

chapter of his *Reminiscences* to the criticisms made in his concern. I at

Mr.

Rockefeller's

Great

Opportunity

least know that far from being a case of overzeal the spying on competitors has been a well-organized and most efficiently managed part of his business organization for many years. I once had in my hands a great bundle of the anonymous "re-

ports" and "forms" which had been used and discarded by the bureau which looks after this kind of thing—a division of that great book-keeping system to which I see Mr. Rockefeller attributes so much of the success of the Standard Oil Company. The bundle came to me in a curious way. A boy employed by the Standard Oil Company to burn such papers regularly in the furnaces, noticed frequently on them as he stuffed them into the fire the name of a man who had once been kind to him. The man was an independent dealer in oil. The boy studied the papers. He saw from them how this man's shipments were reported from the freight-offices by railroad employees secretly to the Standard. He found a telegram ordering agents to secure a countermand of the orders—saw reports that the ordering had been successfully discharged. So often did he see this that he became alarmed for his friend and finally, unable to endure his secret, he gathered up complete sets of the documents and carried them at night to the man's house. It was from there they came to me. The papers now are buried in the mountain-high pile of testimony the government is taking in its suit against the company. If they should ever stop and digest what they have collected we may have official corroboration of this tale. Until then you must take my word for its truthfulness. Mr. Rockefeller can't push the word "spy" aside so easily. The case is too well documented.

And there are many more points on which I should like Mr. Rockefeller's full view, for instance that ingenious practice inaugurated by him and so long followed of compelling the railroads to give over to him part of the money his competitors paid for freight. Certainly that was not "overzeal." He signed the first contracts providing for this amazing form of rebate himself. How does he square it?

Mr. Rockefeller has a great opportunity. He has consented to write his *Reminiscences* that he may win the public's good will and confidence, clear his great and wonderful company from the heavy charges against it. I hope he will do it. But I want to warn Mr. Rockefeller that no such colorless narration as this first chapter will help him. There are two ways

open to him: Let him disprove the statements piled up in thousands of pages of official testimony charging his company with iniquitous alliances and hard dealings, and every man of us who has criticized him will give him the goodwill he asks. If he cannot do that, there is only one other way, and that is a frank admission that the methods criticized are facts and equally frank reasons for them. Let him not be afraid of us. If his company under his direction has steadily chosen to employ the lowest business practices where they were necessary to achieve a desired end—let him out with it. If Mr. Rockefeller will do this he will produce a great book, one which will, I wager, do much to reconcile the public to him. Unfortunately I fear he does not see it. He evidently is pre-

paring to present to the public the familiar face of the past—that of a benevolent, modest, tolerant gentleman, a little puzzled and not a little pained at being misunderstood, but sure that since the Standard Oil Company has carried its business to the Orient and brings in a million or so dollars a day it must be all right in the end. But if forty years of this cheerful optimism on Mr. Rockefeller's part has failed to reconcile the public to his methods this last spurt will hardly do so. Mr. Rockefeller is wrong. Frankness is his only game if he really wants to win public good-will. I fear, however, he does not propose to be frank, for we have the word of his publishers that the narrative is entirely innocent; that there is no "muck-raking" in it.

NEW YORK, FROM A SKYSCRAPER

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

Up in the heights of the evening skies I see my City of cities float
In sunset's golden and crimson dyes: I look, and a great joy clutches my throat!
Plateau of roofs by canyons crossed: windows by thousands fire-unfurled—
O gazing, how the heart is lost in the Deepest City of the World!

O sprawling City! Worlds in a world! Housing each strange type that is human—
Yonder a Little Italy curled—here the haunt of the Scarlet Woman—
The night's white Bacchanals of Broadway—the Ghetto pushcarts ringed with faces—
Wall Street's roar and the Plaza's play—a weltering focus of all Earth's races!

Walking your Night's many-nationed byways—brushing Sicilians and Jews and Greeks—
Meeting gaunt Bread Lines on your highways—watching night-clerks in your flaming peaks—
Marking your Theatres' outpour of splendor—pausing on doorsteps with resting Mothers—
I have marveled at Christs with their messages tender, their daring dream of a World of
Brothers!

Brothers? What means Irish to Greek? What the Ghetto to Morningside?
How shall we weld the strong and the weak while millions struggle with light denied?
Yet, but to follow these Souls where they roam—ripping off housetops, the city's mask—
At Night I should find each one in a Home, at Morn I should find each one at a Task!

Labor and Love, four-million divided—surely the millions at last are a-move—
Surely the Brotherhood-slant is decided—the Social Labor, the Social Love!
Surely four millions of Souls close-gathered in this one spot could stagger the world—
O City, Earth's Future is Mothered and Fathered where your great streets feel the Man-tides
hurled!

For the Souls in one car where they hang on the straps could send this City a-wing through
the starred—

Each man is a tiny Faucet that taps the infinite reservoir of God!—
What if they turned the Faucet full stream? What if our millions to-night were aware?
What if to-morrow they built to their Dream the City of Brothers in laughter and prayer?

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JANUARY

American

MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED BY JOHN S. PHILLIPS

New Year's
Number



10
CENTS

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JUL SOMMER

Swift & Company's

pay roll contains the names of over twenty-four thousand persons. You will find some of these employes in nearly every city and town in the United States, and in many cities in foreign countries.

It is our belief that the great bulk of this army of men are regular consumers of the Swift products. They help to prepare, to cure, to pack and to market our varied products, and they know—better than any other person—how good, clean and wholesome these products are.

When you meet a Swift & Company employe, ask his opinion of any of the specialties here mentioned:

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Swift's Premium Chickens

Swift's Premium Lard

Swift's Silver Leaf Lard

Swift's Beef Extract

Swift's Jersey Butterine

Swift's Crown Princess Toilet Soap

Swift's Pride Soap

Wool Soap

Swift's Pride Washing Powder

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

The Worker



By
HAROLD S. SYMMES

He closed his eyes and drank life deep,
For him the lees spoiled not the wine.
He asked of God nor seal nor sign,
Content to sow, content to reap,
Without one thought of meed divine.

In sweat of toil he found life's zest,
The moment's work was mastering lord,
The long day's call a two-edged sword
To fight one's way to well-earned rest;
The joy of work was work's reward.

"But why and wherefore? Say, what end
To all thy ceaseless toil? What lies
Before, beyond? Why forge new ties
To earth for Death's fell hand to rend?"
These his fellows' taunting cries.

He puzzled long. What *had* God meant?
He never learned. No sage was he
To solve God's deep philosophy.
Once more he toiled in faith content;
And faith dissolved life's mystery.





William Allen White

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. WHITE IN THE OFFICE
OF HIS PAPER, "THE GAZETTE," EMPORIA, KANSAS

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Vol. LXVII

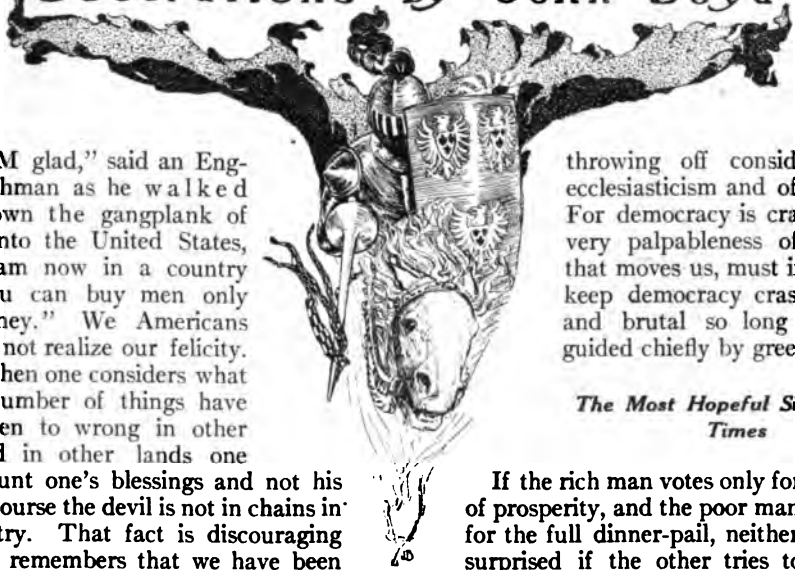
JANUARY 1909

No. 3

"The Old Order Changeth"

by William Allen White

Decorations by John Boyd



I AM glad," said an Englishman as he walked down the gangplank of a liner into the United States, "that I am now in a country where you can buy men only with money." We Americans clearly do not realize our felicity. And yet when one considers what a large number of things have moved men to wrong in other times and in other lands one should count one's blessings and not his ills. Of course the devil is not in chains in this country. That fact is discouraging when one remembers that we have been organized to chain him for something over a hundred years. But on the other hand we have a shackle on his ankle and a few links forged—and that is something.

Of old, men were controlled by the lure of women, by the fear of hell-fire, by the envy of social distinction and by greed. In America at least, and speaking broadly, allowing for many exceptions, our politics and our business are not seriously affected by the siren, by the priest or by the nobility. We have welded that much of a chain for the devil. We have reduced his activity to greed. But the drawback is this: we have lost somewhat of finesse, somewhat of spirituality by

throwing off considerations of ecclesiasticism and of feudalism. For democracy is crass, and the very palpableness of the thing that moves us, must in its nature keep democracy crass and ugly and brutal so long as we are guided chiefly by greed.

The Most Hopeful Sign of the Times

If the rich man votes only for the return of prosperity, and the poor man votes only for the full dinner-pail, neither should be surprised if the other tries to rob him.

For until the devil is chained he certainly will get the hindermost! If we vote only for material things we shall get only material things. The man who coddles his stomach generally has a weak heart—likewise the Nation. But with this Nation of ours the most hopeful sign of the times is that we are beginning to get a national sense of our ailment. All doctors agree that it is the stomach and not the heart or the head of this people that is wrong. There are hundreds of panaceas and sure cures, but all of them aim at the same disease. In the campaign just closed the Republicans, the Socialists, the Democrats and the Prohibitionists proclaimed almost in unison



against the extension of special privileges— which extension is merely legalizing greed.

Therefore it would seem that in a hundred years of active life the American people have reduced the fight for social, economic and political progress to its fundamental terms. There was greed in ecclesiasticism, but it was tintured with fear. There was greed in feudalism, but it was alloyed with the "divinity that doth hedge a king" or a baron or a lord or a knight or what not of social tomfoolery. But the greed of democracy is simple, primitive without sugar coating, and with nothing more substantial to hide it than mere shallow business tradition. The church has been business; the state has been business; the nobility has been business; but now, thank heaven! business is business. And the problem of democracy in this world seems to be to make business honest.

Now all this might seem obvious if as a Nation we did not have our noses in our work. For a man with his nose in his work understands its details, but sometimes he is unfamiliar with its general effect. Therefore to know what we are really doing in this country, and to appreciate what we may reasonably hope to do, it is necessary to back off a dozen years or so and get a good look from that perspective, at what we have done. And this historical view—if such a view may be had by going back little more than a decade—must not discourage the reader, no matter how unpleasant the picture may be. For it now has only an academic interest.

Protection for Certain Crimes of Cunning

Twenty-five years ago—more or less—an extra-constitutional government began to take charge of this country. It extended its domain over the states gradually from east to west. This superficial government did not cover the entire country until the late nineties. But from 1897 to 1903 it was dominant, and probably in many matters was superior to the constitutional government. There was the constitutional government and the business government in the city, in the county—where county organizations prevailed—in the state and in the Nation. The constitutional government generally provided for the punishment of crimes of violence whether against the person or against property. The burglar, the petty thief, the cheap swindler, the murderer, the highwayman, the thug—if he did not operate at the polls—the barn-burner, the rioter, the forger, the counterfeiter, the vagrant and the common liar, found themselves facing the written law. But certain

crimes of cunning, if the stakes were large enough, were protected by the superficial government. Perhaps to be entirely safe one should say that the protected crimes of cunning were those crimes aimed not at private property so much as at public rights; protection was not offered to those who swindled individuals. But those who in the name of the industrial and commercial progress of the land took what was not their own from the public or those who assumed to add to the national production and accumulation of wealth—they came under the jurisdiction of the superficial government—they were immune from the constitutional government.

Finally the decisions of the courts were colored in favor of those who enjoyed special privileges until the privileges became rights and thus specially privileged classes captured the constitution.

For them laws were enacted, interpreted and administered. But the public executives and legislators and courts were not consciously or maliciously venal—not in the least—they were merely following the spirit of the times. There was one jurisdiction for private business and quite another for the public business. Then little by little the alliance was established between business and politics and so the two governments were cemented in the customs and traditions of the people.

Right and Wrong Use of Money

Stories differ as to how this alliance was formed. There are those who believe that it was projected deliberately and with malice prepense by a group of business men operating in public service corporations. But it seems just to believe that ignorance made demagogues in the days following the war, and that business went into politics in self-defense. But when business got into politics, it found that a dollar invested in a campaign fund brought on the whole more direct results than any other dollar that might be invested—up to a certain maximum of investment—and so money went into politics with all the precision and caution that directed money in any of its activities. The party system had built a machine made for the uses of corruption in those days of the eighties and nineties. Candidates for all offices, legislative, judicial and executive got their elections and appointments from the party organizations. The apathy of voters made party success more or less dependent upon getting all the voters to the polls, and money became necessary to hire carriages and workers to bring voters to the polls, who would vote presumably for the party



that brought them there. Also campaign speakers had to travel about the country, literature had to be distributed to convince the voters of the justice of a party's claims to the voter's support.

These were legitimate uses of money. From them grew the illegitimate uses of money. Hiring a man to work at the polls shaded gently into hiring him to vote for the party that paid him for his work. The expenses of campaign speakers gradually grew and included pay for personal influence, and the fund used for printing literature to convince the voters became enlarged to pay for subsidized newspapers, and to corrupt the channels of publicity in various ways. Through the party organization money got into politics in a systematic and altogether a comfortable manner. There was no need of individual bribery; there was no scandal attached to the purchase of special privileges. The purchase of a party organization in a city or a state or a nation became so

brazen that men thought it was clean. Did a brewer desire his beer sold in the dives and saloons of a certain city to the exclusion of other brews? Well and good,—he contributed sufficient funds to the party organization of the dominant party to “control” it—that is to say he made the best bid—and when the public prosecutor was elected by that party, he harried the users of the rival brews, until they bought only the administration brand of beer and then they were unmolested. Did a street railway desire a franchise, it put up money to the dominant party, or if there was any doubt about the election, the franchise seeker put up money to both parties, and the granting of the franchise became an administration policy, and the man who opposed the franchise was a political outcast. Did a railroad desire immunity from annoying enforcement of laws enacted to satisfy public clamor in the state, it contributed money to the party controlling the state, and railroad commissioners were appointed at the

suggestion of the lawyers for the railroad. Thus the local party organization became the superficial government—the government of greed—and therefore party platforms were emasculated, and public officials, recognizing the force of the current in which they were borne rarely turned against it.

The Inner Workings of the Boss System

Now it is not pleasant to recall American political conditions as they were in the late nineties. Yet those conditions were founded so firmly on local public sentiment and represented so thoroughly the judgment of the average man, that—bad as they were—it becomes necessary to the uses of this argument to record them briefly here. For those conditions furnish a starting point in the story of recent progress in this country, and only as we take a square look at the place where things were at their worst, may we realize how much better they have grown.

Politics in America a dozen or fifteen years ago was founded upon the boss system. At the bottom in the smallest political unit was the precinct boss. Delegates to local party conventions were elected from precincts or wards or townships, and the party conventions made up of from two to four hundred of such delegates nominated the local county, township, ward or city candidates for the offices which composed the local government—generally county governments in rural communities in the West, in the Middle States and in the South. The boss in the precinct generally said who should go to the convention as delegates. And in any precinct of two hundred votes or such a matter not over fifty people in either party paid serious attention to politics. And year after year the same men represented each precinct in the local convention. They were the men who obeyed the dominant local boss. He was not an officer of the government, but he controlled delegates to conventions which nominated candidates for all the offices of the local government, so he became a part of the actual government of every community. Half a dozen local bosses controlled any county or small city. And generally some indomitable man among them controlled them.

This boss had relations with the group of bosses which controlled the district or the great city. He was one of them. And he controlled the larger group if he was strong enough. And he had relations with the still more powerful group of bosses that controlled the state conventions and state legislatures of his party. If he was one of the larger groups, he was power-

ful enough to say who should be nominated for the legislature in his county, who should have the judicial and congressional nominations in his district and who should attend the state convention as delegates to name the candidates for state office. His nose was above water. He had a status in the politics of his state. He was some one. Sometimes he was a member of the actual organization of his party; at other times he preferred to name those who should be members. But always he controlled, and the fifty men in either party in each precinct who paid intelligent attention to politics, together with the fifty men in each of a score of other precincts in the town or city, knew this high-grade boss, went to him for favors; considered him as the viceroy between them and the big boss who controlled the group of bosses in the inner temple that controlled the state.

The Sale of Special Privileges

The extra-constitutional place of the boss in government was as the extra-constitutional guardian of business. If a telephone company desired to put its poles in the street and the city council objected, straightway went the owner of the telephone stock to the boss. He straightened matters out. If a street-car company was having trouble with the city street department, the manager of the street railway went to the boss, and the street department became reasonable. If the water company was harassed by public litigation, the boss arranged a friendly suit to settle matters. Always business was considered. And in some exceptional cases, vice was considered business. That was because vice paid rent, and property interests could not be disturbed. The boss, little or big, had the greatest respect for business little or big. And this respect came to him not as a peculiar revelation, but because he realized that all of the people about him felt as he felt. He merely reflected his environment. Otherwise more than fifty people would consider the little precinct boss obnoxious, and he would lose control and a different group would control things. So the secondary boss—the town or county boss—saw that local dividends were not disturbed, that local rents were not decreased, that local business was not hampered, and when the railroad company in the state desired to do as it pleased, the boss of the secondary bosses protected it. And the people protected the bosses, and business big and little paid money into the party committees, and as the bosses controlled the committees the sale of special privilege was

simple, legal and unquestioned. So prosperity dwelt among the people. Greed was rampant, "and the fool said in his heart there is no God."

The Railroads and the Courts

But the folly grew national. Railroads being the most important public service corporations in any state, had the closest relations with the state bosses who controlled members of the legislature, so the legal departments of the railroads named United States Senators. In those days in many of the states a candidate for United States Senator went to the law departments of the railroads in his state, and made his peace. Otherwise he was defeated. Now man is a grateful brute, and when federal judges were to be named the law departments of the railroads generally had a judicial candidate in view. And the Senator whose business it is to nominate federal judges for the President of the United States to appoint, subject to the Senate's confirmation, generally chose the man who was satisfactory to the powers that made the Senator. And as there are two sides to every lawsuit, whenever the interests of the public and the interests of the railroad clashed in court, it was just as easy to see the railroad's side as it was to see the other side, so the mass of federal decisions for years favored the railroads. And thus the superficial government, in a most natural way, captured the constitution.

(In parentheses here it seems necessary to inquire if this capture of the constitution by

our only aristocracy—that of wealth—was not in truth merely a recapture of what was intended in the beginning by the Fathers to belong to the minority. The checks and balances put in that constitution to guard against the rule of the majority protected slavery for fifty years, and perhaps they bound the Nation to the rule of the privileged classes in the nineties. Perhaps these same checks and balances—the judiciary which annuls statutes

and remakes laws, the rigidity of the fundamental law to a mendment, the remoteness of the Senators from popular election and control—perhaps these checks and balances are chafing us now in our struggle to express the quickened moral sense of a democracy in terms of government. And later it may be necessary to return to this conjecture and examine it in greater detail. But the query in parentheses should at least be set down here for what it is worth.)

The courts were not corrupt. They were merely human. The people desired business protected. The color of the times crooked, and the judges got it on their spectacles.

They were not to blame. They merely saw as we all saw in those times. For politics was no worse than business; and business was no better than the people who did the trading. And while the country was honest, it had been through a serious biting panic. So prosperity seemed the chief end of man. And this prosperity idea occupied the mind of a nation. So that every man was willing to yield just a little bit for the larger good of a prosperous nation. And all this yielding made a mighty slant in the line of probity when each man, among seventy



millions of people, bent ever so slightly to it. And that is why those at the top, as we looked up and saw them fall, seemed so much more out of plumb than we at the bottom. But in fact they were at the same angle with relation to exact honesty that we all were. Big bosses and little bosses, big business men and little business men, we were all tarred by the same stick. It was a case of stretching the general welfare clause of the Federal Constitution to a bad end, which at the time seemed worthy.

Hanna and McKinley

Now here is what may be called a secondary stage of the disease that was creeping upon the people. From 1884 to 1894 there were clean cities and clean states; on the whole there was a clean federal government, and certainly the great mass of business transactions were clean. Evils were sporadic, local and not of first importance. Then came Hanna. He made the king's evil of business in politics chronic in the politics of the Nation. He organized the public service business of the country and the public service politics of the country, brought them together, and became the dictator of the superficial government of the United States. But for the strength of McKinley, Hanna would have become an autocrat over all politics and more business than he controlled. But McKinley was stronger than Hanna, and if McKinley had lived, he too would have turned upon the pretenders, and would have driven them from the White House, at least as Stevenson says of the good child, "as far as he is able." For putting America thoroughly upon a business basis, the country owes to Hanna whatever gratitude is due a man who brings out the rash, makes the impurities plain and aids diagnosis.

Those were the good old times of business cheer in the reign of Hanna. The knighthood of commercial license was in flower then. Hanna gathered tribute from certain great business concerns desiring protection and privileges in the government, and sent the money from the national central committee of his party to the various state central committees of his party, and they in turn sent it to the county committees and district committees and city committees of his party. Incidentally the local committees kept on levying upon such persons and corporations as seemed to be fair prey. But local levies and assessments were insignificant. The fountain of all public corruption came from above. The National committees of both great parties organized the sale of commercial indulgences into a fine art. One

was as bad as the other, save that the Republicans offered much the better market.

So certain insurance trustees used the money of their trusts for personal gain; certain railroad officials shared in the profits of favored concerns; rebates were granted to shippers and special rates to localities; import tariffs were made to build up private business; the stocks and bonds of railroads and other public service corporations were increased illegitimately and the people were taxed to pay interest on fictitious capitalization; corporations were formed under the protection of the state and the sole business of these corporations was to levy tribute from the people who protected them; morals in high finance became archaic in certain altitudes, and the success of success in a few restricted areas of business became its moral and its legal justification.

How Business Came to be Over-emphasized

It should not be necessary, yet it is only just to say that the area of dishonesty in business and even in politics was not wide—though it was important. The great bulk of business was honestly conducted, and the vast majority of men in politics were above reproach. And even those who did wrong for the most part did it unwittingly. The sin of Hanna was not a specific intentional debasement of our politics, and corruption of our business. He did what he did by his example, by his influence, by his point of view. With him in all sincerity and in all candor business was the most important consideration and prosperity for the Nation was the one end and aim in his soul. He saw that prosperity threatened in the campaign of 1896 by the free silver craze. He fought that craze with entire propriety; he fought for business stability with the utmost sincerity and with all good will; he won that fight, and it was the most natural thing in the world that he should consider business stability an end rather than a means of national happiness. He was our most picturesque National leader in those days. McKinley was never dramatized as the hero of the play. He was what dramatists might call the "walking gentleman"—strong, of course; honest, certainly, but not the hero of the times. Hanna was the man in the public eye. He was the man who bade men come and go at his beck and call. He was the boss of the bosses and as the ruler of the superficial government, Hanna guarded business; McKinley as the head of the constitutional government preserved the traditional constitution.

And so as United States Senators for the most part truckled to Hanna, and as the United

States Senators had the real choice of federal officials, especially of federal judges and officers of the courts, the United States Senate became the organ—not of the traditional constitutional government but of the real government. And courts—judges, marshals, prosecutors and clerks of the courts and various arms of the law unconsciously took the color of Hanna's cast of thought, and gave allegiance to the court of Hanna and prosperity, rather than to McKinley and the constitution. So district attorneys were not bringing stock manipulators to the bar of justice; judges were not instructing grand juries to probe into crooked railroad management; United States marshals were not laying information before the courts of the crimes of the trusts. For to do those things would arrest prosperity. And prosperity was the god of the superficial government. Business was above the unwritten law of prosperity.

Hanna Was No Worse Than We, the People

And no one was to blame more than the people themselves. They got exactly the kind of a government they desired. The flexibility of our constitution was never more admirably presented to the world. Public sentiment governed and the great mass of the American people upheld the government of Hanna honestly without questioning its divine right to administer the affairs of this country. For if the Democrats had won in 1900, they would have been expected to follow in Hanna's footsteps, to maintain prosperity at any cost, and to protect business. For we were a money-mad nation. And when stocks and reputations began to shrink in 1903, when great concerns began to totter and their heads to die of shame, as they met an awakened public conscience, it is miserably sad that we should all not have suffered with those in high places, for we were as much to blame as they were. They merely epitomized success as we considered it. They were our models, and our superior virtue was an afterthought—a result perhaps of our failure to attain their heights, or at least to meet their temptations. They suffered; we jeered, and God judged.

But now conditions are changing. Even when the knighthood of business was in flower there was the worm in the bud. There

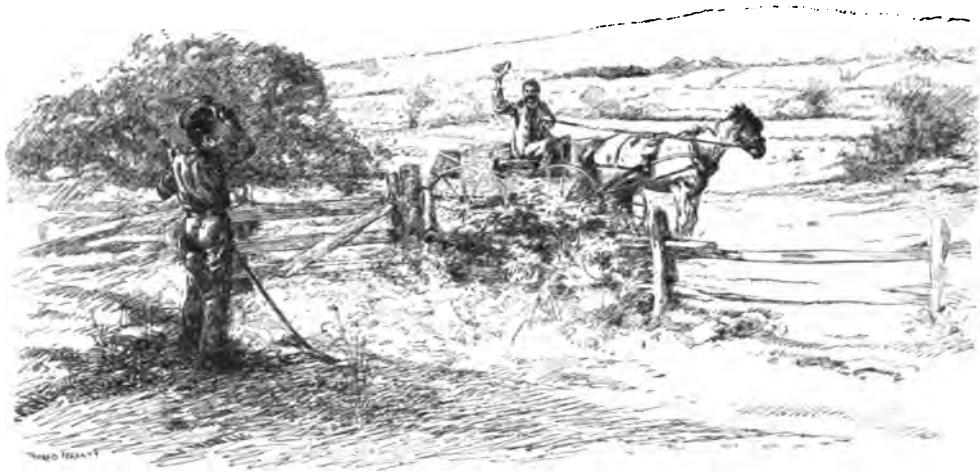
was the Spanish war. The spirit of sacrifice overcame the spirit of commercialism. Hanna lost control; the country declared war, and after waiting to prepare for it as best he could McKinley proclaimed it. The retention of the Philippines which followed war, offended some of the quicker and more enlightened consciences of the people, but the crowd-conscience of the Nation saw with a deep subconscious wisdom of National genius that if we could learn to sacrifice our own interest for those of a weaker people, we would learn the lesson needed to solve the great problem of democracy—to check our national greed and to make business honest. For business may not be made honest by vicarious sacrifice, but only as each man is willing to sacrifice himself. The problem of democracy is at base the problem of individual self-sacrifice. Greed may not be cured in others until it is cured in ourselves.

Now "The Old Order Changeth"

And now for ten years there has been a distinct movement among the American people—feeble and imperceptible against the current during the first few years of its beginning—a movement which indicates that in the soul of the people there is a conviction of their past unrighteousness. During the five years last past that movement has been unmistakable. It is now one of the big self-evident things in our national life. It is called variously Reform, the Moral Awakening, the New Idea, the Square Deal, the Uplift and by other local cognomens; but it is one current in the thought of the people. And the most hopeful sign of the times lies in the fact that the current is almost world-wide. The same striving to lift men to higher things, to a fuller enjoyment of the fruits of our civilization, to a wider participation in the blessings of modern society—in short to "a more abundant life"—the same striving is felt through Europe and among the islands of the sea, that is tightening the muscles of our social and commercial and political body. And it may be worth while to look about us and note the changes that are coming to us in the days when they are in the making. For

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

(Mr. White's next paper in this series of political articles will appear in the February number. It gives a stirring account of the secure progress made in many states in relation to the ballot, primary nominations, the control of corporations, with illuminating facts and illustrative incidents)



The Drunkard

By DAVID GRAYSON

AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

I T is a strange thing: Adventure. I looked for her high and I looked for her low: and she passed my door in a tattered garment—unheeded. For I had neither the eye of simplicity nor the heart of humility. One day I looked for her anew and I saw her beckoning from the Open Road; and underneath the tags and tatters I caught the gleam of her celestial garment; and I went with her into a new world.

I have had a singular adventure, in which I have made a friend. And I have seen new things which are also true.

My friend is a drunkard—at least so I call him, following the custom of the country. On his way from town he used often to come by my

farm. I could hear him singing afar off. Beginning at the bridge where on still days one can hear the rattle of a wagon on the loose boards, he sang in a peculiar clear high voice. I make no further comment upon the singing, nor the cause of it; but in the cool of the evening when the air was still—and he usually came in the evening—I often heard the cadences of his song with a thrill of pleasure. Then I saw him come driving by my farm, sitting on the spring seat of his one-horse wagon, and if he chanced to see me in my field, he would take off his hat and make me a grandiloquent bow, but never for a moment stop his singing. And so he passed by the house and I, with a smile, saw him moving up the hill in the north road, until finally his voice, still singing, died away in the distance.

Once I happened to reach the house just as the singer was passing, and Harriet said:

"There goes that drunkard."

It gave me an indescribable shock. Of course I had known as much, and yet I had not directly applied the term. I had not thought of my singer as *that*, for I had often been conscious in spite of myself, alone in my fields, of something human and cheerful which, in passing, had touched me and was gone.

After Harriet applied her name to my singer, I was of two minds concerning him. I struggled with myself: I tried instinctively to discipline my pulses when I heard the sound of his singing. For was he not a drunkard? Lord! how we get our moralities mixed up with our realities!

And then one evening when I saw him coming—I had been a long day alone in my fields—I experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. With an indescribable joyousness of adventure I stepped out toward the fence and pretended to be hard at work.

"After all," I said to myself, "this is a large world, with room in it for many curious people."

I waited in excitement. When he came near me I straightened up just as though I had



seen him for the first time. When he lifted his hat to me I lifted my hat as grandiloquently as he.

"How are you, neighbor?" I asked.

He paused for a single instant and gave me a smile; then he replaced his hat as though he had far more important business to attend to, and went on up the road.

My next glimpse of him was a complete surprise to me. I saw him on the street in town. Harriet pointed him out, else I should never have recognized him: a quiet, shy, modest man, as different as one could imagine from the singer I had seen so often passing my farm. He wore neat, worn clothes; and his horse stood tied in front of the store. He had brought his honey to town to sell. He was a bee-man.

I stopped and asked him about his honey,

and whether the fall flowers had been plenty; I ran my eye over his horse, and said that it seemed to be a good animal. But I could get very little from him, and that little in a rather low voice. I came away with my interest whetted to a still keener edge. How a man has come to be what he is—is there any discovery better worth making?

After that day in town I watched for the bee-man: and I saw him often on his way to town, silent, somewhat bent forward in his seat, driving his horse with circumspection, a Dr. Jekyll of propriety; and a few hours later he would come homeward a wholly different person, straight of back, joyous of mien, singing his songs in his high clear voice, a very Hyde of recklessness. Even the old horse seemed changed: he held his head higher and stepped with a quicker pace. When the bee-man went toward town he never paused, nor once looked around to see me in my field; but when he came back he watched for me, and when I responded to his bow he would sometimes stop and reply to my greeting.

One day he came from town on foot and when he saw me, even though I was some distance away, he approached the fence and took off his hat, and held out his hand. I walked over toward him. I saw his full face for the first time: a rather handsome face. The hair was thin and curly, the forehead, generous and smooth; but the chin was small. His face was slightly flushed and his eyes—his eyes *burned*! I shook his hand.

"I had hoped," I said, "that you would stop sometime as you went by."

"Well, I've wanted to stop—but I'm a busy man. I have important matters in hand almost all the time."

"You usually drive."

"Yes, ordinarily I drive. I do not use a team, but I have in view a fine span of roadsters. One of these days you will see me going by your farm in style. My wife and I both enjoy driving."

I wish I could here convey the tone of buoyancy with which he said these words. There was a largeness and confidence in them that carried me away. He told me that he was now "working with the experts"—those were his words—and that he would soon begin building a house that would astonish the country. Upon this he turned abruptly away, but came back and with a fine courtesy shook my hand.

"You see," he said, "I am a busy man, Mr. Grayson,—and a happy man."

So he set off down the road, and as he passed my house he began singing again in his high voice. I walked away with a feeling of won-



der, not unmixed with sorrow. It was a strange case!

Gradually I became really acquainted with the bee-man, at first with the exuberant, confident, imaginative, home-going bee-man; far more slowly with the shy, reserved, townward-bound bee-man. It was quite an adventure, my first talk with the shy bee-man. I was driving home; I met him near the lower bridge. I cudgled my brain to think of some way to get at him. As he passed, I leaned out and said:

"Friend, will you do me a favor? I neglected to stop at the post-office. Would you call and see whether anything has been left for me in the box since the carrier started?"

"Certainly," he said, glancing up at me, but turning his head swiftly aside again.

On his way back he stopped and left me a paper. He told me volubly about the way he would run the post-office if he were "in a place of suitable authority."

"Great things are possible," he said, "to the man of ideas."

At this point began one of the by-plays of my acquaintance with the bee-man. The exuberant bee-man referred disparagingly to the shy bee-man.

"I must have looked pretty seedy and stupid this morning on my way in. I was up half the night; but I feel all right now."

The next time I met the shy bee-man he on his part apologized for the exuberant bee-man—hesitatingly, falteringly, winding up with the words, "I think you will understand." I grasped his hand, and left him with a wan smile on his face. Instinctively I came to treat the two men in a wholly different manner: with the one I was blustering, hail-fellow-well-met, listening with eagerness to his expansive talk; but to the other I said little, feeling my way

slowly to his friendship, for I could not help looking upon him as a pathetic figure. He needed a friend! The exuberant bee-man was sufficient unto himself, glorious in his visions, and I had from him no little entertainment.

I told Harriet about my adventures; they did not meet with her approval. She said I was encouraging a vice.

"Harriet," I said, "go over and see his wife. I wonder what she thinks about it."

"Thinks!" exclaimed Harriet. "What should the wife of a drunkard think?"

But she went over. As soon as she returned I saw that something was wrong, but I asked no questions. During supper she was extraordinarily preoccupied, and it was not until an hour or more afterward that she came into my room.

"David," she said, "I can't understand some things."

"Isn't human nature doing what it ought to?" I asked.

But she was not to be joked with.

"David, that man's wife doesn't seem to be sorry because he comes home drunken every week or two! I talked with her about it and what do you think she said? She said she knew it was wrong, but she intimated that when he was in that state she loved—liked—him all the better. Is it believable? She said: 'Perhaps you won't understand—it's wrong, I know, but when he comes home that way he seems so full of—life. He—she seems to understand me better then!' She was heartbroken, one could see that, but she would not admit it. I leave it to you, David, what can anyone do with a woman like that? How is the man ever to overcome his habits?"

It is a strange thing, when we ask questions directly of life, how often the answers are un-

expected and confusing. Our logic becomes illogical! Our stories won't turn out.

She told much more about her interview: the neat home, the bees in the orchard, the well-kept garden. "When he's sober," she said, "he seems to be a steady, hard worker."

After that I desired more than ever to see deep into the life of the strange bee-man. Why was he what he was?

And at last the time came, as things come to him who desires them faithfully enough. One afternoon not long ago, a fine autumn afternoon, when the trees were glorious on the hills, the Indian summer sun never softer, I was tramping along a wood lane far back of my farm. And at the roadside, near the trunk of an oak tree, sat my friend, the bee-man. He was a picture of despondency, one long hand hanging down between his knees, his head bowed down. When he saw me he straightened up, looked at me, and dropped down again. My heart went out to him, and I sat down beside him.

"Have you ever seen a finer afternoon?" I asked.

He glanced up at the sky.

"Fine?" he answered vaguely, as if it had never occurred to him.

I saw instantly what the matter was: the exuberant bee-man was in process of transformation into the shy bee-man. I don't know exactly how it came about, for such things are difficult to explain, but I led him to talk of himself.

"After it is all over," he said, "of course I am ashamed of myself. You don't know, Mr. Grayson, what it all means. I am ashamed of myself now, and yet I know I shall do it again."

"No," I said, "you will not do it again."

"Yes, I shall. Something inside of me argues: Why should you be sorry? Were you not free for a whole afternoon?"

"Free?" I asked.

"Yes—free. You will not understand. But every day I work, work, work. I have friends, but somehow I can't get to them; I can't even get to my wife. It seems as if a wall hemmed me in, as if I were bound to a rock which I couldn't get away from. I am also afraid. When I am sober I know how to do great things, but I can't do them. After a few glasses—I never take more—I not only know I can do great things, but I feel as though I were really doing them."

"But you never do?"

"No, I never do, but I *feel* that I can. All the bonds break and the wall falls down and I am free. I can really touch people. I feel friendly and neighborly."

He was talking eagerly now, trying to explain, for the first time in his life, he said, how it was that he did what he did. He told me how beautiful it made the world, where before it was miserable and friendless, how he thought of great things and made great plans, how his home seemed finer and better to him, and his work more noble. The man had a real gift of imagination and spoke with an eagerness and eloquence that stirred me deeply. I was almost on the point of asking him where his magic liquor was to be found! When he finally gave me an opening I said:

"I think I understand. Many men I know are in some respects drunkards. They all want some way to escape themselves—to be free of their own limitations."

"That's it! That's it!" he exclaimed eagerly.

We sat for a time side by side, saying nothing. I could not help thinking of that line of Virgil referring to quite another sort of intoxication:

"With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds."

Instead of that beautiful unity of thought and action which marks the finest character, here was this poor tragedy of the divided life. When Fate would destroy a man it first separates his forces! It drives him to think one way and act another; it encourages him to seek through outward stimulation—whether drink, or riches, or fame—a deceptive and unworthy satisfaction in place of that true contentment which comes only from unity within. No man can be two men successfully.

So we sat and said nothing. What indeed can any man say to another under such circumstances? As Bobbie Burns remarks out of the depths of his own experience:

"What's done we partly may compute
But know not what's resisted."

I've always felt that the best thing one man can give another is the warm hand of understanding. And yet when I thought of the pathetic shy bee-man, hemmed in by his sunless walls, I felt that I should also say something. Seeing two men struggling shall I not assist the better? Shall I let the sober one be despoiled by him who is riotous? There are realities, but there are also moralities—if we can keep them properly separated.

"Most of us," I said finally, "are in some respects drunkards. We don't give it so harsh a name, but we are just that. Drunkenness is not a mere matter of intoxicating liquors; it goes deeper—far deeper. Drunkenness is the failure of a man to control his mind."

The bee-man sat silent, gazing out before him. I noted the blue veins in the hand which

lay on his knee. It came over me with sudden amusement and I said:

"I often get drunk myself."

"You?"

"Yes—dreadfully drunk."

He looked at me and laughed—for the first time! And I laughed, too. Do you know, there's a lot of human nature in people! And when you think you are deep in tragedy, behold, humor lurks just around the corner!

"I used to laugh at it a good deal more than I do now," he said. "I've been through it all. Sometimes when I go to town I say to myself, 'I will not turn at that corner,' but when I come to the corner, I do turn. Then I say 'I will not go into that bar,' but I do go in. 'I will not order anything to drink,' I say to myself, and then I hear myself talking aloud to the barkeeper just as though I were some other person. 'Give me a glass of rye,' I say, and I stand off looking at myself, very angry and sorrowful. But gradually I seem to grow weaker and weaker—or rather stronger and stronger—for my brain begins to become clear, and I see things and feel things I never saw or felt before. I want to sing."

"And you do sing," I said.

"I do, indeed," he responded, laughing, "and it seems to me the most beautiful music in the world."

"Sometimes," I said, "when I'm on *my* kind of spree, I try not so much to empty my mind of the thoughts which bother me, but rather to fill my mind with other, stronger thoughts—"

Before I could finish he had interrupted:

"Haven't I tried that, too? Don't I think of other things? I think of bees—and that leads me to honey, doesn't it? And that makes me think of putting the honey in the wagon and taking it to town. Then, of course, I think how it will sell. Instantly, stronger than you can imagine, I see a dime in my hand. Then it appears on

the wet bar. I *smell* the *smell* of the liquor. And there you are!"

We did not talk much more that day. We got up and shook hands and looked each other in the eye. The bee-man turned away, but came back hesitatingly.

"I am glad of this talk, Mr. Grayson. It makes me feel like taking hold again. I have been in hell for years——"

"Of course," I said. "You needed a friend. You and I will come up together."

As I walked toward home that evening I felt a curious warmth of satisfaction in my soul—and I marveled at the many strange things that are to be found upon this miraculous earth.

I suppose, if I were writing a story, I should stop at this point; but I am dealing in life. And life does not always respond to our impatience with satisfactory moral conclusions. Life is inconclusive: quite open at the end. I had a vision of a new life for my neighbor, the bee-man—and have it yet, for I have not done with him—but——

Last evening, and that is why I have been prompted to write the whole story, my bee-man came again along the road by my farm; my exuberant bee-man. I heard him singing afar off.

He did not see me as he went by, but as I stood looking out at him, it came over me with a sudden sense of largeness and quietude that the sun shone on him as genially as it did on me, and that the leaves did not turn aside from him, nor the birds stop singing when he passed.

"He also belongs here," I said.

And I watched him as he mounted the distant hill, until I could no longer hear the high clear cadences of his song. And it seemed to me that something human, in passing, had touched me.



THE SPIRITUAL UNREST

The New Mission of the Doctor

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

Last month Mr. Baker gave an account of the Emmanuel Movement, a remarkable effort of the church, disturbed by the prevailing spiritual unrest, to make itself more useful to mankind. This month Mr. Baker describes an equally significant effort of the doctors to enter more deeply and vitally into the problems of human life: to extend the influence of a great hospital into the homes of the patients.

THE EDITORS.

D R. RICHARD C. CABOT of Boston, in his first annual report of the Social Service Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital, quotes from "Alice in Wonderland":

"Have some wine," said the Hatter.

"I don't see any wine," said Alice.

"There isn't any," said the Hatter.

Dr. Cabot says that scenes suggesting this conversation between Alice and the Hatter have been enacted many times every week in the Out-patient Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital. A patient comes to be examined; after looking him over the doctor says: "Take a vacation." "Get a lighter job." "Buy a set of teeth." But among most of the patients who swarm the clinics of that great hospital, the doctor might as well say, "Get the moon," or "Have a star"—for they are too poor to afford the remedies prescribed, or too ignorant to use them.

A man who visits the hospital suffering from no other debility than hunger—and this is an actual case—is advised that he needs a *tonic*. A poor woman comes in suffering with tuberculosis. The doctor says, "You must stop work; you must sleep out of doors; you must have especially nutritious food." But like Alice, she doesn't see any; and there isn't any. She has no money to provide for sleeping quarters out of doors, or for extra food, or knowledge how to employ such remedies properly even if she had them; and if she stops work, she starves. A woman with a large family of children is ad-

vised that her life depends upon having a certain operation performed. But for some reason she does not return to the hospital to have it performed. When the doctor hunts her up and scolds her for not doing the right thing, she says:

"But what about the children?"

Where the Hospitals Fail

At this point the machinery of the hospital breaks down and goes to pieces. Its science is unavailing; it cannot cure this woman because she has diseases not set down in medical works—the disease of poverty, the disease of dependent children. What shall be done with the consumptive? Give her the best and costliest of scientific advice, which she cannot possibly follow, and let her go out, not only to die, but to spread the infection of her disease? What shall be done with the poverty-stricken woman and her children? And what shall be done with the hungry man? Give him a tonic and turn him out to die?

Deep questions these, human questions, reaching far outside of hospitals and medical science, and far into complex, every-day human life. For a long time these questions have been asked in vain. To thousands of public clinics and dispensaries in this land every day come crowds of patients, mostly poor, afflicted with every manner of human ill. Most of the doctors who see them are young, most of them serve free in order to get the experience and training which they are to use in their privately

paid practice among richer people. The Out-patient Department has long been regarded as a mere stepping-stone to higher things. These young doctors endeavor to see as many patients as possible, for in that way they chance upon a larger number of interesting cases which they can study profitably at leisure. It is significant that a man or woman is regarded not so much as a human being as a "case"—a "good case," a "bad case," an "interesting case." Even though the doctor's heart is big—and many a doctor's heart is wide open to human distress in every form—he can do little or nothing for these people, except as "cases." He has no time: he, too, must make a living. He must rush and hurry, he must rise to a privately paid practice. He can dose his cases or order a surgical operation, but rarely, very rarely, does he get a glimpse into the heart of the human being who stands quivering before him, or realize that this, also, is a man. In many dispensaries prescriptions have actually come to be printed and given out to a great variety of cases. A dispensary, in short, is a vast machine for the treatment of hastily observed outward symptoms, in which little or no attempt is made to reach or to cure the deep-seated sources of the disease which may lie far from anything that the doctor can hear or feel or see—beyond, indeed, his most sensitive thermometer, his most perfect stethoscope; it may lie deep in the moral character, it may proceed from a deranged family life, it may be religious, it may be social.

Changing Viewpoint of the Doctor

Newly awakened to these profoundly human aspects of disease the doctor, like the clergyman, feels his inadequacy, his futility; and he, also, sees visions of new spheres of usefulness to mankind. Indeed, not only the practice but the whole point of view of the medical profession is changing, and not less radically than that of the church.

It is the purpose of the present article to deal with Dr. Cabot's remarkable efforts at the Massachusetts General Hospital to meet the broader needs of men. As the Emmanuel Movement, which I described last month, is only one of many efforts or experiments of the church to place itself in the currents of the new idealistic thought, so Dr. Cabot's work is only one of many extraordinary new activities of the medical profession, but it will help further to define, reveal and measure the scope and nature of the present wave of spiritual thought—which is the object of this series of articles.

Two great avenues of new activity are

opening to the medical profession. The first proceeds from the growing conviction that most, if not all, diseases are not merely *individual*, but social. At the root of the great destroyers, tuberculosis, typhoid fever, children's diseases, in no small measure lie malnutrition, hunger, wretched housing conditions, dirty streets—in other words, poverty and social neglect. Yellow fever, smallpox, diphtheria and pneumonia, when they strike, strike not merely a single isolated individual; they endanger the city or the state. Diseases of vice are usually diseases of poverty, ignorance, and evil environment, which can never be effectually reached by any mere medication of the individual man or woman. Medicine is thus seen to be intimately bound up with all sorts of new sociological, political, ethical and economic problems.

The second great avenue of activity proceeds from an awakening to the fact that man is not only a physical and material animal, but that he is also a thinking animal, a religious animal, that the mind has a vital influence over the body, that religion may also be a powerful agency in healing disease. To this discovery the medical profession is being driven by the work of the new school of experimental psychologists and by the spread of popular healing cults like Christian Science, the Emmanuel Movement, Mind-Cure, and the New Thought. Up to the present year no medical college in the world gave a course in psycho-therapeutics or in psychology; now several strong courses have been established.

In short, just as the church is beginning to discover that man has a body as well as a soul, the medical profession is beginning to discover that man has a soul as well as a body. *The whole man must be treated*; and he must be treated not merely as an individual and unrelated sick man, but as a component and essential part of our close-knit social life, where one man who is sick endangers the whole city in which he lives.

Revolt Against Drugs

Dr. Cabot marks out three stages in the evolution of the new idea in medical practice. The first he calls the "era of wholesale drugging," in which a dispensary doctor could "run off" forty or fifty cases in a couple of hours, tear off and give printed prescriptions, and turn the patients out pretty well satisfied. But with enlarging views there is, as Dr. Cabot says, "a noticeable abatement of the flood of drugs pouring out of the dispensary and into the community." He gives the figures which show how rapidly the giving of drugs is de-

creasing at the Out-patient Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital:

Year	Number of Visits	Number of Prescriptions	Visits exceed Prescriptions by—
1902.....	88,868	58,177	30,691
1903.....	95,728	55,285	40,443
1904.....	106,175	53,321	52,854
1905.....	110,631	49,793	60,838
1906.....	107,063	43,674	63,389

The next stage, which Dr. Cabot calls the "tractarian or ritualistic era," marks a somewhat larger conception of the necessity of reaching the whole man. It is not enough to treat the man momentarily in the hospital by drugging him, but *his life outside must in some way be changed*. Consequently printed directions are issued by many hospitals and boards of health describing proper methods of caring for the stomach, the bowels and the lungs, often printed in many languages and widely distributed. "Diet slips" for the use of those afflicted with constipation, dyspepsia and diabetes are familiarly used.

"Here we have," says Dr. Cabot, "the form but not the substance of good treatment. The patient needs advice and direction. We go through the forms of up-to-date therapeutics admirably as any ritualist, but the whole thing is hollow—nothing comes of it. A sharp change in a person's habits of eating and drinking, sleeping, thinking, working, is what the tract demands. But we know perfectly well, if we reflect or observe, that no such change is brought about in any such easy fashion."

The third stage in the evolution is what Dr. Cabot calls the "era of better things." It is that stage which I wish here to describe. Its chief factor, first worked out by Dr. Cabot in the Out-patient Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital is a Social Service Department. It is an effort to reach out beyond the hospital and carry the work of healing men and women to the limit of thoroughness. In a large proportion of cases, as Dr. Cabot says, "a knowledge of the patient's habits, of his economic, domestic and social conditions, is essential to any adequate understanding or competent management of the case." This work the physicians have neither the time nor the training to do; it must be undertaken by trained workers.

The chief trouble with the church is that it does not, after all, *get to people*, or *get into people*; the same is true of the hospital. Both are discovering, as we are all discovering in our march toward democracy, that nothing, finally, can take the place of the direct human touch. There is no professional or scientific or ritual-

istic way out; to reach men and cure them, whatever their ills, they must be met squarely as human beings.

How Dr. Cabot Began the New Work

Dr. Cabot established the Social Service Department in October, 1905. He had long cherished the plan; indeed, he had grown up in the atmosphere of that humanitarianism which has so long marked the best thought of New England. His father was the biographer of Emerson, his mother, after raising a family of seven boys, became a leader in the public work of Brookline: overseer of the poor, member of the board of education. Her personality and influence are still felt in Boston. Dr. Cabot was educated at Harvard, first broadly in philosophy and psychology, afterwards in the medical school: a man first, then a doctor. Though a member of no church, his view of life is profoundly religious: broad, deep, inclusive.

"I mean by religion," he says, "the deepest that there is in any human being. When you reach the core of any man, you reach, it seems to me, the divine spark in him; that is, you reach his religion. Religion is not one energy or one interest among others, . . . it is the heart, the center, the core of every interest. In my opinion any man is slovenly and slipshod who does not find religion as the ultimate motive and goal of his task, whatever it is. Under this definition it is obvious that we cannot go to the bottom of any trouble, whether it be health or grief or anything else, without reaching religion. If religion includes the whole of our life as a house includes a room, then the man who would set his house in order must know all the rooms, must know the whole of the house before he ventures to touch any part of it."

It will be seen how easily, from this view of life, sprung Dr. Cabot's idea of treating the "whole man": the doctor to direct his physical upbuilding, the social worker to reach the hundred and one outside influences which always play so important a part in the health of a man.

During the first year of its existence Dr. Cabot raised funds among his friends (adding a large part himself) to support the Social Service Department. The workers found a place in a corner of one of the great corridors of the hospital, and there the department has grown steadily in importance and significance. Since the first year, though the expenditures have increased largely, a sufficiency of money has been contributed to carry on the work.

At the present time some twenty social

workers, about half of them paid, half voluntary, are engaged in the various activities of the department. The paid members of the staff are all experienced social workers or trained nurses—and it is little enough to say that they are a remarkable group of women, doing a remarkable work.

At the head of the staff is Miss Ida M. Cannon. Though the workers are constantly conferring with one another and with Dr. Cabot and other physicians connected with the hospital, the work naturally falls into a number of divisions. For example, the tuberculosis cases are looked after by Miss Gertrude L. Farmer and Miss Ellen T. Emerson 2d, a granddaughter of Ralph Waldo Emerson; patients suffering from nervous troubles, and there are many strange cases presented to the department, are attended to by Miss Edith N. Burleigh and Miss Antoinette Cannon. To Mrs. Jessie D. Hodder come the pitiful cases of unfortunate girls. The general work of hygienic teaching, the education of mothers in the

care of delicate children, the problem of vacations and outings for those who need them as a part of their treatment, and so on, are looked after by various members of the staff.

Prescribed—A Friend

Twenty-one thousand new patients came to the Out-patient Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital last year. Wherever, among this stream of suffering humanity, as it passes before the doctors, there is a case having a peculiarly difficult human problem, the man or woman is referred with a colored slip to the Social Service Department for human treatment, just as he would under other circumstances be referred to the surgical ward, or the Zander room, or ordered to take baths.

"For some patients the best prescription is a friend," as one of the doctors put it to me.

In the first year 683 cases were thus sent to the Social Service Department, the second year 1,441, and last year 1,554. I have before me

REFERRED TO SOCIAL SERVICE DEPT.

BY DR. *J. J. Putnam*

Reason referred (*i. e.* what does the patient need?)

This patient has taken lots of medicine but does not know how to live. She takes no exercise out of doors, or recreation, and is getting into the habit of feeling nervous.

I
REFERRED TO SOCIAL SERVICE DEPT.

BY DR. *F. J. Lord* Case *2266*

Reason referred (*i. e.* what does the patient need?)

An undernourished child who needs better and more food which parents can't afford and to whom an outing of some sort or vacation would be very desirable for building her up

FAÇSIMILE OF CARDS
USED IN SENDING
PATIENTS TO THE
SOCIAL SERVICE
DEPARTMENT



DR. RICHARD O. CABOT OF BOSTON, HEAD OF THE SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL

a number of the small colored prescription blanks which the doctors give to the patients,—and the suggestions on them are astonishing enough—they are so little medical, so deeply human. Here is one:

“She is working too hard; needs advice as regards hygiene and diet.”

Another patient came with this direction:

“An undernourished child who needs better and more food, which his parents cannot afford.”

Another: “Patient says she must return to work on account of finances. She really is not in condition to do so yet. Can you do anything for her?”

Another: “Patient is completely run down, overworked and played out. Cares for a large family. Needs rest.”

Another: “Patient needs spring back brace, \$8.00. Cannot pay for it.”

Another: “Unmarried girl who is pregnant.”

The Disease of Poverty

Curious complaints in a hospital, are they not? Poverty, misfortune, overwork, large families, human tragedies. And yet these have an intimate bearing upon health: if the patient improves he must have changed conditions.

The patient comes to the Social Service often shaken by the strain of examination before the doctors, usually more or less ignorant, not knowing where to turn, or what to do next. And here he finds immediate sympathy and help. He is encouraged to pour out his human story. The number in the family, the wages, the sort of home the patient lives in, the moral and religious status, the problems which beset his life—all these things are scarcely less

important than the physical factors. For under the new conception of the healing of disease as public work, the meaning of diagnosis becomes immeasurably broader.

But perhaps I can best illuminate the work of this new department by an account of a number of specific cases: and first, two cases presenting human problems.

Story of an Ambitious Russian Jew

One day when I was in the Social Service Department, a bright, healthy-looking Jewish boy, about fifteen years old, came in.

"How are you, Julius?" asked Miss Cannon.

"I came to tell you I am all right now. I feel fine," the boy said.

He had a friendly talk with Miss Cannon and when he went out I heard his story. He had come to the hospital about six months before, broken down, pale, discouraged. The doctors could do nothing for him, so they sent him to the Social Service. Here they learned his story. He belonged to a Russian Jewish family. His father was a peddler, and he had eight brothers and sisters. The family was very poor. But the boy was alert-minded and ambitious, eager to get ahead in America. Though he had been in this country only eight months he spoke English pretty well. He was working in a grocery store thirteen hours a day at \$2.50 a week, and going to night school afterward. Think of it, for a growing boy! He said he never played on the street because his uncle would think him a "bum." His uncle had come earlier to this country and was quite an American. He was also "rich"! Miss Cannon told the boy he must not work so hard.

"What I do?" he asked. "My father poor man. I must work."

But Miss Cannon argued with him, went to see his employer, showed him how to use the public playgrounds and baths. His headaches continued and she had an examination of the eyes. Glasses were ordered. Here is a brief extract of the record:

May 27. Patient has stopped work and spends time out of doors.

June 2. Got the boy's uncle to pay for his glasses.

June 6. Got out-door work for boy—lawn-mowing. He earned sixty cents.

June 24. Doctors ordered adenoids removed.

July 6. Weak after operation.

After this Miss Cannon got the boy a chance to spend three whole weeks out of doors in the country. The result was that he came back well and strong and happy and grateful: a

citizen saved. Miss Cannon has since secured out-of-door work for the boy at three dollars a week, and he is now attending night school and keeping perfectly vigorous and well.

The Disease of Overwork

Another patient, a working-girl, came to the hospital to be treated for dyspepsia and neuralgia. Under the old method she would have been given a bottle of medicine and dismissed. But there seemed to be deeper factors in her case, and she was sent to the Social Service. Here the real trouble came out. She was a Canadian girl, ignorant of ways in Boston, who was working from six o'clock in the morning until midnight for seven dollars a *month*—promised, but not paid for three months. Her mistress, an aunt, kept her at work constantly and allowed her to make no friends. Is it surprising she fell ill? The first thing the Social Service did was to demand a month's rest, and then they found her a new place at \$3.50 a week (at a safe distance from the aunt), and she is well and strong again.

Many such cases as these come to the department, cases which are cured by kindly advice and friendship, and the gratitude often expressed is pathetically sincere.

Treating "Nervous Prostration" Among the Poor

A considerable group of the patients received at the hospital are made up of those suffering from nervous diseases: and in such cases Dr. Cabot and Dr. Putnam have been especially interested. "Nervousness," hysteria, morbid worries and fears, insomnia, "nervous prostration," often bring intense and chronic suffering, especially among the poor and ignorant. In these lower walks of life the patient's family and friends usually have no comprehension of the trouble and therefore give no sympathy, but rather reproaches and black looks. Moreover, the patient, being unfitted to work, is forced to face the worry of financial loss and privation, which in itself increases the disease. Nowhere is there help in sight. The family, even if sympathetic, cannot afford the visits of a really skilled and humane neurologist who can give the precious time necessary to grapple with such diseases. Quack medicines, often resorted to, only make matters worse; the hospital offers no relief.

For such cases the Social Service Department, with workers skilled in mental healing directed by Dr. Putnam, one of the foremost neurologists of Boston, has already proved in-

valuable. All the devices, except active religious work, which I described last month as being used by the Emmanuel Movement, are here employed: auto-suggestion, re-education, employment, friendly advice and explanation. Above all the Social Workers win the confidence and friendship of sufferers and that in itself is often the beginning of the cure. "Like some chemical reactions," Dr. Cabot says concerning the need of this warmth of human relationship, "mental healing seldom works in the cold. It is human, friendly helpfulness, not a trick."

Miss Burleigh is peculiarly fitted to meet such patients with sympathy, because she overcame a long-continued nervous breakdown in her own case. An old Irishwoman coming to tell how she suffers from nervous fears, says: "I wonder if anyone in the world was ever like me or suffers as I do," and Miss Burleigh responds, "Why, yes, I know all about it." She talks with her and shows her how she can overcome her trouble, and she *does* overcome it. It is difficult to give any adequate idea of how deeply and thoroughly these workers get into the lives of the men and women who come to them. Each case becomes extraordinarily interesting, and is followed up as one follows up or helps any friend.

A Letter of Advice to a Nervous Woman

I publish here a letter written by Miss Burleigh to one of her patient-friends, a woman who came to the hospital a physical wreck. It was seen that she must get away from her family cares and take a rest. After innumerable complications involved in providing for a daughter, the woman finally got together money and sailed to visit friends in England. This is Miss Burleigh's letter, and it is the sort that would help almost anyone, well or ill:

I can't tell you how glad I am that you decided to go to England. I expect you to come back after a good long rest a well woman.

I want very much to help you and am going to give you some advice, which I would urge upon you to think seriously about. Please read it over *every day* and really think a great deal about it.

You have now one of the opportunities, which come to people very seldom, of really "burning your bridges," and making a new start, and you want it to be a good start in the right direction.

In the first place do not tell anybody that you have been nervous. If nobody knows about it, nobody can remind you of it, and you want to put the thought of it as far from you as you can.

Nothing will help you so much to do this as persistently to refuse to speak of it.

I think, from my own experience, that self-control is the real secret of getting well. Real self-control.

Do not yield to every mood or feeling of discomfort.



SEVEN "GRADUATES" OF THE TUBERCULOSIS DEPT.,
TAKEN IN FEBRUARY, 1907: EVERYONE STILL WELL

Don't wait until it (the bad feeling) has conquered you, but overcome it at once in the beginning. Turn resolutely away from it. Do something. That is the best way, and do something for somebody else.

If a pain persists say to yourself, "It won't last long, and I don't care if I do have a pain. Everybody has pains. I cannot expect to be exempt."

Reason with yourself if you begin to feel nervous.

I wish you would sit down by yourself, *quietly*, every day, and think over this quotation which I have copied from a book of Dr. Worcester's: "To-day we know that the type of character created by Christ—calm, loving, patient, unselfish, fearless, trusting—is the type best able to resist every form of nervous disease and moral evil."

Take each of these characteristics separately and think out just what it means and how you could put it to your own case. It is not an impossible ideal, but one we can struggle toward. I should like you to really make it a part of yourself. Will you promise me to read it over every time you get fussed and feel as though you should fly?

We are all inclined to make too much of our own sufferings. Each of us is such a tiny part of the world but each of us can smooth the roughness for somebody else, and each of us can certainly do it better if he holds up to himself an ideal, even if he can never hope wholly to attain to it.

Just before you go to sleep at night say over and over to yourself, "I will be calm to-morrow, I will be patient and fearless and trusting."

Don't do this two or three nights and then say, "Oh dear, I don't feel any calmer, that is no good."

Persist! You may have to say it every night of your life. I expect to and am willing to, for I know it helps.

One more case and I am through with the neurasthenics:

A Fear of Razors and Knives

S. B., twenty-nine, happily married, was referred to Miss Clark, the teacher of hygiene, April 10, 1907. Miss Clark found that besides a good many physical symptoms, the woman had a pitiable obsession. "She cannot bear to see her husband with a razor, nor to have sharp knives in the house. Throws them away. She knows it is silly, but fears she may

kill herself. Fears that by thinking of it all the time she may at last do it. Can't read about murders in the newspapers."

Miss Clark explained to her that this obsession was the result of an auto-suggestion, and that the fears which have thus been produced can in the same way be destroyed. She described another similar case and the complete recovery in which it had ended.

The woman was childless and therefore passed much time alone. Miss Clark corrected some obvious hygienic errors and urged her to keep busy, and not be alone more than was necessary. "Then at bedtime put your face in your hands and say to yourself, 'This fear is nonsense: I shall never harm myself or others. I am perfectly sane and am going to get well. There is no more harm in a razor than a stick of wood.'"

Later the patient reported herself better but found that sometimes just when she was saying to herself, "Well, now I've not had 'that feeling' all day," unexpectedly

the sight of some harmless object, such as a faucet, would "bring it all back." Miss Clark taught her to force the thought of the faucet to suggest something else and to repeat at such times the auto-suggestion: "Miss Clark says I shall get well, and I will." To keep her company in the long hours alone the patient was given a canary and a small dog.

Ten days later the patient came in looking much better and brighter. "She makes the auto-suggestions every night after saying her prayers. It now appears that two years ago, just after undergoing an operation and while still very weak from this, the patient had lost her mother. At the time she could not believe that her mother was dead and her husband had to withhold her forcibly from 'taking her right out of the casket.'"

Here are some of the entries from the record:

May 1. "Went on a little spree with the patient" (i.e., swan-boat in Public Garden and



DR. JOHN B. HAWES OF BOSTON, HEAD OF ONE OF THE SUBURBAN TUBERCULOSIS CLASSES CONNECTED WITH THE SOCIAL SERVICE

luncheon at New England Kitchen! Perilous dissipation!).

May 3. Now "doesn't mind the sight of the razor at all; can have it on the mantelpiece, right near the comb."

May 7. Has done quite a big wash. First time for months. Is ready for the move to the country.

May 28. Writes a letter from Maine to

"Miss Clark, Outer Patients Society Service:

"You would not know me I am looking so well. As long as I live I shall never forget what you have done for me. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

December 6, 1907.

The fear has been gone for months. Is well and happy. "Wants to be working or doing something all the time." Advised: "Now and then after finishing one thing and before taking up another, sit in a comfortable chair and relax, and think of some pleasant day you had this summer. Go out of doors if you get nervous and tend to rush. Write a list of things and cross them out one by one as you do them."

Clay-Modeling as an Aid in Curing Disease

A most interesting phase of the treatment of nervous cases is the clay-modeling class under the supervision of Miss Katherine Peabody. The idea of this work is to get the patient's mind off her own troubles and worries, to give her interesting and constructive work to do, and to surround her with the spirit of comradeship, of common and hopeful endeavor. I saw a group of women at work, and the things they were doing were not only interesting but often beautiful. People are starved for want of creative outlet, and of beauty, and of the spirit of social camaraderie, as from want of material food. One of the members of the class, an ignorant Russian Jewish woman, has not only improved in health, but has showed quite an aptitude for the modeling work.

Another group of cases, and in some respects the most important of all, are the consumptives. Here the social and hygienic factors are especially important. Most of the treatment of consumption is a matter of correcting home life, sleeping and eating habits. Not medicine or drugs, but human kindness and helpful suggestions are what are required.



DR. J. H. PRATT OF BOSTON, WHO DEVELOPED THE CLASS SYSTEM FOR THE TREATMENT OF TUBERCULOSIS

Classes for Consumptives

Several methods are used by the Social Service with tuberculous patients. A good deal depends on the patient, how ill he is, whether or not he has a family to support, and the problem of provision for the family while he is being treated. Thorough knowledge of all the conditions enables the Social Service to place the patient where, on the whole, he will do best. One may be sent to some one of the numerous hospitals and sanatoria which are now provided for the treatment of consumption, another

may be referred to the district nursing association, another sent to a better climate. But the largest number of cases are looked after in a wholly new way, known as the "class" system, which has been evolved and developed by Dr. J. H. Pratt from the practice of a number of specialists in tuberculosis, Dr. Minor, Dr. Millet and others. For the first "class" which Dr. Pratt organized, Emmanuel Church of Boston furnished the money and provided the visiting nurse. Indeed, it was the success of this movement, in which the church and the doctor worked together, that suggested, in part, the organization of the Emmanuel Movement, of which I gave an account last month. Out of Dr. Pratt's work have grown two tuberculosis classes under the direction of the Social Service Department.

Friendship, the human touch, is the basis of the class work. About twenty-five consumptives are grouped together. They meet, if able

to get out at all, each week, in a pleasant room of the hospital. Here they report to Dr. Pratt, Dr. Hawes or Dr. Floyd, meet the visitor or nurse who has the cases in charge, and get acquainted with one another. I attended two such meetings of the classes, and it was really



SEEKING FRESH AIR UNDER DIFFICULTIES.
THE PANS ARE SET TO CATCH THE WATER
DRIPPING FROM THE LEAKY ROOF

astonishing to observe the spirit which prevailed. Each patient came with the little record book which he is required to keep. This record contains the week's history, how many hours each day out of doors, how much milk taken, and particulars as to fever and coughing.

Rivalry in Milk-drinking and Flesh-gaining

"The class meeting," says Dr. Pratt, "is a pleasant social hour for the members. One confided to the friendly visitor that the meeting was her weekly picnic. Made up as our membership is of widely different races and different sects, they have a common bond in a common disease. A fine spirit of camaraderie has been developed. They never discuss their symptoms and are almost invariably in good spirits. Frequently our graduates drop in at the meeting

to get weighed and to greet their old associates. The members are weighed each week and their pulse and temperature taken by the friendly visitor, assisted by one of the senior members. The greatest gains in weight are posted conspicuously each week on the blackboard, and the member who remains out of doors the greatest number of hours during the month has his record exhibited. One patient was out of doors 706 hours in a month, an average of nearly twenty-three out of the twenty-four. Some of the sickest members gain this distinction. The favorable cases that are making rapid progress toward recovery infuse a spirit of hope into all."

The class method is an attempt to reach and cure the patient in his own environment, among his own friends. In many cases when a patient goes to a hospital, where the surroundings are ideal, he learns nothing about living at home, under hostile hygienic conditions, where he must live when he is discharged from the hospital. The result is that many a man has gone home after his hospital treatment only to sink back into the old diseased conditions. By the new method, the home life itself is revolutionized, and the patient practically cures himself—under the advice of the physician and the nurse. Thus a patient who "graduates" from the class cured—and a large proportion of them do graduate—has not only shaken himself free from a dreadful disease, but he has had a profound moral lesson in the care and control of his own life in the environment which he cannot well escape.

Not all consumptives are admitted to the classes. To help save himself a patient must, in the first place, have a good deal of backbone and perseverance. He must also live in a house where there is a yard or veranda or flat roof, where he can sleep out of doors; he must also have the means to buy plenty of good plain food, extra milk, oil and eggs. He must also be able to rest completely.

Consumption Cured at Home

When a patient is admitted to a class, the social worker or nurse at once visits and studies the home conditions, directs the construction of an out-of-door platform or tent where the patient may sleep, looks after the food supply, and often, where the family is poor, helps in solving some of the more difficult problems. Sometimes tents and cots are provided outright. There being only twenty-five members in a class, the social worker can visit all the families often, give them friendly advice and encouragement, and see that the patient is

caring for himself properly. Each week, as soon as the patient is able, he comes to the classes at the hospital, where he gets further advice and inspiration. It is really a very wonderful human work: not charity, but the encouragement of the sick man to cure himself. Rare enthusiasm prevails among both doctors and nurses; they have the great satisfaction of getting surprising results in a common-sense, human and inexpensive way: not an institution but a friend!

I wish I had room here to tell of some of the specific cases in the classes, and of the real heroism of perseverance exhibited by the patients and their families. Some of them are very poor and can only accomplish the results desired by making sacrifices all around. But it works! And the idea has spread from Boston until there are now twenty-three classes organized in various parts of the country. So successful has been the class method that Dr. Cabot believes it will be applied ultimately to many other common and chronic diseases, such as dyspepsia, neurasthenia, heart disease.

Educating People to Stay Cured

The idea, indeed, of carrying knowledge from the hospital into the haunts of common life, is already in practice in the Social Service Department. It is recognized that a patient must not only be cured, but *kept cured*. Many times every year patients are discharged from the hospitals, still weak, only to fall ill again.

"Some months ago," says Dr. Cabot, "a baby whose digestion had been upset as a result of improper food given it by an ignorant mother was taken into our wards, fed and nursed into convalescence at a cost to the hospital of twenty to thirty dollars, and then discharged into the care of the same untutored mother, who gave it the same fare and soon reduced it to the same plight as before. Later the hospital admitted the child again and went through the same trouble and expense, to say nothing of the suffering and danger to the child."

One of the important functions of the Social Service is to visit homes to which convalescent patients are about to return and see that suitable conditions exist. I went with Miss Cannon on a number of such visits. In one case, that of a Jewish family living in a tenement, a child was soon to come home from the hospital. Miss Cannon explained to the willing mother and daughters just what they must do to keep the child well: that it must not be allowed to sleep in the dark stuffy back bedroom, but by the

open window, it must have such and such food, and so on and so on. In short, the hospital, after curing the child, educates the family. And the visitor returns again and again to see that her instructions are really being carried out.

Helping Unfortunate Girls

I come now to one of the most important and deep-reaching human activities of the Social



A DEVICE USED BY ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE TUBERCULOSIS CLASS FOR SLEEPING OUT OF DOORS

Service, the really wonderful work of Mrs. Hodder.

"No one," says Dr. Cabot, "who has not worked in the woman's department of a hospital and seen the miserable plight of an unmarried girl when she learns that she is to have a child, can realize how much she needs, and needs *at once*, the advice and help of the right sort of a woman. The average physician can do nothing for her and is seldom able even to direct her to the best source of help. The task is hard enough under any conditions. For a busy out-patient physician it is entirely impossible.

"Yet I do not see how we have any right to



A TENT IS OFTEN CHOSEN BY THE SOCIAL WORKER FOR SLEEPING QUARTERS FOR MEMBERS OF THE CLASS

let such girls drift. Many of them are not hopeless cases and we are responsible for them as much as anyone is; responsible, at any rate, for directing them to the best available source of help. To do nothing for them is, in itself, to assume a responsibility comparable to that of the physician who, because he does not himself do any surgery, turns away *untreated*, an ignorant street urchin with a toy-pistol wound in his hand.

"Very few of these girls are prostitutes; some of the girls that come to us differ very little morally from the average 'respectable' man or woman. They are simply less fortunate; yet they find themselves suddenly branded as outcasts, sinners, and disreputable women. If their condition is made known, family and friends hiss shame and reproach at them. Hence such a girl is usually unwilling to tell her mother what has happened and is, therefore, all the more pitifully cut off from the ordinary sources of sympathy, advice and guidance, all the more in need of help from without."

From forty to sixty such pitiful cases come to the hospital every year; and many of them are referred to the great-hearted sympathy of Mrs. Hodder. I wish I could tell here the life stories of some of the cases as I have heard them, and of how Mrs. Hodder has dealt with them, bringing them out of black despair,

leading them through their trouble, often becoming the intermediary between the girl and her friends, sometimes bringing about a happy marriage, sometimes breaking off evil relationships. All this is done not by shutting the girl up in an institution, but by encouraging her in every way to meet her problem face to face, to live her life, and to snatch moral victory out of moral failure. If there was ever Christian work in the world, this is it.

No one of the methods used by the Social Service Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital is wholly new. All these various forms of activity are being employed by other individuals or benevolent organizations. What is new in Dr. Cabot's idea is the application of all this machinery of human helpfulness to the work of a hospital—the extension of the sphere of influence of the medical profession from *mere bodily healing to the treatment of the whole man*. And that is a great new idea.

Not Charity but a Friend

And the purpose of the department is not to dispense charity at all, for Dr. Cabot does not believe that such activities should be regarded as in any sense charities. A poor consumptive treated in a hospital is receiving no maudlin charity: in treating him, society is only



FRESH AIR IS SOUGHT IN BACK YARDS, EVERY ADVANTAGE BEING TAKEN EVEN IN POOR DISTRICTS TO GIVE THE CLASS-MEMBER HEALTHFUL SURROUNDINGS

doing its *duty*, in one way its selfish duty, for it is *paying for its own protection*. As long as any individual is tuberculous, society is tuberculous.

"Hospital work has now begun to be thought of not as charity," says Dr. Cabot, "but as *public work*—work called for by the public, and therefore demanding the best we have to give."

And yet one of the most important activities of the Social Service Department has been to keep in touch with and use the almost innumerable agencies and societies in Boston which help to perform the duty of man to man. Having access to the records of the Associated Charities, they can often check up their own records and come to a more complete understanding of cases in which the patient has received charity in the past year. By applying immediate intelligence, they are able to bring charitable agencies at once into touch with men and women who need help; for one of the great difficulties in the proper dispensation of charity lies in the fact that the needy person often cannot find the particular charity which is intended for cases like his. A single example will suffice.

Story of a Consumptive Scot

On August 12, 1907, a consumptive Scot came to the department from Maine. He had been in a sanatorium until his total savings were

reduced to \$50. Treatment in a tuberculosis class was suggested, but this was obviously too expensive for a man with a wife and two children. What was to be done? Under the old system, he would have left the hospital, and who knows what would have become of him and his family? Under the new system, inquiry showed that the patient had relatives in Scotland who were able and willing to care for him, provided his transportation were paid. All things considered, this appeared the best solution and the department set itself to the work of getting his passage money. Here is the report, showing the persevering efforts of the Social Service in the case:

1. He was a member of the Granite Cutters' Union, and to them we applied for help. This was refused because the Granite Cutters had been told that the Scots' Charitable Society would care for all Scotchmen.

2. To the Scots' Charitable Society we accordingly applied and obtained \$15 toward our patient's passage money.

3. He was a Mason, and to the Masonic order we next went. The Masons refused any help because they were not sure that he was a Mason, though he had papers from the Masonic orders in Scotland and in Maine. We wrote to the Masonic order in Maine, but obtained no answer.

4. We applied to the Devens Fund through Laurence Minot, Esq., and obtained \$25.

5. From the Boston Provident Association we received \$10 and some clothes.

6. We next tried the British consulate and were referred to the British Charitable Association, who obtained for our patient half-price tickets to Liverpool (the equivalent of a contribution of \$37.50).

7. Dr. F. W. Peabody, one of the hospital internes, begged \$12.50 to pay the fare from Liverpool to Aberdeen.

8. Meantime the patient's baggage had been in storage at the wharf where he landed from Maine. By a letter to the manager of the Eastern Steamship Company we obtained free storage for this baggage till the date of his departure for Scotland.

Meantime, through a "benevolent individual," we obtained fresh eggs for the family, and through the Children's Aid Society a baby carriage, that the baby might be kept outdoors; but the baby got sick and had to be cared for at the Massachusetts Infant Asylum till the family sailed.

All this took just sixteen days. Since the patient arrived in Scotland happy letters have come from him. He seems to be very well off.

So much for the new work. It has been highly successful, attracting the attention of earnest medical men from every part of the country: indeed, Social Service departments have now been established in a number of the most progressive hospitals of America, notably Bellevue and the Presbyterian hospitals and the Vanderbilt Clinic in New York, Johns Hopkins University Hospital in Baltimore and the University of Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia.

Health Not a Private but a Public Concern

Such fine new work is significant in many ways of our changing outlook upon life. It is the eager reaching out of the medical profession to do more work and do it more unselfishly. It is an effort to treat disease *socially*, rather than *individually*. It illustrates the tendency toward the growth in strength of the great departments of health in our states and cities, and of the great hospitals—and the relative decline in influence of the private practitioner. It recognizes the fact that health is not a mere private concern, but essentially a public matter.

It is significant, also, that the doctor, in reaching out toward greater and better things, finds himself face to face with two gargantuan enemies: poverty and ignorance. Traced back, a large proportion of all diseases lead to one or both of those causes. And while the doctor reaches them from one side, the church is undermining them at another, the schools at another, the socialists and political reformers at still another. We are all being driven to a belief in the essential unity of men: the fundamental idea of democracy. Out of the chaos of the present spiritual unrest that tremendous idea is slowly shaping itself: firing every man who sees it with new inspirations and new enthusiasms. We see that we must step together, that a spot on one of us, whether of disease, or ignorance, or poverty, is a spot on all, that we cannot progress as individuals, but only as we bring along with us "the fatherless and widows in their affliction." They also belong in our democracy, in which no one can be moral until all are moral and none happy until all are happy.





The Little Girl

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE FOREST," "THE RIVERMAN," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM

I

IT was Saturday, and everybody was early afoot in preparation for the picnic up the river. Bobby Orde had on clean starched brown linen things, and his hair was parted on one side and very smoothly brushed across his forehead. At the wharf, built along the front of the river at the foot of Main Street, they could see, when they turned the corner at the engine-house, the single sturdy stack of the *Robert O.* pouring forth a cloud of gray smoke, while in front of it fluttered the white of the women's dresses.

"We're going to be late," danced Bobby.

"I guess they'll wait for us," replied Mr. Orde easily. "They know what's in this," he smiled, patting the hamper he was carrying.

At the wharf they were greeted by a chorus of exclamations from a large group of people. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were there, the latter sweet and dainty in one of the very latest creations in muslin; Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, with Tad and Clifford; young Mr. Carlin from the bank; Mr.

and Mrs. Proctor and their young lady daughter, wearing a marvelous "waterfall"; Angus McMullen, alone, his father detained professionally; Mrs. Cathcart and Georgie; young

Bradford, carrying his banjo, his wonderful raiment and his air of vast leisure; Welton, the lumberman, red-faced, jolly, popular and ungrammatical. The women guarded baskets. All greeted the Ordes with various degrees of hilarity.

Somebody introduced Mrs. Carleton and her little girl, explaining that they were visitors at the Ottawa for the summer season. Mrs. Carleton, a pretty, modish woman, with the ease of city manner, bowed quietly and murmured her pleasure. The little girl looked half bashfully through a wealth of natural

curls at the grown-ups to whom she was presented in the offhand method one employs with children. She was altogether a charming little girl: her hair was of the color of ripe wheat; her skin was of the light, smooth brown peculiar to an exceptional blond complexion tanned in the sun; her mouth was full and whimsical; and her eyes, strangely enough in one otherwise so light, were so black as to resemble spots. Her dress was very simple, very starched, very white. A big leghorn hat with red roses half hid her head.

The combination was charming, and Mrs. Orde fell to it at once.

"Celia, my dear," she said kindly, "come with me; we're going to have a nice day to-



gether, and I have a little boy named Bobby who will show you everything."

But now the *Robert O.* gave two impatient toots. Everybody ceased greeting everybody else, and began to pile the shawls and lunch baskets aboard. Long before this, however, Bobby had quit the altogether uninteresting wharf. The *Robert O.* he had seen many times from a distance and once or twice near at hand lying at the cribs and piers, but this was his first chance to explore. Accordingly he dropped down to her deck, and, with the natural instinct to see as far ahead as possible, marched immediately to the very prow. The deck proved to slope uphill strangely, which, in its unlikeness to any floor Bobby had ever walked on was in itself a pleasure. The hawser around the bitts interested him, and the glimpse he had of the sparkling river slipping toward him from the yellow hills upstream. He could just rest his chin on the rail to look.

Then he turned his gaze aft, and encountered the amused scrutiny of a man leaning on a wheel in a little house. The house had big windows, and on top was an iron eagle with spread wings. Two steps led up to a door on either side, and Bobby without hesitation entered one of these doors.

The inside of the house he found different from any house he had ever been in before, and possessed of a strange fascination. There was the wheel, with projecting handles to every spoke, and above it racks containing spy-glasses, black pipes, tobacco tins. At hand projected a speaking-tube and two or three handles connected with wires. Behind the wheel was a broad leather seat, and clothes on nails, and a chart and a pilot's license, of which Bobby understood nothing, but admired the round gold seals.

"Well, Bobby, what do you think of it?" asked the man.

Bobby had not had time to look at the man. He did so now and liked him. The first thing he noticed were the man's eyes, which were steady and unwavering and as blue as the sky. Then he surveyed in turn gravely his heavy bleached flaxen mustache, his hard brown cheeks, the round barrel of his blue-clad body and his short, sturdy legs.

"Think you'd like to run a tug?" inquired the man.

"I don't know," replied Bobby. "What is your name?"

"I'm Captain Marsh," replied the man. He glanced out the open door at the group on the wharf. "If they're going up past the Bend to-day they'll have to get a move on," he

remarked. "Here, Bobby, want to blow the whistle?"

He lifted the boy up in the hollow of one arm. "There, that's it; that handle. Pull down on it and let go."

Bobby did so, and his little heart almost stopped at the shock of the blast, so loud was it and so near.

"Now again," commanded Captain Marsh.

Bobby recovered and obeyed. The passengers began to embark.

Captain Marsh watched until the last was safely aboard, then he set Bobby gently to the floor.

"If you want to see out, go sit on the bunk back there," he advised.

Somebody cast off the lines. Captain Marsh pulled the other handle. A sharp, tinkling bell struck somewhere far in the depths of the craft. Immediately Bobby felt beneath him the upheaval and trembling of some mighty force. The wharf seemed to slip back. In another moment, at a second tinkle of the bell, the tug had gathered headway, and the little boy was watching with delight the sand-hills and buildings on one side and the other slipping by in regular succession.

Captain Marsh stood easily, staring directly ahead of him, and paying no more attention to the child. Bobby sat very straight in his absorption. New impressions were coming to him so fast that he had no desire to move. The slow turn of the great wheel, the throb of the engine, the swift passing of water, the orderly procession of the river banks, the feeling of smooth, resistless motion—these sufficed. How long he might have sat there if undisturbed it would be hard to say, but at the end of a few moments Angus McMullen looked in at the door.

"What you stayin' here for, Bobby?" he inquired with contemptuous wonder. "Come on out and see the big waves we're making."

"Not up there," advised Angus. "This way." A very narrow passage ran between the thick gunwale and the deck-house. It sloped down and then gradually up toward the stern. At its lowest point it seemed to Bobby fearfully near the river; and as he descended to that point he discovered that indeed the displacement of rapid running appeared to force the water even above the level of the deck. Bits of chip, sawdust and the like shot swiftly by in the smooth, oily curve of the liquid. The wet smell of it came eager to Bobby's nostrils, the subtle cool aroma of the river.

But from a little door level with the deck, smoking a pipe, leaned a negro, who greeted

them jovially. He dwelt in a narrow place down in the hull, filled with machinery and the glow of a furnace. The boys hung in the opening, fascinated by the regular rise and fall of the polished rods, savoring the feel of heavy heated air and the clean smell of oil. In a moment the negro flung open an iron door, whence immediately sprang glowing light and a blast of heat. Into this door he thrust two or three long slabs which he took from the deck on the other side of the tug, and shut it to with a clang.

After gazing their fill, the boys continued their way back. The deck-house ended. They found themselves on the broad, flat, spoon-shaped after-deck occupied by the strong towing-bitts and coils of cable.

"Isn't this great?" asked Angus.

They joined the Fuller boys, hanging eagerly over the stern. Here the wake boiled white and full of bubbles from the action of the powerful propeller necessary to a towing-tug. Along the edges it was light green shot with blue, and the central line of its down suction waved from side to side like a snake. On either side long, slanting waves, pushed aside by the bow, rushed smoothly away; behind followed other round waves in regular and diminishing succession. Over them the chips and bark rode with a jolly, dancing motion.

"Going to pass the drawbridge!" shrieked Angus.

They raced away to the bow in order to watch the imminence of the great structure over their heads; to see the smokestack dip back on its hinges as they passed beneath; and to gloat over the smash of their waves

against the piling of the bridge's foundation. Here Bobby was captured by Mrs. Orde.

"Here, Bobby," said she, "this is Celia Carleton, and I want you to be nice to her."

With that she left them staring at each other.

"How do you do?" remarked Bobby gravely.

"How do you do?" said she.

They were no further along.

"I got a new knife," blurted out Bobby in desperation.

"That's nice," said Celia politely. "Let's see it."

"I haven't got it with me," confessed Bobby. He was ashamed to say that he was not yet permitted to use it.

He glanced at her sideways. Somehow he liked the fresh, clean stiffness of her starched skirts and the biscuit brown of her complexion. He desired all at once that she think well of him.

"I can jump off our high board fence to the ground," he boasted.

Celia seemed impressed.

"My knife's nothing," said Bobby. "My father's got a razor that can cut

anything. He lets me take it whenever I want it. It's awful sharp. If I had it here I could cut this boat right in two with it."

"My!" said Celia. "But I wouldn't want to cut it in two. Would you?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Bobby, his legs apart, his head on one side. He was sure now that he liked this new acquaintance; she seemed pleasantly to be awestricken. "Come on; let's go in the back part of the boat," he suggested, "and I'll show you things."

"All right," said she.

Bobby led her past the scornful Angus to the narrow deck.

"I CAN JUMP OFF OUR HIGH BOARD FENCE TO THE GROUND," HE BOASTED



"This is the engine-room," he announced out of his new knowledge.

But Celia did not care for it.

"It's awfully dirty," said she.

This was a new point of view, and Bobby marveled. However, she was delighted with the after-deck and the wake and the attendant waves. Bobby showed them off to her as though they had been his private possessions. This was the first little girl he had ever known.

the doorway of his hut, smoking his short black pipe upside down. Bobby was astonished to see how different the hut looked from this point of view. He would hardly have recognized it were it not for the swing-tender, who waved his pipe at Bobby when the tug passed.

"I know him," said Bobby proudly to Celia.

The *Robert O.* swept through, and the long, slanting waves and the round, following waves sucked up and down among the piles.

"SEEN AT IT, HAVE YOU?
OBSERVED CAPTAIN MARCH



The novelty appealed to him. The daintiness of her; the freshness and cleanness; the dependence of her on Bobby's eight years of experience—all this brought out the latent and instinctive male admiration of the child. He remained heedless of the other three boys, hanging awkwardly in the middle distance. All his small store of knowledge he poured out before her. He told her everything, without reservation—of Duke, and the sand-hills, and the fort, and Sir Thomas Mallory, and the booms, and the Flobert rifle, and the "Dutchmen" on the side street. She found it all interesting. They became very good friends.

In the meantime the tug was going rapidly up-river. After a little the *Robert O.* whistled again. They passed the swing at the upper end of the booms. Old man North stood in

"Now we're going around the Bend!" cried Bobby excitedly. "I've never been around the Bend."

But Celia suddenly arose.

"I'm going back to mamma and the rest," she announced.

"Why?" asked Bobby, astonished. "Come on; stay here and see what there is around the Bend."

Celia stood on one foot, her black eyes wide and speculative, staring past Bobby into some fair realm of feminine caprice. She shook her head slowly, so that first a curl on one side, then on the other, fell across her eyes. After a long, deliberate moment she turned and went forward, followed at a distance by the grieved and puzzled Bobby. In the bow she sidled up to her mother, against whom she

leaned lightly, her head on one side, her eyes dreamy, her hand slipped into one of her mother's open palms. Bobby, shut out, made his way to the prow, where he rested his chin on the rail, and rather glumly contemplated the surprises of "around the Bend." But over the prow the little boy was the first—except for Captain Marsh—to see from afar the landing, first as a glimmering shadow under the reflection of the elms, then as a vague, ill-defined form above the river's glassy surface, finally as a wide, low, T-shaped platform,—a wharf, reaching its twenty feet from the grassy banks to shimmer in the heat above its own wavering reflection.

The tug sidled alongside with a great turmoil of white-and-green bubble-shot water drifting in eddies from her laboring propeller. Captain Marsh, after one prolonged jangle of his bell, emerged from his pilot-house, seized a heavy rope, and sprang ashore. The end of the rope he cast around a snubbing-pile.

But some inset of current or excess of momentum made it impossible to hold her. The rope creaked and cried as it was dragged around the smooth snubbing-pile. Finally the end was drawn so close that Captain Marsh was in danger of jamming his hands.

At once, with inconceivable dexterity and quickness, he cast loose, ran forward, wrapped the line three times around another pile farther on, and braced his short, sturdy legs against the post for a trial of strength. Here the heavy, slow surge of the tug was effectually checked. Captain Marsh turned his wide grin of triumph toward his passengers. Everybody laughed and prepared to disembark.

When the last lunch basket had been passed ashore, all crossed to the banks of the river and the grove of elms, leaving the *Robert O.* and Captain Marsh and the

engineer. In the grove the boys immediately scattered in search of adventure. All but Bobby. He remained with the older people, wishing mightily to take Celia with him, but suddenly afraid to approach her with the direct request. So he contented himself with expressive gestures, which she, close to her mother, chose to ignore. He then, perforce, had leisure to look about him. This was his first experience with woods and his keenest perceptions were alive to them. The tall trunks of trees rising from the graceful, fragile half translucence of undergrowth; little round tunnels to a distant delicate green; lights against shadows and shadows against lights; the wing flashes of birds hidden and mysterious; and above all the marvelous green transparency of all the shadows, which tinted the very air itself, so that to the little boy it seemed he could bathe in it as in a clear fountain—all these came to him at once. And each brought by the hand another wonder for recognition, so that at last the picnic party disappeared from his vision, the loud and laughing voices were hushed from his ears. He stood there, lips apart, eyes wide, spirit hushed, looking half upward. The light struck down across him.

After a moment the boys ran whooping through the woods from one direction demanding food; two men came shouting from the other carrying a pail of water and an open basket of magnificent peaches. Bobby shivered slightly, and looked about him half dazed, as though he had just awakened. Quietly he crept to a tree near the table and sat down. For perhaps a minute he remained there; then with a rush came the reaction. Bobby was wildly and reprehensibly naughty.

Once in a while, and after meals, Mrs. Orde allowed him a single piece of sponge cake, no more. But now

HE RUBBED OUT THE LETTERS



Bobby, catching the eye of Celia upon him, grimaced, pantomimed to call attention, and deliberately *broke* off a big chunk of Mrs. Owen's frosted work of art and proceeded to devour it. Celia's eyes widened with horror, which to Bobby's depraved state of mind was reward enough. Then Mrs. Orde uttered a cry of astonishment, Mrs. Owen a dignified but outraged snort, and Bobby was yanked into space.

After the storm had cleared he found himself, somewhat disheveled, aboard the *Robert O.*, entrusted to Captain Marsh, provided with three bread-and-butter sandwiches, and promised a hair-brush spanking for the morrow.

Bobby remained not long cast down, however.

"Been at it, have you?" observed Captain Marsh after the irate mother had departed. "What was it this time?"

"I ate a piece of cake," replied Bobby.

"H'm! That doesn't sound very bad."

"It was Mrs. Owen's cake," supplemented Bobby.

"I see," said the captain gravely, in enlightenment. "What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to eat my lunch," Bobby informed him, showing the three bread-and-butter sandwiches.

"H'm. So'm I," said the captain. "Better join me."

They entered the pilot-house and established themselves facing each other on the wide leather seat. The captain produced a tin dinner pail with a cupola top such as Bobby had often seen men carrying, and which he had always desired to investigate. This

came apart in the middle. The top proved to contain cold coffee, all sugared and creamed. The bottom had a fringed, red-checked napkin, two slabs of pie, two doughnuts, and four thick ham sandwiches made of coarse bread. They ate. Captain Marsh insisted on Bobby's accepting a doughnut and a piece of pie. Bobby did so with many misgivings, but found them delicious exceedingly because they were so different from what he was used to at home.

"Now," said the captain, brushing away the crumbs with one comprehensive gesture, "what do you want to do now? You got to stay aboard, you know."

"Can't we fish?" suggested Bobby timidly.

The captain looked about him in some doubt.

"Well," he decided at last, "we might try. The time of day's wrong, and the place don't look much good; but there's no harm trying."

Two long bamboo poles fitted with lines, hooks and sinkers were slung alongside the deck-house. Captain Marsh produced worms in a can. The two sat side by side, dangling their feet over the stern, the poles slanting down toward the dark water, silent and intent. In not more than two min-

utes Bobby felt his pole twitch. Without much difficulty he drew to the surface a broad, flat little fish that flashed as it turned in the water.

"Hi!" cried Bobby, "there *are* fish here!"

"Oh, that's a sunfish," said Captain Marsh. Bobby looked up.

"Aren't sunfish good?" he inquired anxiously.

Captain Marsh opened his mouth to reply,

ALMOST—ALMOST DARED HE TO SPEAK



caught Bobby's apprehensive and half-disappointed expression, and thought better of it.

"Why sure!" said he. "They're a fine fish."

At the end of an hour Bobby had acquired quite a string. Captain Marsh early drew in his line, saying he preferred to smoke. Bobby had an excellent time. He was very much surprised at the return of the picnic party. The period of punishment had not hung heavy.

By the time all had embarked the steam pressure was up. The *Robert O.* swung downstream for home.

But now Celia, forgetting her earlier caprice of indifference, watched Bobby constantly. After a little he became aware of it, and was flattered in his secret soul, but he attempted no more advances, nor did he vouchsafe her the smallest glance. After a little she sidled over to him shyly.

"What made you do it?" she asked in a whisper.

"Do what?" pretended Bobby.

"Break Mrs. Owen's cake."

"'Cause I wanted to."

"Didn't you know 'twas very bad?"

"'Course."

Celia contemplated Bobby with a new and respectful interest. "I wouldn't dare do it," she acknowledged at last. In this lay confession of the reason for her change of whim; but Bobby could not be expected to realize that. With masculine directness he seized the root of his grievance and brought it to light.

"Why were you so mean this noon?" he demanded.

She made wide eyes.

"I wasn't mean. How was I mean?"

"You went away, and you wouldn't look at me or talk to me."

"I didn't care whether I talked to you or not," she denied. "I wanted to be with my mamma."

So on the return trip, too, Bobby had a good time. The wharf surprised him, and the flurry of disembarkation prevented his saying formal good-by to Celia. He waved his hand at her, however, and grinned amiably. To his astonishment she gave him the briefest possible nod over her shoulder, and walked away, her hand clasping that of her mother, even yet a dainty, airy figure, with her mussed white dress still flaring with starch, her slim black legs, and her wide leghorn hat with the red roses.

The hurt and puzzle of this lasted him to his home, and caused him to forget the spanking in prospect. He ate his supper in silence quite unaware of his mother's disapproval.

After supper he hunted up Duke, and sat watching the sunset behind the twisted pines on the sand-hills. He did much cogitation, but arrived nowhere.

"Bobby," called his mother, "come to bed."

He said good night to Duke, and obeyed.

"Now, Bobby," said Mrs. Orde, "I don't like to do this, but you have been a very naughty boy to-day. Come here."

Bobby came. The hair-brush did its work. Usually in such case Bobby howled before the first blow fell, but to-night he set his lips and uttered no sounds. *Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!* with deliberate spaces between. Bobby was released. He climbed down, his soul tense with agony, but his face steady—and laughed!

It was not much of a laugh, to be sure, but a laugh it was. Mrs. Orde, shocked, scandalized, outraged and now thoroughly angry, yanked her son again across her knees.

"Why, I never heard of anything like it!" she cried. "You naughty, *naughty* boy! I don't see what's got into you to-day. I'll teach you to laugh at my spankings!"

Bobby did not laugh at this spanking. It was more than a stone could have borne. After the fifth well-directed and vigorous smack he howled.

Later, when the tempest of sobs had stilled to occasional gulps, Mrs. Orde questioned him about it. They were rocking back and forth in the big chair, the twilight all about them. Bobby had said he was sorry, and his mamma had cuddled and loved him and all was forgiven.

"Now, Bobby, tell mamma," soothed Mrs. Orde. "Why were you such a bad little boy as to laugh at mamma when she spanked you just now?"

"I wasn't bad," protested Bobby. "I was trying to be good. You told me not to cry when I got hurt, but to jump up and laugh about it."

"Oh, my baby, my poor little man!" cried Mrs. Orde between laughter and tears.

They rocked some more.

"Now, Bobby, tell mamma," insisted Mrs. Orde gently. "Why did you break Mrs. Owen's cake? Were you as hungry as all that?"

"No, ma'am," replied Bobby.

"Why did you do it, then?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Orde laughed uproariously when told of Bobby's attempt to be brave under affliction.

"The little snoozer!" he cried. "Guess I'll go up and see him."

Bobby loved to have his father lie beside him on the bed. They never said much; but

the little boy lay, looking up through the dimness, bathed in a deep, comfortable content at the man's physical presence.

To-night they lay thus in silence for at least five minutes. Then Bobby spoke.

"Papa," said he, "don't you think Celia Carleton is pretty?"

"Very pretty, Bobby."

Another long silence.

"Papa," complained Bobby at last, "why does Celia be nice to me, and then not be nice to me, and change all the while?"

Mr. Orde chuckled softly to himself.

"That's the way of 'em, Bobby," said he. "There's no explaining it. All little girls are that way—and big girls, too," he added.

So long a pause ensued that Mr. Orde thought his son must be asleep, and was preparing softly to escape.

"Papa," came the little boy's voice from the darkness, "I like her just the same."

"Carroll," said Mr. Orde to his wife as, blinking, he entered the lighted sitting-room, "you can recover your soul's equanimity. I've found out why he broke into the cake."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Orde eagerly.

"He was showing off before that little Carleton girl," replied Mr. Orde.

II

Early Monday morning Bobby was afoot and on his way to the Ottawa Hotel. He ran fast until within a block of it, then unexpectedly his gait slackened to a walk, finally to a loiter. He became strangely reluctant, strangely bashful about approaching the place. This was not to be understood. Usually when he wanted to go play with anyone he simply went and did so. Now all sorts of barriers seemed to intervene, and the worst of it was that these barriers he seemed to have spun from out his own soul. Then, too, a queer feeling invaded his chest, exactly like that he remembered to have experienced during the downward rush of a swing. Bobby could not comprehend these things; they just were. He was fairly to the point of deciding to go back and look at the Flobert rifle in the shop window, when a group of children ran out from the wide office doors to the croquet court at the side.

Among them Bobby made out Celia—a different Celia from her of the picnic. Her curls danced as full of life and light as ever; the biscuit brown of her complexion glowed as smooth and clean; even from a distance Bobby could see the contrast of her black eyes—but on her head she wore a brown chip hat, her

gown was of plain blue gingham, her slim, straight legs were encased in heavy, strong stockings. She looked like a healthy, lively little girl out for a good time; and the sight cheered Bobby's wavering courage as nothing else could. His vague ideas of retreat were discarded.

But he did not know how to approach. The children inside the low rail fence were placing the brilliantly striped wooden balls in a row in order to determine by "pinking" at the stake who should have the advantageous last shot. Bobby, irresolute, halted outside, shifting uneasily, wanting to join the group, but withheld by the unwonted bashfulness. Amid shouts and exclamations each clicked his mallet against his ball, and immediately ran forward with the greatest eagerness to see how near the stake he had come. At the last the group formed close. A moment's dispute cleared. Celia had won, and now stood erect, her cheeks flushing, her eyes dancing with triumph. In so doing she caught sight of Bobby, hesitating outside.

"Why, there's Bobby!" she cried. "Come on in, Bobby, and play."

At the sound of her voice all his timidity vanished. He entered boldly and joined the others.

"This is Bobby," announced Celia by way of general introduction, "and this," she continued, turning to Bobby, "is Gerald, and Morris, and Kitty, and Margaret."

"Hullo," said Morris. "Grab a mallet and come on."

Bobby liked Morris, who was a short, red-headed boy of jolly aspect. Gerald, a youth of perhaps twelve years of age, rather tall and slender, of very dark, clear, pale complexion, nodded carelessly. Bobby took an immediate distaste for him. He looked altogether too superior and sleepy and distinguished—yes, and stylish.

As to Kitty and Margaret, they were nice, neat, clean, pretty little girls; but not like Celia.

Bobby found a mallet and ball in the long wooden case, and joined the game. He was not skilful at it, and soon fell behind the others in the progress through the wickets. Indeed, when, after two strokes, he had at last gained position for the "middle arch," he met Gerald coming the other way. Gerald shot for his ball, hit it, and then, with a disdainful air, knocked Bobby away out of bounds across the lawn. This was quite within the rules, but it made Bobby angry just the same. As he trudged doggedly away after his ball he felt himself very much alone under what he thought must be the derisive eyes of all the

rest. The game ended before he had gained the turning stake.

"Skunked," remarked Morris cheerfully.

Gerald said nothing—did not even look; but Bobby liked Morris's comment better than Gerald's assumed indifference.

"Let's have another game—partners," suggested Gerald to Celia.

But Bobby, to his own great surprise, found courage to speak up.

"Let's not play croquet any more," said he. "Let's have a game of Hi-Spy."

"It's too hot," interposed Gerald quickly.

The others said nothing, but with the child's keen instinct for the drama, had drawn aside in favor of the principal actors. Gerald stood by the stake, leaning indolently on his mallet, his long black lashes downcast over the dark pallor of his cheeks, very handsome, very graceful. Bobby had drawn near on Celia's other side. The comparison showed all his freckles and the unformed homeliness of his rather dumpy, sturdy figure; it showed also the honest, dull red of his cheeks and the clear, unfaltering gray of his eyes. Celia, between them, looked down, tapping her croquet ball with the tip of her shoe.

"I don't think it's very hot," she said at last, looking up. "Let's play Hi-Spy."

A wave of glowing triumph rushed through Bobby's soul. Gerald merely shrugged his shoulders.

But unmixed joy was to be a short-lived emotion with Bobby as far as Celia was concerned. He knew lots of fine hiding-places about the grounds of the Ottawa, and he promised himself that he would take Celia to them. They could hide together, and that would be delightful.

Morris counted out first to be "it." He leaned his arm against a post, his head against his arm, and closed his eyes.

"Ten-ten-double-ten-forty-five-fifteen," he repeated over ten times as rapidly as possible. That was his way of counting a thousand.

The other children scurried off as fast as their legs could carry them in order to reach concealment before the end of the count. And somehow, against his will, Bobby found himself cast in the hurry of the moment with Kitty instead of with Celia. And Celia he saw disappear in Gerald's convoy.

"Coming!" roared Morris, uncovering his eyes.

"Oh, dear, he's coming," cried Kitty in distress, "and we're not hid! Where shall we go? Don't you know any good places?"

But Bobby, still confused over his disappointment, had not the wits wherewith to

think in so pressing an emergency. He vacillated between pillar and post, and so was espied by the goal keeper. Morris immediately set himself in rapid motion for the "home."

"One, two, three for Bobby Orde!" he cried, striking the post vigorously. "One, two, three for Kitty Clark!"

The two reluctantly appeared.

"There, now, you got us caught," accused Kitty sulkily.

"Never mind," consoled Bobby. "Anyway, he saw me first. I'm it."

Margaret having "got in free," there still remained Celia and Gerald. Morris set himself very carefully to find them, prowling into all likely places, but returning abruptly every moment or so, in order to forestall or discourage attempts to get in. He proved unsuccessful; nor did his absence seem to afford the others chances to run home. The other three watched with growing impatience.

"Oh, Morris! let them in," begged Kitty. Bobby felt a glow of kindness toward her for making the suggestion. He would not have proffered it himself for worlds. Morris, however, was obstinate. He continued his search for at least ten minutes. At last he had to give in. "All sorts in free!" he called at the top of his voice.

Celia and Gerald appeared, smiling and unruffled. They refused to divulge their hiding-place.

"We'll save it until next time," said Celia.

Bobby blinded his eyes and counted. He had no interest in the game, and experienced inside himself a half-sick, hollow feeling, unique in his experience. Morris, Kitty and Margaret got in free, simply because his attention was too lax. Gerald and Celia had once more disappeared. After a decent interval the others became clamorous again for general amnesty.

"Blind again, Bobby," they urged. "Let them in free."

But Bobby continued to search beyond the places he had already looked. "No fair outside the grounds!" he shouted. To this, of course, no answer came.

"Give it up," urged the others.

"I won't!" insisted Bobby doggedly.

He did not know where to search next, so he looked up. The hotel was provided with a broad, shady, flat-roofed veranda. At the edge of this roof, projecting the least bit above, Bobby glimpsed a fold of blue. The pair were evidently lying at full length in the spacious water-gutter. The blue could be nothing but the gingham of Celia's dress. Nevertheless Bobby walked to goal and calmly announced:

"One, two, three for Gerald—on the veranda roof." And then, after a deliberate pause, "All sorts in free!"

Gerald blinded, Bobby, with determination, took Celia's hand and breathlessly the pair sped away. The little boy's first move was to place the hotel building between himself and Gerald.

"Can you climb a fence?" he asked hurriedly.

"If it isn't too high."

"Come on, then; I know a dandy place."

Bobby attacked the board fence behind the hotel. Two packing-boxes of different heights made the problem of ascent easy. But the other side was a sheer drop, and Celia was afraid.

"I can't!" she cried. "It's too far!"

"Just drop," advised Bobby desperately. "Hurry up! He'll be around the corner."

"I daren't!" cried poor Celia. "You go first."

Promptly Bobby dangled, and dropped.

"See, it's easy. Come on; I'll catch you."

Finally Celia wiggled over the edge, shut her eyes, and let go. She landed directly on Bobby, and the two went down in a heap.

"Come on," whispered Bobby. "Scoot!"

Before them rose a whitewashed barn. Celia's hand in his, Bobby darted in at the open doorway, and, more by instinct than by sight, found a rickety, steep flight of stairs, and ascended to the hay-mow.

"There, isn't that great?" he whispered.

They sank back on the soft, fragrant hay, and breathed luxuriously after the haste of the last few moments. A score of mice had scurried away at their abrupt entrance, and the fairylike echoes of these animals' tiny feet seemed to linger in the twilight. Through cracks long pencils of sunlight lay across the hay and the dim crisscross of the rafters above. Dust-motes crossed them in lazy eddies, each visible for a golden moment as it entered the glow of its brief importance, only to be blotted into invisibility as it passed.

"Is this a fair hide?" whispered Celia. "This is outside the grounds."

"It's the hotel barn," replied Bobby. "I bet he doesn't find us here."

They fell silent, because they were hiding, and in that silence they unconsciously drew nearer to each other. The delicious aroma of the hay overcame their spirits with a drowsiness. New sensations thronged on Bobby's spirit, made receptive by the narcotic influence of the tepid air, the mysterious dimness, the wands of gold, the floating, brief dust-motes. He wanted to touch Celia, and he found himself diffident.

He wanted to hear her voice, and he suddenly discovered in himself an embarrassment in addressing her which was causeless and foolish. He wanted to look at her, and he did so, but it was not frankly and openly as he had always looked at people before. His shy side glances delighted in the clear curve of her cheeks; the soft wheat color of her curls; the dense black of her half-closed eyes; the brown of her complexion; the sweet cleanliness of her. A faint, warm fragrance emanated from her. Bobby's heart leaped and stood still. All at once he knew what was the matter. It is a mistake to imagine that children do not recognize love when it comes to them. Love requires no announcement, no definition, no description. Only in later years, when the first fresh purity of the heart has gone, we may perhaps require of him an introduction.

At once Bobby felt swelling within his breast a great longing, a hunger which filled his throat, a yearning that made him faint. For what? Who can tell. The idea of possession was still years distant; the thought of a caress had not yet come to him; the bare notion that Celia could care for him had not as yet unfolded its dazzling wings; even the desire to tell her was not yet born. Probably at no other period of a human being's life is the passion of love so pure, so divorced from all considerations of the material or of self, so shiningly its ethereal spiritual soul. Yet love it is—such love as the grown man feels for his mate, with all the great inner breathless longings of the highest passion.

The two lay curled side by side in their nests of hay. Time passed, but they did not know of it. The little boy was drowned in the depths of this new thing that had come to him. Celia filled the world to him. His reverie brimmed with her. Yet somehow, also, there came to him other things, unsought, and floated about him, and became more fully part of him than they had ever been before. It was an incongruous assortment—some of the knights of Sir Malory; the river above the booms, with the brown logs; a plume of white steam against the dazzling blue sky; the mellow six-o'clock church bell to which he arose every morning; the snake-fence by the sand-hill as it was in winter, with the wreaths of snow; and all through everything the feel of the woods he had seen at the picnic, their canopy of green so far above, their splashes of sunlight through the rifts, the friendly summer warmth of their air, their hot, spicy, wood-smells wandering to and fro, their tall trunks, their undergrowth, with the green tunnels far through them, the flashes of their birds' wings, their green, transparent

shadows. These came to him, vaguely, and their existence seemed explained. They were because Celia was. And so, in the loft of an ill-kept stable, Bobby entered another portion of the heritage that was some day to be his.

III

Bobby spent as much time with Celia as he was allowed. On Sunday he took her on his regular excursion to Auntie Kate—and Auntie Kate's cookies.

"Aren't you glad there was no Sunday-school to-day?" he inquired blithely.

"I like Sunday-school," stated Celia.

Bobby stopped short and looked at her.

"Do you like church, too?" he demanded.

"I love it," said she.

"Do you like pollywogs?"

"Ugh! No."

"Or stripy snakes?"

"They're *horrid!*"

"Or forts?"

"I don't know."

"Or rifles an' revolvers?"

"I am afraid of them."

"Or dogs?"

"I love dogs. I've got one home. His name is Pancho."

"What kind is he?" asked Bobby, with a vast sigh of relief at finding a common ground. He had been brought to realize yesterday that little girls differ from little boys; but for a few dreadful floundering moments this morning he had feared they might, so to speak, belong to a different race. Afterwards he realized that it would not have mattered even if she had not liked dogs. He merely wished to be near her. When he had left her he immediately experienced the strongest longing to be again where he could see her and breathe the deep, intoxicating, delicious, clean influence of her near presence. And yet with her his moments of unalloyed happiness were few and his hours of sheer misery were many. Self-consciousness had never troubled Bobby before, but now, in the presence of Gerald's slim elegance and easy, languid manner, he became acutely aware of his own deficiencies. His clothes seemed coarser; his hands and feet were awkward; his body dumper; his face rounder and more freckled. To him was born a great humility of spirit to match the great longing of it.

Nevertheless, as has been said, he and Duke trudged down to the Ottawa every morning, and again every afternoon, or as many of them as Mrs. Orde permitted. He was content to come under the immediate spell of the dancing, sprite-like, sunny little girl. No thought of the

especial effort to please, called courtship, entered his young head. He played with the children, and kept as close to her as possible—that was all. And one evening, trudging home dangerously near to six o'clock, he ran slap against the legend, chalked in huge letters on a board fence:

CELIA CARLETON AND BOBBY ORDE

He stopped short, his heart jumping wildly. Often had he seen this coupling of names—other names—and he knew that it was considered a little of a shame and somewhat of a glory. The sight confused him to the depths of his soul; and yet it also pleased him. He rubbed out the letters, but he walked on with new elation. The undesired but authoritative sanction of public recognition had been given his devotion. Gerald was not considered. Somebody had observed; so the affair must be noticeable to others. And with another tremendous leap of the heart, Bobby welcomed the daring syllogism, that, since the somebody of the impertinent chalk had fathomed his devotion to her, might it not be possible—oh, remotely, inconceivably possible, of course—that the unknown had equally marked some slight interest on her part for him? The board fence, the maple-shaded walk, the soft brown street of pulverized shingles, all faded in the rapt glory of this vision. Bobby gasped. Literally it had not occurred to him before. Now, all at once, he desired it; desired it not merely with every power of his child nature, but with the full strength of the man's soul that waited but the passing of years to spread wide its pinions. The need of her answer to his love shook him to the depths, for it reached forward and back in his world-experience, calling into vague, drowsy, fluttering response things that would later awaken to full life, and reanimating the dim, beautiful instincts that are an heritage of that time when the soul is passing the lethe of earliest childhood, and retains still a wavering iridescence of the glory from which it has come. The question rose to his lips, ready for the asking. He wanted to turn track on the instant to call for Celia, to demand of her the response to his love.

And then, after the moment of exaltation, came the reaction. He was afraid. The thought of his stubby, uninteresting figure came to him, and a deep sense of his unworthiness. What could she, accustomed to brilliant creatures of the wonderful city, of whom Gerald was probably but a mild sample, find in commonplace little Bobby Orde? He walked meekly home, and took a scolding for being late.

Nevertheless the idea persisted and grew. It came to the point of rehearsal. Before he fell asleep that very night, Bobby had ready cut and dried a half-dozen different ways in which to ask the question, and twice as many methods of leading up to it. In the darkness and by himself, he felt very bold and confident.

The next morning, however, even after he had succeeded in sequestering Celia from her companions, he found it impossible to approach the subject. The bare thought of it threw him to the devourings of a panic terror. This new necessity tore him with fresh but delicious pains. He felt the need of finding out whether she cared for him as he had never conceived a need could exist; yet he was totally unable to satisfy it. By comparison the former misery of jealousy seemed nothing. Bobby lived constantly in this high, breathless state of delight in Celia, and misery in the condition of his love for her. The Fuller boys and Angus saw him no more; the little library was neglected; the wood-box half the time forgotten; and the arithmetic, always a source of trouble, tangled itself into a hopeless snarl of which Bobby's blurred mental vision could make nothing.

All of his spare time he spent at his toy printing-press, trying over and over for a perfect result—unblurred, well-registered, well-aligned—in the shape of calling-cards for "Miss Celia Carleton."

As soon as they were done to his satisfaction, he wrapped them in a clumsy package, and set out for the Ottawa, followed, as usual, by Duke.

He found Celia alone, in a rocking-chair.

"Why didn't you come down this morning?" she asked him at once.

Bobby held up the package and looked mysteriously.

"This," said he.

"Oh! what is it?" she cried, jumping up.

"I made it," said Bobby.

"What is it?" insisted Celia. "Show it to me."

But Bobby thrust the package firmly into his pocket.

"Up past our house there's a fine sand-hill to slide down," said he, "and we got a fine fort over the hill, and I know where there's a place you can climb up on where you can see 'most to Redding."

"Show me what you've got," pleaded Celia.

"I will"—Bobby developed his plan—"if you'll come up and play in the fort."

"All right," agreed Celia in a breath. "I'll tell mamma I'm going, and I'll hunt up the others."

"I don't want the others to go," announced Bobby boldly.

She calmed to a great stillness, and looked at him with intent eyes.

"All right," she agreed quietly after a moment.

They walked up the street together, followed by the solemn black-and-white dog. The shop windows did not detain them, as ordinarily. At the fire-engine house they turned under the dense shade of the maples. But by the end of the second block said Bobby:

"We'll go this way."

He was afraid of encountering Angus or, perhaps, the Fuller boys.

The sand-hill proved toilsome to Celia, but without a single pause she struggled bravely up its sliding, cascading yellow surface to the top. Then she stood still, panting a little, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright, the tiniest curls about her forehead wet and matted with perspiration. With a great adoration Bobby looked upon her slender figure held straight against the blue sky. Almost—almost dared he to speak. At least that is what he thought until the words rose to his lips; and then all at once he realized what a wide gulf lay between the imagined and the spoken word.

"The fort's over this way," said he gruffly.

"Show me the package first," insisted Celia.

Bobby drew out the cards and thrust them into her hands.

"They're for you," he said hastily. "I did them on my printing-press."

Celia was delighted, and wanted to say so at length, but Bobby had his sex's aversion to spoken gratitude.

"Come on and see the fort," he insisted.

He showed her the elaborate works and explained their uses, and pointed out the enemy of stumps charging patiently. Celia caught fire with the idea at once.

"I'll make bullets the way they did in the Colonies!" she cried.

"Have you 'Old Times in the Colonies,' too?" asked Bobby eagerly.

They seated themselves and talked of their books. Celia was just beginning the *Alcott* series. Bobby had never heard of them, and so they had to be explained. The children had romped and played games together, but they had never exchanged such ideas as their years had developed. For once Bobby forgot the fact of his love and its delicious pains and its need for something which he could not place, in the unselfconscious joy of intimate communion. He drew close to Celia in spirit, and his whole being expanded to a glow that warmed him through and through. The westering sun surprised them with the lateness of the hour. At the hotel gate Celia left him.

"My, but we had a good time!" said she.

IV

Every Saturday evening the Hotel Ottawa gave a hop in its dining-room. Mrs. Carleton suggested that the Ordes dine with her and afterward take in this function. The hop proper began at nine o'clock, but the floor for an hour before was given over to the children. Mrs. Orde accepted.

After dinner the party sat on the veranda awhile, the elders conversing, the children feeling rather dressed up. By and by their other playmates joined them. The lights were lit, and shadows descended with evening coolness. From within came the sound of a violin tuning.

Immediately all ran to the dining-room. The tables had been moved to one end, where they were piled on top of one another; the chairs were arranged in a row along the wall; the floor, newly waxed, shone like glass. A small upright piano manipulated by an elderly female in glasses, a tremendous bass viol in charge of a small man, and a violin played by a large man represented the orchestra.

All the children shouted, and began to slide on the slippery floor. Bobby joined this game eagerly, and had great fun. But in a moment the music struck up, the guests of the hotel commenced to drift in and the romping had to cease.

Gerald offered his arm to Celia, and they swung away in the hopping waltz of the period. Other children paired off. Bobby was left alone.

He did not know what to do, so he sat down in one of the chairs ranged along the wall. After a minute or so Mrs. Carleton and the Ordes came in. Bobby went over to them.

"Don't you dance, Bobby?" asked Mrs. Carleton kindly.

"No, ma'am," replied Bobby in a very small voice.

When the music stopped, the children gathered in a group at the lower end of the hall. Bobby joined them, but somehow even then he felt out of it. Celia's cheeks were flushed bright with the exercise and pleasure. Her spirits were high. She laughed and chatted with Gerald vivaciously. Poor Bobby she included in the brightness of her mood, but evidently only because he happened to be in the circle of it. She was sorry he did not dance, but she loved it, and just now she could think of nothing else but the enjoyment of it. Bobby could not understand that there was nothing personal in this. He saw, with a pang, that Gerald danced supremely well; that Morris romped through the steps with a cheerful, hearty abandon not without its attraction; that Tad Fuller, who

had come in with his mother and his brother and a half a dozen others whom Bobby knew, all made creditable performers; that even Angus, red-faced, awkward, perspiring as he was, could yet command the hand, time, and attention of any little girl he might choose to favor. He himself was useless, and therefore ignored.

At the end of the children's hour he said good night miserably, and trailed along home at his parents' heels. Ordinarily he liked to be out after dark. The stars and the velvet shadows and the magic transformations which the night wrought in the most ordinary and accustomed things attracted him strongly. But now he was too conscious of a smarting spirit. Mr. and Mrs. Orde were talking busily about something. He could not even get a chance to ask a question, and that seemed the last straw. His lip quivered, and he had to remember very hard that he was *not* a little girl in order to keep back the tears.

Finally the talk died.

"Mamma," blurted out Bobbie.

"Yes?"

"Can't I learn to dance?"

The pair wheeled arm in arm and surveyed him. In the starlight his round child face showed white and anxious.

"Why, of course you can, darling," replied Mrs. Orde. "Don't you remember mamma wanted you to go to dancing-school last winter, and you wouldn't?"

"How soon does dancing-school open?"

"I don't know. Not much before Christmas, I suppose."

Having thus made a definite resolution to remedy matters, Bobby felt better, even though he would have to wait another year. This recovery of spirit was completed the next day. He went, with some apprehension, to ask Celia to walk again. She had seemed to him so aloof the night before that he could hardly believe her unchanged. However, she assented to the expedition with alacrity. Hardly had they quitted the hotel grounds when Bobby shot his question at her.

"Celia," said he, "if I learn how to dance this winter will you dance with me when you come back next summer?"

"Why, of course," said Celia.

"Will you dance with me a lot?"

"Yes."

"Will you dance with me more than you do with anyone else?"

Celia pondered.

"I don't know," she said slowly. She paused, her eyes vague. "I guess so," she added at last.

"Then I'll learn," said Bobby.

"It's lots of fun," said she.

Bobby trod on air. Without his conscious intention their course took direction to the river front. They walked to the left along the wide, artificial bank of piling. Beneath them the water swished among the timbers. On one side were the sand-hills, on the other the blue, preoccupied river. Across the stream was another façade of piles, unbroken save for the little boat slips where the life-saving men had their station. A strong, sweet breeze came from the lake. Far down ahead they could just make out the twin piers that, jutting into the lake, continued artificially the course of the river. The lighthouses on their ends were dwarfed by distance.

By and by Celia tired a little, so they sat and dangled their feet and watched the tiny scalloped blue wavelets dance in the current.

For a long time they sat side by side, looking straight out before them.

"Celia," said Bobby without turning his head, "I love you. Do you love me?"

"Yes," said Celia steadily.

Neither stirred by so much as a hair's breadth. After a little they arose and returned to the hotel. Neither spoke again.

Strangely enough the subject was not again referred to, although, of course, the children continued to play together and the excursions were not intermitted. There seemed to be nothing to say. They loved each other, and they were glad of each other's nearness. It sufficed.

Each morning Bobby awoke with a great uplift of the spirit, and a great longing, which was completely appeased when he had come into Celia's presence. Each evening he retired filled with an impatience for the coming morrow, and with the divine rapture of little memories of what had that day passed. It seemed to him that hour by hour he and Celia drew closer in a sweet secret intimacy that nevertheless demanded no outer symbol. When he spoke to her of the simplest things, or she to him, he experienced a warm, cosy, drawing-near, as though beneath the commonplace remark lay something hidden and subtle to which each must bend the ear of the spirit gently. This was the soul of it—a supreme inner gentleness one to the other—no matter how boisterous, how laughing, how brusque might be the spoken word. And in correspondence all the beautiful sunlit summer world took on a new softness and splendor and glory, in which they walked, but whose source they did not understand.

This much for the essence of it. But, of

course Bobby, being masculine, must give presents after his own notion, and, being a small boy, must give them according to his age. The quarter he had earned from his father he invested in a pack of cards on the upper left-hand corner of which were embossed marvelous doves, wonderful flowers, and miraculous tangles of scrollwork in color. These he printed with Celia's name and address. Near the wharf and railroad station stood a small booth from which a discouraged-looking individual tried to sell curios. Bobby's eye fell on a cheap bracelet of silver wire, from which dangled half a dozen moonstones. It caught his eye; day by day his desire for it grew; finally he asked advice on the subject.

"No, Bobby," replied his mother. "I don't think Celia would care for it. It is cheap-looking. She has several very pretty bangles already, and this is not a good one."

Nevertheless Bobby, being, as we have said, thoroughly masculine, deliberated some days further, and bought it. The price was two dollars—an almost fabulous sum. Most men give their wives or sweethearts what they think they would like themselves were they women and were a man to offer a gift. That is one reason why in so many bureau drawers are tucked away unused presents. Young as she was, Celia had the taste not to care for the moonstone bangle, but, like all the rest, she accepted it with genuine delight because Bobby gave it. She even wore it. These were the principal transactions of the kind, but anything Bobby particularly fancied he brought her. Shortly she became possessed of a bewildering collection, consisting variously of large glass marbles with a twist of colored glass inside; two or three lichi nuts, then a curiosity; a dried gull's wing; several exploded shotgun shells, and a "real"—though broken-edged—chisel. Celia gave Bobby her tiny narrow gold ring with two little turquoises. He could just get it on his little finger, and wore it proudly, in spite of jeers. Being teased about Celia was embarrassing to the point of pain, but in the last analysis was not unpleasant.

So matters slipped by. Abruptly the end of August came. One day Bobby found Celia much perturbed.

"I can't go out long," she said. "I've got to help mamma."

"What doing?" asked Bobby.

But Celia shook her head dolefully.

"Come; let's go walk somewhere and I'll tell you," said she.

They crossed Main Street to the shaded street on which lived Georgie Cathcart.

"What is it?" demanded Bobby again.

"We are going home to-morrow," Celia announced mournfully. "Mamma has a letter."

Bobby stopped short.

"Going home?" he echoed.

"Yes," said Celia.

"Then we won't see each other till next summer!" he cried.

"No," said she.

"And we can't walk any more or—or—" Bobby felt the lump rising in his throat.

"No," said Celia.

Bobby swallowed hard.

"Are—are you sorry?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Celia quietly. "Are you?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do!" cried Bobby desperately.

After a little, the main fact of the catastrophe being accepted, they talked of the winter to come.

"You'll write me some letters, won't you?" pleaded Bobby.

"If you write to me."

"Of course I will write to you! And you'll send me your picture, won't you? You said you would."

"I don't believe I have any," demurred Celia; "and mamma has them all, and they're very compensive."

"I'll give you one of mine," offered Bobby, "if I have to get it from the album. Please, Celia."

"I'll see," said she.

They were moving again slowly beneath the trees.

Bobby looked up the street, he looked back. He turned swiftly to her.

"Celia," he asked, "may I kiss you?"

"Yes," said Celia steadily.

She stopped short, looking straight ahead. Bobby leaned over and his lips just touched her cool, smooth cheek. They walked on in silence. The next day Celia was gone.

(Other stories of Bobby Orde by Mr. White will appear in early numbers. One, entitled "The Hole in the Cap," is a murder story with a mystery, a trial and a triumph, in which Bobby Orde is the hero.)

The NEWS of Lincoln's DEATH

INCLUDING TWO STORIES OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH

By MRS. MCKEE RANKIN

I HAD never seen John Wilkes Booth when I began my engagement with the stock company in Louisville, and this is the reputation which had preceded him: "Good actor. A little inexperienced for a star. Extremely handsome. Good-natured. Very dissipated. A great lover of horses." Under the old stock system one star came to a theater each week, depending entirely upon the stock company to be "up" in all the standard and legitimate plays. John Wilkes Booth was one of those stars. It meant very hard work for the beginners, as there were six new parts a week to study, and frequently the farces as well, but it was great practice for them. It was before the day of understudies, but the actors and actresses seemed equal to any emergency. There was always a talented and ambitious lady and leading man who were well

"up" in all the star parts, and plays were put in rehearsal which were oftentimes not produced at all.

I remember one instance involving John Wilkes Booth where this system was put in practice to great advantage. Our company had been called to Louisville two weeks ahead of the regular season, and a number of the plays in the repertoire of the coming stars were cast and put in rehearsal. Booth, one of our stars, missed a railroad connection out West, between Leavenworth, Kansas, and St. Louis, which compelled him to lose his first night with us. This might have given Mr. John Albaugh, the elder (our leading man), and the company no end of bother if we had not been prepared to substitute something else at a moment's notice. "The Marble Heart" was the programme for the night. Mr. Ben-

son, the stage manager, had received a "wire" in the morning, before rehearsal, saying that it would be impossible for the star to reach Louisville in time to appear that night. Everything being in readiness for "The Marble Heart," he went on with the rehearsal, substituting Mr. Albaugh in the place of the delayed star. The performance was a remarkably good one, considering the short notice. Mr. Albaugh, who had played "Raphael" many times before, did well and Miss Gray was a good "Marco." The curtain fell at ten-thirty. I shared a dressing-room with Miss Gray which led out of the "greenroom," and over the door was a small transom for ventilating purposes, which made it possible to hear every word that was spoken.

The Life of an Actor in the Old Days

While Miss Gray and I were undressing after the play, Mr. Benson and Mr. Albaugh were in the "greenroom" discussing the pros and cons of the situation. It was Mr. Benson's first season in this country, and, like many Englishmen of his class, he was very much prejudiced against everything American, expressing his annoyance by saying that such a thing couldn't happen in the old country and that he thought it very dishonorable. At this Mr. Albaugh retorted: "We have been friends for years, since boyhood, and I have never known him to be guilty of a dishonorable act. I'd stake my life on his integrity." Then the voices became more subdued in tone, when they both of a sudden shouted: "Hello, John!" And then for a minute they all talked at once, but I was attracted by the wonderfully sweet tones in the voice of the newcomer. At last they were talking rationally, at any rate they were allowing the young gentleman to speak, and the first thing we heard was:

"Well, I'll pledge you my word I never did such a thing before and I'm disgusted with the whole business, for I tried my level best to make it, after we ran into the snow-drift, which made us lose our train. It was an awful setback, as our engine was crippled in some way and had to be sidetracked at the junction which we had just left. There was nothing that would bring us into Kansas City on time for the connection at St. Louis before ten o'clock last night. There we were, stuck at that infernal junction and no way out of it. There was nothing to be done, so we, Leav, my colored boy, you know, and myself, tramped through mountains of snow to the only saloon about there. In the meantime the train had to be pulled back to the nearest

town. The saloon was closed, but Leav kicked at it, front door and back, until they let us in. We had three fellow travelers with us and we each got a flask of whisky apiece, when our friends left us and returned to the junction. I took a couple of drinks with the keeper of the place, whose name was Ridley, and told him of our bad luck, when he said: 'It's a pity the night's so bad, you might drive over. 'Tain't so very far, 'bout eighteen miles by the pike; takes four hours with a good horse, an' Ed Paxton's got a mare that kin do it in three.'

"The Girl"

"It was ten minutes past two when I jumped up and asked him where Paxton's was. 'Oh, jest over yander a piece,' pointing to a battered old stable. 'Fust house after you pass the crik.' I asked him if there was anyone there at that time of night, and he said, 'Yaas, Ed Paxton's there; he sleeps over the stable.' 'Fill me half a gallon jug of that whisky and give it to my boy,' I said. 'Pay for it, Leav, and bring it over to Paxton's.' Out I bounded, and across the road to Paxton's, where it took me only about ten minutes to hire a sleigh and the fat mare. She was a beauty, black as ink, called 'The Girl.' Phew! What a night! Never mind, we bundled the hand bags and the whisky jug into the sleigh, and away we went through the snow, almost flying, feeling quite happy and sure of making the train.

"The mare was fine and seemed to know every step of the way, although I followed Paxton's directions as well as I could remember. It was so cold that I thought I would freeze. I told Leav to pour me out a drink and take one himself. Awful bad whisky, but it burned. On we went again, making splendid time. At last the mare made a turn I thought was wrong, and I pulled her up short. The dear old girl, she was right, for I was going and continued to go in the wrong direction. So we took another pull at the bad whisky, and sent 'The Girl' on faster and faster. It was much colder, and so dark you couldn't see your hand before you, when 'The Girl' ran into a huge snow-drift, and over we went. Leav, who had been drinking one ahead of me all the time, was pitiful. He was on top as we turned over, his cocoanut stuck in the snow and his heels up in the air, and the sweet 'Girl' stood as still as a statue. The cold was intense. I tried to get Leav on his feet to right the sleigh, but the poor boy could only cry and say, 'I'm freezin', I'm freezin'."

Meantime, I was a little cold myself, and I simply could not lift that sleigh alone, so I had to hit him a couple of times to make him pull himself together, which warmed us both up a little, and he helped me right the little cutter and get the whisky jug in. All this time 'The Girl' was behaving like the thoroughbred she was, and Leav was still crying.

An Experience on the Road

"As soon as we were righted, he crept down under the robes at the bottom of the sleigh and covered himself up, neck and ears. I shouted to him once to give me a drink, but it was no use, I had to do without it, contenting myself with a smoke, which with a broken cigar and one match was almost a trick for a conjurer. However, I managed it, and finally got a good light. I stood up and wrapped my robe around me, when suddenly I thought I heard some one approaching. And yet it couldn't be possible, I thought, though we were evidently off the main road through my mistake. I held my breath and listened. Yes, there was the sound like some one walking on the frozen snow. It was too dark to see, and something warned me not to speak. I kicked Leav, who was still in the bottom of the sleigh, dead or drunk, and holding on to the lines with one hand reached down with the other to pull him out, and found the whisky jug empty, broken, only a part of it left hanging to the handle.

"Again I heard the sound of feet crunching in the snow. I took a strong pull at the cigar to light things up around me, if possible, at the same time turning in every direction to find out what the noise meant. Just then I sensed the hot breath of something—an animal—panting—near me. I still tugged at my old cigar butt, and saw what seemed to be two balls of fire."

"Great G—d! A wolf?" cried Mr. Albaugh.

"I was standing up in the sleigh, but I smashed that broken whisky jug down on the beast in the darkness with all the strength I had. It gave a yelping howl like a dog, which was answered by a dozen similar sounds around and behind us."

"God bless me, my boy, there must have been quite a number, eh? A whole pack, eh?" said Mr. Benson excitedly, while the silver-voiced young man answered placidly, laughing a little at Mr. Benson, "Don't know the number; when I heard them howling that dirge for the one I had done for, I didn't stop

to count 'em. I took 'The Girl's' word for it. At the sound of the first yelp she made a bound almost into the air and started on the dead run and never stopped until we saw the lights of Kansas City and the engine of the train, which, through the extraordinary intelligence of that beautiful animal, we caught in time. If I make enough money this season, I'll buy 'The Girl.'"

John Wilkes Booth played "Richelieu," "The Apostate," "Othello," "Don Caesar" and "The Dead Heart." A serio-comic incident occurred during his performance of "Richelieu" one evening. It was in a scene with "Marian de Lorme," played by Miss Kittie Miles, a charming young lady who suffered terribly from stage fright.

Asleep at the Switch

Mr. Booth had been dining out and arrived at the theater late, barely in time to get on the stage for his first scene. There must have been a good many courses at that dinner, and wine with every course, for his colored valet found it necessary to lift him, place him on his feet, and lead him to the entrance for every scene he played. Once there he got through fairly well, when closely watched by the prompter. But the prompter slipped into the greenroom for a moment, thinking it safe to do so, and left poor Miss Miles to the mercy of Mr. Booth, who, seated in a large high-backed arm-chair, commenced very well. During the scene "Marian de Lorme" is supposed to kneel at the feet of the "Cardinal." The "Cardinal" should give her the cue to rise, when—awful experience—he went fast asleep, breathing so heavily that Miss Miles in alarm, believing him to be in an apoplectic state, tried in vain to signal the prompter. A scene shifter, with great presence of mind, stooped down and tried to reach Mr. Booth's foot, by lying down flat on the stage and poking a brace out as far as possible. It was too short, and he tried another, which just touched the "Cardinal's" foot and made it wobble, but it didn't wake up John. At this the prompter returned and shouted at him, finding it impossible to touch him because of the high-backed chair. Finally Miss Miles, ignoring stage directions, rose from her knees, touched him on the shoulder, and, forgetting her dignity, gave him a good shake, which partially roused him. Then unluckily she started to repeat her last line, (stuttering and stammering painfully, at which Mr. Booth

looked at her and said, "Wha's s'matter, don' you know your lines yet?" and settled himself more comfortably in his chair to resume his nap. The prompter rang down the curtain and rang in the orchestra. The audience gave a round of questionable applause, accompanied by one or two shrill whistles from the gallery, when Mr. Booth suddenly arose from his chair, ordered the curtain rung up again, resumed the scene, and played it beautifully to the end.

We were always glad to get back to the Wallaces in Louisville, which was almost like home to us. Mrs. Wallace and her daughters were able to make their guests feel perfectly at home; then, too, there was always some interesting person staying there. Miss Mary Mitchell, a sister of "Maggie" Mitchell, and afterward Mrs. John Albaugh, Sr., was one of the guests. While she was there we grew to know and love Mary Mitchell very much; she was one of the sweetest women I have ever met.

The Night of April 14-15, 1865

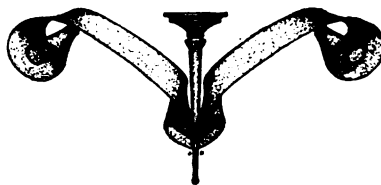
One night we were trifling away the time instead of sleeping when at last my mother started up, saying, "Good gracious, look at the clock! It's five minutes past two!" And then such a scramble as we had to get to bed at once! It was Good Friday night, or rather half-past two o'clock the Saturday morning following, before we were sound asleep, and it seemed as though we had not slept at all, when we suddenly awoke, sat up in bed and stared at each other. The front-door gong-bell was being rung so fast and so furiously that we were frightened as well as startled, fire being our first thought.

Our rooms were at the rear of the house, near the negro quarters. I hopped out of bed

and raised the window shade. No, all was dark and dreary out there. We slipped into our wrappers, wondering what or who was disturbing Mrs. Wallace's household at that hour in the morning. Just as we did so our door was pushed open and Miss Mitchell appeared in the dark passage, as white as a sheet and trembling like a leaf. After a struggle she said, "President Lincoln—tonight—Washington—shot—news just come—don't know details or who did it. Johnnie has gone to the telegraph office to find out and get the next dispatch."

Mrs. Wallace having met Mr. Albaugh at the door, where she too had heard the dreadful news, we all assembled at her request in Miss Mitchell's room, where we huddled together, looking like so many weird witches around the dying embers of the grate fire. In pondering over the possibility of the worst, my mind reverted to the negroes, and to those on Mrs. Wallace's place. I walked through to the bedroom, drew the curtain aside, looked over to the quarters, saw that every window was lighted, and could discern from the shadows and silhouettes that they had heard. Mr. Albaugh had had to walk both ways, there being no cab-stands in Louisville in those days. He came into the drawing-room, dropped into a chair, with his head leaning down upon the piano in a paroxysm of emotion. I glanced at the window toward the quarters. The day was breaking, and the only sound we heard was the voices of the negroes moaning, "Marse Linkum, Marse Linkum." At last Miss Mitchell, quite alarmed, turned Mr. Albaugh around in order to see his face and exclaimed, "Tell me what has happened!" His face was white. "Tell me," she repeated. He looked up into her eyes, and then in a hoarse whisper mournfully spoke but two words:

"JOHN BOOTH."



A New Meat for the Millions

By ELEANOR GATES

AUTHOR OF "CUPID, THE COWPUNCH," "THE FLOW-WOMAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN
EXPRESSLY FOR "THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE"

CREATURES, surely, of a disordered imagination! Called up, no doubt, by last night's over-indulgence in mince-pie. Here was an all-black animal, with the head of a cow and the hump of a buffalo! Here was another, a chocolate-colored fellow, with a fine pair of *chaparejos* on his fore legs, a long beard, and not enough tail to warrant mention—but level-backed as a steer, and a muley! Here was still another, a brindle, with a straight barrel and the prescribed number of ordinary cattle legs, yet with small, bulging eyes, short, sharply curving horns, and a massive, shaggy head!

A good-sized herd of the anomalous beasts were grazing their way through the scrub mesquite. As they continued to emerge from it, drifting singly, or by twos and threes, and crossed the open prairie road, the mince-pie hallucination was not only prolonged, but it registered a grotesque variation with each new quadruped that came into view. The brutes moved quite naturally, cropped, and gazed, and flicked at the flies. But all, as if seen through a defective pane of window-glass, were in some respect ridiculously distorted. And this distorting illustrated every possible combination of cattle and buffalo points.

"Charlie" Goodnight—Who Conceived an Idea

The man who owns them, and whose thought and labor point to them as the outcome, is Charles Goodnight, of the Goodnight ranch in Northern Texas, known most widely as the possessor of the finest specimens of pure-blooded buffaloes in the world. He claims seventy years of life for himself, though fully twenty of these—for all that his hair and beard are grizzled—have left no trace upon him. Men who appreciate the earnestness and disinterestedness of his efforts, who saw how, year after year, for thirty years, he has studied, selected and produced, often with results that would have balked many another—these men refer to him as the Luther Burbank of the Panhandle. Not because he is to any extent what-

ever a horticultural scientist, (he would be the first to protest that he is no scientist at all), but because, as a close student of animals, he is making his problem *better* animals, even if radically different animals—just as Mr. Burbank's problem has been the creation of better flowers and fruits, though these might be unique in the vegetable kingdom.

First of all, Goodnight was instrumental in showing the Southwest how to raise more, and better, beef to the hoof, and not by "feeding" either, but by the then prevailing "free grass" method. Cattle-raising was a young business then, one might almost say. Certainly, the raising of good cattle was a young business. The herds that were shipped into the United States from Old Mexico, as well as the herds raised in the Southwest and West, were mostly of the "longhorn" variety—wild, fleet-footed steers, whose tight hides covered little else but bone. Another breed was needed.

But what other breed could stand the rigors of winter? (For, in those days, the problem of cattle-raising resolved itself largely into the problem of keeping stock alive and in fair condition—but at least *alive*—until spring.) It was a question that frightened every other stockman from even attempting to bring in a finer grade of cattle. But it did not scare "Charlie" Goodnight. He had an idea.

Before he turned cattelman he had been a pathfinder. And as a pathfinder, and while making a new trail up across the virgin miles of the Panhandle, then a stretch of country given over to buffaloes, lobos and Indians, he had come upon a great gash in the plains. Its trough was wide and deep, and covered with a rich growth of grasses. Its walls were steep—almost precipices. It was a Grand Canyon in miniature, but an elephantine miniature for all that. The elements had worn their way down past two strata—a white "cap rock" and a red sandstone—which left a magnificent, jagged fissure running in giant curves through the tablelands. The Mexicans called this fissure Paloduro.

It was soon afterward that the pathfinder

turned scout, and led some cavalry across the Panhandle. When this canyon was neared, a dreaded "northerner" was blowing, and carrying the snow horizontally through the frigid air, so that the faces of the troopers were cut as if by flying particles of steel. But a place of security lay before them. Their scout, when the deep-plowed gorge was reached, found a descending path. And soon men and mounts were snug in a protected camp.

James Adair—Who Put Up the Money

Charles Goodnight's idea concerned Paloduro Canyon. And when he turned from path-finding and scouting, he began to hunt for a man with capital to whom that idea might appeal. At Colorado Springs he met James Adair, a Britisher who not only had wealth, but imagination and insight. The American unfolded his scheme. The other man at once saw its value. The Civil War was over by now; the Indians were subdued. So, without fear of molestation by white or red men, Goodnight and Adair went to the edge of Paloduro and established themselves—ranch-house, corrals and all. The idea which had possessed the Western member of the firm had been that stock could be "kept over" in the canyon with a minimum percentage of loss; and that, as far at least as one particular "outfit" was concerned, "wintering," that bane of the cattle business, would have no more terrors. For the canyon furnished abundant feed; at all times it was fifteen degrees warmer than the *mesa* at its rim; and during the most boisterous storms it was windless.

Here, during the next few years, the Goodnight-Adair herds increased apace. They were not herds of "longhorns," either, but were "graded" stock. The renowned "J. J." cattle—all thoroughbred Herefords, whose descendants have carried away the highest prizes from St. Louis and many another fair—formed a part of them. The "J. A.'s," or part-Herefords, made up the rest. The small band of cattle from which all these were bred had been imported, and were the very first "white faces" to range the plains.

How Cattle Get into Trouble

But even with the great advantage afforded by "the valley of the hard stick," the raising of beeves still had some drawbacks, and these the American partner, who was left in charge, was early called upon to study. In a country where, during the summer months, water was not plentiful, he had to deal with an animal that needed

a great deal of drink, could not go long without it, and, moreover, would enter a water-hole and "muddy it up" badly for the animal that followed. His "white faces," no wiser than the "longhorns," would eat loco—that mullein-like weed—and go mad. While in a weakened condition, they would lie down with their legs to the uphill side of a slope, and, therefore, find themselves unable to rise again. They would drift with a storm—instead of getting into a compact herd—and perish. They would get the blackleg, a disease which makes deep inroads upon cattle. Having indifferent digestions, they would not do even fairly well unless the grazing was good. They would bog or quicksand twice in the same place, which bespeaks a poor memory. They would "kill out" a range. On the long drives to Kansas City they would get footsore. And, furthermore, during both the drives and afterward in shipment, they would lose very considerably in weight—which ate into the purse of the cattlemen when their beeves were put on the scales.

How Buffaloes Take Care of Themselves

Every plainsman of those times knew that the very buffaloes which were contesting the ranges with the domestic animals had none of these shortcomings. On the contrary, they possessed a number of excellent traits that the tame bovines lacked. When a heel-fly, that tormentor of "white faces" and "longhorns," buzzed about a buffalo, the latter tucked his feet under him, lay complacently chewing his cud, and let Mr. Heel-fly buzz. When a pack of lobos came looking for a succulent buffalo calf, they seldom got one. For the wild herd was smart enough to bivouac in such a manner that the babies might be protected. The little ones were gathered together at the center of the camp-ground. The mothers settled down in a circle that enclosed their progeny. And another and outer circle was formed by the watchful fathers. (All of which proved that a buffalo had better instinct or reason, than a steer.) And buffaloes were heavier than cattle, having fourteen ribs in place of thirteen, but a smaller weight of viscera. They were doubly long-lived. Moreover, on a given quantity of grazing-land, a large number of them could live well, while the same number of cattle would drop weight and take to useless wandering. For killing, the buffaloes, owing to the fact that they had never been used as beasts of burden, possessed cellular tissues of fat like that of other wild cattle, and their flesh was better marbled than the best beef-breeds of domestic herds; in other words, there were no alternating muscu-

lar streaks of lean and fat in their carcasses, which characterize animals that have been used for working purposes throughout generations. When hung, they produced excellent meat, and enough fat for good eating but less tallow, by one hundred pounds, than a steer two-thirds the size. And lastly, they possessed a hump, provided with semi-flesh and fat, upon which their systems drew for nutriment "at a pinch." So that, in periods of drought, or when food was scarce, buffaloes could go both hungry and thirsty for a considerable length of time and still retain their thriftiness. And as for the ordinary cold that could make a bunch of steers miserable, they paid small attention to it. They took a storm "front on," like a gallant ship, letting the wind tug at the natural nubias with which nature had endowed them and flutter the long, thick hair of their ragged pantaloons.

Now, Goodnight, the cattleman, set these contra-cattle and pro-buffalo observations off against each other, and saw that if, by cross-breeding, he could add to the cattle the desirable qualities of the buffalo, he would have a new hybrid that *might* possess the best traits of both. Doubtless the problem would never have occurred to an ordinary cattleman. But, as James Adair had judged, the former pathfinder and scout was not an ordinary cattleman.

Perhaps Mrs. Goodnight Made the Suggestion

This was in '78. Already Goodnight had secured for himself, quite apart from the Adair ranges, a fine extent of property lying both along and across the "Breaks," and had taken as his branding-mark the wine-glass, or, as it is interpreted down in the cattle-country, the "Bar Y." He was young then, and the wife of his old age was with him, as now, young, too, and enthusiastic over his plans. Indeed, with characteristic gallantry, he insists that it was she, and *not* he, who first thought of having a herd of hybrids, and that, furthermore, she urged—seeing how rapidly the buffaloes were being killed off by organized gangs of men who wanted only the hides of the big animals, and left the carcasses for wolf and buzzard—that it would be an excellent plan to catch up a number of buffalo calves and let them form the nucleus of a thoroughbred band. Texas had been the home of the finest type of American buffalo for no one knew how many generations: they should be perpetuated to the state.

Husband and wife, seated by their campfire in the bottom of the "Breaks," talked these two ideas over. The plains were swarming

with buffaloes; and, even with hunters plentiful, it stretched imagination to picture a time when the noble animals would practically be exterminated. Nevertheless, the two decided upon action. So the following morning the cattleman mounted his best cow-pony and, with a lasso at his pommel, rode away on his humane buffalo hunt. When he returned, four baby calves, three of which were heifers, were scurrying ahead of him up the canyon, and grunting like so many scared pigs. His men helped him to corral the active little creatures. And later on he secured a fourth heifer. These five animals, then, formed the start of his present thoroughbred-buffalo herd, a full hundred strong, and of his great mongrel herd as well.

The first step was the gentling of his little wild captives; next, the accustoming of them to the cattle. The five were corralled close to the ranch-house, where they could be frequently visited. And when they had gone hungry for a day, some milch Herefords were introduced into the enclosure. As the buffalo babies looked not unlike so many very pretty little Jerseys, the Herefords were disposed to treat them in a motherly fashion; and soon the tiny strangers were forgetting both hunger and homesickness in the enjoyment of their first domestic meal.

Now that the chances favored his being able to raise the buffalo calves to maturity, the cattleman sent to Scotland for some Polled Angus stock, chosen for the experiment because they are held to be the hardiest stock in the world.

A New Beast on the Face of the Earth

It was in 1882 that a story became noised throughout the Panhandle to the effect that Charles Goodnight had a heifer on his ranch that was half cow and half buffalo. The majority of people flatly disbelieved the tale. A great many others, doubtful, were from Missouri and had to be shown. So they came long distances to the Bar Y ranch, looked, gasped, and were convinced. That first hybrid's father was a buffalo; her mother was a Polled Angus cow. Very soon afterward there were, all told, eight of these little half-breeds, all heifers, each with a wine-glass branded into her flank. (No half-breed males were secured. And since that time, Mr. Goodnight has been unable to raise one, even from among the progeny of one-quarter-buffalo sires and three-quarter-buffalo dams.)

As the second step in the experiment, the cattleman turned these eight heifers back into the full-blooded-buffalo herd, thus getting eight

calves that were three-quarters buffalo. This time, the sexes were evenly represented; but, curiously enough, only the females proved to be useful for the purpose of perpetuating.

So the cattleman now reversed his methods. Taking a number of half-caste heifers, he turned them into the full-blooded Polled Angus herd—and found that the resulting animals, which were only one-quarter buffalo, would breed readily and without loss among the cattle, the buffalo or the mixed-bloods. It has been, therefore, largely from these one-quarter-buffalo quadrupeds that the wild strain has found its way into the domestic herds of the Bar Y, bringing into being a calf that is usually a muley, like the Polled Angus stock, that will wallow as do the buffalo, eat what the buffalo eats, have the extra buffalo rib, and thrive immune from the dreaded blackleg.

A Tasty Meat—and an Extra Rib!

And what of this new, strange beast as a meat producer?

The combined Baptist ministers of the state of Texas can testify that the meat of the hybrid is a success from the edible standpoint. While these gentlemen were in session at Amarillo, Mr. Goodnight ordered the killing of a mongrel so that they might have a special treat.

When the hybrid was hung, it showed plainly the points claimed in its favor as a meat producer. Though it was not by any means the best heifer of its age in the mixed-blood herd, it dressed over seven hundred pounds. The flesh was thick upon the bones, and somewhat darker than beef. The fat was a deep yellow. Above the spine was a fine big hump, containing bones of varying lengths, the short ones at either end of the hump, the longer ones in the middle. These, seemingly, were a curious continuation of the ribs. Between them were many choice cuts of meat—all of this bone and meat forming a part of the addition brought about by hybridization. And then—behold the extra rib!

More Details About the New Animals

But not all the gain in salable weight was by addition. Some of it was by substitution. For instance, the abdominal viscera of a hybrid are very considerably less in bulk and weight than the viscera of a domestic animal, and the quadrilocular stomach of the former is smaller than the corresponding digestive compartments of the latter. (This with an incomparable digestion!)

Both the baby mongrels and the baby buf-

faloes look exactly like domestic calves and are no larger. The hybrid is often a shade darker than the full-blood, but both are many shades lighter than their parents. The back and sides are reddish fawn; the under part of the barrel is a light fawn that shades to cream. And not only have neither a hump, but they have not the suspicion of a beard, nor yet of pantaloons. They develop both later on, together with a thick hood. In one respect only do these calves differ from the domestic: their tails are shorter. But this is scarcely noticeable. Both have eyes that are like a fawn's for mildness.

The hybrids have good memories, and are gentle, for they favor their Polled Angus kinsfolk in disposition; they even go farther, and surpass the Polled Angus in meekness. This fact was proven when we cut three hybrids out of the mixed-blood herd that same afternoon, and "threw" them into the thoroughbred-buffalo herd. This particular trio wished to remain where they were, and so turned about fully a score of times and made back to the gate that had been shut behind them, thus showing the endurance of their buffalo relatives and the hard-headed persistence of a domestic cow. At last, with lolling tongues, they started off in the right direction, plainly put out, but too well-behaved to charge their pursuers.

The mixed-blood herd shows that what was hoped for at the beginning of the experiment has come to pass: the hybrids take their constitutions from their buffalo relatives—as well as all the other good qualities which those relatives possess. At the same time, they lose none of the desirable qualities of the Polled Angus stock. And their owner declares with pardonable pride that, as animals, he cannot find a single point to urge against them.

The points in favor of the mongrels are numerous, and, while a few of them may seem insignificant, each will lead to the benefiting of man. The main one concerns, undoubtedly, the increase in weight. The hybrids always weigh more than domestic cattle of a like age, and this after a consumption of less and poorer food. Sometimes the additional weight is one hundred and fifty pounds; oftener it is two hundred pounds, or even three hundred. (Cattle-raisers will realize how such an addition, per steer, would count up even into the thousands of dollars at the weighing of a herd.) This extra meat is all of the most salable kind, too, and if exposed will keep longer than beef. The added rib gives more sirloin in the kill. The hump is of a no less edible quality. In fact the animal is better eating than a steer.

But hybridization not only gives more

weight to the hoof, but it gives more hoofs to the herd—in this way: Domestic cows begin rearing progeny when they are, generally speaking, two years old, and cease when they are about twelve. The part-bloods, while they do not begin their increase until they are four years old, continue to reproduce until they are past twenty. So that during her lifetime a mongrel may be depended upon to bring into the herd six more calves than a domestic cow would add. Here a vast gain is again apparent.

Coupled with this fact goes another, quite as

So far, in his experimenting, Mr. Goodnight has not aimed to raise good milkers. The buffalo mother, it is known, gives very little, but very rich, milk. The mongrel mother also gives a small flow. She gives more than the buffalo; perhaps not more than the Polled Angus. But what she gives is extremely rich.

Cost of the Experiments

The cost of hybridizing, one would judge, has not greatly concerned the cattleman. At least the lack of adequate funds has not stopped, even if it has embarrassed him. The greatest test of the earnestness behind the scheme came at the very beginning. To secure those first eight half-breeds, forty Polled Angus cows had been set aside. These



encouraging. Hybrids, far excelling cattle in the matter of hardiness, are fitted for cold and barren countries, where cattle would perish. Moreover, they will eat waste that cattle would refuse, and are actually bovine scavengers. They escape not only the blackleg, but all other diseases of the domestic animal. And a part-buffalo will ship twice as far as a "white face" or a "longhorn" without suffering enough to cause the loss of a pound in weight. They never mire, and will get up (front feet first, like a horse) and hunt sustenance at a stage when the domestic animal would lose heart and die. They use less salt than cattle, and less water, never muddy the drinking-place, and never go straying away in a storm. *But*—though easily handled, they do not forget the weak panels in a fence; and when these panels have been repaired, they still are able to pass over, under or through them.



SOME OF THE ANIMALS—PART BUFFALO AND PART COW—ON MR. GOODNIGHT'S RANCH. THE ANIMAL IN THE UPPER PICTURE IS THE BEST HALF-BREED COW HE HAS RAISED. HE ESTIMATES IT HAS COST HIM \$250

forty cows would have added thirty-three domestic calves to the herd that spring. So here, to start with, was a flat loss of twenty-five calves. If the experiment had not been attempted, probably not more than a cow or two would have died. As it was, the death-rate exceeded the usual one. So that Mr. Goodnight found, when he came to figure up, that *each* of those eight little half-breeds had cost him exactly *two hundred and seventy-two dollars!*

Since then he has never been able to raise a cheaper half-breed. And as he is not a man of

great means, he finds himself compelled to go slowly. There are some further experiments along the same line that he has not been able to attempt at all. For instance, he believes that a blend of buffalo and Jersey would lend hardihood to the Jersey—and might result in an animal that would give pure cream.

Patience and Money are Needed Now

But the experiment must go on, loss or no loss, until it is brought to a perfect completeness. "Of course, anything said about hybrids this year," observed Mr. Goodnight, "might have to be modified next, for even after these thirty years I cannot know what will be the ultimate result. I do know that hybridization can be accomplished, and that a dash of buffalo blood in common cattle makes a great difference in the quality and value of the cattle. Only two things are needed: patience and money."

Cattle-raisers are conservative, and slow to change their methods. Some of them have no imagination; others are shortsighted. Only when it has been thoroughly demonstrated that hybridization means money, only when the part-bloods have taken a high place as beef-producers, will other cattlemen swing into line behind Charles Goodnight, and those followers will reap results without having to sustain any loss. Then the experiment will be carried far and wide. Blizzard-swept territory, where domestic cattle cannot survive, will be stocked with buffalo-cattle, and rise to the importance of producing prime meat. "And when Luther Burbank gets his spineless cactus to growing on the desert," said Mr. Goodnight, "I'll furnish the animal that'll thrive best upon it."

When asked if he had imported fresh stock into his various herds since the beginning of his experiment, Mr. Goodnight made a characteristic reply. He said that, as the inhabitants of the earth had descended from one father and one mother, he felt warranted in following out the same plan when it came to raising animals. It was, he declared, God's scheme in the animal world—and he cited the birds and the wild beasts to prove his contention.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodnight at Close Range

Every evening, when supper was over at the Bar Y, the cattleman sat down to enjoy a pipe before the open wood-fire of his office. That office is not easily forgotten. It looks to be the room of a hunter—an old hunter, since it contains firearms dating from the fifties. Over the mantelpiece, against the pine-ceiled wall, hangs



ONE-EIGHTH BUFFALO



ONE-QUARTER BUFFALO



ONE-HALF BUFFALO



THREE-QUARTERS BUFFALO



SEVEN-EIGHTHS BUFFALO



FULL-BLOODED BUFFALO

TO THE BUFFALO

a smooth-bore rifle; dangling beside it is a deerskin pouch for powder and ball. Over the desk hang other guns, musket and rifle, too. Then above one door there is a great photograph of the first father of the buffalo herd, and photographs, too, of prize "J. J." Herefords. Above a second door, mounted, are the great widespreading horns of the famous "blue steer"—a steer that, more than a dozen times, traveled at the head of a herd, leading it on that long drive from the quiet pastures of the Panhandle to the shambles of Kansas City. Supporting these photographs and the guns—serving also as hangers for coats and hats—are buffalo horns of all the possible lengths and crooks and sizes—scores of them.

And no one could suit that high, severe room better than the cattleman, in his hickory chair with its sagging seat of woven thongs. As the firelight played upon him, it brought his head into relief against the black of the wall. And with his tousel of thick hair his heavy—almost ragged—brows, and his uneven, slanting beard, he had the look of some storm-driven poet who had come in to drowse and smoke at that hearth. For he is of the type of the dreamer—of the Western dreamer—who does. He has the gentleness, too, that is always found in the character of men of big aims. And it is easy to see that cruelty toward one of his dumb beasts would spell instant dismissal for one of his men. He has the modesty of big souls, too. At one of its sessions the Cattlemen's Association of Texas sought to elect him president. But he shrank from the honor as if they were preparing to send him to the lockup.

"Colonel" his "punchers" call him. "But I'm not a colonel," he explained. "Just call me plain mister." His men were Southerners, and, therefore, prone to employ a "handle" when speaking to an older man in authority. It was easy to see why they had instinctively sought for a title to use in addressing him. His is a personality born to command: bodily and mentally he towers above the men with whom he comes in contact.

Then, there was "the woman who thought of it"—to quote her husband; the little woman to whom he gives the biggest share of any credit that comes to him. Physically, she is his exact opposite, being slender, wiry and quick. For all that her years count close upon those of her husband, she is fond of horseback riding yet, and was that week rejoicing in the possession of a splendid new ladies'-stride "stock" saddle. In the early days, when the Indians were still prowling the Panhandle in their war-paint, she went about everywhere, enduring and daring. Yet she found time then—as now—to

keep abreast of things, and to an extent that would be extraordinary in a housewife of a metropolis. Young-hearted and keen-brained, she is alive to all the needs and duties of the Bar Y ranch,—alive, also, to what is going on in the great world outside her own. In other words, she is of the very highest type of plains-woman.

Each evening, as the hours wore on and conversation left experiments, both horticultural and zoological, it invariably turned upon abstract things. Here were two border-bred people who felt themselves deprived of a fair education. Yet not only was their knowledge of animal and plant life astonishingly wide, but they felt a deep interest in all the recent developments in the study of psychology. They had taken time to think. The cattleman had formulated his own philosophy of life, too. And no part of it was from books. It had been studied out during long nights in the saddle, when sitting companionless under the stars; or during long drives, where cowponies travel far apart. It was an every-day, working philosophy.

Charles Goodnight and his wife have used it for self-guidance. Across the *mesa*, within sight of the Bar Y ranch-house, stand the fine brick buildings of a college. The two, knowing what it means to be handicapped by the lack of a thorough education, have given all the aid they could spare—and more—to that near-by institution.

Which shows that their philosophy includes the generous helping of others. Which explains, too, why that experiment of hybridization has not progressed faster.

The Possibilities

As a trail-maker and scout, Charles Goodnight will always have a place in the annals of Texas. But the most important thing to be written about him will not concern his early achievements; it will tell of his experiments in hybridization. Is it not possible that in the near future some far-seeing millionaire philanthropist may come forward and aid in the furtherance of the cattle-buffalo experiment by supplying funds so that this man's practical knowledge on the subject may be employed to the full and perpetuated? Or perhaps some government, having a paternal interest in the coming needs of its people, and having waste, cold-ridden

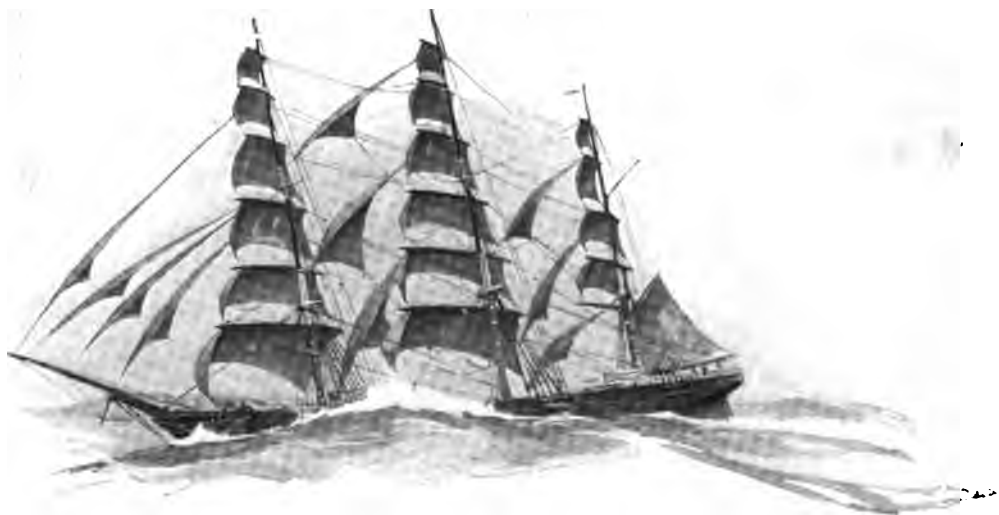
land that is unfit for the raising of cattle, will take mongrel animals from the hybrid herd of the Panhandle for the rearing of stock for many a great range. But whatever happens the Texan will go down in history as a man who became possessed of an idea of great value—a man who accomplished something that will prove to be of lasting benefit to mankind. For he has brought into being a new and singular animal, the flesh of which will sustain untold meat-consuming millions in the future.



CHARLES GOODNIGHT



Carrying Sail



By LINCOLN COLCORD

AUTHOR OF "TH' CAP'N'S SON," "AH-MAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. AYLWARD

I WAS sitting on a bench in Battery Park one afternoon, talking to Dashy Noyes, an old deep-water sailor, and watching the shipping in the upper bay.

"Indecision is bad," he suddenly announced. "It's bad on land, but it's worse aboard ship. Cap'n Tripp had it in his vitals, so t' speak. A good officer, but timid . . . an' not timid, exactly, but sort o' boneless. Not in looks, though. He was all bones there—tall, lank, gawky, an' homelier than mud! His face was a nose, decorated with a tuft o' whiskers. His eyes was white, an' six feet away you couldn't see 'em. He looked what he was, a Down-Easter fr'm th' flats, raised on clam juice an' th' pickin's fr'm herrin' bones. An' that's th' queer part of it, because I never see one o' that kind before but what would talk chain lightnin' an' do things two weeks ahead. He was just th' opposite—slow, an' soft-spoken, an' uncertain; an' when he did give an order, it was either too soon or too late, or it never needed t' be done at all. His special anxiety was carryin' sail.

"I found it out a week after we'd left New York. We was bound on th' regulation China passage, case oil t' Hong Kong an' general cargo home. I never had seen th' *Vigilant*

or Cap'n Tripp before; but she happened t' need a mate, an' about that time I happened t' need a job, an' so we decided to call it square. In them times I wa'n't thinkin' much about th' future, an' any ship was good enough f'r me. Th' future—say, there wa'n't any future, as I remember it! If I ever looked ahead at all, I supposed there would be ships t' go in till I died. There's no fool like a sailor, that's a fact."

He stopped talking for a while, and sat looking out across the bay with that far-away cast to the eyes that sailors often have. It comes of being lonesome, and seeing things beyond the horizon—things that are happening at home, for instance. Soon he took up the thread again.

"We sailed on th' tail of a nor'wester in mid-winter, that voyage. Th' wind was howlin' an' th' weather was fine; but what did Cap'n Tripp do but strip her down t' lower tops'ls, an' jog along at seven or eight knots when he might ha' been makin' twelve! I couldn't fathom it at first. We had some talk about it one forenoon.

"Don't you want t' set them upper tops'ls, Cap'n?" I asks, comin' aft t' where he was standin' on th' poop.



IT WAS A DEVIL OF A SQUALL

"He looked aloft an' all around th' horizon. 'No-o, I guess we'll let her run easy,' he says in his deliberate way. 'You don't gain much in th' long run by carryin' sail.'

"Well, if you're callin' that carryin' sail . . . 'I says.

"I don't know,' he sort o' says to 'imself, an' looks around again. 'I suppose she would stand th' main upper tops'l.'

"Stand it! She'd stand three royals,' I yells.

"Three royals, Mr. Noyes?' he answers, lookin' at me as if I was a curiosity. 'Now you don't mean that, I guess. We'll try th' upper tops'l an' see how she behaves.'

"I'd just called th' men aft an' sent a couple of 'em up t' loose th' sail, when he sung out t' me again.

"I guess we won't set it, Mr. Noyes,' says 'e. 'I'll feel safer t' let her run as she is.'

"It tickled me, he was so innocent. A perfect gentleman—a perfect seaman, too, an' one o' th' best navigators I ever saw . . . but just plumb childish in some ways, f'r all that. He went below that mornin', an' I'll bet my bottom dollar th' question worried him all day. Had he ought t' set th' tops'l? . . . Would she stand it? . . . Of course she would!

. . . But still, it was blowin' pretty stiff. . . . Better keep it furl'd . . . an' yet, maybe it would be well t' set it. That was th' sort o' thing that was goin' through his mind. A very interestin' man, after I got to know him. I was young, an' on th' passage out I didn't care what sort o' time we made.

"Th' gale soon backed into th' nor'ard, an' with each shift he kept her off, till finally we was runnin' due south before th' wind.

"Looks like a northeaster blowin' up,' I says.

"Yes, yes,' he says, walkin' up an' down th' quarter-deck. You'd think he was caught in th' corner two miles off th' Jersey coast, by th' anxious look in his eye. 'I suppose I ought t' heave her to,' he says, 'but I hate t' do it yet.'

"One thing sure,' I tells him, 'you'll never cross th' line unless you get farther t' windward in th' northeast trades.' Man alive, we was hardly in fifty-five west then!

"I know it! I know it!' says 'e; 'an' yet I hate t' heave her to. I guess we'll let her run a little while, an' see how th' weather pans out.'

"You can go cruisin' all winter in th' West Injes f'r all I care,' says I t' myself, an' went off laughin'.

"Th' weather panned out rich. Next mornin' it was blowin' a livin' gale out o' th' northeast. Th' sea got up in a flash, an' there we was racin' back towards Cuba at a two-

forty gait. I began t' wonder if he'd run her round an' round the Atlantic till th' wind happened t' shoot us across th' line, or ashore somewhere, perhaps. I thought th' man was crazy, after a while.

"Th' sea was really pretty bad that day, with a sharp, snappin' lift to it that kept her rollin' heavy. I went aft at noon, an' found th' Cap'n almost wringin' his hands.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?' he says. 'I can't keep on runnin' this way, an' I don't wan' t' heave her to.'

"Fly,' says I, suggestin' the only thing that seemed t' be left.

"Mr. Noyes,' he says, sort o' reproachfully, 'this is serious. It's blowin' on every minute.'

"Heave her to an' get it over with, sir,' I says. I was tired o' playin' hide an' seek with orders. 'She'll lay easier in th' wind.'

"Yes, I ought t' heave her to,' he says. 'I guess I will. D'you suppose she'll come up all right? That sea is wild.'

"Well, Cap'n,' I says, 't' tell you th' honest truth, I think with God's help we may be able t' bring her into th' wind.'

"Well, get ready forrard,' he says at last; an', I swear, I was in a cold sweat till he put th' wheel over, f'r fear he'd change his mind.

"I'm tellin' you these little things t' show you what a queer specimen he was. After a few weeks o' this sort o' business, I got mighty interested in him, an' used t' fire questions at him sudden t' see him dodge. Whenever anything come up, I managed t' be around an' listen to 'is maneuvers. You might say he fascinated me. It was like pullin' teeth f'r him t' say yes or no. He was one o' those men who always do th' same thing in th' same way, an' keep on doin' it till an earthquake or a typhoon or somethin' comes along an' starts them off on another tack. I've seen weak men, an' he wasn't weak exactly, because he knew what ought t' be done. But he didn't get around t' doin' it very often, not till afterwards; an' when he did, th' next minute he'd wish he hadn't.

"An' o' course luck was against him right along. It's th' man that slams ahead an' never cares, that has good luck, just like it is with love. Why, that man lost more sails, f'r all his notions, in th' one passage that I was with him than some cap'ns I've sailed with could blow away in a lifetime. Th' sails seemed bewitched. When it was calm, they'd slat themselves t' pieces against th' masts; an' when a puff o' wind come along, it always carried off a sail or two. Sails would split an' open up without a minute's notice; jibs would go clean fr'm th' boltropes in th' night, an' we wouldn't



"YOU'LL SINK HER! YOU'LL TAKE TH' MASTS OUT OF 'ER!"

find it out till mornin'. I began t' think pretty soon that there was somethin' wrong with th' ship. Standin' watch in th' dark I would feel queer inside—an' then she'd heel over with a little puff, an' another sail would go!

"Th' worst was in th' doldrums. One night just as I left th' deck I sighted a heavy squall t' windward. I was pointin' it out t' th' second mate, when Cap'n Tripp come up on deck.

"Squall t' windward, sir," says I. 'I'll take in th' royals before I go below.'

"Well, I guess you'd better let 'em stand awhile," says 'e. 'We'll wait an' see what's in it.'

"Wind," says I. 'You needn't wait—I'd just as soon tell you.'

"Well, I guess it ain't much," says 'e, sniffin' over th' weather rail. 'I don't want t' take in th' royals just yet.'

"Go t' th' devil," says I t'myself, an' went below.

"I lit my pipe an' lay thinkin'. Pretty soon I felt her bend t' th' first breeze. No sound o' takin' in sail. Thinks I to myself, there'll be fun later on. Then, down she heeled, pretty sharp, th' gear snappin' aloft an' th' air roarin' th' way it does in th' face o' them tropic squalls. I lay there an' laughed, smokin'. She righted slow, an' I could feel somethin' strange happenin' to 'er. After a while it comes t' me—he was droppin' off before it rather than take in them royals! I laughed and laughed there t' myself, it struck me s' funny.

"Then th' real squall hit her, an' things began t' happen one after the other. She danced around like a cork in a teapot. Pretty soon I heard th' spanker boom go over—bang! Pretty soon it came back—bang! I stuck my feet up in th' corner o' th' bunk f'r a brace, an' laughed some more. Pretty soon I heard a terrible slattin' aloft. 'Royals comin' in on their own hook,' says I t' myself. Bang! goes th' spanker over, an' bang! it comes back. 'By George!' says I, 'he'll take th' masts out of 'er.' An' then, rip! rip! slat! bang! away went a whole lot more sails.

"Go it!" says I, 'you're only young once. So help me, I won't go on deck t' save her fr'm sinkin'. This is a comfortable place t' die.' Any minute I expected t' get a yardarm in my stomach or the heel o' th' mizzen topmast in th' jaw.

"Bang! goes th' spanker, an' all th' dishes in th' pantry jumped. Then I heard the Ol' Man poundin' along th' cabin. I just had time t' tuck my pipe away out o' sight an' compose my features, when he rammed in th' door. Just then, bang! crash! goes th' spanker overhead. He jumped a clean two feet fr'm th'

floor, an' his jaw dropped as he looked at me. I was watchin' out o' th' lee corner o' my eye.

"Asleep!" he yells. 'How in hell can you sleep in all this racket?'

"I sat up an' rubbed my eyes. 'What's th' trouble, Cap'n?' I asks.

"Trouble!" he yells again, an' dodged as th' boom went over. 'Listen, you pie-fed, dreamin' lubber, you! Listen t' that! She's a wreck aloft—a dismantled, rippin' wreck!'

"What was that noise?" I asks.

"Oh, you fool!" he bellers, wavin' his arms around his head. 'Get up an' get on deck. Can you hear? Everything's gone!'

"That squall must ha' struck, sir," I says.

"He give me one look, an' scrambled up th' companionway.

"When I got on deck, she was like th' fag end of a rope aloft. She'd come up into th' wind on th' old tack, an' th' lee rail was under water. It was a devil of a squall. Th' fores'l was new, an' I see that it still hung on. I run forrard, catchin' a man by th' nap' o' th' neck as I went along.

"C'n you climb?" I says.

"No-o, not t'-night," says 'e.

"Climb or die," says I, an' hauled 'im along t' th' weather fore riggin'.

"Up you go," says I, 'an' out on th' weather yardarm an' cut the sail adrift.'

"I went up on th' lee. We dropped that sail on deck, an' then I went aft. I had a curiosity t' see that spanker boom. The Ol' Man was fairly dancin' on th' poop.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" he cries. 'There ain't a sail left, an' some Dutchman le' go th' main tops'l halyards an' th' yard's in two pieces! What shall I do?'

"Sleep," says I. 'There's another yard on deck, an' plenty of sails below. She'll be all right till mornin'. There ain't anything else t' blow away.'

"Well, I don't exactly like t' bend th' heavy weather sails," he says, 'an' that's th' only spare spar we got.'

"Better anchor an' think it over," I says, mad at last.

"I wish t' God I could," says 'e, an' th' way he said it, more than th' thing itself, made me laugh till I cried. I got him aft out o' the way, an' cleaned her up a bit. All that night I kept thinkin' o' him an' laughin' in th' dark. A crazy ship, an' I guess I was a little bit off myself.

"We bent new sails next day, an' after that we had a quiet passage. Pegged along an' got to Anjer, hitched along up th' Sea, an' finally arrived in Hong Kong. I spent a lot o' time th' last o' th' voyage thinkin' about th'

Cap'n. I liked him. An' yet I can't say why I did, unless it was because he tickled me. You never dislike a thing that makes you laugh. I got t' studyin' him, an' wonderin' if he was always built that way, or if somethin' had knocked th' tar out of 'im back along. Sometimes I thought one way, sometimes another. I don't know yet. What he said t' me th' first night in Hong Kong don't clear it up, either.

"That night we had just got everything stowed away aloft. All along th' slope o' th' hill lights was twinklin' an' th' air smelled strong o' land. Ships was all around us, a whole fleet of 'em. Good old place, Hong Kong! Th' finest port I ever went to, an' I've had some good times there.

"Well, I was thinkin' o' turnin' in for a whole night's sleep, when I run onto Cap'n Tripp in th' port alley-way.

"Seems good t' be in, sir,' I says. 'I ain't been in Hong Kong f'r several years.'

"Mr. Noyes,' says 'e, 'I thank God every time I arrive in port now. I must be too old t' be goin' t' sea.'

"You don't like it very well, sir, do you?' says I.

"It worries me more an' more,' he says. 'No, I never was cut out t' go t' sea.'

"Some men is just born for it,' I says, 'an' others never like it fr'm th' first.'

"That's it,' he says; 'that's just it. I forced myself t' go; all th' boys was goin'. I forced myself t' learn, t' do th' work, t' rise; an' when I got a ship, what did I have? No heart in it, that's what. I c'n remember well. I looked forrard then t' these years I've spent as a hopeless job. It didn't seem worth while. An' then I had bad luck . . . ' he says, passin' his hand across his face. 'Bad luck—an' one bad voyage. It all come fr'm carryin' sail.'

"I waited f'r him t' tell me if he wanted to, but that's as far as he got. 'You think I've gone by th' corner,' he says after a while. 'I just know too much, that's all. There is such a thing.'

"Queer old customer! He never spoke t' me like that again. An' that's all I know about him; he left th' sea that voyage, an' I ain't heard a word from him since.

"Th' *Paul Revere* was in Hong Kong that time, an' sailed with us f'r home th' same day. Dan Sands was mate in her, a chum o' mine fr'm home. We knew all along that we would sail about th' same time, an' evenin's when I'd go aboard t' see him we'd bet on th' run. I made a joke of it, tellin' him about the Ol' Man an' his ways o' carryin' sail.

"Some day when you sight a ship hove to

under a goosewinged tops'l on th' line, that's us,' I'd say. 'Or maybe you might see us on th' Coast in a northeaster with th' royals set. If I ever c'n get 'em set, maybe they'll stay until they blow away. If you happen t' see a set o' royals without any boltropes passin' on th' breeze, you'll know we're somewhere t' windward bendin' sail.'

"He used t' laugh at me. 'This ship c'n sail,' he'd say. 'You've got t' drive her some t' beat us home.'

"That made me mad. I always hate t' go in a slow ship; somehow I can't bear t' be passed at sea. It made me madder, goin' out by Green Island close alongside th' *Paul Revere*, t' see Dan wave his hand at me. It wa'n't no use, but in my heart I vowed that there'd be some way t' make a decent passage home.

"Well, luck was with us for a good long while. We parted company with th' *Paul Revere* th' second day, an' had an easy run down th' sea. The Ol' Man was at home out East, an', as I said, we got th' royals set an' they stayed on her. When we passed Anjer, th' *Paul Revere* hadn't shown up, an' I began t' hope we'd beat her after all.

"Th' wind seemed made f'r Cap'n Tripp, steady an' fair an' not too strong. It did him good. As th' days went by an' he didn't have t' decide anything, but just let her sail, he brightened up an' took on flesh. As f'r me, I prayed. I didn't dare t' speak to 'im. Every time I braced th' yards, th' cold chills would run down my back.

"We rounded th' Cape with royals set, an' took th' trades across th' South Atlantic. Says I t' myself, 'Our luck has turned at last.' Th' trades carried us almost t' th' line, an' after a few days o' doldrums we picked 'em up on the other side an' started on th' last leg home. It was glorious! I was busy paintin' an' polishin' th' ship f'r New York, an' I give her an extra lick or two f'r luck, plannin' what I would say t' Dan when he come stragglin' in. Eighty days we was fr'm Hong Kong t' th' line, a clipper passage f'r an old plug like th' *Vigilant*.

"An' then th' trouble began. Th' third day o' th' northeast trades it breezed on heavy. You know, sometimes th' trades blow up a devil of a wind. The Ol' Man started pacin' his little corner o' th' quarter deck, an' that hunted look come on his face again. He'd stop an' cast his eyes aloft, an' up t' windward, an' then start in walkin' with his hands behind his back. I knew th' symptoms, an' my heart went down in my boots. All th' while th' wind kept breezin' on.

"After eight bells that night, when I had taken th' deck f'r th' first watch, the Ol' Man

went below. It was a splendid night, with th' moon high an' a big broad track o' moonlight across th' water. Quite a little sea had risen, an' now an' then she slapped some spray on deck. She was just layin' down an' walkin' home. I never see th' trades so stiff, an' in th' first two hours o' my watch they blew on harder still. We was by th' wind, an' the ol' ship just et them seas, plowin' along an' leavin' a wake like a mowin' machine. Everything aloft was crackin', an' th' sails was full o' moonlight an' good round wind.

"About seven bells I was hangin' onto th' weather rail an' singin' at th' top o' my lungs, when she give a heavier lurch than usual. That lurch did th' business f'r Cap'n Tripp. I was still singin' when I heard him comin' up behind me. He was white as a sheet, an' waved his arms like a windmill.

"'What are you tryin' t' do?' he yells.

"'I'm tryin' t' get home, sir,' I says. 'She's loggin' thirteen knots, an' more comin' later.'

"'You'll sink her! You'll take th' masts out of 'er! Get some o' that sail in quick,' he keeps on yellin'.

"'Cap'n,' says I, 'this breeze is steady. Th' trade winds is th' only thing you c'n depend on in th' world. You're not goin' t' shorten sail in th' trades?'

"'I don't care,' he says; 'she jumped me out o' bed! Strip her down. I won't carry sail in this reckless way.'

"An' he stood there givin' orders till we was under tops'ls, with th' courses hauled up. Th' courses, mind you! I wouldn't ha' cared so much, but he hauled th' courses up. Then he went below.

"There we lay, dancin' up an' down, hove to in th' moonlight, by th' gods o' war, in th' heart o' th' northeast trades! An' t' cap it all, about that time along come a great ship under skysails an' passed us close aboard. I clapped th' night glasses on her an' made out at once that she was th' *Paul Revere*.

"That settled it. I made my plan an' never stopped t' think where it might land me. I was young them days. Th' first thing I did was t' lock th' after companionway fr'm th' outside. Then I went around th' house an' closed all th' shutters t' th' cabin windows. Then I went below through th' forrard cabin, an' locked th' two after cabin doors. I had him. Then I pounded till I got him up.

"'Come to th' forrard cabin door a minute, sir,' I hollers.

"'Wha' d' you want now?' he says, an' tried t' open th' door.

"'You're a prisoner, Cap'n, an' it won't do no good t' kick up a row,' says I. 'I'll come

down an' talk it over with you later. I've got t' go on deck an' make sail now.'

"I heard him mumblin' as I went out. I'll bet he was sayin', 'Well, I wouldn't make sail just yet.' I do know that he went t' bed again, because after I got every stitch o' canvas on th' ship I went below an' found him asleep. I looked at him as he lay in th' bunk, an' wondered if he was shammin'. As like as not. But anyway he never said a word.

"An' then I drove her. I'll bet she never got a dose like that before. Next mornin', there was th' *Paul Revere* hull down ahead. We held our own that day, an' th' followin' night we must 'a' had a lift, f'r we picked up five miles on her. Th' trades fell light, an' by close watchin' I managed t' close up th' gap inch by inch. I found some stuns'ls below, that hadn't been set f'r years, I guess. I rigged a fancy balloon jib under th' bowsprit, out o' the awnin' an' some bamboo poles. Stays'ls—don't say a word! I covered her with stays'ls. We looked like a back yard with th' washin' out. But on th' fifth day we had crawled up on the other ship an' was sailin' side by side.

"Pretty soon up goes a string o' signals. 'Is Cap'n sick?' they asks. They must ha' been watchin' all day with th' glasses.

I was up a stump. I took th' book an' hunted through it f'r somethin' t' say. Then I found 'Cap'n desires me to inform you—' an' put it up. That gave me time t' look some more. I found a whole page o' 'healths,' an' picked out '—in bad health.' That was th' best I could do—'Cap'n desires me to inform you—in bad health.'

"'What's th' matter?' they fired back at me.

"I was stuck again. Beriberi, dengy fever—what in th' devil would I say? I looked under 'disease,' an' th' first thing I see was 'infectious disease.' I put that up—'infectious disease.' 'That'll finish 'em,' I says, 'an' keep 'em t' windward, too.'

"It's a strange thing, but when two ships gets together, they hang like grim death. That's th' way it was with us. Side by side we sailed, day in an' day out. Every day they'd set them cussed flags, an' ask questions about th' Cap'n. I never did s' much signalizin' before or since. I'd be busy around decks, an' a sailor'd call my attention t' th' *Paul Revere*. 'Flags up there,' he'd say. It might be 'How is th' Cap'n?' or 'Is any improvement?' an' I'd have t' answer with 'Better' or 'Tolerably well.' 'Tolerably well' I remember in particular, I set it s' many times an' it sounded s' queer.

"Th' Cap'n himself seemed happy as a clam, below. Th' steward took his meals in to 'im, an' I give him th' observation each day. I had charts o' my own. Every now an' then I'd open a shutter an' peek at him, an' he'd be sittin' readin' in th' big armchair as comfortable as a king.

"After we crossed th' Stream an' run into cold weather, I begun t' look f'r storms. We struck a northerly spell, an' parted company with th' *Paul Revere*. Then a southeaster lugged us up abreast th' Delaware, an' cleared off in th' southwest, as pretty a slant as you ever see t' run us in. About noon one day we passed Barnegat, an' lo an' behold, off on th' starboard beam a full-rigged ship hove in sight. When she closed in on us, o' course it turned out t' be th' *Paul Revere* again.

"It was nip an' tuck t' th' lightship then. I spread th' fancy wings once more, an' even hung th' balloon jib over th' bow. Then I got out some bolts o' canvas an' run 'em up an' down th' lower riggin'. Fr'm Barnegat t' th' Highlands we logged a clean twelve knots, an' passed th' lightship at three o'clock. Best of all, th' *Paul Revere* dropped into our wake about a mile astern.

"We picked up a pilot just outside th' lightship. I met 'im at th' rail an' told 'im the Ol' Man was laid up below.

"'Racin' that ship astern?' he asks.

"'Well, rather,' says I.

"'By th' hook-block, you deserve t' win!' says 'e laughin'. 'You've no idea what a lookin' thing this ship is fr'm a distance!'

"About that time, along come a little tugboat an' hauled up on our weather quarter.

"'C'n you sail this ship in?' I asks th' pilot beside me.

"'It ain't customary,' he says.

"'Well, we ain't had a customary voyage,' says I. 'I think we c'n make better time under sail.'

"'Let'er go,' says 'e. 'I'm agreeable.'

"'Go back-an' pick up that other ship,' I

sings out t' th' towboat cap'n. 'An' tell 'em with my compliments that I thought they might need a tow.'

"Well, that's about all of it. We beat 'em t' quarantine by half an hour. When I heard th' anchor goin' down, I woke up . . . an' I remember how th' bay looked that afternoon. It just took my breath away, t' think what I 'ad done! I turned around, an' there stood th' pilot.

"'Doctor's comin', sir,' he says.

"'Keep 'im on deck a minute till I see th' Cap'n, will you?' I says.

"I stopped awhile in th' forrard cabin, thinkin'. Says I t' myself, 'It's blowin' on heavy, an' th' glass is fallin' fast. I shouldn't wonder if we got a storm.' I had no more idea than a monkey what t' say. Say? . . . There wa'n't anything t' say! Th' jig was up, an' I got ready t' swallow my medicine.

"When I opened th' after cabin door, the Ol' Man was sittin' in th' armchair readin'. He finished a page, an' then looked up at me. It took the wind out o' my sails—you can't imagine what a funny thing it was.

"'We're anchored off quarantine, sir,' I says; 'an' we beat th' *Paul Revere*.'

"'Did we? Did we?' says 'e. 'Well, now, that's good. I'm glad t' hear it.'

"I stood hitchin' fr'm one foot t' the other. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer.

"'Cap'n,' says I, 'I wan' to apologize f'r this. I just couldn't help it, that's all.'

"'Well,' says 'e, 'I guess you don't mean you couldn't help it, do you?'

"'I couldn't stand it, sir,' says I, 't' be passed hove to in th' trades.'

"'Now, you don't mean hove to exactly, do you?' says 'e.

"'Cap'n,' says I, 'th' doctor's comin' aboard this minute, an' I told th' pilot you was sick abed, an' now I do' know what t' do!'

"He got up kind o' slow, an' smiled. It takes a homely man t' smile!

"'Well,' says 'e, 'I guess I'd better get t' bed!'"



Simple Septimus

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

AUTHOR OF "THE BELOVED VAGABOND," "THE MORALS OF MARCUS ORDEYNE," ETC.

PART IX

CHAPTER XXII

THE little flat in Chelsea cleaned, swept and garnished by the wife of the porter of the Mansions, received Emmy, her babe, Madame Bolivard and multitudinous luggage. All the pretty fripperies and frivolities had been freshened and refurbished since their desecration at alien hands, and the place looked cheery and homelike; but Emmy found it surprisingly small, and was amazed to discover the prodigious space taken up by the baby. When she drew Septimus's attention to this phenomenon he accounted for it by saying that it was because he had such a very big name, which was an excellent thing in that it would enable him to occupy a great deal of room in the universe when he grew up.

She busied herself all the morning about the flat, happier than she had been for a whole year. Her days of Hagardom were over. The menacing shadow of the finger of scorn pointing at her from every air of heaven had disappeared. A clear sky welcomed her as she came back to take up an acknowledged position in the world. The sense of release from an intolerable ban outweighed the bitterness of old associations. She was at home, in London, among dear familiar things and faces. She was almost happy.

When Madame Bolivard appeared with bonnet and basket undismayedly prepared to market for lunch and dinner, she laughed like a schoolgirl, and made her repeat the list of English words she had taught her in view of this contingency. She could say "cabbage," "sugar," "lettuce," and ask for all sorts of things.

"But suppose you lose your way, Madame Bolivard?"

"I shall find it, madame."

"But how will you ask for directions? You know you can't say 'Ecclefechan Mansions.'"

Madame Bolivard made a hopeless, spluttering sound as if she were blowing teeth out of her mouth, which in no wise resembled the name of the place wherein she dwelt. But Madame Bolivard, as has been remarked, was a *brave femme*; and *allons donc!* this was the least of the difficulties she had had to encounter during her life. Emmy bade her good-speed in her perils among the greengrocers.

She went blithely about her household tasks, and sang and cooed deliciously to the child lying in its bassinette. Every now and then she looked at the clock over the mantelpiece, wondering why Septimus had not come. Only in the depths of her heart—depths which humans in their every-day life dare not sound too frequently—did she confess how foolishly she longed for him. He was late. With Emmy, Septimus never broke an appointment. To insure his being at a certain place at a certain time to meet her, he took the most ingenious and complicated precautions. Before now he had dressed overnight and gone to sleep in his clothes so as to be ready when the servant called him in the morning. Emmy, knowing this, after the way of women began to grow anxious. When, therefore, she opened the flat door to him she upbraided him with considerable tenderness.

"It was Clem Sypher," he explained, taking off his overcoat. "He sent for me. He wanted me badly. Why, I don't know. At least I do half know, but the other half I don't. He's a magnificent fellow."

A little later, after Septimus had inspected her morning's work in the flat, and the night's progress in the boy's tooth, and her pretty new

blouse which she had put on in his honor, and the rose in her bosom taken from the bunch he had sent to greet her arrival in the flat the night before, and after he had heard of the valorous adventure of Madame Bolivard and of a message from Hégisippe Cruchot which she had forgotten to deliver overnight, and of an announcement from Zora to the effect that she would call at Ecclefechan Mansions soon after lunch, and of many things of infinite importance, Emmy asked him what Clem Sypher had been doing, and wherein lay the particular magnificence of character to which Septimus had alluded.

"He's awfully splendid," said Septimus. "He has given up a fortune for the sake of an idea. He also gave me an umbrella and his blessing. Emmy"—he looked at her in sudden alarm—"did I bring an umbrella with me?"

"You did, dear, and you put it in the stand; but what you've done with the blessing, I don't know."

"I've got it in my heart," said he. "He's a tremendous chap."

Emmy's curiosity was excited. She sat on the fender seat and bent forward, her hands on her knees in a pretty girlish attitude, and fixed her forget-me-not eyes on him.

"Tell me all about it."

He obeyed and expounded Sypher's quixotism in his roundabout fashion. He concluded by showing her how it had been done for Zora's sake.

Emmy made a little gesture of impatience.

"Zora!" she exclaimed jealously. "It's always Zora. To see how you men go on, one would think there was no other woman in the world. Every one does crazy things for her, and she looks on calmly and never does a hand's turn for anybody. Clem Sypher's a jolly sight too good for her."

Septimus looked pained at the disparagement of his goddess. Emmy sprang to her feet and put her finger-tips on his shoulders.

"Forgive me, dear. Women are cats—I've often told you—and love to scratch even those they're fond of. Sometimes the more they love them the harder they scratch. But I won't scratch you any more. Indeed I won't."

The sound of the latch-key was heard in the front door.

"There's Madame Bolivard," she cried. "I must see what miracle of loaves and fishes she has performed. Do mind baby till I come back."

She danced out of the room, and Septimus sat on a straight-backed chair beside the basinette. The baby—he was a rather delicate

child considerably undergrown for his age, but a placid, uncomplaining little mortal—looked at Septimus out of his blue and white china eyes and contorted its india-rubber features into a muddle indicative of pleasure, and Septimus smiled cordially at the baby.

"William Octavius Oldrieve Dix," he murmured, an apostrophe which caused the future statesman a paroxysm of amusement. "I am exceedingly glad to see you. I hope you like London. We're great friends, aren't we? And when you grow up, we're going to be greater. I don't want you to have anything to do with machinery. It stops your heart beating and makes you cold and unsympathetic and prevents women from loving you. You mustn't invent things. That's why I am going to make you a Member of Parliament—a conservative member."

William Octavius, who had been listening attentively, suddenly chuckled, as if he had seen a joke. Septimus's gaze conveyed sedate reproof.

"When you laugh you show such a deuce of a lot of gum—like Wiggleswick," said he.

The baby made no reply. The conversation languished. Septimus bent down to examine the tooth, and the baby clutched a tiny fistful of upstanding hair as a reaper clutches a handful of wheat. Septimus smiled and kissed the little crinkled, bubbly lips and fell into a reverie. William Octavius went fast asleep.

When Emmy returned she caught an appealing glance from Septimus and rescued him, a new Absalom.

"You dear thing," she cried, "why didn't you do it yourself?"

"I was afraid of waking him. It's dangerous to wake babies suddenly. No, it isn't babies; it's somnambulists. But he may be one, you see, and as he can't walk we can't tell. I wonder whether I could invent an apparatus for preventing somnambulists from doing themselves damage."

Emmy laughed. "You can invent nothing so wonderful as Madame Bolivard," she cried gaily. "She is contemptuous of the dangers of English marketing. 'The people understood me at once,' she said. She evidently has a poor opinion of them."

Septimus stayed to lunch, a pleasant meal which made them bless Hégisippe Cruchot for introducing them to the aunt who could cook. So far did their gratitude go that Septimus remarked that it would only be decent to add "Hégisippe" to the baby's names. But Emmy observed that he should have thought of that before; the boy had already been christened;

it was too late. They drank the Zouave's health instead in some fearful and wonderful red wine which Madame Bolivard had procured from heaven knows what purveyor of dangerous chemicals. They thought it excellent.

"I wonder," said Emmy, "whether you know what this means to me."

"It's home," replied Septimus, with an approving glance around the little dining-room. "You must get me a flat just like this."

"Close by?"

"If it's too close I might come here too often."

"Do you think that possible?" she said, with as much wistfulness as she dared allow herself. "Besides, you have a right."

Septimus explained that as a Master of Arts of the University of Cambridge he had a right to play marbles on the Senate House steps, a privilege denied by statute to persons *in statu pupillari*, but that he would be locked up as a lunatic if he insisted on exercising it.

After a pause Emmy looked at him, and said with sudden tragicality:

"I'm not a horrible, hateful worry to you, Septimus?"

"Lord, no," said Septimus.

"You don't wish you had never set eyes on me?"

"My dear girl!" said Septimus.

"And you wouldn't rather go on living quietly at Nunsmere and not bother about me any more? Do tell me the truth."

Septimus's hand went to his hair. He was unversed in the ways of women.

"I thought all that was settled long ago," he said. "I'm such a useless creature. You give me something to think about, and the boy and his education and his teeth. And he'll have whooping cough and measles and breeches and things, and it will be frightfully interesting."

Emmy, elbow on table and chin in hand, smiled at him with a touch of audacity in her forget-me-not eyes.

"I believe you're more interested in the boy than you are in me."

Septimus reddened and stammered, unable, as usual, to express his feelings. He kept to the question of interest.

"It's so different," said he. "I look on the boy as a kind of invention."

She persisted. "And what am I?"

He had one of his luminous inspirations.

"You," said he, "are a discovery."

Emmy laughed. "I do believe you like me a little bit, after all."

"You've such beautiful finger-nails," said he.

Madame Bolivard brought in the coffee. Septimus in the act of lifting the cup from tray to table let it fall through his nervous fingers, and the coffee streamed over the dainty table-cloth. Madame Bolivard appealed fervently to the Deity, but Emmy smiled proudly as if the spilling of coffee was a rare social accomplishment.

Soon after this Septimus went to his club with orders to return for tea, leaving Emmy to prepare for her meeting with Zora. He had offered to be present at this first interview so as to give her his support, and corroborate whatever statement as to his turpitudes she might care to make in explanation of their decision to live apart. But Emmy preferred to fight her battle single handed. Alone he had saved the situation by his very vagueness. In conjunction with herself there was no knowing what he might do, for she had resolved to exonerate him from all blame and to attribute to her own infirmities of disposition this calamitous result of their marriage.

Now that the hour of meeting approached she grew nervous. Unlike Zora, she had not inherited her father's fearlessness and joy of battle. The touch of adventurous spirit which she had received from him had been her undoing, as it had led her into temptation which the gentle, weak character derived from her mother had been powerless to resist. All her life she had been afraid of Zora, subdued before her splendid vitality, humbled before her more generous accomplishments. And now she was to fight for her honor and her child's and at the same time for the tender chivalry of the odd, beloved creature that was her husband. She armed herself with woman's weapons, and put on a brave face, though her heart thumped like some devilish machine, racking her mercilessly.

The bell rang. She bent over the boy asleep in the bassinette and gave a mother's touch or two to the tiny coverlet. She heard the flat door open and Zora's rich voice inquire for Mrs. Dix. Then Zora, splendid, deep bosomed, glowing with color, bringing with her a perfume of furs and violets, sailed into the room and took her into her arms. Emmy felt fluffy and insignificant.

"How well you're looking, dear! I declare you are prettier than ever. You've filled out. I didn't come the first thing this morning as I wanted to, because I knew you would find everything topsy-turvy in the flat. Septimus is a dear, but I haven't much faith in his domestic capabilities."

"The flat was in perfect order," said Emmy. "Even that bunch of roses in a jar."

"Did he remember to put in the water?"

Zora laughed, meaning to be kind and generous, to make it evident to Emmy that she had not come as a violent partisan of Septimus, and to lay a pleasant, familiar foundation for the discussion in prospect. But Emmy resented the note of disparagement.

"Of course he did," she said shortly.

Zora flew to the bassinette and glowed womanlike over the baby. A beautiful child, one to be proud of indeed. Why hadn't Emmy dear proclaimed his uniqueness in the world of infants? From the references in her letters he might have been the ordinary baby of every cradle.

"Oh, you ought to be such a happy woman!" she cried, taking off her furs and throwing them over the back of a chair. "Such a happy woman!"

An involuntary sigh shook her. The first words had been intended to convey a gentle reproof; nature had compelled the reiteration on her own account.

"I'm happy enough," said Emmy.

"I wish you could say that with more conviction, dear. 'Happy enough' generally means 'pretty miserable.' Why should you be miserable?"

"I'm not. I have more happiness than I deserve. I don't deserve much."

Zora put her arm round her sister's waist.

"Never mind, dear. We'll try to make you happier."

Emmy submitted to the caress for a while and then freed herself gently. She did not reply. Not all the trying of Zora and all the Ladies Bountiful of Christendom could give her her heart's desire. Besides, Zora, with her large air of smiling *deus ex machina* was hopelessly out of tone with her mood. She picked up the furs.

"How lovely! They're new. Where did you get them?"

The talk turned on ordinary topics. They had not met for a year, and they spoke of trivial happenings. Emmy touched lightly on her life in Paris. They exchanged information as to their respective journeys. Emmy had had a good crossing the day before, but Madame Bolivard, who had faced the hitherto unknown perils of the deep with unflinching courage, had been dreadfully seasick. The boy had slept most of the time. Awake he had been as good as gold.

"He's the sweetest tempered child under the sun."

"Like his father," said Zora, "who is both sweet tempered and a child."

The words were a dagger in Emmy's heart.

She turned away swiftly lest Zora should see the pain in her eyes. The intensity of the agony had been unforeseen.

"I hope the little mite has a spice of the devil from our side of the family," added Zora, "or it will go hard with him. That's what's wrong with poor Septimus."

Emmy turned with a flash. "There's nothing wrong with Septimus. I wouldn't change him for any man in the world."

Zora raised surprised eyebrows and made the obvious retort:

"Then, my dear, why on earth don't you live with him?"

Emmy shrugged her shoulders, and looked out of the window. There was a block of flats over the way, and a young woman at a window immediately opposite was also looking out. This irritated her. She resented being stared at by a young woman in a flat. She left the window and sat on the sofa.

"Don't you think, Zora, you might let Septimus and myself arrange things as we think best? I assure you we are quite capable of looking after ourselves. We meet in the friendliest way possible, but we have decided to occupy separate houses. It's a matter that concerns ourselves entirely."

Zora was prepared for this attitude, which she had resolved not to countenance. She had come, in all her bravery, to bring Emmy to her senses. Emmy should be brought. She left the bassinette and sat down near her sister and smiled indulgently.

"My dearest child, if you were so-called 'advanced people' and held all sorts of outrageous views, I might understand you. But you are two very ordinary folk with no views at all. You never had any all your life, and if Septimus had one he would be so terribly afraid of it that he would chain it up. I'm quite certain you married without any idea save that of sticking together. Now, why haven't you?"

"I make Septimus miserable. I can't help it. Sooner than make him unhappy I insist upon this arrangement. There!"

"Then I think you are very wicked and heartless and selfish," said Zora.

"I am," said Emmy defiantly.

"Your duty is to make him happy. It would take so little to do that. You ought to give him a comfortable home and teach him to recognize his responsibilities toward the child."

Again the stab. Emmy's nerve began to give way. For the first time came the wild notion of facing Zora with the whole disastrous story. She dismissed it as crazy.

"I tell you things can't be altered."

"But why? I can't imagine you so monstrous. Give me your confidence, darling."

"There's nothing to give."

"I'm sure I could put things right for you at once if I knew what was wrong. If it's anything to do with Septimus," she added in her unwisdom and with a charming proprietary smile, "why, I can make him do whatever I like."

"Even if we had quarreled," cried Emmy, losing control of her prudence, "do you suppose I would let *you* bring him back to me?"

"But why not?"

"Have you been so blind all this time as not to see?"

Emmy knew her words were vain and dangerous, but the attitude of her sister, calm and confident, assuming her air of gracious patronage, irritated her beyond endurance. Zora's smile deepened into indulgent laughter.

"My dearest Emmy, you don't mean to say that it's jealousy of me? But it's too ridiculous. Do you suppose I've ever thought of Septimus in that way?"

"You've thought of him just as you used to think of the bob-tailed sheep dog we had when we were children."

"Well, dear, you were never jealous of my attachment to Bobbie or Bobbie's devotion to me," said Zora, smilingly logical. "Come, dear, I knew there was only some silly nonsense at the bottom of this. Look. I'll resign every right I have in poor Septimus."

Emmy rose. "If you call him 'poor Septimus' and speak of him in that tone, you'll drive me mad. It's you that are wicked and heartless and selfish."

"I?" cried Zora, aghast.

"Yes, you. You accept the love and adoration of the noblest gentleman that God ever put into the world, and you treat him and talk of him as if he were a creature of no account. If you were worthy of being loved by him, I shouldn't be jealous. But you're not. You've been so wrapped up in your own magnificence that you've not even condescended to notice that he loved you. And even now, when I tell you, you laugh, as if it were preposterous that 'poor Septimus' could ever dare to love you. You drive me mad."

Zora drew herself up angrily. To make allowances for a silly girl's jealousy was one thing; it was another to be accused in this vehement fashion. Conscious of her innocence, she said:

"Your attack on me is entirely unjustifiable, Emmy. I have done nothing."

"That's why," retorted Emmy quickly. "You've done nothing. Men are sacrificing their lives and fortunes for you, and you do nothing."

"Lives and fortunes? What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say," cried Emmy desperately. "Septimus has done everything short of laying down his life for you, and that he would have done if necessary, and you haven't even taken the trouble to see the soul in the man that was capable of it. And now that something has happened which you can't help seeing you come in your grand way to put it all to rights in a minute. You think I've turned him out because he's a good-natured worry like Bobbie, the bob-tailed sheep dog, and you say, 'Poor fellow, see how pitifully he's wagging his tail. It's cruel of you not to let him in.' That's the way you look at Septimus, and I can't stand it and I won't. I love him as I never dreamed a woman could love a man. I could tear myself into little pieces for him bit by bit. And I can't get him. He's as far removed from me as the stars in heaven. You could never understand. I pray every night to God to forgive me, and to work a miracle and bring him to me. But miracles don't happen. He'll never come to me. He can't come to me. While you have been patronizing him, patting him on the head, playing Lady Bountiful to him—as you are doing to the other man who has given up a fortune this very morning just because he loves you—while you've been doing this and despising him—yes, you know you do in your heart, for a simple, good-natured, half-witted creature who amuses himself with crazy inventions, he has done a thing to save you from pain and shame and sorrow—you, not me—because he loved you. And now I love him. I would give all I have in life for the miracle to happen. But it can't. Don't you understand? It can't!"

She stood panting in front of Zora, a passionate woman obeying elemental laws; and when passionate women obey elemental laws, they are reckless in speech and overwhelming in assertion and denunciation. Emmy was the first whom Zora had encountered. She was bewildered by the storm of words, and could only say, rather stupidly:

"Why can't it?"

Emmy drew two or three short breaths. The notion had come again. The temptation was irresistible. Zora should know, having brought it on herself. She opened the door.

"Madame Bolivard!" she cried. And when the Frenchwoman appeared she pointed to the bassinette.

"Take baby into the bedroom. It will be better for him there."

"*Bien, madame,*" said Madame Bolivard, taking up the child. And when the door had closed behind her Emmy pointed to it and said: "That's why."

Zora started forward, horror stricken.

"Emmy, what do you mean?"

"I'll tell you. I couldn't with him in the room. I should always fancy that he had heard me, and I want him to respect and love his mother."

"Emmy!" cried Zora. "Emmy! What are you saying? Your son not respect you—if he knew—do you mean?"

"Yes," said Emmy, "I do—Septimus went through the marriage ceremony with me and gave us his name. That's why we are living apart. Now you know."

"My God!" said Zora.

"Do you remember the last night I was at Nunsmere?"

"Yes. You fainted."

"I had seen the announcement of the man's marriage in the newspaper."

She told her story briefly and defiantly, asking for no sympathy, proclaiming it all *ad majorem Septimi gloriam*. Zora sat looking at her paralyzed with helplessness, like one who, having gone lightly forth to shoot rabbits, suddenly comes upon a lion.

"Why didn't you tell me—at the time—before?"

"Did you ever encourage me to give you my confidence? You patted me on the head, too, and never concerned yourself about my affairs. I was afraid of you—deadly afraid of you. It sounds rather silly now, doesn't it? But I was."

Zora made no protest against the accusation. She sat quite still, her eyes fixed on the foot of the bassinette, adjusting her soul to new and startling conceptions. She said in a whisper:

"My God, what a fool I've been!"

The words lingered a haunting echo in her ears. They were mockingly familiar. Where had she heard them recently? Suddenly she remembered. She raised her head and glanced at Emmy in anything but a proud way.

"You said something just now about Clem Sypher having sacrificed a fortune for me. What was it? I had better hear everything."

Emmy sat on the fender stool, as she had done when Septimus had told her the story, and repeated it for Zora's benefit.

"You say he sent for Septimus this morning?" said Zora in a low voice. "Do you think he knows—about you two?"

"It is possible that he guesses," replied Emmy, to whom Hégisippe Cruchot's indiscretion had been reported. "Septimus has not told him."

"I ask," said Zora, "because, since my return, he has seemed to look on Septimus as a sort of inspired creature. I begin to see things I never saw before."

There was silence. Emmy gripped the mantelpiece and head on arm looked into the fire. Zora sat lost in her expanding vision. Presently Emmy said without turning round:

"You mustn't turn away from me now—for Septimus's sake. He loves the boy as if he were his own. Whatever wrong I've done I've suffered for it. Once I was a frivolous, unbalanced, unprincipled little fool. I'm a woman now—and a good woman, thanks to him. To live in the same atmosphere as that exquisite delicacy of soul is enough to make one good. No other man on earth could have done what he has done and in the way he has done it. I can't help loving him. I can't help eating my heart out for him. That's my punishment."

This time the succeeding silence was broken by a half-checked sob. Emmy started round, and beheld Zora crying silently to herself among the sofa cushions. Emmy was amazed. Zora, the magnificent, had broken down, and was weeping like any silly fool of a girl. It was real crying; not the shedding of the tears of sensibility which often stood in her generous eyes. Emmy moved gently across the room—she was a soft-hearted, affectionate woman—and knelt by the sofa.

"Zora, dear."

Zora, with an immense longing for love, caught her sister in her arms, and the two women wept very happily together.

It was thus that Septimus, returning for tea, as he was bidden, found them some while afterwards.

Zora rose, her lashes still wet, and whipped up her furs.

"But you're not going?"

"Yes. I'll leave you two together. I'll do what I can. Septimus—" She caught him by the arm and drew him a step or two towards the door. "Emmy has told me everything. Oh, you needn't look frightened, dear. I'm not going to thank you—" Her voice broke on the laugh. "I should only make a fool of myself. Some other time. I only want to say, don't you think you would be more, more cosy and comfortable if you let her take care of you altogether? She's breaking her heart for love of you, Septimus, and she would make you happy."

She rushed out of the room, and before the pair could recover from their confusion they heard the flat door slam behind her.

Emmy looked at Septimus with a great scare in her blue eyes. She said something about taking no notice of what Zora said.

"But is it true?" he asked.

She said with her back against the wall:

"Do you think it very amazing that I should care for you?"

Septimus ran his hands vehemently up his hair till it reached the climax of Struvel Peterdom. The most wonderful thing in his life had happened. A woman loved him. It upset all his preconceived notions of his place in the universe.

"Yes, I do," he answered. "It makes my head spin round." He found himself close to her. "Do you mean that you love me"—his voice grew tremulous—"as if I were an ordinary man?"

"No," she cried, with a half laugh. "Of course I don't. How could I love an ordinary man as I love you?"

Neither could tell afterwards how it happened. Emmy called the walls to witness that she did not throw herself into his arms, and Septimus's natural timidity precluded the possibility of his having seized her in his; but she stood for a long, throbbing time in his embrace, while he kissed her on the lips and gave all his heart into her keeping.

They sat down together on the fender seat.

"When a man does that," said Septimus, as if struck by a luminous idea, "I suppose he asks the girl to marry him."

"But we are married already," she cried joyously.

"Dear me," said Septimus, "so we are. I forgot. It's very puzzling, isn't it? I think, if you don't mind, dear, I'll kiss you again."

CHAPTER XXIII

Zora went straight back to her hotel sitting-room. There, without taking off hat or furs, she wrote a swift, long letter to Clem Sypher, and summoning the waiter, ordered him to post it at once. When he had gone she reflected for a few moments and sent off a telegram. After a further brief period of reflection she went down-stairs and rang up Sypher's office on the telephone.

The mere man would have tried the telephone first, then sent the telegram, and after that the explanatory letter. Woman has her own way of doing things.

Sypher was in. He would have finished for the day in about twenty minutes. Then he

would come to her on the nearest approach to wings London locomotion provided.

"Remember, it's something most particular that I want to see you about," said Zora. "Good-by."

She rang off, and went up-stairs again, removed the traces of tears from her face and changed her dress. For a few moments she regarded her outward semblance somewhat anxiously in the glass, unconscious of a new coquetry. Then she sat down before the sitting-room fire and looked at the inner Zora Middlemist.

There was never woman, since the world began, more cast down from her high estate. Not a shred of magnificence remained. She saw herself as the most useless, vamping and purblind of mortals. She had gone forth from the despised Nunsmere, where nothing ever happened, to travel the world over in search of realities, and had returned to find that Nunsmere had all the time been the center of the realities that most deeply concerned her life. While she had been talking others had been living. The three beings whom she had honored with her royal and somewhat condescending affection had all done great things, passed through flames and issued thence purified with love in their hearts. Emmy, Septimus, Sypher, all in their respective ways, had grappled with essentials. She alone had done nothing—she the strong, the sane, the capable, the magnificent. She had been a tinsel failure. So far out of touch had she been with the real warm things of life which mattered that she had not even gained her sister's confidence. Had she done so from her girlhood up, the miserable tragedy might not have happened. She had failed in a sister's elementary duty.

As a six weeks' wife, what had she done save shiver with a splendid disgust? Another woman would have fought and perhaps have conquered. She had made no attempt, and the poor wretch dead, she had trumpeted abroad her crude opinion of the sex to which he belonged. At every turn she had seen it refuted. For many months she had known it to be vain and false; and Nature, who, with all her faults is at least not a liar, had spoken over and over again. She had raised a fine storm of argument, but Nature had laughed. So had the literary man from London. She had a salutary vision of herself as the common geck and gull of the queerly assorted air. She recognized that in order to work out any problem of life, one must accept its postulates and its axioms. Even her mother, from whose gentle lips she rarely expected to hear

wisdom, had said: "I don't see how you're going to 'live,' dear, without a man to take care of you." Her mother was right, Nature was right, Rattenden was right. She, Zora Middlemist, had been hopelessly wrong.

When Sypher arrived she welcomed him with an unaccustomed heart-beat. The masterful grip of his hands as they held hers gave her a new throb of pleasure. She glanced into his eyes and saw there the steady love of a strong, clean soul. She glanced away and hung her head, feeling unworthy.

"What's this most particular thing you have to say to me?" he asked, with a smile.

"I can't tell it to you like this. Let us sit down. Draw up that chair to the fire."

When they were seated, she said:

"I want first to ask you a question or two. Do you know why Septimus married my sister? Be quite frank, for I know everything."

"Yes," he said gravely, "I know. I found it out in one or two odd ways. Septimus hasn't the faintest idea."

Zora picked up an illustrated weekly from the floor and used it as a screen, ostensibly from the fire, really from Sypher.

"Why did you refuse the Jebusa Jones offer this morning?"

"What would you have thought of me if I had accepted? But Septimus shouldn't have told you."

"He didn't. He told Emmy, who told me. You did it for my sake?"

"Everything I do is for your sake. You know that well enough."

"Why did you send for Septimus?"

"Why are you putting me through this interrogatory?" he laughed.

"You will learn soon," said Zora. "I want to get everything clear in my mind. I've had a great shock. I feel as if I had been beaten all over. For the first time I recognize the truth of the proverb about a woman, a dog, and a walnut tree. Why did you send for Septimus?"

Sypher leaned back in his chair, and as the illustrated paper prevented him from seeing Zora's face, he looked reflectively at the fire.

"I've always told you that I am superstitious. Septimus seems to be gifted with an unconscious sense of right in an infinitely higher degree than any man I have ever known. His dealings with Emmy showed it. His sending for you to help me showed it. He has shown it in a thousand ways. If it hadn't been for him and his influence on my mind, I don't think I should have come to that

decision. When I had come to it, I just wanted him. Why, I can't tell you."

"I suppose you knew that he was in love with me?" said Zora in the same even tone.

"Yes," said Sypher. "That's why he married your sister."

"Do you know why—in the depths of his heart—he sent me the tail of the little dog?"

"He knew somehow that it was right. I believe it was. I tell you I'm superstitious. But in what absolute way it was right I can't imagine."

"I can," said Zora. "He knew that my place was by your side. He knew that I cared for you more than for any man alive." She paused. Then she said deliberately: "He knew that I loved you all the time."

Sypher plucked the illustrated paper from her hand and cast it across the room, and, bending over the arm of his chair, seized her wrist.

"Zora, do you mean that?"

She nodded, fluttered a glance at him, and put out her free hand to claim a few moments' grace.

"I left you to look for a mission in life. I've come back and found it at the place I started from. It's a big mission, for it means being a mate to a big man. But if you will let me try, I'll do my best."

Sypher thrust away the protecting hand.

"You can talk afterwards," he said.

Then did Zora come to the knowledge of things real. When the gates were opened, she walked in with a tread not wanting in magnificence. She made the great surrender, which is woman's greatest victory, very proudly, very humbly, very deliciously. She had her greatnesses.

She freed herself, flushed and trembling, throbbing with a strange happiness that caught her breath. This time she believed Nature, and laughed with her in her heart in close companionship. She was mere woman after all, with no mission in life but the accomplishment of her womanhood, and she gloried in the knowledge. This was exceedingly good for her. Sypher regarded her with shining eyes as if she had been an immortal vesting herself in human clay for divine love of him; and this was exceedingly good for Sypher. After much hyperbole they descended to kindly commonplace.

"But I don't see now," he cried, "how I can ask you to marry me. I don't even know how I'm to earn my living."

"There are Septimus's inventions. Have you lost your faith in them?"

He cried with sudden enthusiasm, as who

should say, if an immortal has faith in them, then indeed must they be divine:

"Do you believe in them now?"

"Utterly. I've grown superstitious, too. Wherever we turn there is Septimus. He has raised Emmy from hell to heaven. He has brought us two together. He is our guardian angel. He'll never fail us. Oh, Clem, thank heaven," she exclaimed fervently, "I've got something to believe in at last."

Meanwhile the guardian angel, entirely unconscious of apotheosis, sat in the little flat in Chelsea blissfully eating crumpets over which Emmy had spread the preposterous amount of butter which proceeds from an overflowing heart. She knelt on the hearth rug watching him adoringly as if he were a hierophant eating sacramental wafer. They talked of the future. He mentioned the nice houses he had seen in Berkeley Square.

"Berkeley Square would be very charming," said Emmy, "but it would mean carriages and motor-cars and powdered footmen and Ascot and balls and dinner parties and presentations at court. You would be just in your element, wouldn't you, dear?"

She laughed and laid her happy head on his knee.

"No, dear. If we want to have a fling together, you and I, in London, let us keep on this flat as a *pied-à-terre*. But let us live at Nunsmere. The house is quite big enough, and if it isn't you can always add on a bit at the cost of a month's rent in Berkeley Square. Wouldn't you prefer to live at Nunsmere?"

"You and the boy and my workshop are all I want in the world," said he.

"And not Wiggleswick?"

One of his rare smiles passed across his face.

"I think Wiggleswick will be upset."

Emmy laughed again. "What a funny household it will be—Wiggleswick and Madame Bolivard! It will be lovely!"

Septimus reflected for an anxious moment. "Do you know, dear," he said diffidently, "I've dreamed of something all my life—I mean ever since I left home. It has always seemed somehow beyond my reach. I wonder whether it can come true now. So many wonderful things have happened to me that perhaps this, too——"

"What is it, dear?" she asked, very softly.

"I seem to be so marked off from other men; but I've dreamed all my life of having in my house a neat, proper, real parlor maid in a pretty white cap and apron. Do you think it can be managed?"

With her head on his knee she said in a queer voice:

"Yes, I think it can."

He touched her cheek and suddenly drew his hand away.

"Why, you're crying! What a selfish brute I am! Of course we won't have her if she would be in your way."

Emmy lifted her face to him.

"Oh, you dear, beautiful, silly Septimus," she said, "don't you understand? Isn't it just like you? You give every one else the earth, and in return you ask for 'a parlor maid.'"

"Well, you see," he said in a tone of distressed apology, "she would come in so handy. I could teach her to mind the guns."

"You dear!" cried Emmy.

THE END

THE WORLD IN ITS BLINDNESS

By HAROLD S. SYMMES

THE blind world sees him pass,
Weak and wan and ill;
It sees the pain he has,
Knows not his inner will.

It sees but the spirit's mesh,
Its dark and cankerous dole
Knows not that this scarred flesh
Marks the triumph of a soul.

The Problem of the Intellectual Woman

A LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN WOMAN TO THE
AMERICAN NEGRO (IN CARE OF W. E. B. DU BOIS)

I N your "Souls of Black Folk," Dr. Du Bois, you have lifted the veil and revealed to the white people of the United States, the consciousness of a million and a half of people of mixed blood within our borders. You have laid bare your soul in the crises of life that we may see how much alike are black and white. You have touched the hearts of all your readers, but no one has been so much moved as the modern intellectual woman, whose situation is somewhat analogous to yours. It suffices neither of us to be told that we are exceptions to our kind, and that we must pay the penalty of our abnormality. It does not satisfy you that you, personally, may be admitted to the company of your peers in the North, only to be told that your race is hopeless. It does not satisfy us to be told that the great majority of women are, and prefer to remain, in tutelage. Since we have been compared to you in our mental development, let us both accept the comparison and consider the points in which we are alike and those in which we are different, and see how far our program of action should be a common one.

Condition of Woman and the Negro Compared

You suffer under the perpetual disability of color; we under the perpetual disability of sex—from the point of view of the governing class. The boy always assumes that the girl wishes she were a boy; the man that no woman would be such voluntarily. We women can understand that you, the people of mixed blood, have your own point of view, and, if given time, will make your own contribution to civilization. Your ineradicable difference is one which separates you from mankind; ours is one which binds us to them in all the most intimate human relations.

We women have had a longer history, and in some parts of the world are as much sinned against as you. We have the perpetual physical disability caused by preparation for maternity, its actual existence, and its conse-

quences. The little girl who must give up her freedom in sports at thirteen or fourteen years of age feels an inward rebellion not unlike yours when you first realized your darker skin. Her expansive and joyous nature is gradually restrained and turned inward to protect herself. When the sacrifices of this period have passed and she has become accustomed to this set of limitations, she enters upon the period of education, and there is the long discussion of where, and how, and why, and why not. If she takes this in her own hands, as you did, and gets all the education she can, she forms her ideals of life and chooses her profession, and then finds herself facing the great dilemma. To marry is to leave behind her all that the scientific men who have educated her have told her are the noblest aims in life. Not to marry is to cut herself off from the stream of human existence, from all the close ties that no man of her acquaintance of the same station and education would think of renouncing. Being of honorable mettle she chooses to attack the problem, and not to eliminate it. She must have the human life and the intellectual life. Then she enters upon a period of inner conflict almost as strong as the conflict of races in the mulatto, a conflict which seems entirely unnecessary to the older generation of women, to the majority of her contemporaries, and to the man by her side—to him especially. But finally the intellectual woman gives way to the more vital demands upon her and loses her own personality in the family and the community, only to be told again and again that women have never attained to eminence in any of the most important things because they have so little concentration and persistence. Up to her marriage she had shown more concentration and persistence than her husband!

Maternity, with all its physical and mental concomitants, is an established fact. If woman eliminates it, she loses in character, and feels like a deserter from the great army. If she accepts it, she sacrifices a number of the best years of her life. If she is a genius she will neglect much that occupies the attention of the

ordinary woman, live her own life and give her message to the world; but the woman who falls short of genius must, for the rest of her life, hear men talk about the "dilettante character of woman's mind." She must work out her own salvation; her best friends will often hinder rather than help.

Woman's Way of Facing the Difficulty

Woman came out of her traditional place at the outset much as some of your people are trying to come out now, by asserting her abstract rights to citizenship under democracy. No one doubts nowadays that if all women wanted suffrage they would get it, just as they get their clothes, because each one would bring the necessary pressure to bear in her own family. So must the negro get the civil rights he has not, by convincing the white men next to him that he ought to have them. How has liberty been won by the oppressed since the beginning of time? By fighting, say the English Suffragists. But organization is something which has long preceded fighting for liberty. It was organization within the Greek cities that made Greece the leader of civilization, and lack of carrying it far enough that caused her to lose her independence; it was organization that brought about the French Revolution, and lack of it that caused it to degenerate into anarchy; organization which gave us Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence. Women cannot fight, nor can negroes, with any hope of success. Then let us take the more important steps.

The American Woman came to consciousness in the struggle which set you free. The impulse which she received in this cause led her to take up in the same spirit the next reform to which her attention was directed. The Woman's Crusade of 1874, resulting in the formation of the W. C. T. U., was undertaken by the women themselves, often in direct opposition to the wishes of their husbands, and was of value only as it resulted in an organization which educated a generation of Americans. The W. C. T. U. tried to pass laws that the time did not demand, and organized a political party which was successful only so far as it was educational; but its share in the present movement to protect your race and ours from drink can be denied by no one. The daughters of the women who formed the W. C. T. U. organized numerous clubs for self-improvement, and sometimes did such things as study French and German and English literature all in one year; but the history of the woman's club movement in any one place shows that this stage of

mere self-education has passed away, and this generation of women is working more ardently for the improvement of conditions under which they live, sending their daughters to college for what they used to seek in clubs.

The economic pressure of the period has been such as to confine men more and more to business, while the increase of labor-saving machinery has freed wives of men of a certain status more and more from domestic cares. Therefore women have given more attention to the affairs of the community, the city and the state. It is now upon the basis of our demonstrated ability to co-operate with each other and with men that women are asking for the extension of the right of suffrage. The great argument for admitting you to citizenship was that you would thus be educated to become real citizens; and one great argument against admitting us is, that you have not been so educated by your opportunities. The majority of your race has been inspired by no ideas of progress, but has turned ever to its fleshpots. Many women, too, think only of physical ease and luxury. This is not, however, the class of women who work in women's organizations.

Perhaps you and we have made somewhat similar errors in our history. We have our own "Call of the Wild," although it is not that of your race, or of mankind in general; it is a call of emotion rather than one of sense. We have indulged our maternal instincts until some men think us only creatures of instinct, and we have brought upon ourselves the punishment that many fathers desire to take away our sons as soon as possible and put them in boys' schools; we have condoned man's besetting sin and taught our daughters to do so until it will take years to undo this wrong teaching; we have sought consolation for our own sorrows in the realm of feeling instead of the realm of actuality. You call negroes "Those who walk within the veil"; we may call ourselves "Those who bear the burden."

The Workingman, Too

Any comparison of your race with my own sex must, at last, lead to the inclusion of all who are backward, from whatever cause. The laboring classes, as a whole, have been the first to find a way to better conditions through organization. Women must always remain a part of the laboring classes more than men. By organizing themselves women have obtained the right to work, the right to higher education, and some recognition of their social service. The tangible result of their organized work may be small, but it is the only form which men

really respect. Our attainments as scholars, artists or literary personages have been considered exceptions, the caprice of genius or the result of good training by some man. Women's clubs are a form of social organization which women themselves have originated. You must enter the world by the forms which you originate.

You will doubtless tell me that this is good theory, but that in my first admission that there is a natural bond between men and women, while there is a natural repulsion between the white and the black races, I have invalidated my whole argument from analogy. Listen: I quote from "Brinton's Basis of Social Relations":

"Marriage laws, it should be borne in mind, have everywhere and at all times been framed by the males alone, and they reveal the intention of the framers to preserve a right of property in the female, to limit her sexual freedom while their own remains unrestricted. . . . For this reason the woman, even in the most advanced states to-day, is kept in economic dependence. She is allowed no part either in the making or the execution of the laws and her position is marked with that of minors or adults of undeveloped minds."

A Joint Appeal

This is a plain statement by an authority on race history. Is our situation much better than yours? Long we have borne the burden of physical inequality, and have considered maternity a sufficient compensation; long have we suffered vicariously for the sins of men, who may be forgiven by society while we may not. We have suffered social ostracism while our betrayers have been honored and respected; we have gone to prison for infanticide while they

have gone free; we have performed for the family and society what they have considered too menial; and now, after we have toiled over the long, slow path and have done about all we can by organized effort without a share in the government, we are refused the ballot on grounds that amount to sex prejudice. Just as you believe that the policy of treating all negroes alike, because they are negroes, puts a premium on inefficiency and crime, so do we believe that disfranchising us because we are women will put an end to all the best things we have been doing. We therefore join hands with you in asking that the ballot be put on another basis than color and sex.

The laborer brands as scabs all those who do not co-operate with him in the most effective way he has yet found; women are beginning to see that their worst enemies are other women of low ideals; you, too, must recognize that your worst foes are those of your own household. You have uttered your message to the white race; doubtless your message to the colored people is a very different one. You have some two hundred newspapers and a great number of organizations which form public opinion among you. Are your leaders by means of these not able to establish social control among your dangerous elements? Always in history pleas for social and political justice have come from the most advanced individuals of oppressed classes, and gradually the public is being educated to discriminate, to think more by individuals than by classes. The time is slowly coming when the workman, the negro and the woman may ask with some hope of success that privileges be granted to them because so many of their numbers have shown their ability to perform their public duties.

C. M. H.

LOSS

By JOHN B. TABB

FOR one extinguished light
Of Love, all heaven is night;
For one frail flower the less,
The world a wilderness.

Groping Children

by
JAMES OPPENHEIM



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
F. R. GRUGER



A LITTLE before dawn the old Mother awoke the old Father, and then both dressed quietly. Added to their own breathing rose the deep breathing of four others through the thick air—the two little girls huddled on a heap of goods in the corner, the eldest daughter in the inner room, the son in the room beyond. The dirty window-panes let in a ghostlike glimmer and in the glimmer stood visible the double bed, the sewing machine, the heap of “piece-work” on the floor, and the paper ornaments on the mantelpiece.

The old couple passed quietly through the inner rooms—glancing timidly, as they went, on the dim red hair of the daughter Johanna—now called Jane—and on the black hair and white pimply face of the son Ivan—now called John. The Mother went deftly to work at the stove and the table of the kitchen, and the Father sat down and ate in silence.

Not good to look upon was the old Father. His clothes were several sizes awry and several years too old. His face was oily and cut off by a shattered beard. His big, rolling brown eyes were bloodshot. Nor had the Mother any beauty—she was clumsily fat and straggly-haired, and her face was sewed by lines like a soft quilt.

The Father arose to go. He trudged over to the busy woman.

“Good-by, dear one,” he said softly in Yiddish. “Are you well?”

He kissed her.

“Ach, good,” sighed the Mother, “but you heard little Esther breathing?”

He shook his head.

“She is always sick,” he murmured, “but have faith, sweet one, for soon Johanna and Ivan will bring us money and fame and comfort!”

The Mother sighed heavily.

“But it takes so long,” she muttered, and then suddenly she seized his arm, and her face showed pain. “Oh, my man, they grow further and further away from us! They do not love us! They are angry with us!”

He controlled his sudden-aching heart, and fondled her.

“Have faith,” he murmured; “the children mean well enough. They do not understand. They speak English. They are struggling very hard—I know, I know how hard it is for them! But they are good, and how proud I am to see them grow in beauty and learning and power!”

She smiled feebly. “But they do not grow humanly; they do not grow in love and unselfishness. Ach, this America, it calls the child from the mother and father, and we are,” she broke into English with a queer grin, “out-of-date!”

He shook his head sadly, and trudged out through the doorway, fumbled for the banisters and went slowly down two flights of steep stairs. He emerged in the cool of the May morning, in the twilight of the roofed street—for overhead ran the elevated road structure. He trudged under this to the corner, and followed the "el" road, which curved uptown. One block up was the station, and under the stairway was his news-stand. He unlocked the door of a little closet, and pulled out a child's "express wagon." Then he waited in the empty, gray street, until the quick news company wagon came thundering up, and the driver's assistant cried, "Here, Uncle Ike!" and tossed a tied bundle of morning papers to the pavement. The wagon raced away to sow the city with news of the world, and the old Father stooped, labored at his bundle, sorted his papers, stacked them on the "express," locked up his closet, and dragged his load toward the dawn. Few people saw the strange sight—one of the city's oldest children pulling his express wagon, his prophet's face dreamy and unaware, his back bent, his burden trundling after him.

The Mother, after preparing the food for her children, went back to the front room and roused the two little girls. They arose mechanically, though little Esther moaned feverishly and had much ado to dress herself.

"I got sick," she told her Mother.

"Hush! you wake Johanna!" said the busy Mother. She was already hard at work doing hand-sewing. She did not dare do machine-work until Jane and John were up.

The two little girls got their own breakfast, but Esther crawled back without eating a bite, and fell in a faint at the Mother's feet. The Mother cried out, and picked up the frail bundle of fleshless bones, and put the child on the bed. She moaned as she applied water to the face, until Esther looked up.

"I get up," cried Esther, struggling. "I must work. I get up. I'm all right!"

And the brave little body managed somehow to get to her feet and hold her piece of cloth and her needle, but she was too dizzy to speak or to sew. The Mother cried over her—affectionate words of fear and love and doubt. Her heart was torn between the awful need of having the day's work done and desire to protect the little child. Finally she went to the next room.

"Jane," she called softly.

Jane sat upright.

"Is breakfast ready?" she asked sharply.

"Excuse," said the Mother tremblingly, "but could you to look at Esther?"

"Sick again?" cried Jane. "She's always sick." Then her harsh voice softened. "I'll look in later. Let me sleep, Mother!"

The Mother walked back blindly and stood at the window. Right below were the elevated tracks, and as she glanced out a train swept by with a flash of human faces, and suddenly the Mother thought of her meager world. All that she knew was that for ten blocks in any direction the world was a choked ruin of crumbling tenements, gashed by a brilliant street or two of glaring shop-windows. Save that she knew the path that had brought her here—first, Broadway, up which she had come years ago in an open truck, sitting on her luggage and minding her absent-minded husband and two little children. Beyond that lay the Atlantic, and beyond that a rattling ride in a train, and beyond the ride the massacre in the Russian village of Pleynoff. And she thought a moment of how she had saved her children's lives, on a wild January night, by flight through a howling storm.

Jane went to sleep again—slept until eight—then she joined her brother at the breakfast table.

The neatly dressed, pimply-faced boy looked up from his coffee and rolls.

"Well, sis," he remarked, "how goes it?"

She stood frowningly, arranging her fiery red hair. Her face had little beauty, but it was strangely animated and fascinating. The eyes were brilliant brown, the cheeks flushed, the cheek-bones high. She was distinctly of the American Indian type.

"Oh, John," she exclaimed, dropping in a chair, "I'll explode soon!"

His face darkened.

"Don't blame you!" he muttered. "It's the deuce here!"

"Worse!" she cried. "I feel every afternoon as if I were coming back to a graveyard. I can't stand it any longer."

"I can't, either," he echoed. "I sweat night and day, and nothing comes of it. *They*"—he nodded toward the front room—"think it's easy to study law all day, and then sell men's furnishings at night in a Pollacken Grand Street store. They always look at me as if I were a criminal—such looks! They always remind us what ungrateful children we are. Ungrateful!" he snorted. "What have we to be grateful for?"

She bit her lips.

"Yes, John," she whispered, "but you're a boy—it's easy for you. But I—" her eyes filled. "*Look at the rags I have to wear!* Everybody notices. And I can't even ask a friend to come down here—to see what

SELLING MEN'S FURNISHINGS
AT NIGHT IN A POLLACKEN
GRAND STREET STORE



kikes we are! what Pollacks! Oh, I can't stand it!"

They ate in bitter silence, these poor children who could not understand.

"I suppose," Jane murmured, "they haven't got it easy; I suppose they get mighty little out of life—but they're used to that! But," she added fiercely, her eyes blazing under the red hair, "why did they train us differently? Why did they make us so unlike themselves?" She clutched the table with her hands, and then suddenly blurted out: "But what's the use of talking?"

He gave vent to anger.

"I wish I had money," he exclaimed. "I'd skip out of here!"

He pulled out his dollar watch.

"But say, sis, it's late—it's twenty after! Beat it!"

They arose and rushed for their hats and books, called a hasty good-by to the front room, ran down the steps, hurried through the crowded street to the "el" station, and passed the Father without greeting.

Four o'clock that afternoon Jane came out of the uptown Medical College in the center of an excited group of men and women students. Among the dark heads hers shone out, and among the faces hers seemed to flash. In any group she was the natural hub, animated and quick-tongued. The students had just been testing the efficacy of ultra-violet rays in the treatment of cancer, and she was full of the glory and mystery of running a ray of healing light through a diseased human body.

The group stopped at the corner of Fifty-ninth Street to wait for the crosstown car. It was a yearning May-day, blue and shining, and they breathed the keen air deeply.

"We young doctors, I tell you," Jane cried breathlessly, "are coming into a future of miracles! The world is ours! The fate of the race is in our hands! We shall take Nature and use her as a tool to shape a new human breed! I'm almost too excited to speak!"

A peal of delighted laughter went up.

"And Miss Grabo," commented a big, dark, spade-bearded specimen in a kindly voice, "says she's a materialist! Why, her idealism is rank!"

She whirled on him.

"Ideals? Yes," she cried, "but practical ones—scientific ones. Your scientist is your only idealist—he alone throws out his vision into experiments and makes it real, human, workable! But there's nothing wishy-washy about that! There's no sentiment in it! It's just work!"

"Just work?" said the spade-bearded specimen, frowning moodily. "I fear, Miss Grabo, you're a dreamer like the rest of us. It'll all be knocked into a cocked hat, though, when you get into your practice! You'll leave the future alone and get busy on catarrh and rheumatism and grip and tonsilitis! And you'll curse the human breed, not improve it!"

She laughed.

"We'll see!" she cried, "we'll see! I won't be tied to money-grubbing, not I!"

The group laughed merrily, for they liked her and her wildfire enthusiasm, and they shouted good-by as the car stopped, gathered them in and whisked them away. Jane walked rapidly across town and took the Second Avenue

elevated. She sat down in a corner, flushed and excited, in a fever of the future. For the moment she was herself, far removed from the rags on her body and the Russian twang in her speech—all absorbed in the world of her work, her strength, her dreams. Medicine to her was the breath of life; it led her through marvel on marvel of adventure and discovery. Into her tenement-house hands—hands that had sturdily groped out and out until they touched the shining world beyond—had been put unimagined powers, and the thrill of this new strength made her blood sing through her. Her fine Jewish mentality needed only the stimulus of daily work to grow by leaps and bounds. There seemed to be nothing she could not achieve.

But then, like a shock, came Canal Street. She hurried out, and down the steps, and to the street. She turned. And there, as ever, a bill-post advertisement of her mean condition, stood the Father, leaning against a post and buried in a Yiddish paper. The flashing, brilliant face looked toward the Old Testament prophet, on whose head was jammed an absurd faded derby.

She took a sharp breath and had half a mind to hurry by without speaking, but the deep dreamer instinctively felt the presence of a customer and glanced up.

"Ach!" he murmured, "Johanna!"

She paused near him, and flushed red.

"Father," she snapped, "can't you call me *Jane*?"

He shook his head, and smiled.

"Excuse," he breathed; "I forget much. Jane," he suddenly seemed to awaken, "hurry home. Little Esther is took sick."

"Sick?" echoed Jane. "*She* sick? Again?"

He shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. Where the English word slipped him, there was nothing to say, for Jane did not tolerate Yiddish.

"Sick?" Jane repeated. "Oh, everything's spoiled!"

Then, for the first time, she remembered her Mother's words in the morning and trudged on guiltily down the street under the elevated structure. The street was so narrow that this structure roofed it over and made it a gloomy arcade everlastingly damp and muddy. A stream of people moved up and down. At the next corner the "el" road curved into Division Street, and in the center of this was home.

Jane's mood went bitter. Uptown lay her own kingdom, her work, her personality—the Jane Grabo who was the intellectual center of a group of bright minds; down here was only

the crass realness, the obscurity, the shame and the squalor. She suddenly remembered the afternoon's experiment, and thought of her home as the cancer in her life and no ultra-violet rays to dissipate it—a cancer she had to ashamedly hide, and that ate her heart out.

The tenement was four-story wood, painted green. On the ground floor was an artificial flower factory; in the cellar lived the Matches Man, the beggar who made his way into uptown brownstone houses with a single box of unbuyable matches. Jane entered the narrow, hump-sided hall and went up the steep stairs, and knocked on the front door. After a minute it was narrowly opened—as if she were the landlord or the instalment man, she thought—and her Mother peered out.

"Ach, you!" she muttered, and flung the door wide.

"What's the matter with Esther?" snapped Jane, as she strode into the bedroom. At the edge of the bed sat one of the thin, big-eyed girls sewing feverishly. In the bed lay Esther, tossing and groaning.

"Oh!" Jane snorted. "Why, this air is enough to stifle a person! Can't you keep the window open, Mother? Won't you ever learn that?"

The fat, bloodless woman sighed heavily.

"But it makes draught," she murmured, "and dirt and noise what hurts."

Jane strode over and flung up the dirty windows.

"There! We can breathe at least in this hole."

"But Esther's took sick," the Mother put in weakly. "Fell down yesterday—fell down to-day."

Jane went over to the bed.

"Esther," she said sharply, "let me feel your pulse."

Esther turned a terrified face toward her sister.

"Stick out your tongue!"

The little girl began sobbing violently.

"Shuh!" said the Mother, "take care! She's very, very sick!"

Jane seized the little wrist. The pulse was galloping. It needed but a touch to reveal the rage of high fever.

"Oh, you'll have to call Dr. Rast," she muttered. "I can't handle this!"

"Dr. Rast!" cried the Mother, aghast, "but we got no money."

Esther began to cry out deliriously. Jane groaned.

"Call him anyway! Here—I'll go myself!" Then suddenly she blurted out: "I can't understand all this! Here I've got loads of things

to study, and now my whole afternoon's smashed up! It's a nuisance!"

She turned just as her brother entered.

"What's up?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Esther's sick," cried Jane, "and everything's upset again!"

"Same old story!" snapped the boy.

The Mother looked sadly from one to the other.

"Ach, my little Esther!" she cried out, and put her hands to her face.

"Now we'll have a scene!" Jane sputtered.

"I'll be back soon."

And she rushed out. Dr. Rast's office on East Broadway was three blocks away. Nell, the Doctor's wife, opened the door in the musty hallway.

"Is Dr. Rast in?" asked Jane.

"Yes, Miss Grabo; come in!"

She was ushered into the little dark waiting-room.

"Morris!" called Nell, "Miss Grabo!"

The tall, dark doctor emerged from the front office.

"Any trouble?" he asked kindly.

He shook hands with her, and she smiled.

"My little sister's sick—high fever, quick pulse; I think it's serious!"

"Well," he exclaimed, "that's bad! Wait a moment."

He went back to the office.

Nell sighed: "He's working himself to death! He's been on the jump all day. He's killing himself to help others!"

"He's foolish to do it," said Jane.

Nell looked at the medical student sharply—a look Jane did not forget—but just then the doctor came in with coat on and satchel in hand. He kissed Nell good-by.

"Now, little wife," he laughed, "mind the house till I come back!"

He and Jane hurried out and down the crowded street.

"Well, how's medicine?" he asked gaily.

Jane's face suddenly became brilliant.

"Oh, it's glorious!" she cried. "To-day we experimented on cancer with ultra-violet rays!"

"H'm! Interesting!" he murmured.

"Yes." She was breathless again with excitement. "It's a hint of what the future holds. We doctors shall be the new creators—we shall start a new race of human beings! It's wonderful!"

He smiled sadly. "Is that the kind of a doctor Miss Grabo is going to be?"

"Why not?" she challenged.

He laughed a bit.

"Well, I guess I'm an old-fashioned doctor," he murmured, "for I have queer ideas about things. Do you know my definition of a doctor?"

"What is it?"

Dr. Rast looked at her queerly.

"Why, he's just an ordinary man, like Jesus, who lays his hand on the filth of the world's flesh, but who lays his heart and his soul on—" he paused, and held his breath, "bruised hearts and broken souls."

"Like Jesus?" she cried, shocked. "You, a Jew, say that?"

"Why not?" he smiled.

"Jesus was a Jew. And as a doctor I revere him. He was our greatest doctor—he cured multitudes! I wish there was one

such in these roaring slums."

A shadow of contempt passed over her face.

"But that's not being a doctor," she cried; "that's grubbing in a garbage-can!"

He smiled sadly again.

"You don't undersand," he said gently. "This city has a disease—a cancer." She looked up quickly. "That cancer is this very district we live in, and that cancer isn't only a growth of the flesh, it's a mental disorder—a spiritual disorder! We need people to clean cellars, to open windows, to heal bodies—but more, to bring in those mysterious ultra-violet rays of the spirit that dissolve the knot in the heart and the kink in the soul! We need Christs of the common people!"

His face was so dead in earnest that she said



LEANING AGAINST A POST AND
BURIED IN A YIDDISH PAPER

nothing. The fire of his conviction could not help but touch her and thrill her in spite of herself. They walked in silence down through the crowd, through the arcade, into the black hall, and up the steep stairs.

The whole family was in the bedroom. The Father was bending over the bed. The one little girl was still sewing. The Mother and son had evidently been quarreling.

The Mother came forward.

"Och, Dr. Rast!" she cried, "my little Esther is dying!"

"Don't get so excited!" snapped John.

Dr. Rast turned to John.

"Step out," he said sharply; "you too, Miss Grabo. I want quiet!"

Dr. Rast was seldom angry, but when he was those about him trembled. The boy sullenly went out.

"Come in back, sis," he muttered.

Jane's eyes flashed as she followed him.

"Now, Beth," the doctor murmured, "hadn't you better run out and take a walk?"

The little seamstress looked up with big eyes.

"Got to sew," she muttered wearily.

He took the material and needle from her hands, and lifted her up level with his eyes.

"Little sweetheart," he murmured, "doctor says out you go!" He walked to the open door, and kissed her. "And out you go!"

She laughed merrily, and he swung her out and shut the door.

"Now, Mr. Grabo, sit down!" the doctor commanded, "and Mrs. Grabo, too! Quiet, now!"

The old people grinned and seated themselves. The doctor bent over the bed. The little girl was tossing and crying incoherently. He whispered to her:

"Come, Esther, it's Dr. Rast! Show me how brave you are. Come! There's my little girl!"

She looked up into his face and cried out. He took a quick look at the convulsed lips; then he felt the pulse and put his big head to the restless, shrunken chest.

"How long was she sick?" he asked sharply.

Mrs. Grabo sobbed: "A week!"

"A week! You let it run on? Why?"

"She works on piece-work, and makes us money!"

"I thought she went to school," said Dr. Rast.

Mr. Grabo lifted his voice.

"She and Elizabeth got to help," he explained. "I work, mine wife works, they works—need the money."

Dr. Rast's face darkened.

"For what?"

"For Johanna and Ivan!"

Dr. Rast breathed quickly. He went over to the Mother and took one of her big hands between his own.

"Now, tell me," he said quietly, "how sick was she?"

The poor woman looked at him with terrified expression.

"She fall down," she gasped, "yesterday—to-day; she spit blood—she cry. She's a good girl—she try to sew, and fall—and get up, and try to sew—and fall—and is like dead. I put her to bed!"

A strange pain and pity tightened his heart and showed in his struggling face.

"Dear Mrs. Grabo!" he whispered, his hand pressing hers, "Esther is very, very sick!—Hush, now! She hears!"

The Mother looked at him wildly.

"She die? My baby die?" she cried hoarsely.

The doctor gulped.

"Maybe not! We'll work hard, won't we? We'll have quiet? You'll do as I say?"

The Father arose and tottered toward them. His eyes seemed to bulge from their sockets.

"We let Esther die?" he moaned in a ghastly voice.

The Mother rocked back and forth.

"Ach, my little Esther, my little baby!" she wailed.

Dr. Rast seized Mr. Grabo's arm.

"Come, brace up!" he cried. "Come, both of you! Help—get to work—don't kill her!"

The man and woman seemed stricken down—terrified and helpless. But Dr. Rast gave quick, clear directions. Then he wrote out a prescription and hurried through the two dark middle rooms to the kitchen in back. John was walking about, and Jane was seated at the table, her head in her hands. They both turned as he entered.

"John," said Dr. Rast, in a sharp tone, "run and get this prescription filled. There isn't a moment to lose!"

John took it, muttered under his breath, and sullenly went out.

Dr. Rast sat down at the table near Jane.

"How is Esther?" she muttered.

He leaned toward her, and spoke harshly:

"She has a terrible case of pneumonia—the last stages, in fact!"

In spite of herself, she felt as if she were suddenly frozen.

"Last stages? You mean she'll——"

The edge of his voice cut like a knife:

"Die! Yes—a matter of a few hours, or less! Where have you been all this week?"

She choked, and held to the table with her hands.



"WHY NOT?" HE SMILED. "JESUS WAS A JEW!"

"This week?"

"Yes," he went on terribly; "*you* should have known this!"

"Why, the girl had a cough—she's always complaining—she's always been a sickly thing—she's always been full of pains——"

He broke in roughly:

"And you never paid attention! Always!" His eyes flashed a look she could not meet. "Always! Miss Grabo, your sister has been sick for years! This is only the breakdown! And *you* want to be a doctor!"

She shivered, but anger suddenly staved her.

"And what of it?" she cried. "I'm too busy to bother with these people here!"

He sat back, shocked.

"These people!" he echoed. "No, no, it can't be! It can't be that you are one of those vulgar second-generation girls—one of those children of immigrants who are ashamed of their parents!"

A rush of red overspread her face.

"Is it for you to tell me this?" she muttered, but, nevertheless, went on in self-defense: "Why shouldn't I be ashamed? Look at them—kikes, Yiddish; hear their broken English; see how they live, in a pigsty—and their manners—their ignorance—and look at—" She stopped.

"You!" he added. "Now, let me tell you something! They are Russian Jews—true! But who are you? Whose blood is in you? From whose brain and body and soul are you born? Why, haven't you learned yet that you can't shake off your race? It's the breath you breathe! *You*, too, are a Russian Jew—" he leaned forward, and whispered harshly, "*polished up!*"

She bit her lip.

"You compare me to them?"

"Be proud if I do!" he cried, "but I can't! There's little comparison! *They* are of the nobility of earth——"

"Nobility!" she broke in.

He looked at her queerly.

"Come, come!" he said quickly, "who is giving you an education? Whose money?—I mean outside the scholarship."

"Why shouldn't they?" she said shrilly. "That's all they're good for. I have talent—it's for the good of the race—it's their duty to develop it!"

"Now, wait a minute," he went on; "we're going too quickly. First of all, your Father has more talent, more learning, more character, more breeding than a dozen of you!"

"Dr. Rast!" she cried, "what right have you to tell me these things?"

"A curious right," he exclaimed—"the right of a doctor over his patient, and of a friend over his friend, and of a human being over a human being! Now, let me go on. As I said, your Father has wonderful talent. How else could he dream of making a doctor of his daughter? Do you think an ordinary man could grasp so great a vision? Was it his idea?"

She was silent, her eyes wide. A strange pang of remorse hurt her heart.

"Yes," she murmured.

"And learning?" he laughed. "Why, your Father and I have had many long talks together at the news-stand, and he's the most learned man I know! He has absorbed big washes of history; he has studied Rabbinical literature; he knows the Bible backward; he knows Russian literature thoroughly. He's perfectly marvelous. Oh, you blind young American girl—you don't know your own parents—you never became acquainted with them! You have separated yourself from them by the wall of a new language!"

She seemed stunned, and said nothing. He was letting into her mind a flood of new knowledge.

"And character? Perfectly wonderful!" cried the doctor. "Don't you know the story of the massacre? How your parents saved your lives when the mob was raging through Pleynoff? How they refused to give in—to declare themselves Christians? How they escaped at night and worked their way to America? Why, if I had a parent who was such a hero, I would—would know what the word reverence means! And that's not the greatest!"

"What is?" she asked breathlessly.

"This," he murmured, "that all these years a man of his accomplishments, of his sensitive nature, of his heroic heart, has, without a complaint, without a pang of hesitation, been content to humble himself in the very dust for his children, been content to get up at five in the morning and trudge about with newspapers, been content to a long day, in the hot summer or the terrible winter, of standing at his post. And all for you!"

Her hand went to her mouth; she looked as if she were frightened.

"But, worst of all," he muttered, "your Mother has worn her eyes out on piece-work, and your parents have broken the law and set your little sisters to work, that *you* might have your wishes, that *you* might be free of the sweat and the dust of life, that *you* might have the big and real things of life! Why, aren't those little girls worth as much as you? Oh,



"MISS GRABO," HE SAID SLOWLY AND WITH INFINITE PITY, "YOU HAVE KILLED YOUR LITTLE SISTER!"

you don't see yourself as you are!" he cried. "What kind of a decent girl would let her mother go blind, her sisters be cut off from childhood, from education, from all the future, her father freeze or burn in the street, all to give her peace and joy and plenty?"

She bowed her head in her hands. His voice came near, and was final and terrible.

"And your little sister! How she worked this last week, I can't dream. She has been consumed in a living fire—the poor, shrunken little baby. She fainted away, spit blood, and got up and worked on—worked until she fell senseless—till she was delirious. And all for you. All this week, and *you* here every day!"

During the pause that followed a hand seemed to grasp her heart and crush it. She waited for what worse was to come.

"Miss Grabo," he said slowly and with infinite pity, "you have killed your little sister!"

She gave a cry, but when she looked up he had gone.

Her mind went hurrying back over her life with a searchlight. She saw strange things. She felt like sobbing—she that never sobbed. A fearful remorse clutched at her. Her Mother and Father, under the rays of the new light, suddenly appeared in a weird radiance; learned, heroic, talented, martyrs. She could not shut out the truth; it ate into her; it seared her heart; it scalded her mind; it made her soul writhe. And then came vividly a thousand memories of sad faces when she had mocked her parents or shocked them—a thousand memories of selfishness, of carelessness. And now? That little shrunken creature in the front room was her sister—and she— She cried out: "No, no! I haven't killed her, not I!"

But Dr. Rast had said it, and he never lied,

She had done this; *she* had neglected her duty—had trampled the little things that make life, to grasp the big thing which is only a dream—had— Suddenly Dr. Rast's words came back: "A doctor is merely an ordinary man like Jesus," and "bruised hearts and broken souls," and "the ultra-violet rays that dissolve the knot in the heart and the kink in the soul." She was utterly miserable, all crumpled up. She saw herself a base, selfish girl, who had deliberately shunned the truer life for the false. And her sister? No, it was not too late! She herself would nurse the child—would warm it back to life; she would earn money, too—study shorthand at night—anything—and Esther and Beth should be wrenched loose. She would change all. It could not be too late.

John came bounding in.

"Has that softy doctor gone yet?" he asked.

She leaped up, eyes flaming.

"John," she cried, "be careful! Esther is dying! You and I have got to change things here!"

"Jane!" he exclaimed, "what has happened?"

His face suddenly paled, and he clutched the back of a chair.

There was a step, and he turned, and Jane turned. It was Doctor Rast. Even in the late twilight his face was lividly white and his eyes burning. They read death in his face. He cleared his throat; his words seemed to come from far away.

"John," he said, "and Jane! Come in to your Mother and Father!"

They followed him in awed silence. Every

detail came clear: the dark rooms; the glimmer of twilight beyond in the front windows; the roaring of the elevated train; and the terrible, stifled sobs of the Mother. They saw, in the dim light, the Mother flung over the child, and the Father standing in the far corner.

They heard the Mother's cries:

"My little baby—oh, my little Esther—my little dead baby!"

And as they entered, the Father suddenly took a step toward them, and his wail seemed to rip open the ceiling and find its way to other worlds.

"Oh, weh! oh, weh! oh, weh!"

And then, as if his throat were strangled, he followed the Jewish custom by seizing with his hand the top of his shirt and tearing it down to his waist. The rip was like the audible shredding of a human heart. The Mother staggered to her feet with a wild cry.

Jane stood transfixed, tottered, cried:

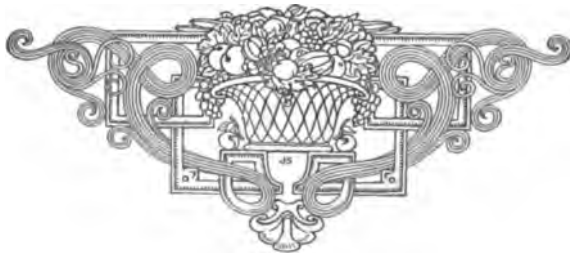
"Mother! my Mother!"

And took her Mother to her arms and to her heart.

And as it came to the poor, tear-blinded Father that his Johanna was again cradled at the Mother's breast, and as he saw his Ivan breaking down and sobbing over the bed-post, and as he looked on his dead, he groped his way to Dr. Rast, he sank his head on the Doctor's shoulder, and he murmured in Yiddish:

"The children of me have come back through death!—through living death! We are stricken, yea, stricken holy! Now there is light and understanding!"

And Dr. Rast was full of love for human beings.





"FOUR WINDOWS OF LIGHT"

The New York Sun

By WILL IRWIN

WHO WAS ONE OF THAT SPLENDID LINE OF "STAR" REPORTERS ON THE "SUN"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

COMING across City Hall Park in New York, the night wanderer, however late he may be, sees always four windows of light shining low in the mass of great buildings to the east. Nassau Street, by day the most crowded thoroughfare in New York, runs below them, and they belong to a little, old building, that leans as though for support upon the towering skyscrapers which frame it. These four windows, seeming always to radiate an energy which is more than light, are the outward and visible sign of the New York *Sun*.

For fifty years the *Sun* has dwelt and worked in that old building; has grown in it from a struggling little sheet to the half-concealed force which it is in American life and affairs. One must have been a newspaper man to understand how great a force it is—how this newspaper, never one of the greatest as regards circulation and profits, has influenced journalism in the United States. The country over, it is the oracle of newspaper men. As Spenser is the poet's poet and James the novelist's novelist, so is the *Sun* the journalist's journal. The abler men in that peculiar trade, just growing into a profession, work every day on the principles taught by Dana and the *Sun*. They may deplore some of its tendencies—flippancy is the most common charge—they may quarrel, as

most readers of this magazine would quarrel, with its policies; but in its writing and handling of news, it is Sir Oracle.

Something Like a College

More than that, its organization of gentlemen journalists, knights companions of the pencil, is a tradition all over the country. This organization, with its peculiar democracy, its freedom, and its good will of man to man, is probably the most admirable thing about the New York *Sun*. The place has been compared to a club. I prefer rather to think of it as something like a college. It has the same reverence for tradition, the same general good will, the same cohesion of effort, and the same voluntary acceptance of a certain set of ideals. "Once a *Sun* man, always a *Sun* man, wherever you go," they have been saying these twenty years. "You are turning your back on the coming newspaper of America—but you are going to the best newspaper home in the world," said the managing editor of a New York newspaper, himself a *Sun* alumnus, to a reporter who was leaving him. This spirit, shining out in material America, makes the wonder of the New York *Sun*; and the reader who never saw the inside of a newspaper office will probably be more interested in that side

than in its strictly professional methods. I am speaking now of the *Morning Sun*. The evening edition, quite as admirable in its way, is worth a separate account.

As Harvard Hall to Harvard or Nassau Hall to Princeton, so is that battered old *Sun* building to the *Sun*—a part of its traditions, and the dearest visible part. Built in 1810, and first occupied by Tammany Hall, it has been through a hard century; and it has aged into one of those old structures which seem saturated with life, colored like a meerschau pipe with humanity. Doubtless, if it was ever quiet enough, it would creak and groan and suggest ghosts; but it is never dark or at rest from six o'clock in the morning, when the editors of the *Evening Sun* begin to appear for work, to six o'clock next morning, when the "dog-watch" goes off duty. It is square, plain, battered—the old-time newspaper shop, and one of the

few left to New York. The visitor climbs two flights of steep stairs to the *Morning Sun* and then winds up a spiral iron staircase to the workshop where the *Evening Sun* men write with the monotype machines clinking all about them. Three years ago, certain exigencies of space drove W. M. Laffan, the proprietor, to take down the old stairs at the north end and build a new flight on the south. The inmates, who outwardly curse the place as an old nest of bacilli and inwardly take delight in its seasoned flavor, grumbled for days. The alumni, dropping in as to the club, recalled sadly how many great men of the past had trudged up those abandoned stairs. It was as when Yale saw fit to shift the fence.

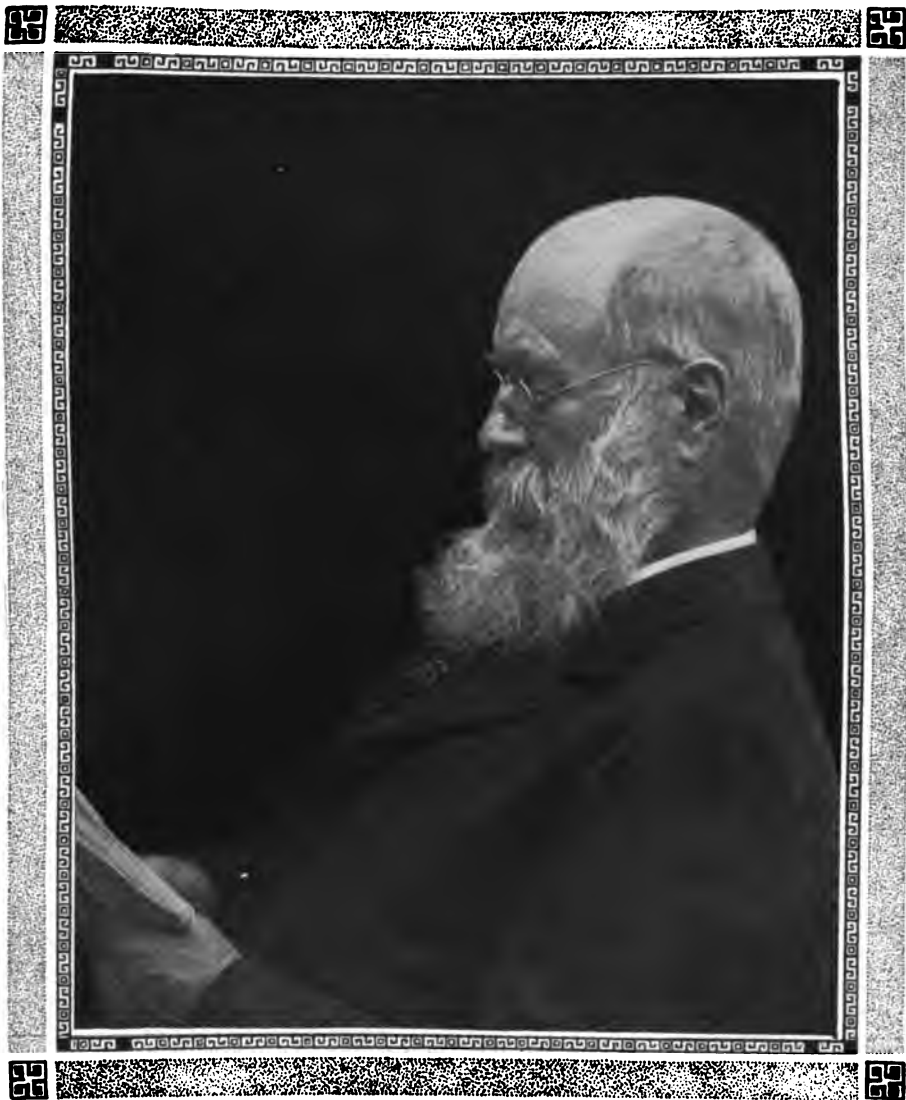
The *Morning Sun* does business in that barn of a room in which Tammany plotted during the early nineteenth century. It is low-ceiled, dingy and lit only by the four windows at one end. Half a dozen captaled iron pillars, relics of the time when this was an assembly hall, make the only note which might be called decorative. Once in ten or twelve years a gang of painters sets up shop after the last edition has gone, and kalsomines the walls. That happened about two years ago, so that the place looks comparatively clean at this time of writing. It is littered with the paraphernalia of a newspaper office; as maps, charts, batteries of files, two open-face clocks which run sometimes, and that chest of drawers known as the "morgue," wherein your biography, O prominent citizen, is filed away against the time when you die or get arrested. The authorities have lately put in telephone booths to replace the two old desks which did service when Julian Ralph was in his glory and "Jersey" Chamberlin wrote and died. Heaven knows that the telephone booths were needed, but they are so modern and new that they make an inharmonious spot. For the rest, there is a wilderness of battered desks, with overhanging foliage of electric drop lights. Add one alcove for the library and another for the editorial writers, and you have it all.

Where the Managing Editor Sits

All the *Sun* men except the editorial writers sit in that room, the greatest with the least. This is part of the democracy which makes the institution. Chester S. Lord, managing editor and ruler of the active part, has his desk in the far corner behind the windows; opposite him is the city editor. Within touching distance of either, a cub reporter wrestles with English and facts. In other metropolitan newspapers, one who sees the managing editor has to put in

A LITTLE, OLD BUILDING, THAT LEANS AS THOUGH FOR SUPPORT UPON THE TOWERING SKYSCRAPERS WHICH FRAME IT





CHARLES A. DANA

motion an army of office boys, secretaries, and assistants. In the *Sun*, the Commodore is stationed among the deck hands.

This expresses a certain feeling which pervades the place and which accounts for many excellencies. The *Sun* has always an army of likely applicants on its waiting list; it has been able to pick and choose; and it has selected men on the theory that a good, all-round journalist should be capable of undertaking any task in the business, from telephoning in the facts about a suicide to managing a department. Certain of them have been chosen for certain tasks, but each, like the private of the Grand Armée, carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack. The organization is voluntary, carried

out with the least possible show of authority. Other newspaper men between the two Portlands wonder how the *Sun* dares do certain things. Elsewhere the reporter, coming into the office with his notes in his pockets, approaches the City Desk and asks, "How much shall I write?" On the *Sun*, the City Editor asks, "How much can you make interesting?"

Beyond this, the *Sun* has always demanded another qualification—acceptable personality. More than anything else, this accounts for the extraordinary loyalty and good feeling of its working force. It has tried to build up a great family of decent, honest men, whom the newspaper would be proud to claim as its own. Charles A. Dana, looking beyond his times,



W. M. LAFFAN, THE PROPRIETOR

EDWARD F. MITCHELL, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

saw the possibilities of a higher personnel in journalism. For example, in the days when Horace Greeley declared profanely that he would not have a college man as janitor, Dana was watching the universities for young men who could write the English language, and was encouraging them to enter his service. Now, seventy-five per cent. of the reporters and editors are university men. Chester S. Lord, then as now the managing editor, picked his early staff as much for personality as for brains, and he has kept always to this standard. When he looks over an applicant for a place, he tries to find, first of all, if the new man is a decent fellow—"if he will fit in," says Mr. Lord. After the applicant has landed, he finds that there are no internal politics on the *Sun*, that there is no such thing as an office "pull" and that he who detracts from others is detracting only from himself. He finds, too, that his position, once he has established himself, is good for a lifetime. There never was a "shake up" in the *Sun* office; and established men are discharged only for conduct unbefitting a *Sun* man. The policy has proved itself. The place radiates good will. When a man writes a good story—in that office, he who has written a good story is greater than he who conquers kingdoms—his rival may be the first to offer congratulations. There is a constant pervading atmosphere of good fellowship and generous competition.

Another policy underlies this selection of men for moral steel in the blood. To the world outside, the reporter is the front door of the newspaper. Every day the big men in business, politics, finance, science meet reporters. The newspaper man who steals documents from your waste-paper basket, pries into things which are none of the newspaper's business, quotes you when he has promised to "leave names out"—he gets no second interview with you. The decent reporter has an ever-growing body of influential friends; the "skate," who has succeeded in the beginning because he would do things which his fellows scorned—his term is short. The Dana policy was the long game.

This honor of private conduct is not only required on the *Sun*; it is taken for granted. On that critical day in the Life Insurance fight when the Frick report was read in committee, a *Sun* reporter caught one of the committeemen and went up with him to the station. The newspapers were scouring heaven and earth to find out what was in the Frick document; a copy was worth fine gold. As the committeeman reached the train gate, he turned and said:

"Don't tell anyone that I put you on—but there is a stack of those reports just inside the committee room. Five dollars to the scrub-woman, and you turn the trick, I think."

The reporter, a little new on the *Sun*, did not like this piece of business; nevertheless, he



telephoned to George Mallon, the City Editor, and laid it before him.

"The *Sun* man who would do that trick would get fired," said Mallon.

"Son, You Are a Great Man"

The *Sun* found one morning that it had been beaten on an important piece of news—an interview with a great politician. The *Sun* reporter, sent to talk to that very man, had written only a few bare pleasantries and bromidioms; another paper had some startling facts. The next afternoon, Chester S. Lord crooked his little finger, in passing, at the reporter. That crook of the finger is the most violent gesture of Mr. Lord. Mildly, he asked how it happened.

"I had the story," said the reporter, "but I gave my word—we both gave our words—that we would hold it out for three days, even from our offices."

"Son, you are a great man," said Mr. Lord—and dropped the matter for all time.

Among conservative and conscientious journalists there is now a code of ethics as straight and definite as those which govern lawyers and physicians. The code is not peculiar to the *Sun*; all respectable journalists observe it; there is at least one other newspaper in New York which requires this standard of all its men. But I do believe, from the tales of

mine elders, that this code came into being with the body of writers, chosen for character as well as for brains, which Dana gathered about him.

With its broad democracy, the *Sun* keeps up the fiction that it has no star reporters. This is only measurably true; in every generation there have been two or three men whose writings have stood out and who have done, day by day, the most important work. Rather, it does not let any man play star reporter. Everyone must be a good soldier; no man may pick and choose his assignments. Respecting this democracy of feeling, a *Sun* alumnus may not speak in detail of the present generation of reporters; but one cannot convey an understanding of the office without saying something of the executive heads. I have mentioned George Mallon, the Day City Editor, who lays out the work and starts the day going, and Chester S. Lord, managing editor and ruler of *Sun* men; and I come now to Selah M. Clarke, the Night City Editor, known the newspaper world over as "Boss" Clarke.

"Boss" Clarke—Schoolmaster of Reporters

Boss Clarke, the man who gathers the paper into a blazing sheaf and sends it forth, is the pivot of the *Sun* shop. Not many years ago, a new reporter, one of the men who came to the *Sun* with a reputation in his home town, sat in the office with his head in his hands. To him

came an alumnus. "I think that man Clarke hates me, and I know I hate him," said the new reporter. "You do," said the alumnus, "and you will hate him worse and worse for a month. After that, you'll love him the rest of your life." Clarke has been there almost ever since Dana took over the paper. The *Sun* believes, and with some grounds, that he has had greater influence upon American letters than any other man of his time.

The Night City Editor, be it known to the mere newspaper reader, is the man who throws the paper into shape, gives to the work of a hundred writers a certain proportion and balance, and sends it to the make-up a finished product. It is hard to explain the insight, the judgment, and the illumination which the finished night desk man must bring to his task. So much that is important in the news of the day "breaks" late, when the forms are going on the press, that the Night City Editor must sometimes change on the instant the whole face and character of his paper. A thousand and one things come in, tangled and unconfirmed, late at night. This snap judgment must be as sound as though he had all night to think it over, or he is not a first-class desk man. "There's nothing in it," says Clarke, or, "Yes, I guess that's so; write it." No hesitation; the operation of an instinct ripened by long experience and fortified by a supernormal memory.

Clarke has been called the greatest living schoolmaster of newspaper men. It has always been his province to educate the cub reporters. The raw recruit, fresh from college and in that painful period of uncertainty following his plunge into the world, lives for six months in

terror of the assignments, utterly foolish to him, by which Boss Clarke tries him out to find whether the boy has steel and grit in him, and whether he tells the truth.

When the cub returns and reports from one of these wild-goose chases, Clarke questions him and comments upon the situation in about two ironical sentences, better and more affording than a whole college lecture on journalism. Eventually, following one of these wild-goose chases, the cub stumbles upon his first chance. When he has turned in his copy, Boss Clarke gives it a touch here and a tightening there until it is a real story, with the individuality all left in and the youngness all cut out. His cherished half column, as he reads it in bed next morning, is to



"BOSS" CLARKE

"THE 'SUN' BELIEVES, AND WITH SOME GROUNDS, THAT HE HAS HAD GREATER INFLUENCE UPON AMERICAN LETTERS THAN ANY OTHER MAN OF HIS TIME"

the cub reporter a whole treatise on journalistic style.

It happens now and then that a youngster, still in the kindergarten, writes a story which sets all New York talking and brings the office about him with congratulations.

He never hears about it from Boss Clarke. One old reporter on the *Sun* remembers that Clarke praised his work just once—and that was an accident. The reporter was ripping out a late story at top speed, and Clarke was taking away the copy sheet by sheet. As he picked up the last sheet, he read it where he stood, and the one word, "Fine!" escaped him. Then, as though he had made a great slip, he hurried back to his work.

"Jones," said Clarke to a cub reporter one evening, "there is no such word as 'tot' in our dictionary, and some automobiles are not large red touring cars." The cub retired, blushing.

"A blame fine story he wrote," muttered Clarke to his assistant.

By one sign, however, the *Sun* man comes to know if he has written a story which pleases the Boss. The process is invariable. Having read it over and inserted those touches by which he improves everything which passes through his hands—and that without impairing its flavor—Clarke takes his other pencil from over his ear, lays aside his pipe, and puts on it a head which is literature. In the ironic, subtly humorous, condensed-expression *Sun* heads, the *Sun* reader may recognize Boss Clarke. Some of them have grown into office traditions. There was the case of Horgan and Slattery, contractors accused of dallying with the city funds, and of turning over their property to their wives. "'We're Broke,' Says Horgan. 'Sure,' Says Slattery, 'But Our Wives are Doing Fine,'" ran the head. Again, "Whale Rams a Whaler—Rams It and Jams It and Dies a Free Whale." He has the true burlesque touch—in his time he wrote for the *New York World* some of our best journalistic satire. I remember this shy at Swinburne in a recent head: "'I'll Tell the Papers,' Says Zeltner, Says He—'I will Go Down to Them, I and None Other, Tell It and Sell It—They'll Buy It Off Me.'" He shines in little heads for small and unconsidered stories. Once, when the "Simple Life" was being hawked through the streets at ten cents a copy, six boys were arrested for stealing five copies thereof. The story about it was a formal thing, only a paragraph long, but it was headed, "Tempted Beyond their Strength." In these heads, I make no doubt, Clarke shoots the gulf between journalism and literature; between the stringing together of careless words and the making of phrases, clauses and sentences which are so welded with the meaning that not a word could be changed. I have noticed that *Sun* men, telling of certain old stories, mention them always by the title which Boss Clarke put upon them. This generation remembers that beautiful tale of pathos, "A Little Child in the Dark," which appeared in the *Sun* about three years ago. As "A Little Child in the Dark" it will always be remembered; Clarke gave it the only possible name.

Not only in New York, but in all the newspaper world, his memory for names and events is a tradition. This story is commonly told about him: A list of dead had come in from an undertaker's. He put his finger on a name and called a reporter. "That man was a juror in the Beecher-Tilden trial," he said. "He made an interruption in the case. If you'll look on such-and-such a page and column of the *Sun*

on such a date, you'll find it." The reporter looked, and it was as Boss Clarke had said. When the highbinder war broke out in Chinatown, the police found that two Hip Sings, arrested on suspicion, were wearing chain armor under their blouses. It was a new thing to Clarke; with that curiosity about life which is one of his powers, he asked the Chinatown reporter all about these mail shirts. "Reminds me of 'King Solomon's Mines,'" said the reporter: "the time when they sent up to Sheffield and had chain armor made to take into Africa." "Yes, only it wasn't Sheffield; it was Birmingham," said Boss Clarke. It was fifteen years since he had read "King Solomon's Mines."

Until 1906 Clarke held to a peculiarity which was a harness gall to the cub reporter—a nervousness about Russell Sage. He seemed to have a feeling in his bones that the old financier would die some night when the *Sun* was not suspecting. The Wall Street bureau had instructions to report whenever Russell Sage failed to appear at his office. In such times, especially if Sage was really ill, the cubs were kept chasing up to his house all night. Sometimes, on a dull evening, the old nervousness would strike Clarke. He would summon a cub. "Go up and find how Russell Sage is feeling," he would say. Four or five years ago Clarke put his feeling in the form of prophecy. "I am waiting to handle two big stories," he said. "Some day the rotten old [naming a certain boat] will go down with a picnic party on board, and some night Russell Sage will die just when we are going to press." The first part of his prophecy had a sad fulfillment; the *Slocum*, just as rotten a boat as the other, did go down with its picnic party. Russell Sage, however, spoiled Boss Clarke's reputation as a prophet, for he died early on a Sunday afternoon, when there was plenty of time to get the whole story decently into the paper.

Long ago, the other newspapers got tired of making him offers; they perceived at last that the *New York Sun* was the life of Selah M. Clarke. An office boy reported once that a man who would not state his business wanted to see Mr. Clarke at the rail. That rail is one of the properties in Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Stolen Story," which is imagined in the *Sun* office. "Tell him to come here if he wants to see me," said Clarke. But the man persisted, and at last Clarke rose and walked to the rail. "Mr. Clarke," said the visitor, "Mr. — says that if you'll ascertain the highest salary the *Sun* will pay to keep you, he'll double that salary." Clarke grunted and

turned away. "He'll triple it," shouted the emissary. Another grunt from Clarke; and he walked back to his copy-reading without further answer.

A ripe scholar—his diversion on dull nights is wrestling with the higher mathematics—with a brain of the most subtle quality and of great grasp, he has sat for thirty years and turned the mind of his imagination upon the affairs of New York. No man knows less of the city from first-hand sight. For example, he has never seen an election crowd; he has always been too busy working logarithms on returns. Yet no man really knows more about its affairs. Like Pulitzer, sitting in blindness in his tower, Clarke has learned it all through the senses of others.

Chester S. Lord and How He Works

Chester S. Lord, the managing editor, celebrated his twenty-fifth year "on the desk" in 1905. Rather, the *Sun*, both undergraduate and alumnus, celebrated it for him by a breakfast which made Delmonico's heavy with brains. I have told something already of his policy as regards men. In twenty-five years, during which he has seen the *Sun* climb to its zenith and has built up a press bureau which is the most serious rival of the Associated Press, he has never been known to break that calm. Some have said that on the night of the San Francisco earthquake, when the greatest news story which America ever knew was loose at the other end of the continent, he "went up in the air." That is only measurably true; I saw it myself. A reporter was patching the story together in one of those bright blazes of concentration which the newspaper man knows and loves. Lord walked over to him and said: "Now this is a very important story; very important." That was as though your average man had run through the office biting the legs of the reporters; and it was his most excited moment in twenty-five years. I remember, because I was watching, the night of January 1, 1905. The *Sun* sends its first edition to press at a quarter past twelve. At midnight, I had finished my work and was rolling down my shirt sleeves. I saw a messenger run up and slap a dispatch down on Mr. Lord's desk. Mr. Lord ran his eye over the paper, and rose. When I saw him really on his feet, I suspected a convulsion of nature. Deliberately, he walked over and dropped the paper before one of the copy readers. Then he whistled up the tube to the composing room, said a word or two, and strolled back to his desk. The copy reader was already at work, scratching off a

head; we crowded about him. The paper read:

"Port Arthur has surrendered."

A beat, too; one of the greatest in years. Rival newspapers had been announcing and renouncing the fall of Port Arthur for ten days. The *Sun* had kept silence. This might be a mistake, a canard, the seizing of a rumor. In the moment when he was rising from his chair and walking over to the copy desk, Mr. Lord had made his decision—"run it." That is Chester S. Lord in a crisis—calm with the serenity of strength.

Some of the Giants

Of office traditions concerning ways and methods and ethics, I have told something. Like a college, the *Sun* has also its traditions of men. The curse of newspaper work is its anonymity, by which a man of great talent, even of genius, may live and die unknown. Yet there is a ghost of fame in this office memory by which the figures of Ralph, Chamberlin, Adams, Phillips, Denison and a dozen others have been passed down from the old generation to the new. It is worth while to recall some of those mighty forefathers, as the veterans tell about them to the cubs.

First comes Julian Ralph. Above all other reporters, he understood the value of a plain tale. That, strangely, is about the last thing that most reporters learn. When one is a cub, he "slings the adjectives," he paints and decks emotions. He learns early if there are such men as Clarke and Patton to train him, and late if he has to train himself, that simplicity is the keystone of art in story-telling. The immortal pieces of reporting, such as the story of the fall of Pompeii, the account of the London Plague—even though that is fictitious—and the tales of the New Testament, have been written as a child speaks. Trained in a time when a star reporter, telling of a murder, was likely to begin with a quotation from Pope, Ralph helped to create the reaction. A graduate of the printer's case, he kept always his fresh eye, his thrill to common things. He could make vivid and interesting a description of a cobblestone or a plank. Ralph never lost sight of those details in common things which the ordinary mind, through mere familiarity, overlooks. He was the simon-pure journalist, born with a vivid passion for finding out about his own times and recording what he found for the people of the valleys. He left the *Sun*, at last, won away by the chance to make a personal name, and he died at the age of forty-eight, having lived the fullness of a dozen lives.

"The Greatest Reporter that Ever Lived"

Ralph escaped the doom of anonymity. "Jersey" Chamberlin, called by many newspaper men the greatest reporter that ever lived, is unknown outside of the profession. His nickname came from his first position on the *Sun*—New Jersey correspondent. He was a little man in stature and careless of dress. "He looked," said one who knew him, "like a plumber on his day off"; but no one ever talked to him for ten minutes without understanding that this was a great big man.

Chamberlin put on the harness when he was eighteen, and he died in harness at thirty-four. Following the Boxer expedition into Peking, he got a disease of the liver which carried him off, a few months later, at Carlsbad. There were three Chamberlin brothers, all newspaper men, and all died at work. Before he left for that last venture, Chamberlin promised his wife that he would write home every day, giving her the by-product of his writing. He kept the promise: and those letters, published afterward under the title "Ordered to China," are cherished by newspaper men the country over.

Chamberlin's stories are, on the whole, less wonderful than his feats in getting them. When Dewey came back from the Spanish war to receive his historic reception in New York, Chamberlin volunteered to handle the story all alone. The other newspapers sent out an army of men to cover the celebration at every point; Chamberlin fought them single-handed and did a piece of work which is a model of its kind. The grasp, the mental accuracy, and the energy involved in this piece of work can be understood only by one who has been a reporter.

Samuel Hopkins Adams, who came out of college to graduate from "Boss" Clarke's school, was a reporter of a different kind. In what I may call literary journalism, the reporting to which a writer brings something of the novelist's illumination, Adams was a leader and a pathfinder. He who writes such copy must rip it off in the hour before dinner or before press time; and it is hit and miss work. Sometimes the correspondence between the eye and brain and hand is perfect; were he to toil over it for a week, one might turn out a thing more polished, but not more vital and sincere; usually one hands it in with the unsatisfied feeling that he has failed simply through haste, that, as it stands, his real sincerity has the appearance of insincerity. Adams never strayed far from perfection. His little tales of reality rise to literature. Another reporter of this school was David Graham Phillips. In his novel, "The

Great God Success," there is a chapter of autobiography relating to that story of a lost child by which he, a cub, jumped into newspaper fame. Of this kind, too, was Lindsay Denison, whose stories, flashing out of the *Sun* now and then, were like pages from Zola. There is space for no more than a mention of Edward W. Townsend, who, after a brilliant career of "straight" reporting, imagined Chimmie Fadden out of the Bowery, and H. R. Chamberlain, now a London correspondent, and George Mallon, as good a reporter as he is now a city editor, and Charles Selden and—but this is not a catalogue. Neither is there room to tell of the brilliant company, headed by Richard Harding Davis, who have written for the *Evening Sun*.

The Admiral and the Vice-Admiral

Writing of the *Sun* from the reporter's point of view, I have neglected the Admiral and Vice-Admiral. For seven years Laffan, the publisher, has stood in Dana's place. From the time when he came on as art critic, he was the best of friends with "the old man," as the *Sun* will know Dana until his generation is dead. Their lunches in the office, alone with the office cat, were an institution in the old days. Laffan served his time in many capacities. He was business manager when he took over the publication of the paper. The world knows him best, perhaps, for those little sarcastic editorials which stick like burrs under the collars of the *Sun's* enemies. One traces him, too, in the fighting capacity of the *Sun* editorial page, which makes other newspapers dread to get into a war with the *Sun* as greyhounds, bloodhounds, retrievers and spaniels avoid trouble with a bull terrier. He is a pugnacious Irishman, whose words carry darts when he speaks, a lover of all the arts and a collector in one.

Under him, as editor-in-chief and molder of policies, is Edward P. Mitchell, whom Dana found writing distinguished editorials for a little newspaper in Maine and imported to be the backbone of the editorial page. Experienced newspaper men everywhere dazzle the outsider by the breadth of their knowledge on human activities. With most of them this knowledge is pretty superficial; with Mitchell, it is accurate and profound. He writes like a technician on twenty professions and trades, and he writes always with distinction. He is the author of several short stories which live in American anthologies; after his early burst of fiction, he turned his art into his daily essays on world affairs. The same office tradition which prevents mention of the working reporters in this

age prevents me from telling of the men who, under Mitchell, have helped to give its individuality to the editorial page.

What Dana Left to the "Sun"

Charles A. Dana has been dead for eleven years. The men who worked with him have their own estimate of his career, their own belief concerning the thing which he left to the world. That he did leave something permanent, something more than a "good newspaper property," the *Sun* will always maintain. This permanent heritage, as expressed in the *Sun* and by it disseminated through the conservative newspapers of the United States, was his conviction that the writing of news for a daily newspaper is worthy of all the power, all the insight, all the command of intellectual tools that there is in any man.

Dana believed that the daily newspaper is the chief intellectual food, the bread and meat, of a modern people. The most cultivated among us has hardly taken as much from the conscious training of the schools as he has from the unconscious training, begun in early youth, of the daily newspaper. Not the editorial page either—the straight news columns. It is the raw material from which opinions are formed; if the material be shoddy, how can the finished product be sound?

Therefore, Dana thought, the work of reporting should be worthy the best that there is in a man—worthy the best he knows of taste that the public taste may not be corrupted, the straightest he has of sincerity that the people may not follow vain things, the deepest he has of insight that the people may learn to look below the surface. He believed that the reporter who describes a truckman's wife as a "prominent society leader of Harlem" harms the public mind not only by his little lie, but also

by his creation of false standards. He believed that the reporter who strings a murder story on such phrases as "dull, sickening thud," "blanched countenance," "mad panic," "prostrate victim," and the like, is doing his little part to take the edge off the public mind.

He believed, too, that newspaper writing might be an art. In this age, when the supreme literary artists are working with the novel, one remembers how the pedants and purists scorned the early novels as mere tales, told to amuse the vulgar and shallow. As there has grown up a kind of novel which interprets people to themselves, illumines the soul of man, so, he thought, is there a kind of journalism, to be attained by the exceptional man, which goes deeper than the facts and reaches a truth deeper than the surface truths. Though limited and restrained, this is still an art.

A reporter grumbled because Dana kept him on police-court work. "Young man, the greatest police-court reporter who ever lived was named Charles Dickens," said Dana. Another complained that they had "boiled down" his story. "The story of the crucifixion was told in six hundred words," said Dana. He used to come out, all excitement, and, pointing to a mark on the margin of a clipping, say to Mr. Lord, "A great sentence there, Mr. Lord. Who wrote it?" "Who did that football story?" he asked once. When Dana put such a question, his interlocutor used to tremble; there was no telling from his tone whether he meant to praise or to blame. Mr. Lord named the man. "It's Homer, that's what it is!" said Dana. "The reporter," he said again, "wields the real power of the press." This, with all that it implies, was the idea which Dana left to his world, the good that was not interred with his bones.



Letters from G. G.



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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSSBY

THESE LETTERS, PRESENTING ONE HALF OF A GENUINE AND ROMANTIC CORRESPONDENCE, AFFORD INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF THE RICH AND VARIED LIFE OF A CHARMING AND UNUSUAL WOMAN WHO HAS LIVED IN MANY COUNTRIES, KNOWN MANY PEOPLE AND ENJOYED THEM ALL

II

G. G., Broadway, New York, to E. R. at Home

WINTER.

You don't seem to entirely realize that I very much belong to the working-class, and earn what bread I eat; and just now, after my long vacation, it is a matter of no work—no bread, and I can't be fluttering off to Chicago on pleasure bent at the very outset of the season, especially as I am lucky enough to be up to the ears in painting. Yes, the miniature trade flourishes, and all I pray for is eyes to keep it up with. Eyes are a grave question when one does miniatures. If I sang, my throat would doubtless constantly threaten giving out; if I wrote, I dare say I should be running out of brains; if I were on the stage, I should have panics about my face and figure. Well, when my eyes give out, I can always hire out as cook.

I am working awfully hard, and playing hard as well. One can't help overdoing both in this crazy town. I work all day, and then at night I hang an evening frock on my bones and devote myself to diversions. A quiet evening at home with a book, by the lamp, is the exception and the luxury; and you know, in its way, I love this as much as the life at home, in that dear crumb of a village where one can rise every morning in the soothing certainty that nothing

will happen—unless it is that the iceman fails to appear, and that is exciting, if you like.

I like the extremes—the dead of the country and the heart of the city. No commuter's life in mine, thank you.

It has its depressing aspect, the heart of the city, I don't deny. When I come back to it, sometimes, after long months of the sweetness of the country, I feel a frantic desire to rush away, away, away—anywhere out of the world—out to sea in an open boat—out of sight of land; to the mountain-tops; to the deep, silent forest places; away from the sight of ill-used dogs and horses and children; from the sight of the crowds in the streets of people, nine out of every ten of whom look as if they ought still to be going about on all fours; away from the sight of this parody of life, the bitter gaiety, the light-hearted corruption of this thoroughfare of hell, this plague-spot on the face of the earth.

But it all wears off in an incredibly brief time, and when the time comes I am loath to leave the never-ending kaleidoscopic show, so freighted with human interest. The people, all sorts and conditions of men, that is what is so unflaggingly entertaining, for I like people, you know. I gather from an occasional word you have let drop here and there that you are not overfond of *la bête humaine*. I have to

own to a very vulgar love of human beings of all kinds. I like them, and I'd engage to get on equally well with the Czar of Russia, Jack the Ripper, Kid McCoy or Beau Brummel. Of course, you are right; it is seldom that one can sight up very high at one's neighbor and not overshoot the mark, but all people have their points, if one has the beauty-seeing eye to detect them. They may not strike a very uniformly high level, like our skyscrapers, but, like most churches, they may have a spire—or two.

Good-by, and let me repeat how nice I think it of you all to have wanted to see me again. Are you quite sure you did? You know *I'm* not entirely sure that I want to see *you* again. Now, please, *please*, no misunderstanding! For that I must trust you. The idea is, that from things you say I think you have perhaps a rosier memory of me than I could quite live up to, and that it would be at the risk of disillusioning you that I should permit myself to be seen again.

G. G., Broadway, New York, to E. R. at Home
WINTER.

What is one to do about coming of Puritan ancestors? There ought to be a remedy. Won't you—or someone—invent a quick, sure, safe cure?

I was coming home from down-town in a Sixth Avenue car the other night, between six and seven o'clock. Two men got in at Fourteenth Street and sat in the corner opposite me. One was a spare, red-headed, pale young man, talking eagerly and hurriedly to the other, a huge creature who looked like an elderly toad, shabby and dejected enough, and most unappetizing. He looked a good, honest sort, though.

The young man was evidently trying with all his might to cheer the elder. It seemed characteristic of New York that his efforts at bracing up his friend had to take place in a crowded car during the hurried run between Fourteenth and Thirty-fourth Streets. He was trying hard to give the greatest possible help in the shortest possible time, and the words tumbled out sharp and quick and emphatic:

"Now, you just want to brace up! You mustn't give up, d'ye hear? Yes, I know; that was a good job you lost, and you'd had it for years, but what of it? There's other good jobs! And you've got a good name and a clean record behind you, and lots of friends, all right.

And your friends ain't goin' back on you. They're goin' to stand by you. Yes, of course, you ain't as young as you was, but then neither is your children as young as they was; and they're goin' to be able to help. And then there's your wife. Your wife is a fine woman. She'll stick to you—job or no job. And there's my wife. Why, my wife jest thinks the world of you! She was sayin' only the other night how much she thought o' you. Now, you jest want to stand up and face the band, and rely on your friends. They

ain't goin' to see you go to the wall. I ain't, for one. You won't forget that, will you?"

The old man seemed greatly moved. He murmured his thanks in broken scraps:

"You're awful kind . . . Your wife is real good! . . . Thank her for me . . . I'm very sensitive, and I appreciate it when folks have a friendly feelin', and speak a kind word to me. . . . Thank you . . . Thank you all . . . !"

At Thirty-Fourth Street the young man briskly shook hands, thumped his friend earnestly on the back, and dashed for the door, to transfer to a crosstown car.

The old man sat in his corner. A newsboy passed. He stopped him and bought a paper—not to read. He opened it and held it before his face to screen himself from sight, but I saw the tears



stream down his cheeks, and I saw the disconsolate sag of his trembling mouth and chin.

I had to leave the car at Fortieth Street, so I had not much time to think what to do. I wanted so to speak to him, to say: "Don't grieve; please don't! Honestly, it will all come right."

But oh, the self-consciousness of New Englanders! Their fear of their impulses! Their dread of being thought forthputting! What would the man think of a strange woman stepping up and speaking to him—no matter why?

And so I walked out of the car without a word or a look at him.

I wonder *did* it turn out all right? I have thought of him ever since, always with regretful, prayerful well-wishing.

What would you have done, you, who are not from Boston, Massachusetts?

G. G., Broadway, New York, to E. R. at Home
SPRING.

You will find inclosed a memory-jogging picture of your old friend of Paris days. You say that you catch yourself trying vainly to recall what I look like. That I seem to you now a myth, a shadow. Well, this is how I should wish you to remember me. It is a half-tone reproduction which appeared in a magazine of a portrait of G. G., done by probably the best miniature painter in America. I know you'll say to yourself as you look at it: "Jove! she's good-looking! I didn't remember her as good-looking as that!"

Now, that's all right. You don't remember me like that because, my friend, I am not like that—not when I first get up in the morning and hook together a serviceable shirtwaist and skirt, and go down to breakfast. But, bless you! it is not the office of the miniature painter to depict one at one's flattest and most unprofitable. A miniature painter should make it his



charming task to immortalize a woman at her "one dead, deathless hour," as she is in the eyes of her lover, at the most ecstatic moment of his rosiest dream of her!

Now—there I am! That miniature is what I call a success.

When Laura was painting it she asked me if I didn't think, honestly now, that she was being mighty kind to my collar bones? She was, indeed, as you see, and to my nose also. That *willing* nose, as Laura so sweetly termed it, which is such a contradiction to the chin. The nose is whispering, "You may"—when the chin announces, "You *shan't*!"

As for you, you are as present to me to-day as you were a year ago February. I think I could make a pencil sketch of your Graeco-American profile, but that, let me hasten to



add, is because I have the eye whose business it is to take account of lines and shapes, so you needn't feel flattered.

Do you realize that we are coming to be very old friends? Have you not often had occasion to sigh: "Where are the friends of yesterday?"

G. G., Broadway, New York, to E. R. at Home
SPRING.

Not satisfied with that nice pretty picture? You want one that does not look "so far from earth"? Well, then, here is one as near to the earth as you could wish. But I'm sending it to you not really to fill your long-felt need, but to show you, for one thing, how very dear Mick is. Don't you love him, sitting up there on the bench so still, with paws in G. G.'s lap?

And for another—but stay!

No use—when spring "paints azure all above and emerald all underfoot." I am like that lilac bush in Bryant Park; not being a poet I can't burst into rapturous song. The best I can do is to blossom into glad raiment.

Nothing, for the time being, is so well worth study, not brown, light-hearted, iridescent study, as *clothes*!

For a spell there I have not a soul above a silk petticoat, until at Easter I climb to one in the form you see reproduced.

I say, Eric Rich, dear boy, will you be pleased just to look at me 'at? My hat, did I say?

MY HAT!!!

Doesn't it deserve to be writ in letters capital? Not on brass or stone or earth or whatever—but in the hushed and reverent heart of man! It should really be spoke in verse, not in

my colloquial *patois*, for few things so deserve immortality as this same sweet thing in hats. We have spoken of the moral element of true beauty. The moral support afforded me by that thing resting like a blessing on my head! It feels like a halo descended from heaven upon me. It is the glory that was Paris and the grandeur that was Rue de la Paix!

My mental and spiritual make-up ought to undergo repairs to match it. It looks as if physically I'd do, for I defy you to say it is not becoming; but otherwise—oh, yes, I know I'm miserably unworthy of it, for find me in art or nature anything more consummate than the curves of that brim; more flower-like than the droop of the plumes; more mysterious than the windings of the velvet under the edge; more tenderly dazzling than the wreath; more luscious than the deep gold of the straw.

G. G. at Home on the Cape, to E. R. Home again from Europe

AUTUMN.

Glory be! You've written at last!

I was on the point of sending you a copy of a poem by Emily Dickinson. One verse, the first, runs:

"I had a guinea golden
I lost it in the sand,
And though the sum was simple
And pounds were in the land,
Yet had it such a value
Unto my frugal eye
That when I could not find it
I sat me down to sigh."

I had no relish, no mind at all, to lose my sterling friend, and I was so happy to see your funny, familiar fist in its customary green ink, that I forgive you the very lame reasons you give for your interminable silence.

All the elaborate reasons you give for opening your letter with a frank "Dear Gladys" are equally flimsy. The only one that counts is the very first: that you want to, and don't think I'll mind. Gracious, no! Call me anything you like. I don't like Gladys myself. It

is only one degree less stupid a name than Grace or Mabel or Ethel, etc., and nobody but picture-show catalogues calls me Gladys, anyway. It's always Glad, or my two initials, G. G. or just G. that I'm called, with such vulgar variants as Gyp, Gippo, Gipporino.

I don't so very much care for *your* name, Eric, you know, so I shall call you Guinea Golden. Isn't that a pleasant name? I'll call you that as long as you write me long, pleasant letters; when you don't, you will be Guinea Pig!

G. G. at Home to E. R. at Home

AUTUMN.

Don't you think grown-ups as a rule rather dislike pic-

nicns? They leave the liking of them to children. For their part they had rather stay at home and eat in the dining-room at a solid table, in a comfortable chair, without spiders and dead leaves in their victuals.

But I do love a picnic! Just the packing of a basket with eatables, and going somewhere, anywhere, so long as it is away, to eat in the open, makes a holiday and a treat.

I can remember many a picnic of the kind the picture of which naturally rises in one's mind at the name. The sort to which many people and all their children are asked, that take place in some nice, clean grove to which one drives in "barges." The sort that are all fun and feed for the young, all work and weariness for the elders, whose only pleasure in the thing is in seeing the children enjoy themselves.

From eleven on through my teens the years were punctuated with birthday picnics of that description, for which I have prayed for good weather with desperate intensity for days before.

But the picnics that have made dear the name have been very different. Much less populous, for one thing. The ideal number of participants is two, possibly four or even three. Of course they must be exactly the right three or four, but I've not found the right people for tête-à-tête picnics so very rare.

Kitty and I mark with golden letters certain days in our past on which we have started off



in the morning, with food for the day, and come home at night, having passed spotless, consummate hours.

Once mother and Daisy went to the Worcester Music Festival, on a glorious September day. Kitty and I, left to ourselves, took sandwiches and fruit, a book of old English ballads and the dogs, and went to Chestnut Hill Reservoir. We've never forgotten the mood of that simple day.

Oliver made one in some of our most memorable picnics. On a special one there were but the three of us: Kitty (poet), I (painter) and Oliver (painter-poet).^{*} You might expect of that combination that reason and soul would be the fare. At most a grape, a wafer, a drop of dew? No such thing. I wish you had seen the size hampers we staggered under on our way to Duxbury.

It was early May, apple-blossom time, and we knew of an orchard down there that was a miracle in the spring. We took an early train, and had time for a good rest before food, under the most thickly blossomed, embowering pink tree.

Such a spread! Anchovies, olives, salame, cold chicken, a salad; and for sweets, those marvels, pecan sticks and brandied marrons glacés, all accompanied by champagne. I've said ever since that no one knows champagne who doesn't know it in the sunshine, under apple-blossom boughs.



There was not the slightest suggestion in us that day of the lean, hollow-eyed artist, starving in his garret, nor did we bear out the popular impression that has it that the artistic temperament is coupled with a dainty appetite and a delicate constitution. (It was Maude Valerie White, and she's an artist, if you like, who used so devoutly to say: "Thank God, I'm greedy!")

We've had some picnics on the river, when, after an afternoon's canoeing, we have found precisely the spot, and tying the canoes together have had our meal by sunset glow, in the lee of a wooded shore, and paddled home by moonlight. Fragrant memories, those!

Nowadays, when Kitty and I are alone at home on the Cape, we sometimes walk to the sea, three miles from the house, with bread and butter spread with meat for solid and jam for sweet. We sit on the sand and rest and look at the water and are very happy.

Even taking our food on a tray out under the big oak in fair weather makes a miniature picnic, and is an improvement on the dining-room. And now that we have added a back porch and can set a table out there, though that is only one remove from the every-day program, it still smacks of picnic, and the food is doubly grateful and blessed, because eaten under the sky.

Is it a relic of the child or of the savage that lingers in us?

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

Letters, Comments and Confessions from Readers of the Magazine

TRAMP BALLAD

(A confession)

We huddled in the Mission,
For it was cold outside,
An' listened to the Preacher
Tell of the Crucified;
Without, a sleety drizzle
Cut deep each ragged form,
An' so we stood the talkin'
For shelter from the storm.
They sang of God an' angels
An' heav'n's eternal joy,
An' things I stopped believin'
When I was yet a boy;
They spoke of good and evil
An' offered savin' grace—
An' some showed love for mankind
A-shinin' in the face,
But some their graft was workin'
Th' same as me an' you,
But most was urg'in' on us
What they believed was true.
We sang, an' dozed, an' listened,
But only feared, us men,
The hour when, service over,
We'd have to mooch again
An' walk the icy pavements,
An' breast the snowstorm gray,
Till the saloons were opened
An' there was hints of day;
So, when they called out, "Sinner
Won't you come?" I came,
But in my face was pallor,
And in my heart was shame—
An' so fergive me, Jesus,
For mockin' of Thy name;
For I was cold an' hungry—
They gave me grub an' bed
After I kneeled there with them
An' many prayers were said.
An' so fergive me, Jesus,
I didn't mean no harm
An' outside it was zero,
An' inside it was warm.
Yes! I was cold an' hungry,
An' oh, thou Crucified,
Thou friend of all the lowly,
Fergive the lie I lied.

HARRY KEMP.

MORE ABOUT THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

(A letter to a *Pittsburgh critic* from the man who wrote "*The Sultan of Turkey*" in the November AMERICAN MAGAZINE)

In your criticism in the *Pittsburgh Gazette* of October 29th, entitled "Muckrakers Abroad," you begin by condemning my article as "a scurri-

lous article," its contents apparently not meeting with your views, and especially the story of the Circassian odalisque's assassination having in particular surprised you.

In making this severe criticism of yours I ask you before going further, if you know the Sultan personally. If you answer me yes, then I shall hasten to reply that if His Majesty has enchanted and delighted you with his cunning, charming manner, you are not the only dupe of Abdul-Hamid, as hundreds of people that I could enumerate to you, have been in the same manner deceived by this tricky, genial, Asiatic Despot. The Sultan's cruel and criminal policy is nothing new to the world. I shall even call it a history of the past which has been stigmatized by all fair people of humane feelings that love justice and freedom.

I should rather advise you to read the Blue Books of the British Foreign Office published in 1905, 1906 and 1907, and also become familiar with the speeches by the Great Old Mr. Gladstone; in the House of Commons as Prime Minister of Great Britain he had the courage to call Abdul-Hamid "the greatest assassin of all assassins."

Can you deny to me, sir, the Armenian massacres, or are you not aware that 360,000 people have been annihilated by Abdul-Hamid and his odious, criminal camarilla? If you do not deny the Armenian massacres, how, then, can you defend Abdul-Hamid and be astonished for my saying that he has killed this young Circassian odalisque for a trifling incident which I have described in this article of mine, and which was narrated to me by a Turkish Ambassador now abroad at one of the European Courts, who was on duty in the lobbies of the Palace the night of the occurrence.

Besides, sir, you must not forget that not only the Armenians have suffered by this tyranny of political and racial suffocation. The Mohammedans also, the Turks themselves have endured untold agonies of which the world knows little; but the time is coming when these things will become public for the benefit of all.

I advise you to read the Memoirs of the great liberal Prime Minister, Midhat Pasha, the Father of the Ottoman Constitution, a personal friend of my late father, with whom he had worked a great many years, and letters of whom are to-day in my possession. I advise you to read this book because I want you to read the story told by his son as to how his father, Midhat Pasha, was strangled and his head sent to Abdul-Hamid, in order that he would be certain that this great liberal man, an obstacle to himself, had disappeared.

Before closing I must add that you are one of the very, very few defenders of Abdul-Hamid left on the surface of the earth. His greatest rascals,

who have stolen and robbed him for thirty years, hate him. We have suffered too much in order not to be irritated at the idea that Abdul-Hamid could be defended. If you were a victim of his, you would have spoken in a different manner, I am certain. But out there in Pittsburgh, under the gray sky and the immense ironworks along the banks of the beautiful Allegheny, how can you know of the long sufferings on the banks of the fair Bosphorus? Hundreds of miles separate you, not only of distance but of elementary knowledge.

N. C. ADOSIDES.

"HIT THE CENTER"

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has once more reached the "far West," and as usual is brimful of good things for all. Not a dull article in it.

But the leading article in the November number is easily Dr. Howard's "Helpless Youths and Useless Men." There is no question but what the Doctor has hit the mark in the center. The writer has had to do with public schools for more than a quarter of a century, and he affirms that the main object of the average teacher is to cram the pupil so that he will "pass the examination," and when the whole class "passes" the work is considered a success. And the main object of the schools as such is in the "Grades" to prepare the pupil to "pass" into the High School, and the object of the latter is to prepare the pupil to "pass" into the Freshman class of the College or University, and the object of the latter is to push the pupil through, and fit him for a so-called "profession" that not more than one per cent. of the sum total of the graduates is by nature fitted for. As the Doctor intimates, there is too much money spent on one hundred pupils that one of them may succeed in the learned professions, so called.

But "the world do move," and we are coming upon better times. Schools of Technology are springing up everywhere, and are well patronized, and in some cities the High Schools have industrial training departments that are working wonders among the boys and girls, and the trend of the times having started in the right direction, we may confidently expect that the next fifty years will see the public moneys expended to fit the children for some useful occupation, instead of as at present rendering the majority of them "good for nothing."

L. N. B. ANDERSON.

Kennewick, Washington.

WITH ONE EXCEPTION

I have just finished reading Professor Thomas's article on "The Adventitious Character of Women," and heartily endorse every statement in it, except the last; which is to the effect that this change in the industrial status of women will be slow in accomplishment, because of the conservatism of women.

For years my business brought me in constant contact with women of the upper middle class. I

held many conversations with them on this subject, and I was greatly surprised at the number who seemed to thoroughly understand their position and look hopefully forward to the day when woman will be on an equal footing industrially with man.

The middle-class American housewife, of average intelligence, does more reading on the subject of social progress and the relief of the unfortunate than does her husband. She is better fitted to vote on such subjects than the majority at present enjoying that privilege. No one knows better than does she that the lack of independence and some worthy object in life is the cause of her dissatisfied restlessness and its accompanying folly.

I have met hundreds of women who would gladly have followed their chosen vocations after marriage but for the opposition of husbands or adverse laws on the subject.

F. F.

Butte, Montana.

BEING A WOMAN

I have just read, and read thoroughly, the article, the first of a series about to be published in your magazine, entitled "The Adventitious Character of Woman," printed in your October number. If you will permit me, I do not like the article. I suppose, perhaps, I should not say that I can give my reasons for not liking it, because after reading the—may I call it satirical exposition?—by Professor Thomas I find that we former "Beasts of Burden" cannot possibly have a logical mind, which is necessary in order to have a reason. Not that I reasoned that out; I am only a woman and doubtless gathered it in from some man I was once trying to charm. If I say that I do not like it because I am a woman will not Professor Thomas say that that is only a woman's reason? Yet being a woman, what other can I give?

The very tone and fiber of the article is false and untrue. The author does not even give women credit of having morals of their own. "Man has," he writes, "always insisted that woman be better than he is, or, at any rate, that she shall limit her immoralities to such forms as he does not greatly disapprove." This can only mean this, that woman goes as far in her immoralities as she thinks a man will allow her, and is only as good as she is because a man demands that, weak as she is, she shall yet be better than he. If this were true, what a low standard of morality man must have in order to be even lower than woman.

Women in the majority are pure, constant, reserved, devoted and truthful, not because these are the qualities which endear them to men, but because they have that fine sensibility which makes them love and strive toward things good and beautiful. They strive so naturally, as the plant to the sun. I ask you, Mr. Editor, of ten young men and an equal number of young women in your acquaintance, which have led the cleaner, more moral lives, and not from any lack of opportunity? Some French writer has said, "Woman has the same passions as man, but not the same

right to enjoy them," which is about as false as many of Professor Thomas's statements, and unfortunately the opinion of too many men.

Of the early women referred to by Professor Thomas, I can say nothing, not having lived as long as he must have, and possessing a memory in no way as remarkable as his must be. But for the present-day, middle-class, fairly educated girl and woman I protest. They are being ridiculously misjudged and hugely overdrawn. In your comments, Mr. Editor, on this article, you say, "Women will here find truths about themselves which they will only reluctantly admit." *It is not the truths contained in this article to which I object.* It is the miserably low standard by which all women have been unhesitatingly condemned. Perhaps the women of my acquaintance are not of the type of Professor Thomas's acquaintances. We, my friends and I, are all very busy. Some in college, some, the great majority of girls, working for their living, some at house and church work, and we really are very healthy and quite moral in spite of man's limits and approval.

Perhaps I have just bitten, as you no doubt wanted some woman to do, and of course, if so, I should be glad, were I one of the type of women so flatteringly analyzed by Professor Thomas, for thereby I am pleasing you, and you are a man. I wonder under which heading this attempt would come. Do you think it would be "How Woman Makes a Fool of a Man"? That statement really must be corrected right here, a woman never makes a fool of a man, but I will admit that a man, yes, even a man of Professor Thomas's penetration, sometimes makes a fool of himself.

ONE OF THE WEAKER SEX.

St. Clair, Michigan.

ELIHU ROOT: MAGAZINE READER

(Extracts from a letter written to one of our staff by a friend who lives in Washington, D. C.)

I think that your November number is altogether the best you have issued so far. . . . By the way, I must tell you of some interesting observations I made the other night going from Washington to New York on the "Congressional Limited." Just as I sat down in the dining-car Elihu Root, Secretary of State, came in and took a seat at a near-by table. (He was on his way to Ohio to speak for Taft, so the evening papers said. It was the night Roosevelt sent his whole cabinet out to hustle for the ticket.) Well, Root ordered his dinner and then fell to reading a copy of your November number which he had brought into the dining-car. Having nothing else to do, and being especially interested in you fellows, I watched him rather closely. This I was able to do because I sat behind him on the other side of the aisle.

First he ran through the whole number, advertising pages and all, stopping here and there for a glance. But soon he settled down into a careful examination of that article on the Sultan of Turkey. About this time the waiter brought him his food, and he continued his reading with some difficulty, although persistently. Don't you hate to try to eat and read at the same time? I do. I always wish I had four hands for use at breakfast—one for my food and three for my newspapers.

Well, that Sultan article seemed to interest him. And say! Wouldn't you like to know what he knows about the inside workings of Turkey? I'll wager that as Secretary of State he knows a good deal.

I think my attention must have been attracted elsewhere for a moment, because the first thing I knew Mr. Secretary was chuckling over something. He had sort of twisted around in his seat so that I could see his profile. Now he was reading greedily and having a lot of fun. What could amuse him so? My curiosity was so aroused that I made an excuse to walk down the aisle and "rubber," as they say. Well, it was Myra Kelly's story. Gracious, how he enjoyed it! You ought to tell the lady.

Pretty soon I got up and went into the smoking-car; and, an hour or so later, I walked back through the long train to my place, which was in the rear car. I had forgotten all about Root and your magazine until I stumbled onto him in his Pullman car scat. Well, he was still at it! I peeked over his shoulder—just a little peek which the lurch of a train enables a fellow to manage easily—and saw that it was O. Henry's yarn that he was reading now. My, that O. Henry thing! Wasn't it a gem?

But I am not going to write you another word about Root and the magazine. I don't want you to get too chesty. Besides, I'll just say to you right here that the experience interested me most because of what it revealed about Root in his hours of leisure. How foolish it is to imagine all our traveling "big guns" locked up in private state-rooms, pawing over telegrams, dictating letters to secretaries, and generally behaving like cataracts of energy and ceaseless activity! Nonsense. Elihu Root is evidently a man who knows the value of refreshing his mind and his soul. He does not keep pumping himself for deep thoughts. He gives the well of his intelligence a chance to fill up, through meditation and quiet pursuits. I'll wager that is one reason why his mind is so clear, and why he rose to be the greatest lawyer in New York City. Do you remember what Walter Wellman said about him when he took hold of the War Department and mastered its intricate business? He said that Root's mind goes to the bottom of a hard problem just as thoroughly as a drill bores its way through solid rock. He has learned how to work.



IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress

ARE you adding up your year?—the Philosopher asked.

The Poet remarked that if he did anything with his years he would try to multiply them.

I mean—the Philosopher went on to say—that the time is near at hand when orderly people should cast up their accounts and find out where they stand. The year approaches its end. There is a general balancing of books and taking of inventories. The merchant everywhere has his pencil in his hand as the New Year approaches. He

asks himself what has been the profit and what the loss from January 1 to January 1. But if you are not troubled about money, only a little inconvenienced by the lack of it, you can do your bookkeeping along other lines. How much are you ahead of the game in the benefits of life that money doesn't buy? I like to add them up, and subtract from the sum the losses from unprofitable adventures in selfishness and from the remainder take the steady rental collected from my landlord Life, who has been generous to me on the whole but is a little too exacting about his payments and a little too hesitating in making repairs even when dealing with a quiet and orderly and respectful tenant. What is left may not be much in comparison with the fortune left by Saint Francis of Assisi, who died enormously rich in these goods, but I trust it is not so small that I need be ashamed of it. I know of a good many people living or dead who, if contempt were along their way of thinking, could look with contempt on my little pile. But I try to think that I have, as the gamblers say, "something to the good," my creditors are fewer than my debtors, that I have lent as much in good will as I have

borrowed. That is the way to count up your fortune.

What we gave we have.

What we spent we had.

What we left we lost.

The epitaph applies as well to the other things of life as to money. It is repeating a lesson as old as the hills when the preacher tells us that knowingly to deprive some one else of peace of mind, of physical comfort, of belief in the generosity of human nature, and obscure if only for a moment his confidence in the guardianship of Divine Providence is eventually to deprive yourself of these benefits with interest added according to your capacity for suffering. It is like ravaging a peaceful country only to find on your retreat that the wells are poisoned against you. Life insists in its capacity as universal landlord on a neighborly feeling and punishes the unneighborly. Momentary profits fade away, but the debit stands and grows. You can't be in too much of a hurry to wipe it out.

A STORY was told me last year which shows how this law works out unexpectedly. The story concerns a rich man whom I will call Ebenezer Openhearth. I don't want to suggest his right name, and if you guess at it you will guess wrong. The man is a prosperous manufacturer of steel, well known and highly esteemed. He is said to have an excellent heart, and here and there he has done a notable public service. Since he accumulated his fortune he has been anxious to cultivate some of the graces of life. He has wanted to know people of consequence and have people of consequence know him and respect him. I sup-

A. True Story

About Two

Important

Men

pose he would consider no financial loss equal to the loss of the good opinion of a man of real importance in the work of the world.

Well, then, about fifteen years ago a well-known Englishman came to this country. As a matter of fact he is Scotch, as are nearly all great Englishmen who are not Irishmen. But we will call him an Englishman, and name him for convenience Donald Bannockburn. One bitterly cold day he was on a railway train which stopped at a station in Pennsylvania. The day was so cold that the piston rod of the engine became clogged with ice, and the fireman and engineer had to thaw it out. The Rt. Hon. Donald Bannockburn, M. P., got out of the train to "take the air," and while he was walking up and down the platform thumping his numbed hands against his chest a train of flat cars loaded with slag was pulled into a "siding." A crowd of train hands that gathered at the side of one of the cars attracted the attention of the visitor to a sight that chilled his blood more than the bitter wind. On top of a pile of slag lay the mangled body of a man, the very rags and tatters of humanity, so crushed and mangled that it was beyond belief in the stubbornness of human life to see that he lived and was conscious. There he lay, exposed to the withering winds on his pallet of iron cinders till the railway men carried him away.

The visitor turned to a train hand and asked: "What has happened to that man?"

"Oh, he got busted up at the mills. It often happens. We call the mills the 'slaughter house.'"

"But why didn't they take him to a near-by hospital?"

"Ain't any. Have to fetch him down here."

"How far are the mills from here?"

"About four miles."

"Do you mean to say that they have sent that poor devil four miles on a day like this?"

"Sure thing."

The Englishman went on his way homeward and resumed his busy life, but he never could quite shake the horror from his mind. He told me afterward that the vision of the man on the slag train came to him in his dreams for years. Long afterward, when he had become a member of the cabinet and a person of great mark in the Kingdom, an English iron master and fellow M. P. came to him in the House of Commons and said: "Come out and see an American who wants very much to meet you." Bannockburn followed his friend into the lobby, where a good-looking, well-cared-for man stepped forward eagerly, thrust out his hand and cried:

"Ebenezer Openhearth is proud to grasp the hand of Donald Bannockburn!"

"Do you know," said the statesman in telling about it afterward, "for a moment I couldn't see him. At the mention of the name, the scene at the railway station rose before my eyes—the bitter day,

The Law

of

Compensation

and the thing on the slag train. And here before me was the proprietor of the 'Slaughter House.' Not for the life of me could I take his hand. I looked him in the eye and said: 'But Donald Bannockburn refuses to grasp the hand of Ebenezer Openhearth.' And I turned away without telling him why. But I explained afterward to my friend, and I expect he told. Of course it was childish and theatrical, but I had to do it."

It isn't much of a story. The penalty seems trivial. But sometimes the seemingly small and private penalties are the most severe. The law of compensation, how surely it enforces itself! How many agents it employs! How, when all other judges, sheriffs and policemen fail, it names yourself as the posse and commands you to do a duty of condemnation that might be impossible for Brutus or Judge Lynch.

BUT—said the Poet—that is a middle-aged philosophy for the new year. You are in your declension. You have begun to feel the first pinch of the drawing-in of your day. You and I are in no position to judge the world. We are too

Middle Age

vs.

Youth

old for advocates and too young for magistrates. To use your own figure of speech, middle age charges wrongly against the splendid follies of youth its own proper weaknesses.

It is sad and prudent now, it thinks, because it was once gay and headlong. But if its predecessor had been sad and prudent, it would still be sad and prudent, sadder and more prudent. The vices of melancholy and thrift are becoming to the period. And so is the form of weakness called self-reproach, and so is the pleasure of seeing everybody properly and thoroughly punished. These are characteristics of the ignoble period of the pot-belly and the disgraceful white hairs. The first of January to us is not the beginning of the New Year. It is the end of the old.

To the young man it commences not one year but a million. It is another door to the future. He'll thrust it open and go headlong into whatever is next door. He keeps no

books on life. He makes them and lives them. You tell him: "I know so and so by experience." He smiles indulgently and says to himself: "You know nothing. With the best intentions in the world you have sorted out of an imperfect recollection of your life a number of doubtful facts and consequences as a warning for me. But I can't accept them. Knowing your infirmities I doubt the credibility of the witness. I find your statements completely at variance with life as studied by the most competent observer—myself. If experience counts for much, my grandfather has had more than you, and he doesn't seem troubled about me. I must pay. I can't believe it, but the statistics show it. But I'll pay anyhow. Let me have something to pay for."

In short, he demands his fling, and the fling of young manhood is the history of nations. It is reckless enterprise, heedless love, crazy, egotistical poetry, cruel war-making. No one ever went to a peace conference who was young enough to be drafted for the army. It is the middle-aged who perceive the "folly of war." Old men in a government lightly call on young men to go out and fight each other for nothing at all, and young men lightly go out to be killed.

How cheerfully Von Moltke and Rapp received the news of Bismarck's cheat on the foolish Napoleon III. They had been gloomy. There was "nothing doing." But when the forged dispatch was finished and they knew that war must come they brightened; they got up on their feet and took a deep draught of wine to the coming conflict. In a few hours the boys of Germany were running to the colors. To fight for their country? Nonsense. To fight for the fun of the thing. Youth must be served, is the old saying. And old age must serve it what it wants, something hot i' the mouth. Supposing Rapp and Moltke had appealed to a nation made up of men between the years of forty and fifty to do the fighting? Well, the rouged and waxed coxcomb might now be on the throne of France or on the throne of Germany. Germany suffers to-day because it is ruled by a respectable middle-aged man who is trying to atone for the picturesque and powerful vices of his youth by practising the virtues of a careful merchant. Not long ago he expressed his notion of the relations of the United States and Germany by saying: "We ought to divide up the Chinese trade. It is as much as to say, you sell them the shirts; we sell them the pants." This is the culmination of the heroic career. But he's not to blame. He's a middle-aged man.

I SUPPOSE—said the Observer—it is just naturally a time of self-depreciation. We look forward to victory with undue moderation and receive defeat with anguish. The election is so long past that I am not afraid to talk about it, and I would like to read a letter I have just received from a young man who was with Mr. Bryan when the returns came in.

For reasons perfectly apparent to anyone who has ever been a candidate for office Mr. Bryan was sure of his election. Everybody told him he must win. Naturally he believed them. They reinforced his own opinion.

Bryan "At half past eight Mr. Bryan came in. Instantly half

a dozen correspondents surrounded him. No one said a word, not even Mr. Bryan. He held a bunch of telegrams in one hand, with the other he stroked his chin. He was deeply thoughtful. Presently he told the group that he had heard nothing from Chairman Mack, nothing from any authoritative source, nothing except the meager figures from New York that told of losses, losses, losses everywhere.

"And hour after hour the messages poured in with their burden of disappointment. At eleven o'clock, when the returns showed that only the most unprecedented results in many states could save his ticket, Mr. Bryan came again to the sun parlor. For a moment he stood alone by the door that led to the private part of the house. Every man faced him. 'I am going to bed, boys,' he said. His voice was low-pitched, as a man speaks when he has received some crushing news, as he speaks of something that has gone out of his life forever, something he has struggled for and planned for and dreamed about. This was no mere defeat; it was the end of a great ambition at a time in life when ambitions, unrealized, are locked away in the heart, to be looked at occasionally, perhaps, as men look at some old keepsake, with keen regret.

"'I am going to bed,' he repeated. His face was gray and drawn so that men who had been with him long and knew it well noticed it. 'I have nothing to say,' he continued, after a pause. 'Not a word to-night. I am very tired and need rest.'

"William Jennings Bryan tired! Not a man in the group ever had heard him say that. He bowed and backed away into the private hallway. Mrs. Bryan and Grace were standing there to meet him. Some one had turned the lights low with little thought of how ef-

fectively it would stage the drama. They stood together for a few moments, the father, the mother and daughter, the daughter with tears in her eyes and voice. Before them was the large portrait of Washington in front of which Mr. Bryan had stood, a few months before, and talked of the victory he *knew* should be his in November. Mrs. Bryan put a hand on her husband's shoulder, looking up at him and speaking words that no one cared to hear.

"The full effect of the defeat was seen the morning after. It was largely a matter of saying good-by to the men who had been with him through stirring times, of assuring good friends that he had had a fine night's rest, of telling the anxious ones that his future was assured regardless of the presidency. But the old smile was not there, the old cheeriness and the old hopefulness that have characterized him after other struggles were lacking. Mr. Bryan arose early, as if he really had slept undisturbed through the night.

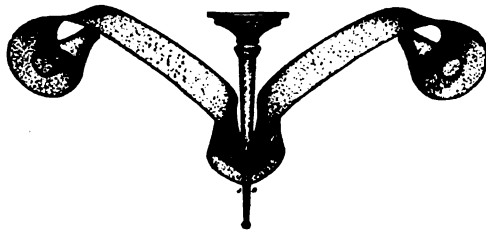
"Perhaps, Mr. Bryan," one of the visitors said, forcing a smile, 'perhaps the next time I meet you you will be going to the United States Senate.'

"Office-holding has been an incident in my career,' the defeated candidate said gravely. 'Everyone must know that I did not seek the nomination in 1896, in 1900 or in 1908. Each came to me. My plans for the future are made. I can't talk of them now.'"

I HOPE that by this time—said the Observer—Mr. Bryan has recovered his spirits. He may have regrets. Four years at Washington is a pleasant thing to look forward to—much pleasanter as a prospect or a recollection than as a present reality. Mr. Roosevelt says about it that there may have been greater presidents than himself, but no president has ever had a better time. But that is the rosy view of a man of rosy mind.

**Bryan's
Contribution
to
History**

But Mr. Bryan has nothing to be ashamed of. His enemies are not numerous. He fought his fight gallantly. It is no small achievement to have the votes of six or seven million men thrice in one's life. He stands in a distinguished company of the defeated. If I had my choice I would rather be recalled as one of the same class with Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton and Blaine, than with Pierce, Polk, Buchanan, and Harrison. Besides, Mr. Bryan has won while he has lost. The principles which he has advocated have not been adopted, but the spirit in which these principles were advocated is the controlling spirit of Mr. Roosevelt's policies. If Bryan and Bryanism had not been, Roosevelt and Rooseveltanism would not have been. †Mr. Bryan is a graceful and powerful figure in our national life, destined, I hope, for great usefulness. I wish him a happy New Year and many of them.



10 CENTS

The American MAGAZINE

February

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Victor

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.

A complete list of new Victor Records for February will be found in the February
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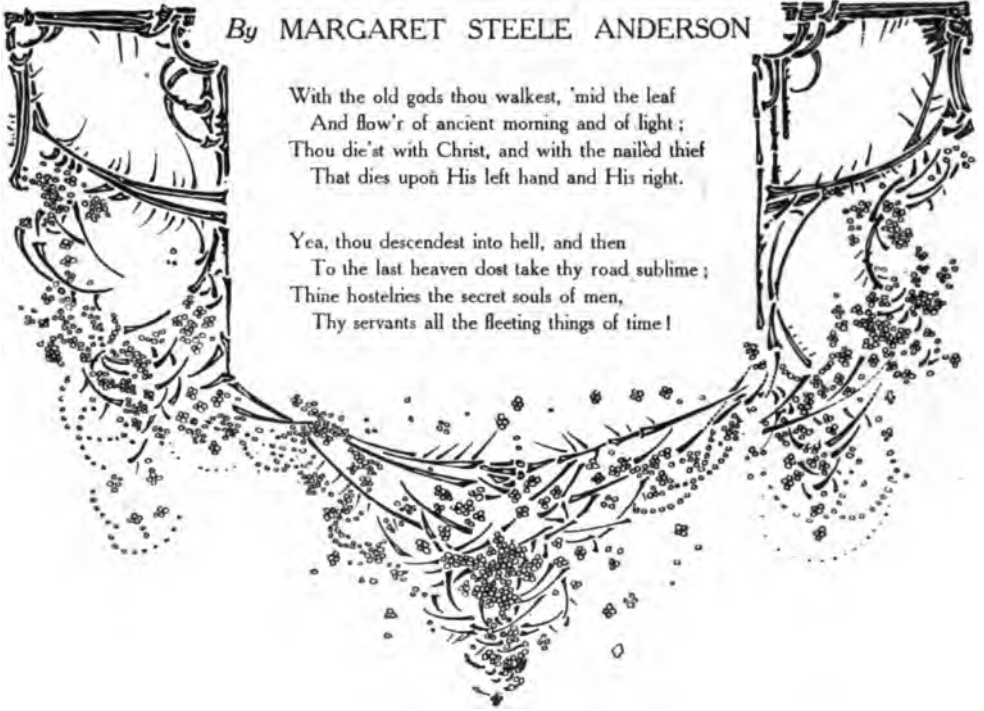
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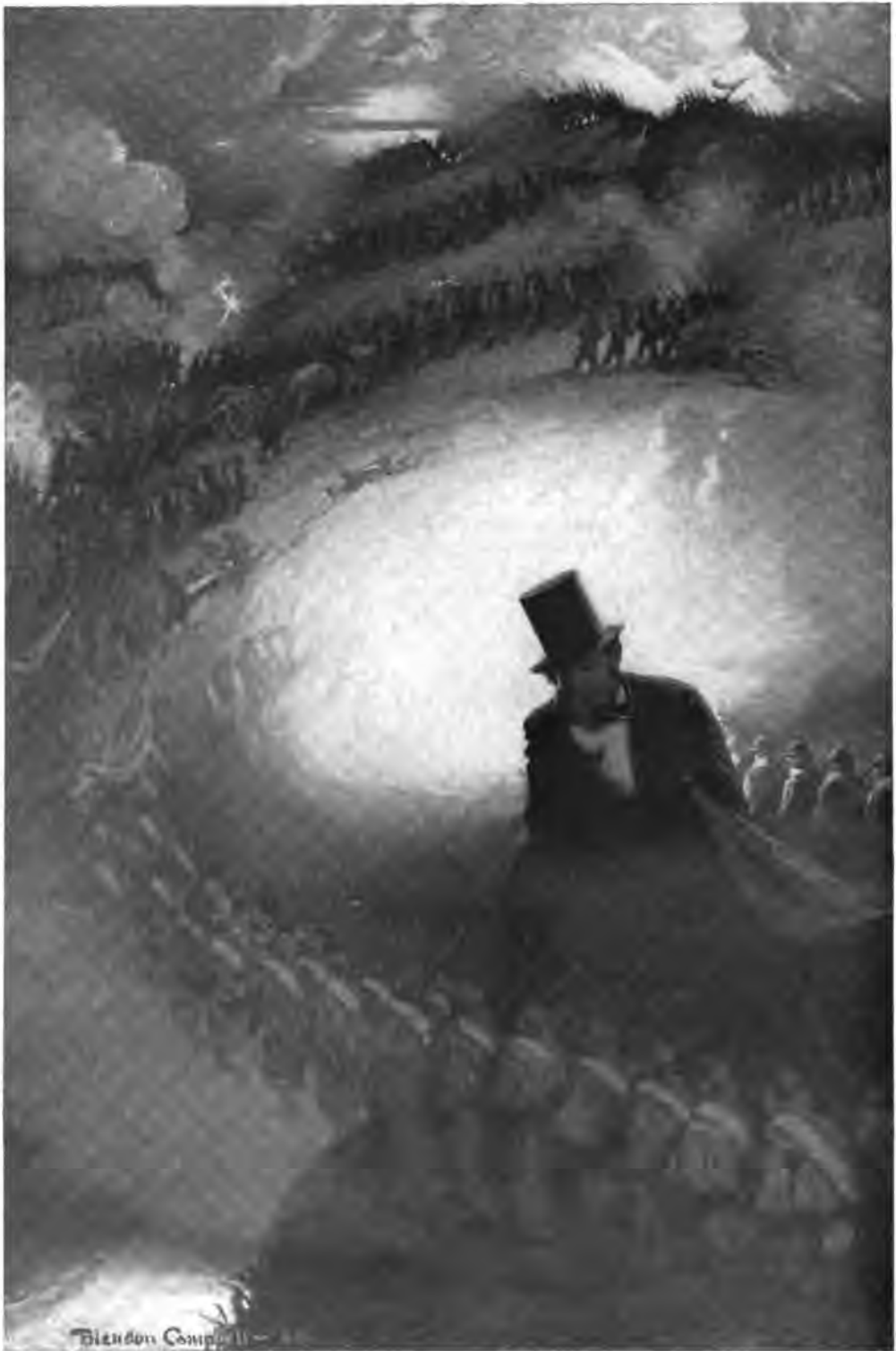
Imagination

By MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

With the old gods thou walkest, 'mid the leaf
And flow'r of ancient morning and of light ;
Thou die'st with Christ, and with the nailèd thief
That dies upon His left hand and His right.

Yea, thou descendest into hell, and then
To the last heaven dost take thy road sublime ;
Thine hostelrys the secret souls of men,
Thy servants all the fleeting things of time !





"WHAT AM I THAT THOU SHOULDST ASK THIS OF ME!"

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The American Magazine

Vol. LXVII

February, 1909

No. 4

Father Abraham

Another "He Knew Lincoln" Story

By

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LINCOLN," "THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

KIND-HEARTED? Mr. Lincoln *kind-hearted?*

I don't believe a man ever lived who'd rather seen everybody happy and peaceable than Abraham Lincoln. He never could stand it to have people sufferin' or not gettin' what they wanted. Time and time again I've seen him go taggin' up street here in this town after some youngster that was blubberin' because he couldn't have what wasn't good for him. Seemed as if he couldn't rest till that child was smilin' again. You can go all over Springfield and talk to the people who was boys and girls when he lived here and every blamed one will tell you something he did for 'em. Everybody's friend, that's what *he* was. Jest as natural for him to be that way as 'twas for him to eat or drink.

Yes, I suppose bein' like that *did* make the war harder on him. But he had horse sense as well as a big heart, Mr. Lincoln had. He knew you couldn't have war without somebody gettin' hurt. He *expected* sufferin', but he knew 'twas his business not to have any more than was necessary and to take care of what come. And them was two things that wa'n't done like they ought to 'a' been. That was what worried him.

Seemed as if hardly anybody at the start had any idea of how important 'twas to take good care of the boys and keep 'em from gettin' sick or if they did get sick to cure 'em. I remember Leonard Swett was in here one day 'long back in '61 and he says: "Billy, Mr. Lincoln knows more about how the soldiers in the Army of the Potomac cook flapjacks than you do about puttin' up quinine. There ain't a blamed thing they do in that army that he ain't interested in. I went down to camp with him one day and I never see an old hunter in the woods quicker to spot a rabbit's track than he was every little kink about the housekeepin'. When we got back to town he just sat and talked and talked about the way the soldiers was livin', seemed to know all about 'em everyways: where they was short of shoes, where the rations were poor, where they had camp-fever worst; told me how hardtack was made, what a good thing quinine and onions are to have handy,—best cure for diarrhoea, sore feet, homesickness, everything. I never heard anything like it."

Seemed to bother Swett a little that Mr. Lincoln took so much interest in all them little things, but I said: "Don't you worry, Mr. Swett, Mr. Lincoln's got the right idee. An



"AN ARMY THAT DON'T HAVE ITS BELLY AND FEET TAKEN CARE OF
AIN'T GOIN' TO DO MUCH FIGHTIN'"

army that don't have its belly and feet taken care of ain't goin' to do much fightin', and Mr. Lincoln's got sense enough to know it. He knows diarrhoea's a blamed sight more dangerous to the Army of the Potomac than Stonewall Jackson. Trouble so far has been, in *my* judgment, that the people that ought to have been seein' to what the soldiers was eatin' and drinkin' and whether their beds was dry and their bowels movin', was spendin' their time polishin' their buttons and shinin' their boots for parade."

"What I don't see," says Swett, "is how he learned all the things he knows. They ain't the kind of things you'd naturally think a president of the United States would be interestin' himself in."

There 'twas,—same old fool notion that a president ought to sit inside somewhere and think about the Constitution. I used to be that way—always saw a president lookin' like that old picture of Thomas Jefferson up there settin' beside a parlor table holdin' a roll of parchment in his hand, and Leonard Swett was like me a little in spite of his bein' educated.

Learned it! Think of Leonard Swett askin'

that with all *his* chances of bein' with Mr. Lincoln! Learned it just as he had everything by bein' so dead interested. He'd learned it if he hadn't been president at all, if he'd just been loafin' around Washington doin' nuthin'. Greatest hand to take notice of things. I tell you he'd made a great war correspondent. Things he'd 'a' seen! And the way he'd 'a' told 'em! I can just see him now pumpin' everybody that had been to the front. Great man to make you talk, Mr. Lincoln was. I've heard him say himself that most of the education he had he'd got from people who thought they were learnin' from him. He went to school to everybody.

I reckon he learned a lot more from soldiers about how the armies was bein' taken care of than he did from generals. My brother Isaac, who had a place down there addin' up figgers or somethin', used to tell me of seein' Mr. Lincoln stoppin' 'em on the street and out around the White House and talkin' to 'em. Isaac said 'twan't becomin' in the President of the United States to be so familiar with common soldiers, he ought to keep among the generals and members of the administration. Isaac



"AND IT'S NUTHIN' BUT ONE BIG HOSPITAL, BILLY."

always reckoned *himself* a member of the administration.

"More than that," says Isaac, "it ain't dignified for a president to be always runnin' out after things himself instead of sendin' somebody. He's always goin' over to the telegraph office with messages, and settin' down by the operators talkin' and readin' dispatches and waitin' for answers. One day he came right up to my office to ask me to look up the record of Johnnie Banks, old Aunt Sally Banks' boy, that was goin' to be shot for desertion. Seemed to think I'd been interested because he came from Illinois—came right up there instead of sendin' for me to go to the White House like he ought to, and when I took what I found over to him and he found out Johnnie wasn't but eighteen, he put on his hat and went over himself to the telegraph office, took me along, and sent a message that I saw, sayin', '*I don't want anybody as young as eighteen to be shot.*' And that night he went back and sent another message askin' if they'd received the first—wasn't satisfied till he knew it couldn't happen. There wasn't any reason why he should spend his time that way. He ought to give orders and let other folks see they're carried out. That's what I'd do if I was president."

That riled me. "I reckon there ain't any need to worry about *that*, Isaac," I says. "You won't never be president. Mr. Lincoln's got too many folks around him now that don't do nuthin' but give orders. That's one reason he has to do his own executin'."

But 'twas just like him to go and do it himself. So interested he *had* to see to it. I've heard different ones tell time and time again that whenever he'd pardoned a soldier he couldn't rest till he'd get word back that 'twas all right. Did you ever hear about that Vermont boy in McClellan's army, sentenced to be shot along at the start for sleepin' on his post. 'Twas when they were camped over in Virginia right near Washington. Mr. Lincoln didn't know about it till late and when he heard the story he telegraphed down not to do it. Then he telegraphed askin' if they'd got his orders and when he didn't get an answer what does he do but get in his carriage and drive himself ten miles to camp to see that they didn't do it. Now that's what I call bein' a real president. *That's* executin'.

Well, as I was sayin', *he* understood the importance of a lot of things them young officers and some of the old ones didn't see at all, and he knew where to get the truth about 'em—went right to the soldiers for it. They was just like the folks he was used to, and Mr. Lincoln

was the greatest hand for folks—just plain common folks—you ever saw. He liked 'em, never forgot 'em, just natural nice to 'em.

It used to rile old Judge Davis a lot when they was travelin' the circuit, the way Mr. Lincoln never made no difference between lawyers and common folks. I heard Judge Logan tellin' in here one day about their all bein' in the tavern up to Bloomington one day. In those times there was just one big table for everybody. The lawyers and big bugs always set at one end and the teamsters and farmers at the other. Mr. Lincoln used to like to get down among the workin' folks and get the news. Reckon he got kinda tired hearin' discussin' goin' on all the time. Liked to hear about the crops and politics and folks he knew.

This time he was down among 'em, and Judge Davis, who always wanted Lincoln right under his nose; calls out: "Come up here, Mr. Lincoln; here's where you belong." And Mr. Lincoln, he looked kinda funny at the Judge and he says:

"Got anything better to eat up there, Judge?" And everybody tee-heed.

Feelin' as he did about folks I could see how it would go ag'in the grain for the boys in the army to have a harder time than was necessary. He'd argue that they was doin' the fightin' and ought to have the care. He'd feel a good deal worse about their bein' neglected than he would about the things he knew beforehand he had to stand, like woundin' and killin'. And 'twas just that way so I found out the time I was down to Washington visitin' him.

I told you, didn't I, how I went up to the Soldiers' Home and how we walked out that night and sat and talked till almost mornin'? 'Twas a clear night with lots of stars and Washington looked mighty pretty lyin' there still and white. Mr. Lincoln pointed out the Capitol and the White House and Arlington and the Long Bridge, showin' me the lay of the land.

"And it's nuthin' but one big hospital, Billy," he said after a while. "You wouldn't think, would you, lookin' down on it so peaceful and quiet, that there's 50,000 sick and wounded soldiers there? Only Almighty God knows how many of 'em are dyin' this minute; only Almighty God knows how many are sufferin' so they're prayin' to die. They are comin' to us every day now—have been ever since the Wilderness, 50,000 here and 150,000 scattered over the country. There's a crawlin' line of sick and wounded all the way from here to Petersburg to-night. There's a line from Georgia to Chattanooga—Sherman's men. You can't put your finger on a spot in the



"DON'T MIND ME, BILLY. THE LORD GENERALLY KNOWS
WHAT HE'S ABOUT"

whole North that ain't got a crippled or fever-struck soldier in it. There were days in May, just after the Wilderness, when Mary and I used to drive the carriage along lines of ambulances which stretched from the docks to the hospitals, one, two miles. It was a thing to tear your heart out to see 'em. They brought them from the field just as they picked them up, with horrible, gaping, undressed wounds, blood and dust and powder caked over them—eaten by flies and mosquitoes. They'd been piled like cord wood on flat cars and transports. Sometimes they didn't get a drink until they were distributed here. Often when it was cold they had no blanket, when it was hot they had no shade. That was nearly four months ago, and still they come. Night after night as I drive up here from the White House I pass twenty, thirty, forty ambulances in a row dis-

tributin' the wounded and sick from Grant's army.

"Think what it means! It means that boys like you and me were, not so long ago, have stood up and shot each other down—have trampled over each other and have left each other wounded and bleeding on the ground, in the rain or the heat, nobody to give 'em a drink or to say a kind word. Nothing but darkness and blood and groans and torture. Sometimes I can't believe it's true. Boys from Illinois where I live, shootin' boys from Kentucky where I was born! It's only when I see them comin' in I realize it—boat load after boat load, wagon load after wagon load. It seemed sometimes after Bull Run and Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville if they didn't stop unloadin' 'em I'd go plumb crazy. But still they come, and only God knows when



"BE YOU ABE LINCOLN?"

they'll stop. They say hell's like war, Billy. If 'tis,—I'm glad I ain't Satan."

Of course I tried to cheer him up. I'd been around visitin' the Illinois boys in the hospitals that day and I just lit in and told him how comfortable I'd found 'em and how chipper most of them seemed. "You'd think 'twas fun to be in the hospital to see some of 'em, Mr. Lincoln," I said. "What do you suppose old Tom Blodgett was doin'? Settin' up darnin' his socks. Yes, sir, insisted on doin' it himself. Said them socks had fit all the way from Washington to Richmond. They'd stood by him and he was goin' to stand by them. Goin' to dress their wounds as good as the doctor had his. Never saw anything so funny as that big feller propped up there tryin' to darn like he'd seen his mother do and all the time makin' fun. All the boys around were laffin' at him—called him the sock doctor.

"And things were so clean and white and pretty and the women were runnin' around just like home."

"God bless 'em," he said. "I don't know what we'd 'a' done if it hadn't been for the way the women have taken hold. Come down here willin' to do anything; women that never saw a cut finger before, will stand over a wound so terrible men will faint at the sight of it. I've known of women spendin' whole nights on a battlefield huntin' for somebody they'd lost and stoppin' as they went to give water and take messages. I've known 'em to work steady for three days and nights without a wink of sleep down at the front after a battle, takin' care of the wounded. Here in Washington you can't stop 'em as long as they can see a thing to be done. At home they're supportin' the families and workin' day and night to help us. They give their husbands and their boys and then themselves. God bless the women, Billy. We can't save the Union without 'em.

"It makes a difference to the boys in a hospital havin' 'em. People don't realize how young this army is. Half the wounded here in Washington to-day are *children*—not twenty yet—lots of 'em under eighteen. Children who never went to sleep in their lives before they went into the army without kissin' their mothers good night. You take such a boy as that and let him lie in camp a few months gettin' more and more tired of it and he gets homesick—plain homesick—he wants his mother. Perhaps he don't know what's the matter and he wouldn't admit it if he did. First thing you know he's in the hospital with camp fever, or he gets wounded. I tell you a woman looks good to him.

"It's a queer thing to say, Billy, but I get real

comfort out of the hospitals. When you know what the wounded have been through—how they have laid on the battlefields for hours and hours uncared for, how they've suffered bein' hauled up here, there ain't nuthin' consoles you like knowin' that their wounds have been dressed and that they are clean and fed, and looked after. Then they are so thankful to be here—to have some one to see to 'em. I remember one day a boy who had been all shot up but was gettin' better sayin' to me: 'Mr. Lincoln, I can't sleep nights thinkin' how comfortable I am.' It's so good to find 'em realizin' that everybody cares—the whole country. People come and read to 'em and write letters for 'em and bring 'em things. Why, they have real good times at some of the places. Down to Armory Square Bliss has got a melodeon and they have concerts sometimes, and there are flags up and flowers in the windows. I got some flower seeds last summer for Bliss to plant outside, but they turned out to be lettuce and onions. The boys ate 'em and you ought to heard 'em laugh about my flowers. I tell you it makes me happy when I go around and find the poor fellows smilin' up at me and sayin': 'You're takin' good care of us, Mr. Lincoln,' and maybe crack a joke.

"They take it all so natural, trampin' and fightin' and dyin'. It's a wonderful army—wonderful! You couldn't believe that boys that back home didn't ever have a serious thought in their heads could ever be so dead set as they be about an idee. Think of it! A million men are lookin' up at these stars to-night, a million men ready to die for the Union to-morrow if it's got to be done to save it! I tell you, it shows what's in 'em. They're all the same, young or old—the Union's got to be saved! Of course you'd expect it more of the old ones, and we've got some old ones, older than the law allows, too. 'Tain't only the youngsters who have lied themselves into the service. Only to-day a Congressman was in tellin' me about one of his constituents, said he was over sixty-five and white-haired when he first enlisted. They refused him of course, and I be blamed if the old fellow didn't dye his hair black and change his name, and when they asked him his age, said: 'Rising thirty-five,' and he's been fightin' good for two years and now they'd found him out. The Congressman asked me what he ought to do. I told him if 'twas me I'd keep him in hair dye."

We was still a while and then Mr. Lincoln began talkin', more to himself than to me.

"A million men, a mighty host—and one word of mine would bring the million sleeping

boys to their feet—send them without a word to their guns—they would fall in rank—brigade on brigade, regiment on regiment, corps on corps, a word more and they would march steady, quiet, a million men in step straight ahead, over fields, through forests, across rivers. Nothing could stop them—cannons might tear holes in their ranks, and they would fill them up, a half million might be bled out of them, and a word of mine would bring a half million more to fill their place. Oh, God, my God," he groaned, under his breath, "what am I that Thou shouldst ask this of me! What am I that Thou shouldst trust me so!"

Well, I just dropped my head in my hands—seemed as if I oughten to look at him—and the next thing I know Mr. Lincoln's arm was over my shoulder and he was saying in that smilin' kind of voice he had: "Don't mind me, Billy. The Lord generally knows what He's about and He can get rid of me quick enough if He sees I ain't doin' the job—quicker than the Copperheads can."

Just like him to change so. Didn't want anybody to feel bad. But I never forgot that, and many a time in my sleep I've heard Abraham Lincoln's voice crying out: "Oh, God, my God, what am I that Thou shouldst ask this of me!" and I've groaned to think how often through them five awful years he must have lifted up his face with that look on it and asked the Lord what in the world he was doing that thing for.

"After all, Billy," he went on, "it's surprisin' what a happy army it is. In spite of bein' so dead in earnest and havin' so much trouble of one kind and another, seems sometimes as if you couldn't put 'em anywhere that they wouldn't scare up some fun. Greatest chaps to sing on the march, to cut up capers and play tricks you ever saw. I reckon the army's a little like me, it couldn't do its job if it didn't get a good laugh now and then—sort o' clears up the air when things are lookin' blue. Anyhow the boys are always gettin' themselves into trouble by their pranks. Jokin' fills the guard-house as often as drunkenness or laziness. That and their bein' so sassy. A lot of 'em think they know just as much as the officers do, and I reckon they're right half the time. It takes some time to learn that it ain't good for the service for them to be speakin' their minds too free. At the start they did it pretty often—do now sometimes. Why only just this week Stanton told me about the case of a sergeant, who one day when the commanding officer was relieving his mind by swearing at his men, stepped right out of the ranks and reproved him and said

he was breaking the law of God. Well, they clapped him in the guard-house and now they want to punish him harder—say he ain't penitent—keeps disturbin' the guard-house by prayin' at the top of his voice for that officer. I told Stanton we better not interfere, that there wasn't nothing in the regulations against a man's prayin' for his officers, and it might do some good.

"Yes, it's a funny army. There don't seem to be but one thing that discourages it, and that's not fightin'. Keep 'em still in camp where you'd think they'd be comfortable and they go to pieces every time. It's when they're lyin' still we have the worst camp fever and the most deserters. Keep 'em on the move, let 'em think they're goin' to have a fight and they perk up right off.

"We can't fail with men like that. Make all the mistakes we can, they'll make up for 'em. The hope of this war is in the common soldiers, not in the generals—not in the War Department, not in me. It's the boys. Sometimes it seems to me that nobody sees it quite right. It's in war as it is in life—a whole raft of men work day and night and sweat and die to get in the crops and mine the ore and build the towns and sail the seas. They make the wealth but they get mighty little of it. We ain't got our values of men's work figured out right yet—the value of the man that gives orders and of the man that takes 'em. I hear people talkin' as if the history of a battle was what the generals did. I can't help thinkin' that the history of this war is in the knapsack of the common soldier. He's makin' that history just like the farmers are makin' the wealth. We fellows at the top are only usin' what they make.

"At any rate that's the way I see it, and I've tried hard ever since I've been down here to do all I could for the boys. I know lots of officers think I peek around camp too much, think 'tain't good for discipline. But I've always felt I ought to know how they was livin' and there didn't seem to be no other sure way of findin' out. Officers ain't always good housekeepers, and I kinda felt I'd got to keep my eye on the cupboard.

"I reckon Stanton thinks I've interfered too much, but there's been more'n enough trouble to go around in this war, and the only hope was helpin' where you could. But 'tain't much one can do. I might just as well try to dip all the water out of the Potomac with a teaspoon as to help every soldier that's in trouble.

"Then there's that pardonin' business. Every now and then I have to fix it up with

Stanton or some officer for pardoning so many boys. I suppose it's pretty hard for them not to have all their rules lived up to. They've worked out a lot of laws to govern this army, and I s'pose it's natural enough for 'em to think the most important thing in the world is havin' 'em obeyed. They've got it fixed so the boys do everything accordin' to regulations. They won't even let 'em die of something that ain't on the list—got to die accordin' to the regulations. But by jingo, Billy, I ain't goin' to have boys shot accordin' to no dumb regulations! I ain't goin' to have a butcher's day every Friday in the army if I can help it. It's so what they say about me, that I'm always lookin' for an excuse to pardon somebody. I do it every time I can find a reason. When they're young and when they're green or when they've been worked on by Copperheads or when they've got disgusted lyin' still and come to think we ain't doin' our job—when I see that I ain't goin' to have 'em shot. And then there's my leg cases. I've got a drawerful. They make Holt maddest—says he ain't any use for cowards. Well, generally speakin', I ain't, but if I ain't sure what I'd do if I was standin' in front of a gun, and more'n that as I told Holt one day if Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs how can he help their running away with him?

"You can't make me believe it's good policy to shoot these soldiers, anyhow. Seems to me one thing we've never taken into account as we ought to is that this is a *volunteer* army. These men came down here to put an end to this rebellion and not to get trained as soldiers. They just dropped the work they was doin' right where it was—never stopped to fix up things to be away long. Why, we've got a little minister at the head of one company that was preachin' when he heard the news of Bull Run. He shut up his Bible, told the congregation what had happened, and said: 'Brethren, I reckon it's time for us to adjourn this meetin' and go home and drill,' and they did it, and now they're down with Grant. When the war's over that man will go back and finish that sermon.

"That's the way with most of 'em. You can't treat such an army like you would one that had been brought up to soljerin' as a business. They'll take discipline enuff to fight, but they don't take any stock in it as a means of earnin' a livin'.

"More'n that they've got their own ideas about politics and military tactics and mighty clear ideas about all of us that are runnin' things. You can't fool 'em on an officer.

They know when one ain't fit to command, and time and time again they've pestered a coward or a braggart or a bully out of the service. An officer who does his job best he can, even if he ain't very smart, just honest and faithful, they'll stand by and help. If he's a big one, a real big man, they can't do enough for him. Take the way they feel about Thomas, the store they set by him. I met a boy on crutches out by the White House the other day and asked him where he got wounded. He told me about the place they held. 'Pretty hot, wasn't it?' I said. 'Yes, but Old Pap put us there and he wouldn't 'a' done it if he hadn't known we could 'a' held it.' No more question 'Old Pap' than they would God Almighty. But if it had been some generals they'd skedaddled.

"They ain't never made any mistake about me just because I'm president. A while after Bull Run I met a boy out on the street here on crutches, thin and white, and I stopped to ask him about how he got hurt. Well, Billy, he looked at me hard as nails, and he says: 'Be you Abe Lincoln?' And I said, 'Yes.' 'Well,' he says, 'all I've got to say is you don't know your job. I enlisted glad enough to do my part and I've done it, but you ain't done yourn. You promised to feed me, and I marched three days at the beginning of these troubles without anything to eat but hardtack and two chunks of salt pork—no bread, no coffee—and what I did get wasn't regular. They got us up one mornin' and marched us ten miles without breakfast. Do you call that providin' for an army? And they sent us down to fight the Rebs at Bull Run, and when we was doin' our best and holdin' 'em—I tell you, holdin' 'em—they told us to fall back. I swore I wouldn't—I hadn't come down there for that. They made me—rode me down. I got struck—struck in the back. Struck in the back and they left me there—never came for me, never gave me a drink and I dyin' of thirst. I crawled five miles for water, and I'd be dead and rottin' in Virginia to-day if a teamster hadn't picked me up and brought me to this town and found an old ducky to take care of me. You ain't doin' your job, Abe Lincoln, you won't win this war until you learn to take care of the soldiers.'

"I couldn't say a thing. It was true. It's been true all the time. It's true to-day. We ain't takin' care of the soldiers like we ought.

"You don't suppose such men are goin' to accept the best lot of regulations ever made without askin' questions? Not a bit of it. They know when things are right and when they're not. When they see a man who they

know is nothing but a boy or one they know's bein' eat up with homesickness or one whose term is out, and ought to be let go, throwing everything over and desertin', it don't make them any better soldiers to have us shoot him. Makes 'em worse in my judgment, makes 'em think we don't understand. Anyhow, discipline or no discipline, I ain't goin' to have any more of it than I can help. It ain't good common sense.

"You can't run *this* army altogether as if 'twas a machine. It ain't. It's a *people's* army. It offered itself. It has come down here to fight this thing out—just as it would go to the polls. It is greater than its generals, greater than the administration. We are created to care for it and lead it. It is not created for us. Every day the war has lasted I've felt this army growin' in power and determination. I've felt its hand on me, guiding, compelling, threatening, upholding me, felt its distrust and its trust, its blame and its love. I've felt its patience and its sympathy. The greatest comfort I get is when sometimes I feel as if mebbe the army understood what I was tryin' to do whether Greeley did or not. They understood because it's *their* war. Why, we might fail, every one of us, and this war would go on. The army would find its leaders like they say the old Roman armies sometimes did and would finish the fight.

"I tell you, Billy, there ain't nuthin' that's ever happened in the world so far as I know that gives one such faith in the people as this

army and the way it acts. There's been times, I ain't denyin', when I didn't know but the war was goin' to be too much for us, times when I thought that mebbe a republic like this couldn't stand such a strain. It's the kind of government we've got that's bein' tested in this war, government by the people, and it's the People's Army that makes me certain it can't be upset."

I tell you it done me good to see him settin' up straight there talkin' so proud and confident, and as I was watchin' him there popped into my head some words from a song I'd heard the soldiers sing:

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more—
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New
England's shore.

You have called us and we're coming. By Rich-
mond's bloody tide
To lay us down, 'for Freedom's sake, our brothers'
bones beside;

Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone
before—
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more.

That was it; I saw it clear. What they called him in that song was right, and somehow the soldiers had found it out. Curious how a lot of people who never saw a man in their lives will come to understand him exactly. That's what happened in the war. They *meant* it when they called him "Father Abraham."





O I have seen a fair mermaid,
That sang beside a lonely sea,
And now her long black hair she'll braid,
And be my own good wife to me.

O woe's the day you saw the maid,
And woe's the song she sang the sea,
In hell her long black hair she'll braid,
For ne'er a soul at all has she!

Sir Hugh and the Mermaid.



Margarita's Soul

The Romantic Recollections of a Man of Fifty

By INGRAHAM LOVELL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

PART I—In which you see a secret spring

I. Fate Walks Broadway

ROGER BRADLEY was walking up Broadway. This fact calls sharply for comment, for he had not done it in years; the thoroughfare was intolerable to him. But one of its impingements upon a less blatant avenue had caught him napping and he found himself entangled in a mesh of theater dribblings, pool-room loungers, wine-touts and homeward bent women of the middle, shopping class. Being there, he scorned to avail himself of the regularly recurring cross streets, but strode along, his straight, trim bulk, his keen, judicial profile—a profile that spoke strong of the best traditions of American blood—marking him for what he was among a crowd not to be matched, in its way upon the Western Continent.

At the second slanting of the great, tawdry lane he bent with it and encountered suddenly a little knot of flustered women just descended

from the elevated way that doubled the din and blare of the shrinking city. They were bundle-filled, voluble, dressed by any standards save those of their native city, far beyond their probable means and undoubted station. As they stopped unexpectedly and hesitated, damming the flood of hurrying citizens, Roger halted of necessity and stepped backward, but in avoiding them he bumped heavily against the person behind him. A startled gasp, something soft against his shoulder, the sharp edge of a projecting hat, told him that this person was a woman and stepping sidewise into the shelter of a neighboring news-stall, he raised his hat with a courtesy alien to the place and hour.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, "I trust I have not hurt you?"

"No," said the woman, who wore a heavy grey veil, and as that is literally all she said and as her method of saying it was as convincing as

it was simple, one would suppose the incident closed and look to see Roger complete his journey to his club without further adventure.

Do I wish he had? God knows. It was undoubtedly the turning point in his life and he was forty. Had he gone on to the club where I was waiting for him, had we dined, played out our rubber, dropped in at the occasional chamber concert that was our usual and almost our only dissipation in those days, I should not now be ransacking old letters and diaries from which to make this book, nor would Margarita's picture—her loveliest, as Juliet—lean toward me from the wall. She is smiling; not as one smiles in photographs, but as a flesh-and-blood woman droops over the man she loves and smiles her heart into his lips, reaching over his shoulder. Everything slips behind but you two, herself and you, when you look at it. Sarony, who took it, told me he had never posed such a subject, and I believe him.

Well, well, it's done now. It was twenty years ago that Roger bumped into his fate in that eddy of Broadway and I was as powerless as you are now to disentangle him and keep him for myself, which, selfishly enough, of course, I wanted terribly to do. You see, he was all I had, Roger, and I was hoping we would play the game out together. But—not to have known Margarita? Never to have watched that bending droop of her neck, that extraordinary coloring of her skin—a real Henner skin! I remember Maurice Grau's telling me that he had always thought Henner color blind till he saw Margarita's neck in her name-part in *Faust*.

The things that girl used to tell me, before she had any soul, of course, and in the days when I was the third man to whom she had ever spoken more than ten words in her life, were almost enough to pay for all the pain she taught me. Such talks! I can close my eyes and actually smell the sea weed and the damp sand and hear the inrush of the big combers. She used to sit in the lee of the rocks, all huddled in that heavy, supple army blue officer's cloak of hers with its tarnished silver clasps, and talk as Miranda must have talked to Ferdinand's old bachelor friend, who probably appreciated the chance—too well, the poor old dog!

I had reached, I think, when I left off my plain unvarnished tale and took to maundering, that precise point in it which exhibits Roger in the act of replacing his hat upon his even then slightly greyish head and striding on. It seems to me that he would not have checked in his stride if the woman had replied after the usual tautological fashion of her sex (we blame them for it, not thinking how wholly in nature

it is that they should be so, like the repeated notes of birds, the persistence of the raindrops, the continual flicker of the sun through the always fluttering leaves,) with some such phrase as, "No, indeed, not in the least, I assure you!" or "Not at all, really—don't mention it!" or even "No, indeed," with a shy bow or a composed one, as the case might be. But this woman uttered merely the syllable, "No," with no modification nor variation, no inclination of the head, no movement forward or back. Her utterance was grave, moreover, and precise, her tone noticeably full and deep. Roger, poising a moment in the shelter of the news-stall, spoke again at the spur of some unexplainable impulse.

"I was afraid I had stepped directly on your foot—it felt so," he said.

Again she answered simply, "No," and that was his second chance. Now in the face of these facts it is folly to contend that the woman "accosted" him, as his cousin, who was one of the Boston Thayers, put it to me. She did nothing of the kind; she replied twice, to his distinct questions, in the coldest of monosyllables and he could not even have told if she looked at him, her veil was so thick. Let that be definitely understood, once and for all. The chances were even in favor of her being violently pitted from the small-pox, since even twenty years ago, when the city was less cosmopolitan (and from my point of view more interesting,) the women of New York of the class that travels unaccompanied and on foot at dusk were not accustomed to go heavily veiled if they had any fair excuse for the contrary course.

Nevertheless to that veiled woman did Roger address himself—unnecessarily, mark you—for the third time. Why did he? He had his chance; two chances in fact. But this is folly, for of course he had no chance at all. Fate stood by that news-stall, with the blear-eyed, frouzy woman that tended it looking vacantly on; Fate, veiled, too, and not even monosyllabic in his behalf. I should have known this, I think, even if I had not lived those curious, long eight months in Algeria and slept those dreamless nights under the Algerian stars that got into my blood and call me back now and then, imperiously and never in vain, though I feel older than the stars, and Alif and the rest are dead or exhibiting themselves at the great American memorial fairs that began to flourish about the time this tale begins. No, there was no help: it was written.

"I am glad I did not hurt you," he said, really moving forward now and again raising his hat, "these crowds are dangerous for women at this hour."

He took two steps and stopped suddenly, for a hand slipped under his arm. (You should have seen his cousin's face, the Boston one, when in that relentless way known only to women and eminent artists in cross-examination she got this fact out of me.)

"Will you tell me the quickest way to Broadway?" said the woman to whom he had just spoken.

"To Broadway?" he echoed stupidly, standing stock still, conscious of the grasp upon his arm, a curious sense of the importance of this apparently cheap experience surging over him, even while he resented its banality. "This is Broadway. What do you want of it?"

"I want to show myself on it," said the woman, a young woman, from the voice.

Roger stepped back against the news-stall, dragging her with him, since her hand did not leave his arm.

"To show yourself on it?" he repeated sternly, "and why do you want to do that?"

"To get myself some friends. I have none," said she serenely.

Now you must not think Roger a fool, for he was not. You see you never heard the voice that spoke to him. If you had and had possessed any experience or knowledge of the world, you would have realized that the owner of that voice possessed neither or else was a very great and convincing actress. Mere print cannot excuse him, perhaps, but I give you my word he was as a matter of fact excusable, since he was a bachelor. Most men are very susceptible to the human voice, especially to the female human voice, and it has always been a matter of the deepest wonder to me that the men who do not hear a lovely one once in the year are most under the dominion of their females. I mean, of course, the Americans. It is one of the greatest proofs of the power of these *belles Americaines* that they wield it in spite of the rustiness of this, their chief national weapon.

The bell notes, the grave, full richness of this veiled woman's voice touched Roger deeply and with a brusque motion he drew out from his pocket a banknote and pressed into it the hand under his arm.

"Take this and go home," he said severely. "If you will promise me to call at an address I will give you, I will guarantee you a decent means of livelihood. Will you promise me?"

She reached down without a word into a bag that hung *en chatelaine* at her waist and drew out something in her turn.

"I have a great many of those," she said placidly, "and more at home. See them!"

And under his face she thrust a double handful of stamped paper—all green.

"Each one of these is called twenty dollars," she informed him, "and some of them are called fifty dollars. They are in the bottom of the bag. I do not think that I need any more."

Roger stared at her.

"Put that away directly," he said, "and lift your veil so that I can see who you are. There is something wrong here."

They stood in the lee of the flaring stall, a pair so obvious in their relation to each other, one would say, as to require no comment beyond the cynical indifference of the red-eyed woman who tended it. No doubt she had long ceased to count the well-dressed, athletic men who drew indifferently clothed young women into the shelter of her stand. And yet no one of his Puritan ancestors could have been further in spirit from her dreary inferences than this Roger. Nor do I believe him to be so exceptional in this as to cause remark. We are not all birds of prey, dear ladies, believe me. Indeed, since you have undertaken the responsibilities of the literary dissecting-room so thoroughly and increasingly, since you have, as one might say, at last freed your minds to us in the amazing frankness of your multitudinous and unsparing pages, I am greatly tempted to wonder if you are not essentially less decent than we. One would never have ventured to suspect it, had you not opened the door. . . .

The woman threw back her veil so that it framed her face like a cloud and Roger looked straight into her eyes. And so the curtain rolled up, the orchestra ceased its irrelevant pipings and the play was begun.

II. Fate Goes A-Fishing



Roger told me he literally could five seconds or five looked into the girl's since leaned to the was nearer five even the news-

afterward that not say if it were minutes that he eyes. He has opinion that it minutes, because woman stared at him and the passing street boys had already begun to collect. Some subconscious realiza-

tion of this finally enabled him to drag his eyes away, very much as one drags himself awake when he must, and to realize the picture he presented—a dazed man confronting an extraordinarily lovely girl with her fist full of banknotes on a Broadway curbstone. An interested cabby caught his eye, wagged his whip masterfully, wheeled up to them and with an apparently complete grasp of the situation whirled them off through a side street with never so much as a “Where to, sir?”

And so he found himself alone with an unknown beauty in a hansom cab, for all the world like a mysterious hero of melodrama, and Roger hated melodrama and was never mysterious in all his life, to say nothing of disliking mystery in anyone connected with him. He says he was extremely angry at this juncture and I believe him.

“What is your name?” he asked shortly. “Have you no parents or friends to protect you from the consequences of this crazy performance? Where do you live?”

“My name is Margarita,” she replied directly and pleasantly, “I never had but one parent and he died a few days ago. I live by the sea.”

An ugly thrill shot down his spine. No healthy person likes to be alone with a mad woman and under a brilliant fleeting light he studied her curiously only to receive the certain conviction that whatever his companion might be, she was not mad. Her slate-blue eyes were calm and bright, her lips rather noticeably firm for all their curves—and the mad woman’s mouth betrayeth her inevitably under scrutiny. Nor was she drugged into some passing vacancy of mind: her whole atmosphere breathed a perfectly conscious control of her movements, however misguided the event might prove them. Before this conviction he hesitated slightly.

“You have another name, however,” he said gently, “and what do you mean by the sea? What sea?”

For it occurred to him that although her English was perfect, she might be an utter stranger to the country, unthinkable abandoned, with sufficient means to salve her betrayer’s conscience.

“Is there more than one sea, then?” she inquired of him with interest. “I thought there was only mine. It is a very large one with high waves—and cold,” she added as an afterthought.

Roger gasped. “You did not tell me your other name,” he said.

“*Joséphine*,” she replied readily, pronouncing the name in the French manner.

“But you have another still?”

“Yes. Dolores,” she said, with an evidently accustomed Spanish accent.

“And the last name?” he persisted in despair, noting with some busy corner of his mind that they were drifting down Fifth Avenue.

“That is all there are,” she assured him, “surely three different names are sufficient for one person? I do not use the last two—only Margarita.”

Roger squared his shoulders, took the banknotes from her unresisting hand and gravely folded them into her bag before he spoke again.

“Listen to me, Miss Margarita,” he said slowly and with exaggerated articulation, as one speaks to a child, “what was your father’s name? What did the people in the town you live in call him?”

“I told you we lived by the sea—did you forget?” she answered, a shade reprovingly. “There is no town at all. And there are no people. We live alone.”

“But your servants must have called him something?” he persisted.

“Hester called my father ‘sir’ and the boy cannot talk, of course,” she said.

“Why not?”

“Because he is dumb. His name is Caliban,” she added hastily, “and he has no other, only that one.”

“What is Hester’s name?” Roger demanded doggedly.

“Hester Prynne,” said Margarita *Joséphine* Dolores, “and I have had nothing to eat since the man with the shining buttons gave me meat between bread a great many hours ago. I wish I might see another such man. He might be willing to give me more. Will you look out and tell me if you see one?”

“For heaven’s sake,” Roger cried, “you are hungry! You should have said so before—why didn’t you?”

He called out a name to the cabman who took them quickly to a place now called “the old one,” because the new one is filled with people who endeavor consistently to look newer than they are, I suppose. The wine is newer certainly, and the manners. At this place, then, in a quaint old corner, they found themselves and Roger bespoke a meal calculated to please a young woman far more exigent than this sole dweller by the sea was likely to be. The clearest of soups, the driest of sherry in a tiny glass, something called by the respectful and understanding waiter “*sôle frite*,” which was at any rate, quite as good as if it had been that, a hot and savory *poulet rôti*—and Roger, who had been too busy to take luncheon, looked about him, contentedly well fed, rested his eyes

with the clean, coarse linen, the red wine in its straw basket that had come with the *poulet*, the quiet, worn fittings of the little old-world place, and realized with a shock of surprise that his companion had not spoken a word since the meal began.

This was obviously not because she was famished, though she had the healthy hunger of the creature not yet done with growing, but because, simply, she felt no necessity for speech. She was evidently thinking, for her eyes had the fixed absorption of a child's who dreams over his bread and milk, but conversation she had none. He studied her, amused partly, partly lost in her beauty, for indeed she was beautiful. She had a pure olive skin, running white into the neck—oh, the back of Margarita's neck! That tender nape with its soft, nearly blonde locks that curled short about it below the heavy waves of what she called her "real hair." That was chestnut, dark brown at night. Nature had given her long dark lashes with perfect verisimilitude, but had at the last moment capriciously decided against man's peace and hidden behind them, set deep behind them under flexible Italian brows, those curious slate-blue eyes that fixed her face in your mind inalterably. You could not forget her. I know, because I have been trying for twenty years.

"You are not, I take it, accustomed to dining out, Miss Margarita?" said Roger, amused, contented, ignorant of the cause of his sudden sense of absolute *bien être*, or attributing it, man like, to his good dinner.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "I dine out very often. I like it better."

He bit his lip with quick displeasure; she was merely eccentric, then, not naïve. For like every other man Roger detested eccentric women. It has always been a marvel to me that women of distinct brain capacity so almost universally fail to realize that we like you better fashionable, even, than eccentric. You do not understand why, dear ladies: you think it must be that we prefer fashion to brains, but indeed it is not so. It is because to be fashionable is for you, to be normal, at least, that we tolerate your sheeplike marches and counter-marches across the plain of society.

"Where do you dine when you dine out?" he inquired coldly, to trap her at last into some explanation.

"On the rocks," she answered serenely, "or under the trees. Sometimes on the sand close to the water. I like it better than in the house."

Roger experienced a ridiculous sense of relief.

"Do you dine alone?" he asked and she answered quietly.

"Of course. My father always ate by himself and Hester, too. Caliban will never let anyone see him eat: I have often tried, but he hides himself."

The waiter brought them at this point an ivory-white salad of *endive* set with ruby points of beet, drenched in pure olive oil, and of this soothing luxury Margarita consumed two large plates in dreamy silence.

"I like this food," she remarked at last, "I like it better than Hester's."

Roger grew literally warm with satisfaction. He was still smiling when she spooned out a great mouthful of the delicate ice before her and under his amazed eyes set her teeth in it.

The horror of that humiliating scene woke him, years afterward, through more than one clammy midnight. In one second the peaceful dining-room was a chattering, howling reign of terror. For Margarita, with a choking cry of rage and anguish, threw the ice with terrible precision into the bland face of the waiter who had brought it; threw her glass of water with an equal accuracy into the wide-open eyes of the head waiter, who appeared instantly; threw Roger's wine-glass full into his own horrified face as he rose to catch her death-dealing hand, and lifting with the magnificent single-armed sweep of a Greek war-goddess her chair from behind her, stood facing them, glaring silently, a slate-eyed Pallas gloriously at bay!

The red wine poured down Roger's face like blood; the force of the blow nearly stunned him but by a supreme effort he bit furiously at his tongue and the pain steadied him. As he swept the table over with a crash and wrenched the chair from her hand (and he took his strength for it) he became aware that the angry excitement behind his back, the threatening babel, had subsided to long-drawn sighs of pity, and realized with a sort of disgusted relief that the blow he had himself suffered from this panting, writhing *mænad* had somehow changed the situation and that he was an object of horrified sympathy. Mercifully, the room was scantily filled, for it was early and his curt explanation was accepted in respectful silence.

"Mademoiselle is—is not responsible for her act, I beg you to believe," he said grimly, white with humiliation and pain. "I beg you will accept . . ."

The two waiters pocketed a week's earnings in voluble deprecation, the proprietor shrugged his excitement away into an admirable regret, the diners wrenched their eyes from Margarita's face and affected to see nothing as Roger buttoned her cheapish vague-colored jacket around her and ordered her sternly to straighten her hat. Her fingers literally trembled with

rage, her soft, round breasts, strangely distinct in outline to his fingers as he strained the tight jacket over them, rose and fell stormily; in a troubled flash of memory he seemed to be handling some throbbing, shot bird. His own clumsiness and strange, heady elation he attributed to the shock of the wine in his face.

In an incredibly short time the table was upright, the debris removed, the room, except for the indefinable, electric sense of recent tragedy that hovers over such scenes, much as it had been. Roger had carried, fortunately for him, a light overcoat on his arm, and this would hide his white, stained triangle of vest with a little management. Grasping Margarita by the arm he led her out of the room, and for the first time questioned her.

"Are you mad?" he muttered. "What do you mean by such a performance?"

"That man," she answered, her voice vibrating like a swept violoncello, "is a devil. Did you not see what he gave me? It was not food at all, but freezing snow. Snow should not be in a glass, but on the ground. It is plain that he wishes to kill me."

Her resonant voice filled every corner of the room, it was impossible for anyone in it to miss the situation and with a sudden inspiration Roger spoke with a special distinctness to the proprietor, noticing that the dozen persons at the tables were obviously French, and using that language.

"Mademoiselle is but recently come out of the convent," said he. "She has lived always in the provinces and has never had the honor of tasting such admirable forms of dessert as monsieur offers his patrons."

The proprietor bowed; an extraordinary mixture of expressions played over his countenance.

"That sees itself, monsieur," he replied. "The affair is already forgotten. I have summoned a closed carriage for monsieur."

And thus it was that Roger found himself for the second time in a carriage with Margarita Joséphine Dolores but with a great difference in his attitude toward that young person. It is a fact possibly curious but certainly undeniable, that when one receives a wine-glass full in the face at the hands of an acquaintance, however recent, this acquaintance is placed immediately upon terms of a certain intimacy with one; the ice, at least, is broken. An unconscious conviction of this colored Roger's tone and shone in his eyes.

"You must never do such a thing as that, Margarita," he said, "that was a terrible thing to do."

"It was a terrible thing that he did to me," replied Margarita composedly.

"Nonsense," said Roger, "perfect nonsense! The man meant you no harm. He brought you only what I had ordered for you."

"You! You told him to try to kill me?" cried this unbelievable Margarita, and turning in her seat with the swiftness of a panther she slapped him, a stinging, biting blow, flat across his cheek. A tornado of answering rage whirled him out of himself and seizing her wrists, he bent them behind her back.

If I seem to be unwarrantably acquainted with Roger's emotions at this crisis, it is only because I understand them from experience, not because he analyzed them at length for me. I too have been in conflict, real physical conflict, with Margarita. I too have felt that old un pitying frenzy, that unreasonable delight in vanquishing her furious strength. Something in Roger—I know how suddenly, how amazingly—strained and snapped; the old bonds of civilization (which with the Anglo-Saxon has always been feminization) burst and dropped away, and the lust of physical ascendancy caught him and swept the pretty legends of moral control and chivalrous forbearing into the dust bins and kitchen middens of nature's great domestic economy. What was it in Margarita that drew that old, primitive passion, that ancient world-stuff out of its decorous grave, all planted with orchids and maiden-hair, that woke it with a rough shout in us and offered us at the same time its natural gratification—a fierce fight and a certain victory? God knows and knows better, perhaps, than the Devil that Roger's ancestors would have been quick to credit with the exclusive knowledge.

Civilization and her mysterious daughter whom we call nowadays Culture have tried to teach us that golf and lawn tennis and for the lustiest, fencing, or the control of a spirited horse must best translate in your housebroken citizen of forty the heat that surged up in Roger then; but to most of us it becomes once or twice apparent in our sidewalk career, our delicate journey from mahogany sideboards to mahogany beds, that this teaching is idiotic to the last degree, however strictly the police have enforced it; and we know that only the man that forged with clenched teeth after Atalanta, tenderly hungry for all her uncaptured whiteness, brutally driving the pace till her heart burst in her side if need be, tasted the supremest ecstasy of the fighting that lifts us that one tantalizing step above the savage—the fight for joy. I am convinced that it is after some one of those red glimpses that a certain proportion of us every year of the world's life throws his chest weights out of the window, settles his tailor's bill, and is off for Africa or Greenland with

a hatchet and a cartridge belt. We become thus inscrutable to our maiden aunts and it may be to ourselves, a little, when we discover that it was not quite exactly the struggle for food and shelter, the fight against the cliffs and elements and animals that we went out into the wilderness to seek. But we are in any event less unreasonable than those belated and blindfolded ones among us who translate the implacable desire too literally and lose its meaning utterly in the garbled text of the midnight city streets.

Roger literally fell upon this vixenish, beautiful creature with the perfectly definite intention of shaking her until her teeth chattered in her head, but he did not achieve this result, for the reason that Margarita fought like a demon; fought, her hands being pinioned, with her supple back, her strong shoulders and her rigid knees. It was like struggling with a malicious little girl of six and a stubborn boy of sixteen rolled into one. She did not cry nor chatter but set her teeth and directed all her superb energy to the actual business in hand. His idea of grasping both her wrists with one hand was out of the question; for two or three delicious, angry moments he essayed this, enraged, amused, breathing hard, while she strained and bent with all her magnificent youth against him, and the years and the rust of the years fell off from him in the heartsome contest, with victory certain but not easy, her submission sure—but not yet! Some subterranean spring welled up in him, some trickle from the everlasting caves that will only be completely leveled over when humanity, decadent, crumbles into them and returns to the primal clay, and he knew that for these few gleaming seconds, snatched from the rest of the greyish hours and weeks, he had been made and destined.

You will, of course, perceive that all this is what I felt when my little turn came; Roger never talked this sort of thing in his life. But unless I am vastly mistaken, he lived it, in those galloping quick-breathed minutes, before he pinioned Margarita, her hands behind her back, with one arm, and held her fast about the knees with the other. Crushed against him, dead weight, she lay, her unconquered eyes sea-black now, flat against his, her heart laboring heavily, under his relentless, banding arm.

"Will you be good, you absurd little wild-cat? Will you?" he demanded, his voice shaking with laughter and triumph. (And you need not be too ready, O exponent of tolerant hearthstone chivalry, to smile at the triumph! V—I, whom Margarita detested, practically refused to sing *Siegfried* to her *Brinhilde*, because he said, she made him ridiculous with her virginal

strugglings and got him out of breath besides! And he could lift and carry Lilli Lehmann.)

"Will you?" Roger repeated, not loosening his hold of her, for he felt her muscles tense as wire under the soft flesh.

"No, I will not," said Margarita. "I hate you. I will die before I will obey you."

And at this foolish and melodramatic remark, Roger Bradley, descendant of all the Puritans, (Whistler used to say that he was by Plymouth Rock out of Mayflower—alas, dear Jimmie!) a respected bachelor, of exemplary habits and no entanglements, deliberately, and with a happy, heartfelt oath, kissed Margarita, at length and somewhat brutally, I fear, in a hired four-wheeler at the junction of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. And of his sensations at this point I cannot speak, because I never had them. I never kissed Margarita but once and then very quickly, because I was convinced that upon my subsequent speed depended my ever seeing her alive again. And she did not struggle at all, because, as a matter of fact, it was perfectly immaterial to her whether I kissed her or not. But that was not the case with Roger's kiss.

III. As the Twigs Were Bent



The day that Roger and I first met is as clear in my mind as if, in the current phrase, it were but yesterday. I was a slender little lad of ten and he a great, strapping fifteen-year-old. I was trundling my hoop about the part of the schoolyard usually given over to the little fellows, as blue as indigo, homesick for my mammy-O, and secretly ashamed of the French schoolboy cape I had worn at Vevay, which all my mates derided, but she in her woman's thrift had thought too good to throw aside. No doubt she was right, but oh, what you make us suffer, you gentle widow mothers! I would have lived on bread and water for a week

could I have buried that French cloak at the end of it.

To me, an odd figure enough to young American eyes, advanced and spoke Monsieur Duval, in whose regard I was the most homelike and natural figure in the landscape, I have no doubt. It was with a real kindness that he called out some cheery nothing, some "*Ahl Ah! ca va bien—vous vous amusez, n'est ce pas?*" or such like, and with an equal and unconscious amiability that I replied in like manner. The language was perfectly familiar to me, especially in its present routine connection, and I took off my cap instinctively, as I should have done at Vevay, and probably said something about my being *joliment bien amusé*, which was purely perfunctory of course, because I wasn't. He passed by and I trundled my hoop along, but only during the space of time required for his complete exit from the scene, for at the precise ending of that time I was violently set upon by three or four boys, dragged, protesting and frightened, to a private retreat, and there informed that my nauseating familiarity with the French language and consequent "showing off" therein must cease incessantly, and that the event of my refusing this ultimatum would be a perilous and not easily forgotten one for a little sneak like me.

Now our school at Vevay had been entirely under the influence, in its secret and really important life, of a circle of English boys, cruelly banished from their natural educational facilities, who made up for this banishment by a careful and systematic insistence on as much as possible of their native school atmosphere, and we little ones were bred up in this very strictly. The word "sneak" was too much for me and I flew at the offender, which was, I suppose, what he wanted.

It would have gone hard indeed with me had not a tall, broad-shouldered boy, glorious in a jersey enriched with the initials of the school, swung suddenly upon us and twitched me out of the bandit crew by my coat collar.

"What's all this? What are you up to?" he asked briskly.

He had a baseball bat with him—I regarded baseball at that time as a sort of cricket gone mad—and a round visored cap on his thick fair hair. His chin was deeply cleft, his eyes grey-blue, his skin very fair. To me he was an upper-form demi-god and I, seeing nothing odd in his actions, for he was what I called the cock of the school, voiced my trembling plea.

"If you please, sir," I began, whereat he blushed and my captors burst into derisive shouts and capered around us, and thoroughly

embarrassed and frightened, I began to snivel into my elbow.

"We don't talk that way over here," he admonished me shortly, "go ahead without any sirs, can't you?"

Well, it all came out finally and he settled it very easily: a reflective look came across his face, he stroked the cleft in his chin thoughtfully—a trick he never lost—and said in a quiet, convincing tone,

"You always were an awful fool, Judson," this to the bully. "If you had the sense of a cat you wouldn't haze this little fellow for what he can't help but instead you'd use him. Why, if I had him in my French class, I'd make him do most of the reciting and keep old Duval busy—he'd never see through it. Think it over. Come on, shaver!"

This he said to me and I trotted off his slave—his fag, I hoped, but vainly, as it proved.

I tell this at length because it illustrates Roger's character so perfectly. Not that he couldn't fight, but he preferred not if a little practical arbitration could be made to do the work of battle. And yet he was rather tactless in a social sense: this was his professional attitude, you understand.

"You're the little French boy," he said, as I followed him. "What's your name, anyhow? I'm Roger Bradley." As if I didn't know!

"If you pl— I mean, mine is Winfred Jerrolds," I said shyly.

"Your're not really French, are you?"

It was the first time I had ever been proud of my American blood. I told him about my American mother and my English father, his tragic death and her return to her own country after twelve years of absence; of the acquisition of my wonderful French, which was only the work of two years, of my violin lessons, strictly concealed from the other boys, of my old Swiss nurse, now our cook, of my French poodle, and a score of other secrets never breathed before.

He was deeply interested, inquired the brave details of my father's death, shook hands heartily, and expressed his intention of inviting me to his home some time during the vacation. We parted the best of friends and shall be, I trust, till we part for good and all.

That summer he took me home with him and I gazed with deep respect upon the portraits of his ancestors, fading against the dark wainscots of the respectable Boston mansion; played my violin obediently for his mother, who presented me with a volume of Emerson's essays; hung upon the lips of his soldier-uncle, one-armed since Gettysburg, who in his turn listened gravely to my tales of my father; and sedulously avoided his cousin Sarah, who, even then,

a fresh-faced girl of eighteen, had begun to feel those responsibilities toward the human race which have since so consistently distinguished her, and pursued me with hideous bits of paper bearing a mocking resemblance to blank checks, which she called "pledges," by means of which she urged me to begin in the days of my youth the practice of total abstinence, with the result that she has become hopelessly involved in my mind with that revolting practice. They were Unitarians, a doctrine then fashionable in those regions, oddly enough, and greatly to the puzzlement of my dear mother, who could not understand how dissent could ever be so, and who was firmly convinced that "your Bradleys" as she called them, were addicted to ranting prayers on all occasions. In vain I described to her old Madam Bradley with a scrap of frosty lace on her white hair, a terrifying ear trumpet and the manners of a countess; in vain I assured her that Uncle Winthrop would no more be guilty of a ranting prayer than my father would have been: she shook her head gently and urged me to recall my confirmation vows!

My dear mother! To write of her even so slightly is to see her in her neat black dress with its web-like bands of lawn at neck and wrists, directing old Jeanne, *bonne-à-tout-faire* now in our small establishment, watering our window geraniums from a quaint, long-nosed copper pot, drilling Mr. Boffin, the poodle, in his manners, and when the early dinner was out of the way, sitting in all simplicity with Jeanne at work upon my shirts—the only example of really democratic institutions that I ever saw in this irascible democracy. I should like to have seen Madam Bradley sewing with the cook and innocently gossiping over the old days!

Well, well, even to have invented so inhumanly possible an ideal as democracy is a great feat and a wonderful exhibition of the powers of our minds on this planet, I suppose. And I am not sure that it is a greater proof of sincerity to practise it while denying it in theory, as they do in the old countries, than to reverse the process in the new ones. Americans are such incurable idealists! And if Plato is right and the idea is the really important part of the matter, then the idea of seventy—or is it eighty, now?—millions of equal lords of creation is really more to the point than the fact that they don't exist. But why, oh why, must equality produce such bad manners? They must have been very bad to make such an impression upon a little lad of ten. And who can explain its extraordinary effect upon the voice? Why does it kill all modulation, all tone-color, all delicate shades of thought and passion equally, and resolve

that great gift, which I sometimes think the greatest difference between me and my dog, into a toneless, mumble-chopped grunting?

That was the glory of Margarita's voice: if she but informed you that she would like more bread, your ear relished that series of unimportant syllables precisely as the tongue relishes a satisfying dish; with her, pleading, commanding, refusing, admiring were four perfectly different tonal processes; a blind man, an Eskimo or a South Sea Islander would have understood that voice perfectly. And even now, merely a shadow of what it once was, it is a lesson to all about her.

When Roger was seventeen and I but twelve he lost two years out of his school-life, and this brought us closer together ultimately, as will be seen. In some more than usually violent game of his favorite baseball at this time he managed to fall so heavily on his chest as to slightly bruise the lung, and a teasing cough that resulted from this terrified his mother, over whom, like so many of her pure-blooded countrywomen, the White Scourge hung threateningly, never very far away. Good luck sent them just then an invitation from a distant cousin, skipper of a large schooner that plied in Southern waters, and she thankfully sent Roger off for a long cruise with him. It was a fine experience, and oh, how bitterly I longed to share it, as the skipper cousin urged me to do! But I was the only son of my mother and she a widow, and so I swallowed my grief and contented myself with writing.

Our correspondence was very characteristic at this time: I have specimens of both sides of it. My letters are long and detailed, almost school-diaries. Roger's are few, short and immensely impressive. He had a straightforward, utterly unimaginative style that strikes the heart like Defoe's. He gave the strongest sense of great events always happening, of high seas, bright, strange coasts, racy, vital talk,—and all in few, short words.

"We have been rolling hard for three days now," he says in one letter, "and the ship's dog died of colic, which is about the worst sign there is, they say. It may be we shall be wrecked. I wish you were here, Jerry, you would enjoy it. They have stopped trying to coddle me now and I live rough, like the rest. The food is not so very good, but we all eat hard. I hardly ever cough at all now. The captain says I am as handy as the next man."

The oldest of four, he had been looked up to and respected from the nursery. A powerful influence at school, a prince regent at home, wealthy in his own right, he stood in some danger of being spoiled, I suppose. But the

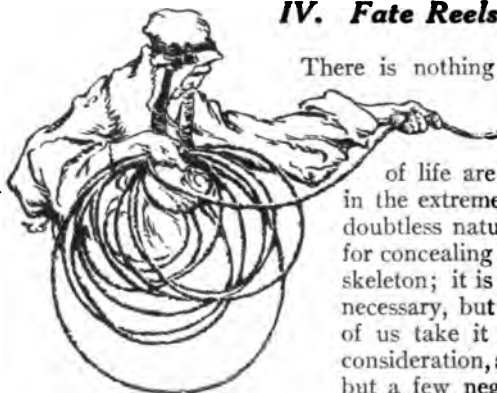
bluff skipper cousin, representative of that strange New England *Wanderlust*, so little exploited in the anemic fiction that so ridiculously caricatures New England life, stamped Roger at this most impressionable age with the clean, downright simplicity, the manly humility so signally characteristic of men who must always be ready to perish in the elements; the ability to hold his tongue and wait. Few families really rooted in that Old England that made the New but can count in some generation their skipper cousin; in these the white-caps, the tall masts, the spices and hot nights, the scarlet tropics and the dusky, startled natives tip with flame the quiet chronicles of the sisters left at home; and gorgeous peacock fans, rosy, enameled shells, strings of sandalwood beads, riotous, bloomy embroideries and supple folds of exotic muslin weave their scents and suggestions through the sober-colored stuff of every-day. Indeed, New England as I have known her, both as a child in her chief and representative city, and as a man in her farthest, least-spoiled hamlets has always seemed to me far more complicated and mysterious, far more vital and suggestive than her too-exclusively-spinsterly chroniclers can comprehend.

I look to see the country turn back to New England, not only with historic pride, but with a rich appreciation of its artistic mother-land—not mistaking her for its bleak and apprehensive maiden aunt!

I am far from her now, that old breeding ground of great, incisive sons, that nest of passions so strong that only a grip of granite—like her sea line—could master them (do you fancy, O languorous, faded South, do you bellow, O strident, hustling West, that because she neither sighed them nor trumpeted them, she had no passions? *Allez, allez!*) but I can close my eyes at any moment and smell the challenge of her Atlantic winds here on the Mediterranean or feel the heady languor of her miraculous "Indian Summer" there in a London drizzle. It is strange that I, who have said many unhandsome things of her country as a whole, should thus rush into apologia for my mother's birthplace. And yet to think of never having known Margarita! But of course I should have met her. She would have come to me walking lightly out of the dim Algerian evening or bumped into me some morning in Piccadilly or peered curiously through my leaded pane at Oxford, whither I should undoubtedly have returned, one day, to muse away my

middle age. I idled for a happy year there, twenty-odd years ago while Roger was grinding away at the fantastic matter he called the Law, and liked it well. But fate had not decreed me for a conventional Englishman, which I should doubtless have been, for as a boy I was malleable to a degree, but had reserved me instead for the ends of the earth—and Margarita.

IV. Fate Reels In



There is nothing more certain than that the bare facts of life are misleading in the extreme. This is doubtless nature's reason for concealing the human skeleton; it is undeniably necessary, but not many of us take it into daily consideration, and nobody but a few negligible an-

thropologists would dream of bringing it forward as proof of anything in particular. And yet people who are fond of describing themselves as practical persistently fold their hands over their abdomens, shrug their shoulders and reiterate monotonously: "But, my dear fellow, there are the facts! It is only necessary to consider the facts of the case!" or, "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid the bare facts are against you!" I suppose that is why they are so often called bare, because so little of the important, informing or attractive is draped around them.

Consider for instance, the bare facts of Roger's adventure. Here is a man who, meeting a perfectly unknown and singularly beautiful young woman in a questionable locality at dusk, enters into conversation with her, takes her to a French restaurant for dinner, then finds himself embroiled in a disgraceful altercation in which wine-glasses are thrown and chairs waved and finally escapes with her in a closed carriage, which soon becomes the scene of a violent struggle culminating in a ferocious kiss! The case is really too clear; it is almost too conventional for an art student of any initiative and originality. Anyone possessed of the slightest acquaintance with fiction or the daily papers could tell you instantly that here were a dissipated clubman and a too-unfortunately-stereotyped creature who not only required no description but were best, in the interests of morality, undescribed. And yet Roger was emphatically not dissipated, nor even a clubman, in the sense in which the word appears to be used in America, and Margarita

was not in the least unfortunate and so far from stereotyped that she pressed the unusual hard toward the utterly unique.

"Well, well," I hear the practical man, "but this is a case in one—five—ten thousand, surely! We all know——"

My good man, there is absolutely nothing we all know except that we shall certainly die, one day, and from this one bare fact more utterly contradictory inferences have been drawn than I can afford ink to enumerate. Nothing could be more certain than this bare fact, and can you show me anything more productive of human uncertainty? I trow not. What do you know of the private life of the man in the next house? Have you a friend who cannot tell you from one to three melodramatic tales, lying quite within his experience, at which you will gasp, "Why, it's as exciting as a novel!" The best novels never get into print and the most bloodcurdling, goose-pimpling dramas are played by the boxholders. The longer I live the more firmly am I convinced that the really quiet life is relatively rare.

To Roger, indeed, after his climax in the four-wheeler, it seemed impossible that life could ever again be quiet. If I have not impressed you with the idea that he was a decent sort of man, I have wasted a whole chapter and demonstrated the folly of attempting authorship at my age, and you will be but poorly prepared to learn that when the cabby knocked at the glass, after heaven knows how many minutes of interested observation, Roger discovered his identity again—and loathed it. His conduct appeared to him indescribably beneath contempt, his situation deplorable. Margarita, sobbing quietly in her corner, seemed unlikely to raise either his spirits or his estimate of himself.

Opening the door of the carriage he repeated his directions to the too-confidential driver and spoke stiffly to his companion.

"I will not attempt to excuse myself to you," he said, "for it would be pointless. If you can believe me, I will try my best to help you to your friends. Can you not tell me the name of one?"

"What is your name?" she asked, her voice only a little shaken from her sobs which had ceased as soon as he began to speak.

"My name is Roger Bradley," he answered promptly.

"Then that is the name of my first friend," said Margarita Joséphine Dolores, "but I hope to find others."

Roger's revulsion of feeling was so great, his state of mind so perturbed and confounded that he crushed them into a short, husky laugh.

Had he been the hero of a novel he would undoubtedly have launched into a bitter speech, but he did not.

"Others like me?" he said briefly and all the bitterness of the novel-hero was there if Margarita had been able to read it. But she only smiled, a little uncertainly, it is true, and replied,

"Yes, I should like them like you—only not so strong," she added softly, with a shy glance at her wrists.

It has been quite unnecessary for me to consult letters or diaries to give me a very clear insight into Roger's feelings at this point, for I myself have experienced them. It was when I took Margarita out in a rowboat and she began to rock herself in it.

"Don't do that, Margarita!" I cried. "That is an idiotic trick."

She continued to rock it.

"Do you hear me, Margarita?" I demanded, tapping her foot with some irritation, for she really was irritating. In fact she completely upset the theory that tact and adaptability constitute her sex's chief charm.

"Of course I hear you. If you kick me, I shall only rock the harder," she answered composedly—and did so.

Shipping the oars carefully I arose, advanced upon Margarita and boxed her ears with determination. I should have done it in mid-ocean. I doubt if sharks in sight would have deterred me. As I was boxing her ears—beautiful, strong ones, they were not tiny, selfish, high-set bits of porcelain: W—r M—l (who would have been Sir W—r M—l in England today) said of Margarita's ears that they were set convincingly low and that he looked to her to demonstrate one of his favorite tests of longevity—in the very act of this boxing, I repeat, I was cruelly bitten in the wrists, and snorting with rage, pure, primitive, unchivalrous rage, I fell upon that shameless little Pagan and shook her violently, till the teeth rattled in her head. Over we went, the pair of us, struggling like demons, into the chilly, rational water, and as Margarita, like so many people who live by the sea, was utterly ignorant of the art of swimming and like so many people of her temperament, violently averse to the sudden shock of cold water, it was a subdued and dripping young woman that I dragged to the overturned boat and ultimately towed to shore. I worked hard to get her there and had no time for remorse, but as I hurried her up the beach it flooded over me.

"What must you think of me?" I asked her through chattering teeth. "You will not care to meet any more of Roger's friends, I fear."

"Oh, yes," she returned sweetly, looking in-

comprehensibly lovely—ah, me, that long, smooth line of her hip, that round, sleek head, shining like bronze in the sun! I can see it now. "Oh, yes, I hope he has many more like you, Jerry, but not so strong—you hurt my arm!"

It is useless to ask me why that should have endeared her a hundred times over to me, who would have given a year of my life to kiss her but might not. It did thus endear her, however, and so I know what hot, foolish hope flooded Roger off his footholds of conventions and convictions and floated him away in a warm, alluring sea, where the tropic palm-isles of Fata Morgana were the only shores. I, too, caught a glimpse of those shores; the warmth of that sea was only the blood pounding through my veins, and I knew it, but I shut my eyes and let the waves lap at me a moment. Roger, lucky dog, did not know and did not need to know what was happening to him, and it was not for a moment, but forever, as far as he knew, that he slipped into the current and drifted with it.

It was very characteristic of him that his next words had, apparently, no bearing whatever on his state of mind.

"We are now," he said, "at the station. If you will tell me the name of the town from which you came here, I will see that you get back there. Believe me, it is the only possible thing to do. You cannot stay here. Now, where did you come from?"

It took some few minutes to convince Roger that the girl literally did not know the name of the station at which she had purchased her ticket to New York. She knew she had traveled all day, and that was all. She had slipped out from her home at dawn or before, left the mysterious Hester Prynne asleep, walked five miles (Hester had said it was five miles to the railroad) to a little town where a girl had sold her the clothes she had on for one of her bank-notes and advised her to go to New York if she wished to see the world, "which was what I did wish," said Margarita.

A young man behind some bars had given her the ticket and some small money back from another note and a kind old man with white hair and a tall black hat had sat beside her after a while, and pressed so hard against her that she had no room for her knees. She had told him of this inconvenience, but to no avail. He had put his arm about her shoulders and asked her why she did not change her plans and come to Boston. Then she had told him that though she wanted friends she did not care for such old ones, and when he still pressed against her she had asked the man with the shining buttons who looked at her ticket if he would not remove

the old man, because she did not like to sit so close to anyone, and she was sure the old man was sitting closer all the time. Then he of the buttons took her somewhere else and bade her sit beside a woman, grey-haired also, who would not talk at all, and left her by and by. After this the buttoned man gave her meat between bread. Still later a young man with beautiful, large eyes inquired if he might sit beside her and she agreed gladly. He smelled very good. He asked where she was going and she said to find friends. He said she would find many on Broadway and that easily; she had only to show herself there. He offered to point out the way there and just as all seemed in the best possible way the buttoned man came again, frowned on the good-smelling young man and took his seat. He talked a good deal to Margarita—so much that she could not very well attend to it. At last he gave her a large grey veil and commanded her to wrap her head in it, and he would look after her when they got to New York. But when they did get to New York she eluded him and asked the way to Broadway, and then she met Roger. So, as the young man had said, there were friends on Broadway. But there were none in the town from which she took the ticket and she had no idea what its name was. Hester never mentioned it. She did not believe it had a name.

All this as the cab rested by the curbstone. It was perfectly obvious that she was speaking the truth. They had patronized this particular driver long enough, anyway, and Roger paid him liberally and led Margarita into the draggled, dusty station; the new one was not then built. Seated beside her in a relatively dim corner he tried to formulate some plan, but the absurd emptiness of the situation baffled even his practical good sense. How could he take this girl to a town that neither he nor she knew the name of? How, on the other hand, could he fling such a projectile as Margarita into any respectable hotel? What would she do—or say? True, he might possibly have presented her as his sister and kept her sternly in view during every possible moment, but she was not sufficiently well dressed to be his sister. And his overcoat was buttoned suspiciously high. Was he to stroll out of the waiting-room and leave her abandoned, like some undesirable kitten, in the corner? The idea was ludicrous: she must be taken care of. Had she thrust herself upon him, enticed him, challenged him? Assuredly not; moved by some completely inexplicable influence, utterly alien to himself, his birth, his training, he had deliberately and persistently questioned her, prolonged a trifling encounter unjustifiably, whirled her away, liter-



SCOOPED HUNDREDS—PERHAPS THOUSANDS—OUT OF A CHEST TO
FLEE AT DAWN

ally; and now that he had found no suitable place of deposit it was incredible that he should deliver this extraordinary and self-assumed charge to civil authority. It would have been almost as well to lead her back to Broadway, he told himself sternly. The most exotic foreigner would have found herself in better care, it occurred to him, for interpreters of one sort or another can always be found. But Margarita seemed foreign to this planet, very nearly. What could be said of a person who lived on a nameless shore, served by Hester Prynne and Caliban? Who scooped hundreds—perhaps thousands—out of a chest to flee at dawn from a town whose name she had never heard mentioned, though she had lived within walking distance of it all her life?

It was absurd—but something must be done. Margarita sat contented and amused, devouring the shabby bustle all around her with her great deep-set eyes, willing, apparently, to sit there indefinitely.

"Will you let me examine your bag?" Roger said at last, and she handed him the cheap, imitation-leather affair. There was a soiled, cheap handkerchief in it, some four hundred dollars in banknotes, and a torn envelope with a town and state written clearly on it.

I have tried to write the name of this town, and when I found that impossible, I tried to invent one to take its place, but I could not do it. Surely it is nothing to any of you who may happen to read this poor attempt of mine to pass my time, nothing, and less than nothing, just what may be the name of the utterly unimportant little backwater of a village from

which, if you know the way, you may walk four miles or so to Margarita's home. Undoubtedly many of you sail by it often, but it is hidden from you by the rise of the ground, the high rocks and the great, ancient-looking wall that I helped to pile. These and the reefs protect it quite sufficiently. And I do not want you there. It would prove far too interesting a spot to jaded trippers and trotters—and it is amazing how quickly your new countries grow jaded; more eager for fresh scenes than old Japan herself, Nippon the rice-blest, the imperishable, whence I send these words.

Be satisfied, then, to know that in the direction of this torn envelope Roger held the clew to Margarita's nameless home. Yes, the young woman had sold her the bag with the clothing and advised her to put the banknotes in it. No, she did not know her name. She smelled good—like the young man who advised Broadway.

"Come, Margarita," said Roger gravely, "let us see when you can start," and she followed him submissively to the wicket, matched her stride to his on his discovery that a train which would take them half way was just about to start, and ran beside him to the steps of the car. He motioned to her to mount and she did so, turning at the top of the steps with a face of sudden terror.

"You are not going to leave me, Roger Bradley?" she cried, "where am I going?"

"Certainly I shall not leave you. You are going home," he said quietly, and mounted after her. The guard stared at them, the bell clanged sadly and the train moved out of the station. The play, you see, was well along.

(To be continued)





THE UNIVERSITY THAT REACHES ANYBODY, ANYTIME, ANYHOW

Sending a State to College

WHAT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN IS
DOING FOR ITS PEOPLE

By **Lincoln Steffens**

Author of "The Shame of the Cities," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

IT is related of a professor at the University of Wisconsin that one day when he was coming through the grounds, carrying under one arm a copy of Geiger's "Humanismus" and under the other a cheese purchased at the College of Agriculture, he stopped a couple of his colleagues to ask, with humorous nods at his burdens, if he "didn't illustrate pretty well that this was a university." He didn't; but another man did. This other man may be described as the Milwaukee drummer for the university at Madison. He led me out to one of the great machine shops of Milwaukee, where, in a room and "in time" set aside by the firm for "the school," he showed me a class of mechanics taking and paying for the regular correspondence course in "shop mathematics" under the direction of the faculty of the state university.

Cheeses and Prize Pigs

The learned professor with his Latin book and his college-bred cheese only illustrated pretty well the realization at Madison of the old

ideal of a university: "a place where anybody may learn anything." And a more striking illustration would be a farmer's family of which I heard. The son was on one of the 'varsity teams, the daughter was in the College of Letters and Science, and the mother and father came to Madison in the winter, the one to attend the "Housekeepers' Conference" in the College of Agriculture, the other the Farmers' Course: ten days in which the professors come into the ring with their horses, cows, pigs, pumpkins and apparatus to show and, as one of them put it, "rub in" to the ever-increasing hundreds of "old farmers" who come there, the results of the year's scientific experimentation in grain and cattle breeding and feeding, etc., and in the chemistry of dairying—of which the professor's cheese was a mere commercial by-product.

Madison is indeed a place where anybody who can go there, may learn anything. And between five and six thousand people do go there; all sorts of people, young and old, rich and poor, men and women from everywhere; and among them they do learn almost every-

thing. Which sounds universal. But it isn't, of course. The population of Wisconsin alone is two and a quarter millions. The great majority cannot go to Madison, ever, even for ten days. They all contribute to the support of this state university; they all need, and many of them want to learn something—as the fortunes made by the private correspondence schools prove. The University of Wisconsin is reaching for these people. It has organized a public correspondence school and the Milwaukee class in shop mathematics is but one of many such "schools" by means of which the university is mailing instruction out to the homes, farms and shops of the people who cannot go to Madison.

Breaking thus the bounds of Madison, the university is breaking also the bounds of that old definition of a university and setting up a new ideal for education. The University of Wisconsin is offering to teach anybody—anything—anywhere.

Harvard Degree for Madison

President Eliot of Harvard has characterized the University of Wisconsin as "the leading state university." This glowing title was conferred formally after deliberate study. State universities have been growing rapidly of late, particularly in the West, and the older, private institutions of the East have felt the effect. Western students have been staying West. Eastern educators have been asking why and some of them have gone West themselves to find the answer. President Eliot is one of these. He lingered at Madison. He showed his interest plainly. He saw the new things being done there. He heard about the very latest experiments, the Farmers' Course and the Correspondence School, and he shook his head dubiously at first over these. He inquired critically into them; he asked jealous questions about the old things: the scholarship, pure science, the morale of the classical courses at Madison. Were the departures sound? Was the old suffering from the new? And President Eliot must have been pretty well satisfied, for at the next commencement, June 24, 1908, Harvard conferred a title upon the University of Wisconsin, in these indirect but unmistakable terms:

"Doctor of Laws: Charles Richard Van Hise, pre-Cambrian and metamorphic geologist; professor successively of metallurgy, mineralogy and geology; president of the *leading state university*, the University of Wisconsin."

Now the achievement of this title is recent and Madison's hold upon it may be brief. Ann

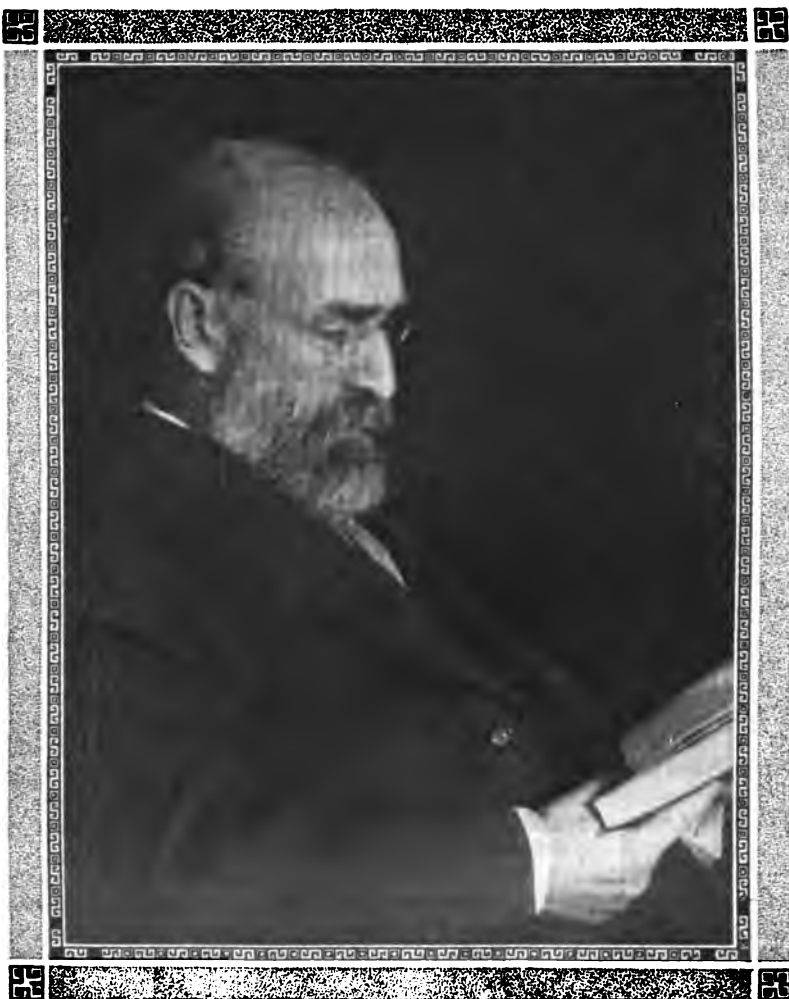
Arbor (Michigan) used to be first and some educators think that Illinois soon will be, with Cornell, California, Michigan, Minnesota and Missouri close up in the van. But I am not reporting a race. On the contrary, the point is that the University of Wisconsin is only the leader in a movement general among the state universities; a great movement which promises well for this Republic and for civilization; an educational counterpart of that still greater democratic movement visible all around the earth. Government everywhere is being democratized and the beginnings are here of the democratization of industry. The democratization of knowledge is in sight at the University of the People of the State of Wisconsin.

Whether the democratization of the university is a result or the cause of the democratization of the state of Wisconsin is a local question which Senator La Follette and President Van Hise answer. The leader of the democratic political movement, Mr. La Follette, says that the university started him. As governor, he helped to have his classmate, Van Hise, made president of the university, but President Van Hise, who has studied the history of the educational movement, goes back to Oxford and Cambridge, the British parents of the American college, and, in his recent addresses outlines the American development as a great natural evolution, moving largely and in two ways: expansion and extension,—the expansion of the scope of the studies and the extension of the numbers and kinds of students taught.

Aristocratic in spirit, the English schools were exclusive both as to studies and as to students. "And," says Dr. Van Hise, "the original American college was essentially a counterpart of the English . . . well into the nineteenth century." Greek, Latin, belles-lettres—the liberal arts were the means used to cultivate young gentlemen. "For a long time in the East, science was regarded as an intruder and when finally grudgingly given a place in some of the more important institutions it was made an appendix to the college, and, in a number of cases, a new name was attached, illustrated by the Lawrence and Sheffield Scientific Schools" at Harvard and Yale.

Eastern Origin of Western Colleges

The West led in the expansion of the curriculum. As the older Eastern colleges followed the British, so the Western state universities followed the Eastern model, and, at Madison for example, the "liberal arts" are



PRESIDENT CHARLES RICHARD VAN HISE, WHO CANNOT SEE WHY HIS UNIVERSITY SHOULD NOT REACH ALL THE PEOPLE OF WISCONSIN STATE ALL THE TIME

still the heart of the university. But there was a difference from the very start. Partly because the West was more utilitarian and democratic, partly because the state, not private persons, endowed the Western universities, they let science in on the ground floor, and progress was so rapid and general that Dr. Van Hise can say that "no one doubts now the right of pure science to full admission to the list of subjects which may be pursued for a liberal education."

"Pure science" means to learning about what "art for art's sake" means to æsthetics, and Dr. Van Hise fights hard for it. He has to. The utilitarianism of the West has its narrowness, too, and "practical" regents want teachers to teach; they don't want them to be pottering around making experiments the ultimate

use of which cannot be foreseen—in a state university. President Van Hise insists upon the value of research, whether we can or cannot see the application of the possible discovery,—especially in a state university. "The German statesman regards it as a matter of course," he says, "that the production of scholars and investigators at the university is a necessity to the nation. To them, he believes, is largely due the position Germany has taken during the last half century." The fight for "pure science" is the fight for the truth, for the blind pursuit of knowledge no matter where it may lead, and for the training of experts who will work in this abstract spirit regardless of consequences.

Johns Hopkins University, privately endowed, led in "this upward movement, which was more quickly felt in the East than in the

West." But even in the West teachers, who studied, too, and did original work, increased in number till now the (typical) University of Wisconsin has a strong group of such men and maintains a graduate school which is turning out many more.

"But the Western people were not content with the expansion of pure knowledge," says President Van Hise. "They demanded schools of applied knowledge." That is to say, they wanted knowledge to be sought and taught in its relation to life and the needs of men. Consequently colleges, not only of law and medicine, but of engineering and agriculture, were established at the Western state universities almost from the beginning; and courses in business or commerce and many other "practical lines" have been added. The field of knowledge is not covered; not in any of these institutions, not in all of them put together, but they are young yet and, at least, this much is true: the disposition of these Western faculties, and especially of that at Madison, now is to learn and to teach anything that anybody knows or wishes to know.

University Extension

So much then for expansion, the broadening of the college into the university which makes and sells the Latin professor's cheese. As to university extension, that is a general story, too. Everybody knows how great has been the increase in the number and the proportion of students who go to college; how women have been admitted to higher and in some state

lectures, not work, the means; and the burden of the courses was what people ought to know, instead of what they wanted to learn. This exotic plant died out everywhere, except at Chicago, where it approached right lines; and it is said to be dying there.

Meanwhile the real thing was coming up spontaneously (and simultaneously) at the state universities. Postmaster Keyes at Madison, the former political boss of Wisconsin, tells how naturally university extension was begun there. He says that the university, founded in 1854, had struggled along, growing always, but very slowly under the heavy weight of rural prejudice against higher education at the public cost. There was an agricultural college, but the farmers despised it and it was hard even for the boss regent, who acted as university lobbyist, to get appropriations out of the legislature.

"I made up my mind," Mr. Keyes says, "that we had to get those farmers' sons to Madison even if they came with the dung on their boots."

This was just about the time when "university extension" arrived from abroad, but Mr. Keyes doesn't remember that. He does recall, however—and so do other Wisconsin men—a certain private meeting at the house of the late United States Senator William F. Vilas in Madison. Regent Keyes was there, and Dean Henry of the Agricultural College, besides Regent Vilas. Dean Henry was animated by his very living interest in farmers and farming; Keyes, by the practical intent to loosen up rural legislators through their constituents; Senator Vilas had visions, as he has shown in his will, which left to the university, principally for research, three millions of property under terms that will make the gift some \$30,000,000 by the time it is available. They canvassed the situation, and this is the way it looked to them:

The farmers, like many business men and the practical world generally, thought they "knew it all"; they regarded science as theory and higher education as a waste of time. The problem was to convert the farmers, and the Agricultural College presented itself naturally as the means. But that college had "no students." The few farmers' sons who entered it each year rarely stayed, and the reason was that the first two years were academic; the work was arranged to lay a foundation of general culture. When the boy went home after the first term, and his father asked him contemptuously what he had learned about farming, he had to confess, "Nothing; we haven't got to that yet." And so it was after the second term, and the third, and the fourth. The last two years were agricultural, but by that time



THE INOCULATION OF CLOVER SEED

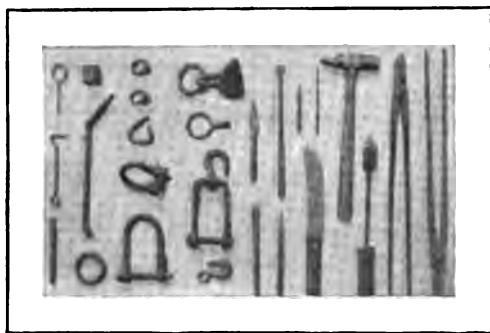
universities to co-education. And all "old grads" will recall the importation from England along in the eighties of the idea of extending university opportunities to the people who cannot go to college. That was a fad. "Culture," not education, was the purpose;

the disgusted farmer had kept his boy at home.

The obvious remedy suggested was to cut off the first two years, but that wouldn't do. The Long Course was good, so they left it, modified by putting some practical work upon the freshman class. They simply added the Short Course, which leads to no degree, but was adapted to the needs of the farmer. Dean Henry knew those needs; he had studied farming all over the state and he knew that with a couple of classes, he could begin in Wisconsin a revolution in the ignorant methods of practical farming. He drew up his course in feeds and feeding, breeding, soils, laboratory practice in plant life, dairying, crops, elementary agricultural chemistry, and farm bookkeeping. This is the first year's course; and the second is only higher, "with seventy hours' practice in stock judging" and managing, drainage, veterinary science, "with demonstrations," "one hundred and twelve hours at work-bench

assist in the practical feeding and management of cattle, horses, sheep and swine of the university herds." In other words, these young men were put to work in the paddocks, barns, pens and laboratories of the university and, having had the manual training of their trade, were taught the science of it while at work.

There were lectures, too. In animal husbandry, for example, they heard all about the origin, history and characteristics of the breeds of live stock adapted to the state, but the lecture rooms were equipped with skeletons, apparatus and lantern slides and, when the ideal type of milch cow was understood, the class went into a great classroom shed and there, with the university herd before them, were called upon to "recite." And the recitation consisted of judging by points with a score-card, each student acting as judge while the rest judged him. So with the horse and the diseases of the horse, which the students treat under the veterinarian; and so with sheep and hogs, which the students help to treat and breed.



MADE BY A FARMER STUDENT

in forge," seventy hours of grain-breeding, with laboratory practice, bacteriology, etc., etc.

Appealing to workers, Dean Henry advertised his course to open, not with the academic year but later in the fall, when the crops were all in; and it was to close early in the spring before ploughing began. Nor did "the great dean" stop there; he went forth to drum up his trade. In later years, he hired regular drummers; they bear more dignified titles, but drummers they are, and the first of them was Dean Henry himself who, using his personal influence and knowledge, brought into his first Short Course in agriculture (1885-'86) nineteen students.

"Short Horns" the other students called these farmers' sons and hired hands and, whether they came, as Boss Keyes hoped, with "dung on their boots," they got it on them at Madison. "Students should provide themselves with overalls and jackets," is one of the warnings given in the bulletin of the course. Another is that, "Students are required to

Farmers and Citizens, Too

The Wisconsin tradition of state service was not forgotten. Though the Short Course was designed to make intelligent farmers, the chance to make intelligent citizens was seized upon early. Ransom A. Moore, dubbed "the Daddy of the Short Horns," attended to that. This remarkable man was the superintendent of a country school district when Dean Henry found and retained him to drum up students, manage them and advertise the course. Moore knew how. In closer touch even than the Dean with the needs, tastes and faults of the farmers, Moore brought students to Madison; he herded them there, showing the resources and opportunities of the university, with its libraries, apparatus, colleges and sports; he gave tips to the professors about keeping their science close to the ground and to the boys on specializing. But it was his business also to see that the Short Horns had a good time, and it was as fun that he taught citizenship. One of the sports of Wisconsin is debating. Moore knew his boys "loved" it and he organized the game, directing the subjects to government and politics, and arranging with the professors of economics, history and sociology for references. The Short Horns read good books by way of preparation for debates.

Educators of the old school may smile at this, the culture side of the Short Course, but let us judge the course as a whole and by its results. It was a success in every way. It grew in number; the young farmers liked it and said so.



"TO HAVE A WISCONSIN HORSE AS FAMOUS AS
WISCONSIN WHEAT AND WISCONSIN DEMOCRACY"

"I have increased the production of my herd about seventy-five pounds of butter per head as a result of the Short Course," writes one. Another says: "I learned how to care for live stock. We have increased our number 25 per cent., the quality 60 per cent. and the production of our herd at least 50 per cent." A "hired hand" wrote that "it doubled my earning capacity"; another that it "tripled" his. And a young farmer testified: "Not only did I become acquainted with the newest and best agricultural practice, but the lines and methods of study were so clearly pointed out that every plant and animal became an object for investigation; and progress naturally followed."

There are hundreds of such letters on file at the college and since the writers talked as they wrote and, better still, *showed* what they had learned, other boys came. From 19 in 1885, the entrances increased to 90 in 1895, in 1905 to 322, and in 1907 to 393.

City and Country Life

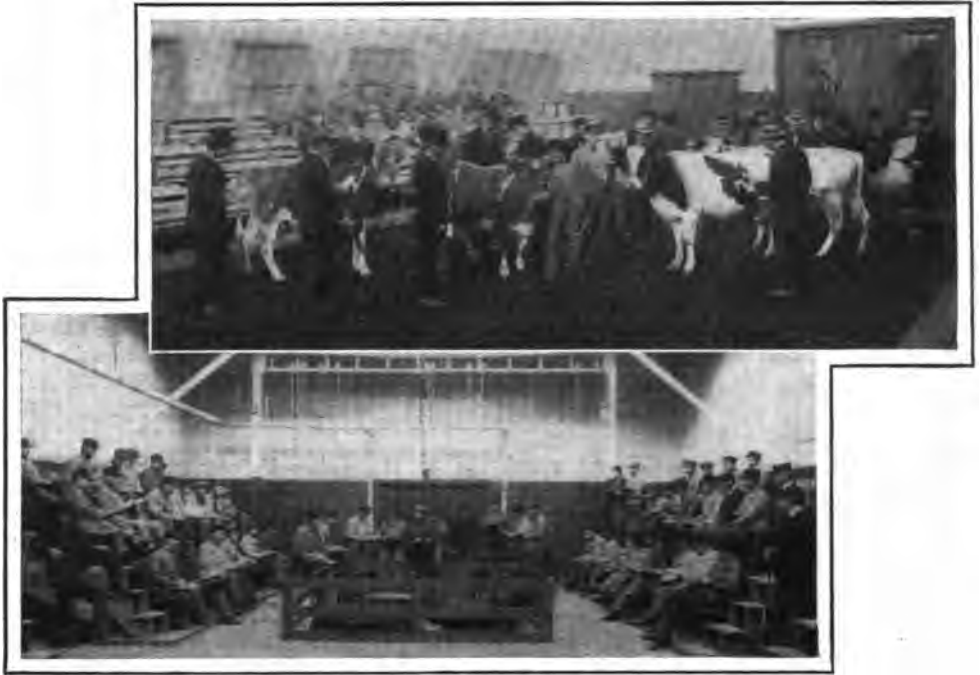
Moreover, it did not hurt, it established the long course in agriculture. That took time. The Short Course was enough for a while, but, as its annual crops of young men "made good," the respect and demand for scientific knowl-

edge increased. The entrances in the Long Course ran along from 2 in 1885, to 1, 5 or 6 for the next ten years; in 1898 they jumped to 10; in 1900 to 24; in 1905 to 143, and in 1908 to more than 200.

And this live interest in the life of the farm kept home farmers' sons who meant to move to the cities. One wrote typically: "I intended to leave the farm, but since the course I have established a fine flock of Shropshire sheep which I have shown successfully at several fairs, and I am now building up a herd."

Won over themselves, the young farmers won over the old farmers. "Since I left the short course I am raising better calves, and feeding our cows a balanced ration with such good results that I got father interested and he is going to buy a pure-bred Guernsey bull this fall, and also have ventilators in our barn."

"Father" appears in many of these letters, and those "ventilators in our barn" are the signal of Dean Henry's victory over bad farming methods. And there is triumph in them for the Boss-Regent-Lobbyist. Mr. Keyes soon was able to get money for the university out of the legislature, lots of money, a regular tax and all on account of the "dung on the Short Horns' boots." But "Daddy" Moore and Regent Vilas had their victories, too. The farmers of Wisconsin became intelligent voters



"LEARNING SCIENCE WITH BOTH HANDS": SHORT COURSE STUDENTS JUDGING CATTLE AND SWINE OF THE UNIVERSITY'S HERDS

as well as intelligent farmers; La Follette's reform which overthrew Boss Keyes and his successors was a state, not a municipal movement, and the country put it through against the cities. As for Senator Vilas, he saw the Short Horns teach the professors such specific needs of the farms that the scientists went to work upon actual problems. That is to say, they began researches along practical lines, that produced results which forced on the revolution in agriculture and farm life in Wisconsin.

"Daddy" Moore illustrates this point. The drummer and drum major became a teacher and, learning while he taught, he took certain scientific discoveries in grains and, applying them to Wisconsin conditions, brought about the complete solution of several local problems. First, he learned how to treat oat smut in Wisconsin, and through his Short Horns and his personal propaganda, got the farmers to try it. Five millions a year were saved in this way. Then he took up grain-breeding and, studying Wisconsin soils and mapping off the state in sections, developed breeds of corn, oats, wheat, etc., adapted to each section. Raising seed of pure stock and the greatest potency, he organized the Short Horns into an association of seed-breeders and sellers. The university grew its high-bred seed, sold it exclusively to its own students, who planted and propagated it;

showed on their own farms the results and then sold their crops as seed. The monopoly was profitable to them but, since they were inspired with the ideal of improved agriculture, they broke their own monopolies one by one by spreading the good seed with the good doctrine. Whole sections of Wisconsin went into the production of uniform grains, which became famous and increased the output and the profits from fifty to one hundred per cent.

President Van Hise estimates that this work alone has paid the state several times over for its university, and Professor Moore's reckoning proves it. The average increase per acre of corn alone was from 27.4 to 41 bushels; or, in gross, 15,000,000 bushels a year, worth at least \$6,000,000. But the total profit directly traceable to university reforms amounts to more than \$20,000,000 a year.

The best individual example of the reciprocal benefits of the democratization of the College of Agriculture, is that of Stephen Moulton Babcock, the famous chemist. Professor Babcock was, and still is, at work upon an analysis of the force of gravitation, but when the Short Course in Agriculture had succeeded and a Short Course in Dairying was established, a practical problem arose which was turned over to him. Wisconsin is peculiarly adapted to dairying, and a dairying people—Scandina-

vians—had come there. In some places the farmers had established cooperative dairy plants. There was trouble. Some farmers turned in poor, others watered milk, and the honest men were the sufferers. What was needed was a measure of butter fat in milk. Chemists could separate the fat from the milk, but their processes were laborious and complicated. A practical separator was required. Professor Babcock went to work and in a few years invented one,—simple, sure, cheap and he gave it to the farmers. It was worth millions to them; it “made” a great industry. Thereafter a dishonest farmer could pump as much water as he liked into his milk; it made no difference since, with the Babcock Test, the dairies bought not milk and not water, but butter fat. Dairying thrived in Wisconsin and, as it grew, a new problem arose. The farmers needed a casein test to measure that other element in milk from which cheese is made. Professor Hart took up that problem and he has just solved it; soon the dairies and cheese factories will buy butter fat and casein, the farmers getting back their milk, “skimmed”—for the hogs; to whose rescue the faculty are moving fast.

Good Spreads Like Evil

Having standardized milk, the demand arose next to standardize the cow that gave the milk. The farmers themselves found that some cows which gave much milk, gave very little butter fat. The Madison faculty knew why, of course, but the professors moved scientifically and practically. They soon had the farmers astir. It seems that the cunning practice of the “cute” farmer was to raise cattle which, when used up as milchers, could be sold for beef. They gave milk, but the professors, applying the Babcock Test, showed that the “dual-purpose” cow gave little butter fat. They advocated beef cattle for beef and milch cows for milk, butter and cheese; and they named the breeds. There was an awful howl from certain breeders; “reform was hurting business” again; but the university was strong and the truth did the rest. The farmers demanded high-bred cows; the university bought and bred some splendid bulls and its students and friends imported others. The reformers made such profits that all the herds of Wisconsin have been pretty nearly cleared of bad stock. And they are being cleaned up too. The university is “hurting business” in diseased cattle now. And Professor Alexander, the university veterinarian, is after the horse, both with the facts and with the law.

For it must be remembered that what the university professors did to the grains, pigs and pumpkins of Wisconsin, the university students were doing to the legislature and the government. They have a political fat test for politicians in that state and the “dual-purpose” legislator is passing away. It was a reformed legislature that helped Professor Alexander slide through a sort of a “pure-food law” for stallions; it set up a standard, and pure-bred animals “may” (soon to read “shall”) have a university label. The others are going into Illinois. Wisconsin is to have “the Wisconsin horse” to take rank with Wisconsin wheat, Wisconsin corn, Wisconsin cheese, butter and milk, and—Wisconsin democracy.

Extending University Extension

The by-products of the extension of the university opportunities to farmers are infinite and we cannot follow them here. The extension of the extension is our theme, and that leads far enough. Agricultural Colleges and United States Experiment Stations, cooperating or combined, produce constantly new findings, which they have long been reporting to the farmers. Couched in the slang of science these bulletins are often unreadable, even to farmers. The problem was to get the knowledge in them to the man with the hoe. Wisconsin found that the professors, brought down to earth and plain English by the Short Horns, could make themselves understood if they were brought face to face with the students. So it was decided that the scientists must meet and “show” the farmers; they must follow their bulletins into the field with demonstrations. Seed trains were run through some of the Western states; trains of cars which were moving lecture-rooms with exhibits that looked like a county fair. And Wisconsin and other faculties seized opportunities to take a field of potatoes or an orchard and, by spraying one half for the potato bug or the fruit pest, leave the other uncured, to illustrate the difference. But it was manifestly impossible for each professor to go to each farmer and tell him all he knew. Some wholesale system of education must be devised.

Professor Moore’s association of Short Horns, each member of which is a center for seeds, ideas and demonstration, was one basis for such a system; and a map hanging in the office of Dean Russell (Dean Henry’s successor), which indicates the number of Agricultural College men in each county, shows the state pretty well covered. The state and county fairs were another means, and the University of Wisconsin is the principal exhibitor at every

one of them. And not only the principal, but the most interesting. Dean Russell has been known to take a fine-looking cow out of a show herd and, before the shocked owner and the instructed neighbors, have it cut open to let the crowd see the frightful ravages of tuberculosis. And there are lectures and demonstrations and advertising. I saw members of the Madison faculty "bark" for a crowd at the state fair in Milwaukee, and then demonstrate the Hart Casein Test, with a good word for

illustrated by the experience of the Babcock Fat-Separator. Described and commended in bulletins, the dairymen reported that it "didn't work." The Madison faculty, alarmed, despatched to the dairy districts a flock of demonstrators who found that the apparatus had not been half tried. The farmers and the dairymen, suspicious and impatient, dropped the "new-fangled thing" at the first hitch and the demonstrators had to demonstrate; plead; pull; and peddle their "goods" to have them ac-



"OLD" FARMERS COME TO MADISON IN THE DEAD OF WINTER TO GET THE RESULTS OF THE YEAR'S EXPERIMENTATION

the university and its readiness to "teach you anything you want to learn."

This is university extension; this is the democratization of knowledge, but these methods didn't reach all the farmers. So the Farmers' Institute was established. A sort of Four Corners organization, the institute is spreading all over the West and Middle West. A town, village, crossroads—any natural center for the farmer—is picked out and the men of the neighborhood are organized into an institute. There, at certain set times, professors, educated farmers and other experts give lectures for from two to five days (with illustrations and demonstrations); then visit the fields and answer questions. They learn and report the special needs of each neighborhood and the central organization selects experts with a view to those needs. But the general news of science and the progress of agriculture are reported at all the institutes.

The use of such methods to reach farmers is

accepted. They prevailed, but they learned vividly the need of the man behind the bulletin.

The problem, you see, is one of adult education. Boys are quick to learn anything; their fathers are slow, and yet they can be made willing, as the next step taken in Wisconsin shows almost pathetically. In 1903, a Farmers' Course was started at Madison. It was suggested by the Short Course and modeled upon it, but the "old farmers," not their sons, were the students sought. The time chosen was two weeks in the dead of winter, when no work was doing on the farm, and the instruction was to be all "practical," all with demonstrations, all to the point. In the first year 175 farmers came; in the second, 227; in the third, 410; in the fourth, 601; last year there were 701; and the stadium building for this year's course is designed for 2,000! And President Van Hise, who is planning all his new buildings and plants for a "10,000-



THE INVENTION OF THE BABCOOK MILK TEST RETURNS TO THE STATE
ANNUALLY THE COST OF THE UNIVERSITY FOR THE SAME PERIOD

student university," says that this stadium is too small, and he gives his reason.

"I was coming through the grounds one winter day during the first year of the Farmers' Course," he related, "and I met a farmer. His face was aglow and he wanted to express himself. Mistaking me for a farmer, he stopped me. 'Great stuff we're getting here, ain't it?' he said. And when I drew him out he declared he was coming back next year, 'to bring all his neighbors with him.' And he did, and they do. Men, more and more grown men," the president added thoughtfully, "are going to demand what we educators have been giving only to boys and girls: an education. And," he went on, "women want what we are giving their sons, daughters, husbands."

He cited, as proof, the Housekeepers' Conference. This university course is a by-product of the Farmers' Course and it illustrates beautifully the spirit of Wisconsin. When the old farmers came to Madison in 1903-4, their first year at college, some of them brought their wives. The women were seen about the town, grounds and buildings, and somebody said to the president: "Let's do something for them too." True to his instinct, President Van Hise got up something that the farmers' wives know something about: cooking, housekeeping, sanitation and decoration. Such a course was arranged and in the next year, was given. Like the Farmers' Course, the Housekeepers' Conference is an established feature of the university now.

With 3,500 Short Horns in the state, all acting as radii, with the county and state fairs going every year, with some 200 Farmers' Institutes established and supported by the state, and the Farmers' Course preparing for 2,000, you would think that Wisconsin was covered. But no, President Van Hise, Dean Russell and all the other conspirators for good, are still plotting to "get at *all* farmers and to keep on educating them *all* the time." The latest scheme is to catch them young, as children. The university is offering high-bred seed to country school children to raise for competition at the county fairs, and there were 800 entrances in Dane County alone this year. Little gardens are encouraged both at home and at the school, and such a demand has been created among the children for instruction in agriculture that the teachers are demanding in their turn instruction to enable them to hold their places.

To Reach All Men

"Now you can see," said President Van Hise, after reviewing this agricultural extension, "how natural it was to look farther. Why couldn't we do for artisans and manufacturers, teachers and preachers and—all men and all women and children, all that we were doing for the farmers and their wives and their children?"

There, then, is the true birth of the pure idea of universal university extension. No thought in that of money for the university; no philan-



LEARNING TO TAKE A STEAM ENGINE TO PIECES,
PUT IT TOGETHER AGAIN AND MAKE IT RUN

thropic fad-notion about culture for the masses; nothing but the instinct for democracy and needed service. President Van Hise says that after the idea came up, the only hesitation he had was to find a way to go about the business. Looking around for a method, he noticed the private correspondence schools. They seemed to be thriving. He sent Dr. Charles McCarthy, a former foot-ball coach and an Irish enthusiast, to see what these were doing, and how. McCarthy came back full of the idea. These schools had thousands of pupils; they taught almost anything that was wanted by mail; and some of them were getting rich. And yet, they did nothing that a university couldn't do better.

President Van Hise drew up his scheme, modeled upon the private correspondence schools. Assuming that these institutions knew what was wanted, the first courses outlined were copies of theirs both in subjects and in method. Having a great faculty to draw upon, he had more and better teachers, but if the university lacked instructors for courses demanded by the patrons of the correspondence schools, Dr. Van Hise proposed to hire them. And as a matter of fact, a second, special "correspondence corps" is growing up in the university faculty.

When he presented his scheme to the regents, they hesitated; who wouldn't? But Mr. Van Hise pointed to the schools of law and medicine. They were all private institutions once. When they had proved the demand, the states had taken them over and the patronage

of the private correspondence schools in Wisconsin proved the existence in the state of a demand for education which the state university had overlooked. The regents decided to try it; they voted \$2,500 to make a test. In three months they appropriated \$7,500 more. The Correspondence School of the University of Wisconsin showed results, i.e., students.

Conserving Our Human Resources

Started thus in 1906, the University Extension Division is too new to be pronounced a success. It had 1,200 students in September, 1908: laborers, apprentices and skilled mechanics; salesmen, clerks, drummers and merchants; teachers, club-women, lawyers, clergymen, physicians and officials. Of these, 330 were doing (by mail) "regular university grade work," which may lead to a degree; but the largest group, 660, was taking "special vocational studies," like shop mathematics, 266; electrical and mechanical engineering, 163; "highway construction" (farmers learning to make roads, culverts and bridges), 139; business administration, 70; drawing, 75; and higher mathematics, 90. Thirteen were studying ancient, 80 modern languages; 25 natural sciences; 32 political science. The number and the variety of the subjects and students taught, proving the demand, promise success, for President Van Hise has adopted the policy of the School of Agriculture; he is meeting the demand and—pushing his business.

"We would like to have the university reach all the people of the state," he says and, a quiet, cautious man, he presents his scientific dreams in a very deliberate way. "There is no reason, that I can see, why our resources for knowledge, training and experiment, should not be thrown open to everyone. We are beginning to think about the conservation of the natural resources of the country; why not conserve also the human resources? This can be done by giving everybody an equal opportunity to discover and develop his highest efficiency, and it would save to the state all special talent. We want no mute, inglorious Miltons to be buried in the graveyards of Wisconsin." And the president tells a story:

"Out in the little town of Cottage Grove," he says, "there is a boy named Mellish. He lives with his mother, sister and an aged grandfather on a forty-acre farm, from which their support must come. That boy is so deeply interested in astronomy that he made himself a telescope, and after his day's work in the field, when his chores are done at night, he searches the sky with his telescope. Last year (1907) he discovered two of the seven or eight comets that were found by all the astronomers of the world. That boy must continue to work the farm. He cannot go to school. His only way is through university extension and he is taking our correspondence course in mathematics."

The point is that the university went out and found that boy, and it is looking for other such boys and men and women. I quote the story from a speech of the president to the merchants and manufacturers of Milwaukee, to whom he was appealing for support. For, having planned his extension, and announced it, the president went forth, like Dean Henry of old, to promote it. Individuals applied for instruction; a few here and there, but the retail business wasn't enough. Education by wholesale is the president's ideal and, following the Agricultural College again, he looked around for natural groupings of people, which might be used as centers. Shops, labor unions, debating and other societies, brotherhoods, women's and farmers' clubs—these existed and the president went after them. In his address to the Milwaukee business men, he was begging leave to send his drummers into their shops and factories to organize classes.

"Yes, I was drumming myself," he said, taking up seriously a jest I made. "And why not?" he added. "Private business, run for profit, drums up its trade; why shouldn't public business? Breweries plant saloons at seductive corners where the people pass; why

shouldn't the university seize every cross-roads?"

So Charles Richard Van Hise, LL.D., etc., leader of the leading university, led in the promotion of the education business. He put Dr. Louis E. Reber, a university man, in charge at Madison, but for the field work, he hired professional canvassers. He won away from his competitors, the private correspondence schools, their experienced agents. These came willingly, bringing their methods and students with them.

The Teacher Behind the Lesson

"Looking for no profit, you can speak with assurance," said one of them to me. "Sure of your goods, you can get a hearing, and since it is a state institution, neither Capital nor Labor is suspicious."

"And they brought home to me one other advantage," the president said. "They reported that students who started courses often struck difficulties they could not be carried over by mail. They dropped out. We could beat our competitors and, best of all, save the student by doing what the College of Agriculture did: send the instructor after his mailed instruction. The private schools can't afford to do this. We personally conduct the student over the hard places where he gets stuck."

There is still another advantage, which this extension system has, not over the correspondence school, but over all other kinds of education. A member of the Milwaukee class in shop mathematics expressed it very well. He said he had gone to school, as a boy, and had taken mathematics along with the other studies, but he had had no interest in the subject then.

"And now," I said, "you are paying for the chance to bone away hard at it."

"Yes," he answered, "but in school I didn't see what mathematics were for; didn't know I could use them. Here, in the shop, I see the need of mathematics. The examples we take up are shop problems; right out of this shop; the things we work on at the bench. So, you see, we know what it's all about and, of course, *we want to learn.*"

There's a big principle in that. It's the force that makes the agricultural colleges go with such life and it's the force lacking in schools and colleges. As I told that young mechanic: after my college course, when I had gone to work and become interested in the problems of life and my shop, I felt as he did: that I'd like to go to college again. And how often one hears college graduates wish they could go back and *learn* what they had *taken* in



B. H. MEYER
PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY AND RAILROAD COMMISSIONER

DR. CHARLES MCCARTHY
LOBBYIST-IN-CHIEF TO THE LEGISLATURE AND LECTURER

PROF. RANSOM A. MOORE
THE UNIVERSITY "DRUMMER" AND "DADDY" OF THE SHORT HORNS

SOME OF THE FACULTY HOLD PUBLIC OFFICES AS WELL

their college course. Some day they will. Work and study must be dovetailed somehow. Work, developing manual or professional skill and a living curiosity, gives point, meaning and interest to study, and these fortunate extension students, farmers and mechanics, have all these incentives. "They don't loaf and cut lectures," said one of the instructors. "We don't have to drive it into them; they drag it out of us."

"But what about the discipline and the culture of what you call abstract study?" said an Eastern educator, who objected to what he called "your utilitarian—ah, ah, university education."

In the first place, extension students are not getting a substitute for training and culture; they are getting something, where otherwise they would get nothing. In the second place, they are getting culture and training; there is intellectual discipline and development in vocational as well as in abstract study. In the third place, the University of Wisconsin is conspiring to give the people of that state not only what they want, but what they need and what most men, including many cultivated scholars, lack: enlightenment; science in its relation to conduct and life. Madison is using the conscious demand for "utilitarian" instruction, to develop the unconscious demand that exists in the American people to-day for light. Here is the scheme:

In the mind of President Van Hise and his

great faculty, you will find that all these farmers' centers—Short Horns, "Old Farmers' Classes," fairs, institutes—are looked upon as machinery to be used to spread knowledge, not only of agricultural facts, but other facts, too, and ideas, and desires. And so with the shops, labor unions and clubs. Used now for teaching the science of the trades, they are regarded as so many centers for spreading all science to all men all the time. This means culture and the beginnings, humble, but natural and promising, have been made.

It will be remembered that "Daddy" Moore encouraged debating by the Short Horns and directed the "sport" into public questions. He and his Short Horns and the farmers and their institutes have carried on this game, till now assistance for debaters is a regular, big part of the business of the university. The Extension Division has taken it up systematically. Rollo L. Lyman, Assistant Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, is in charge and his bulletins suggest clubs by telling, in the simplest language, how to organize them, all about procedure and parliamentary rules, and they furnish a model constitution and by-laws. Issued frequently, these bulletins offer topics for discussion and debate: "Resolved, that a system of Postal Savings Banks should be established in the United States"; and "Resolved, that the Parcels Post, advocated by Postmaster General George von L. Meyer, should be established." There's no hint that the pen

is mightier than the sword. No, this "utilitarian" university keeps in touch with live political questions and during the last presidential campaign, one October bulletin gave references on both sides of the "Guaranty of Bank Deposits"; and ever-recurring suggestions are: "The Initiative and Referendum,"

vented. . . . In all lines of investigation . . . the investigator should be absolutely *free to follow the indications of truth wherever they may lead*. Whatever may be the limitations which trammel inquiry elsewhere we believe the great State University of Wisconsin should ever encourage that continual and fear-



A MILWAUKEE CORRESPONDENCE CLASS TAKING SHOP MATHEMATICS FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

"Proportional Representation," "The Election of United States Senators by Popular Vote."

Academic Freedom

This is all very indirect and superficial, of course, but a faculty has to be careful, even in Wisconsin. Academic freedom is a settled tradition and a matter of record at Madison. In 1894, when Professor Ely was tried (and vindicated) under charges of "Socialism," the Board of Regents made the following remarkable declaration of policy:

"We cannot for a moment believe that knowledge has reached its final goal, or that the present constitution of society is perfect. We must therefore welcome from our teachers such discussions as shall suggest the means and prepare the way by which knowledge may be extended, present evils removed and others pre-

less sifting and winnowing by which alone the truth can be found."

Members of the Wisconsin faculty who have served in other universities, all agree that there was no such liberty anywhere as they enjoy. And yet, at this very time, the regents were investigating the "Socialistic" doctrines and methods of the professors. The conclusion I drew from talks with both sides, both the Tory regents and the "radical" instructors, was that while there are no "Socialists" on the faculty, there are several men who are more radical than they dare to teach. They do "the best they can"; they "suggest" the truth, but, as one of them put it, "we have to smear it a little."

No matter about that, however. The University of Wisconsin is rapidly gaining such a place in public confidence that it will soon be able to accomplish what it consciously plans to do: distribute scientific knowledge and the clear truth in plain terms to all the people for their

self-cultivation and daily use. The Extension Division, finding some and forming more groups, for the purpose of teaching workers the theory of their trades, is offering also "popular and untechnical" courses in astronomy, botany, biology—all the sciences; in history, philosophy and in some of the arts. (President Van Hise wants to teach all the arts: music, painting, sculpture.) The advertisements of courses are so alluring that you can't read them without thinking of taking some. Professors Ely, Scott, Commons, Ross, Hess and others offer political economy "peculiarly adjusted to the needs of all who have or wish to cultivate a live and intelligent interest in present-day problems." Ely offers "the elements of Political Economy" and "Socialism"; Commons, "The Labor Movement: the growth of unions, their policies and methods, the conditions of employment, the trend of wages and public activity in behalf of workers, with the Socialistic criticism of the present economic system"; Dr. Hess, "Transportation," dealing "not with technical details, but the relation of the railroad to (shippers and) other branches of our industrial life"; Scott, "Money and Banking" and "Practical Banking"; and Ross, the author of "Sin and Society," offers "Social Psychology" and "General Sociology": "the key to many perplexing problems in government, education, religion, morals and social policy. . . . Society is regarded as happening, not as having happened. The forces at work in America to-day differ in relative strength but not in kind from those that shaped historic society. The aim is to qualify the student to play an intelligent part as citizen by showing which forces are to be restrained, which guided, which stimulated." And Professor Ross, who, turned out of Leland Stanford Jr. University, has learned to smile internally, says his courses are "needful to those who, as editors, teachers, clergymen or public men, aspire to influence the course of public discussion."

A Servant in the House

Very few students are taking these courses as yet. Highway construction and seed-breeding lead now. But those who call the University of Wisconsin "utilitarian," miss its essence. It is useful, but so was Jacob and he served seven years for Rachel. Jacob got Leah; and though he married and, so far as we know, was a good husband to Leah, it was Rachel he was after and he went on patiently serving seven years more for her; and he got her. It may be seven years before the classes in shop mathematics will be brought into Commons's course

in "The Labor Movement," and it may be seven more before they will go in for Ross's "Sin and Society," but the University of Wisconsin, serving Leah now, is dead set after Rachel. It will furnish the farmer with seed, but not without reminding him also that it is state seed; and that the same shop has economics to sell, and history, and—other seeds good to plant in the mind of a citizen. And citizens are beginning to ask for such seed. A Boston paper exclaimed that this university had been asked by some voters for references and an expert judgment upon a partisan political issue right in the heat of a campaign, and that the faculty had furnished the matter requested! There was no complaint because it is the custom in Wisconsin to apply to the university for anything right, from a bull to the material for a speech. Just before I was out there, a stove manufacturer had had the use of the laboratory and of the professor of chemistry, to carry through an invention which seemed about to fail.

Professors in Public Office

What the brain is to a man's hands, feet and eyes, this university is to the people of the state: the instinctive recourse for information, light and guidance. And the state itself, responding to the general feeling of confidence, draws constantly upon the faculty. The legislature summons professors not only to hearings, but to working membership on committees; and governors and heads of departments, not only consult, they appoint them to office. There are forty-one professors in public office; some of these do two or more services; President Van Hise, as geologist and head of the university, performs five distinct functions under the government, city and state; and counting all the regular and no honorary services rendered by all the professors, the total is sixty-six.

Some of these services are crucial. Professor Meyer, for example, is on the Railroad Commission and, since he and other professors were called in by La Follette to draw the Wisconsin bill to regulate rates, the law is comprehensive. The Wisconsin Commission can regulate; it can regulate the rates and the financing of railroads; and not only railroads, but practically all the public service corporations in the state, including those in cities; and not only that, it "shall" and it is laboring now to put a value upon all those businesses and their plants. And even the railroad men admit, grudgingly, that this commission is doing this delicate work well "so far."

But the most remarkable example of state service by the university, is the bureau of legislation. Dr. Charles McCarthy, the Irish football coach who investigated the correspondence schools for President Van Hise, established, with diplomatic skill and native political sense, an office in which he gets bills drawn right. His theory is that legislation is expert work, and that laws enacted break down in the courts partly because they are badly drawn by inexperienced men. Now La Follette's "radical" legislation all stood up in court, and one reason was that he had it written by professors and other men who knew. With his university backing him, McCarthy proposed that all legislators should have all their bills drawn by him and his staff of voluntary and other experts and, following Madison methods, he not only offered to do this work; he went forth and "blarneyed" elected legislators into accepting his offer. And why not? He explained that he would take the rough draft of an intention, any intention, and, looking up all previous legislation along the same line anywhere in the world, would follow it through the courts and, with the help of professors and attorneys, draw and deliver, in confidence, a bill which, containing all experience, correcting all discovered defects and meeting all court and other objections, would probably sustain the test of debate, judicial scrutiny and actual practice. Also, McCarthy would furnish arguments to beat said law.

President Van Hise keeps in the faculty the professors who take public office; he insists upon it; they are better teachers, he says. And anybody can see that they must be. When I asked a question of a Madison professor, his answer was more often a fact from "the little town of Caribeu" than an academic reason from a book. These teachers come into the classrooms of Madison, like the Short Horns, with "dung on their boots," the dung of the farm, of commerce and of politics. Think of Dr. Charles McCarthy, lobbyist-in-chief to the legislature, as a "lecturer on political science" and of Railroad Commissioner Balthasar Henry Meyer as he is: Professor of Political Economy, lecturing, and so reaching also the boys and girls. And meanwhile he and McCarthy are teaching men, busy people who don't know they are being taught. McCarthy has heart-to-heart talks with legislators and leaders and he furnishes the latest references for speeches and debates all over Wisconsin. And Meyer and his Railroad Board, called upon constantly to arrange differences between shippers and the railroads, and between towns and public service corpo-

rations, apply university methods. First they send out young experts, usually university-bred, to get the cold facts; then they might decide; but they don't. They go down there with blackboards and lantern slides and, calling a mass meeting, explain the whole thing; explain it, too, in its relation to other business, to the state and to the life and progress of the human species; and having explained this, and settled a row, they leave behind them not merely peace, but light; not merely the right of a wrong, but a sense of the use, of a university and of the state.

One way of stating what is going on all about us today, is to say that communities—cities and counties, states and nations, are becoming conscious. Like man himself, human society is rising out of the instructive into an intelligent state of being. A common sense is developing of the relations of individuals and institutions to one another and to the whole. This means mind; a public mind distinct from the minds of any or even of all the individuals in the community. And this public mind, conscious of a common purpose, is co-ordinating all the resources, efforts and powers of states and their people to the service of the welfare of all. Some European countries, notably Denmark and Belgium, are approaching complete co-operation. Wisconsin is a leading example of the drift in America. President Van Hise has entered his university into an agreement with Beloit and the other lesser colleges of the state, dividing their functions and merging their uses. His great university library is but one of the public libraries which are co-operating to such an extent that you can send to any one of them for any book; it will be drawn for you from the library that has it. It is merger and custom everywhere in Wisconsin; and what is the result? Most of us think of the state and a university as great institutions, above, beyond and separate from us and our daily lives. In Wisconsin the university is as close to the intelligent farmer as his pig-pen or his tool-house; the university laboratories are part of the alert manufacturer's plant; to the worker, the university is drawing nearer than the school around the corner and is as much his as his union is his or his favorite saloon. Creeping into the minds of the children with pure seed, into the debates of youth with pure facts, into the opinions of voters with impersonal, expert knowledge, the state university is coming to be a part of the citizen's own mind, just as the state is becoming a part of his will. And that's what this whole story means: the University of Wisconsin is a highly conscious lobe of the common community's mind of the state of the people of Wisconsin.

Jessica

BY MARION HILL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSE OECIL O'NEILL

AS many know, Madame's was on Forty-second Street, and in summer was filled with actors, the affluent ones downstairs, the impecunious toward the roof, but all equally sharing Madame's affection quite independent of the settled or unsettled state of the week's rent. Madame was a Frenchwoman and wanted to be business-like, but she honestly loved her erratic actor-folk and was more apt to lend them money when they were penniless than to ask them to vacate their rooms.

Jessica Moyne lived on the topmost floor, at the back. She made coffee over the gas, though cooking was forbidden, and she also harbored a cat, likewise forbidden, which shows what a favorite she was. Not that Madame disliked cats as much as she disapproved of their absent-minded treatment of bits of liver; for Madame's was an entertaining establishment, even for cats—something going on all the time—and a feline roaming the corridors with a prize of raw liver in its jaws was apt to have its attention distracted at any moment and to drop the liver in a safe-looking corner of the stairs, there to forget it until it became actually abusive, so to speak.

To be sure, "Fair-Star," the ink-colored maid, was supposed to go over the house daily; for Madame's hobby was neatness. But—

"Ah'm kep' so on de jump," asserted Fair-Star, "a-gatherin' up Mr. Lonny Baker's clo'es fum de middle o' de steps dat Ah ent got no time 't all to poke into no cornders."

Which was rather true. Lonny Baker was a lovable, careless fellow, very much of a boy, charming to and charmed with the entire world, and would come home at night in such a condition of good nature that he used to divest himself of his most unnecessary garments the minute Madame's friendly front door closed on him, dropping his tie first, his collar next, his coat next, and so on all along the route till he reached his room on the fourth floor.

"And, Pussy," counseled Jessica, "you would be more than unwise—you would be

unkind—to cache your liver in Lonny's straight-away."

The cat, called Ginger on account of its hue and temper, a mere alley waif pampered and fed till it had acquired the reputation of being valuable, was nevertheless very dear to its young mistress and traveled the continent with her. It had come in off the road with Jessica together with a well-filled chamois bag. "My boodle-bag," she would explain frankly, to account for its dingy outline, which showed unabashed through her lace waists.

It were more correct to say waist, for there was but one of lace, and Jessica washed it nightly in her face-bowl, starched it in her soap-dish, blued it in her water-pitcher, dried it on the fire-escape, ironed it on the floor, heating the iron over the gas-jet and employing the bed-blanket for an ironing-pad and one of her make-up towels for an iron-holder. The result was a delicate freshness of laundering which no brainless machinery could ever have accomplished.

Jessica Moyne was re-engaged for the coming season, and consequently had not to fret and humiliate herself by journeying from agency to agency for work. Nor did she have to bother over rehearsals for quite a while, because the play was unchanged, the company unchanged, the star, Allan Bree, had gone to England to restore his overworked nerves, and Jessica had nothing to do but to enjoy the summer.

In her loving little heart of hearts she grieved that she could not pay a flying visit to San Francisco, where her lonely, half-blind old father lived, and there were people who accused her of neglecting him and of suiting her own pleasure by staying away. It was easier to say an unkind thing, perhaps, than to remember that the money she would have to spend for the trip was needed far more imperatively by him for the securing of his moderate wants and the payment of his oculist's fees. Jessica sent it on, forwent the journey, and blithely moved down in the social scale by moving up in the matter of floors till

she finally occupied her present apartment, Madame's "roof garden," at three dollars a week and with a brick wall for a window view.

Still Jessica was insanely happy just doing nothing, yet doing everything in which her innocent Bohemianism delighted—sleeping all morning, staying up all night, studying Shakespeare, making over her wardrobe, manicuring her pretty hands, massaging her smooth young face, shampooing her wealth of hair, putting hand-made French knots on her department-store underwear, retrimming her hats, gasolining her gloves and silk ribbons, having awfully late and indigestible suppers in her own cupboard of a room, helping comrades less fortunate than herself, watching idle summer merge into busy fall, and noting the resultant shrinking of the "boodle-bag" without one qualm of misgiving. For was not salary day coming nearer and nearer?

Late in August what a Celebrity Lane was Broadway! Those who had thronged it earlier in the summer had been somewhat of lesser lights, owning no country homes; but now the aristocrats had returned, and to Jessica it was simply beautiful just to wander, in her best, down that kaleidoscopic thoroughfare, meeting at every step someone she knew, gazing every second at someone she wanted to know, catching bewildering sight of semi-familiar faces and remembering just in time to stop bowing to them, that she only knew them through their pictures, after all—oh, there is no cataloguing the keen delights Jessica used to treat herself to as she made her invariable afternoon pilgrimage down the street of streets, rejoicing to know that her shoes were shiny, her gloves immaculate, her hat what it should be, her waist a work of art, and, best of all, her expression that of assured peace, the peace which radiates only from the face of one who is re-engaged for the winter and does not have to care which side of the way an agency is on or is not!

"To walk down Broadway" was the one thrill in Jessica's life which never lost by repetition, and this particular day she made her toilette as carefully as ever—more carefully, in fact, for the oftener one is seen in that histrionic quarter, the better one essays to look.

"And I look as fresh as paint," confided Jessica to Ginger, kissing the beast gravely. Much love passed between them. "Even you wouldn't know unless I told, Ginger, that I have only seventeen dollars left. And now to snare a Johnny who will blow me to a lunch."

This last sounds vulgar and mercenary, whereas it was neither. The real value of a "Johnny" to a good little creature like Jessica is that he can be talked to. Jessica had to talk. It was her temperament. It was why she had to have a cat. In the profession a cat lasts longer than a husband—is not as apt to join another company, that is. Without Ginger, Jessica would have found herself chatting to the flat-iron. It were better to lunch without food than without a Johnny.

Johnnys prevail—on Forty-second Street. Hardly had Jessica reached the sidewalk, blinking at the sun, which orb she saw less often than the moon, if confession is to be made, than she ran into one,—Lonny coming home to sleep.

"So sorry for you, dearest girl," he said, waving the morning paper.

"Thanks, Lon; what about?"

"Poor old Bree. Wretchedly sudden, wasn't it?"

"Wretchedly," agreed Jessica, feeling faint.

"Suppose you tell me, though."

"Haven't you heard?" asked Lonny, amazed.

"And never will, from you," said Jessica, at the end of patience. "Go home." She snatched the paper from his resistless hands and walked away with it.

DEAD—ALLAN BREE

SUDDENLY IN HIS ENGLISH HOME

These headings confronted Jessica from the first page. The underlying column substantiated her foreboding—the company was thrown out of employment. She wanted to be sorry for Bree, but she had not time; she really had not. Each minute spent in mourning Bree jeopardized the future of the dear old father in the city by the Golden Gate. She must hunt at once for something to do.

The hopelessness of her situation can be appreciated only by those who know. All summer long New York had been the Mecca of unemployed actors besieging the agencies in scores and hundreds for every one vacancy; the better companies had long ago been filled, some few of them were still rehearsing, but most of them were already out on the road; the outlook was absolutely desperate.

"I shall eat at Babe's," was the only thought Jessica was capable of acting upon. She turned herself in the direction of the cheap restaurant, Babe's, and sat down to its clothless table, where she received a cup of coffee and a plate of cakes from the careless hands



JESSICA WAS INSANELY HAPPY JUST DOING NOTHING

of a girl with an elaborate coiffure and very poor shoes. One does not give tips at Babe's, and consequently the only attention one receives is one's check at the end of the meal—or before.

"And I wanted to eat at Binoni's"—still Jessica's benumbed mind continued to dwell upon the utterly irrelevant matter of where she lunched. Binoni's was on Thirty-eighth Street, and there was always a friend or two to be found at the tables; also a table-cloth, napkins, thin cups with handles, and as choice a meal as one cared to pay for. At Babe's one generally swallowed things down in a hurry and got away at once, so as not to be recognized and not to recognize. For one saw friends at Babe's too, but hated to make them aware of it.

Right now, however, Jessica caught the eye of good-looking Dick Derry, known as Viola Derry, for he had made a hit playing a girlish *Sebastian* to a famous actress's *Viola*, and was finding it hard to live down this tribute to his beauty.

"Come over," she beckoned amiably. "I'm a down-and-outer."

"Ah, Jessica." He joined her at once, but evidently had not caught the drift of her greeting, for he began to mumble shamefacedly, "I want to touch you for a five. Hate to do it, Miss Moyne, as you jolly well can guess, and wouldn't dream of it if I didn't know you were fixed for the season. Honest, I'm below zero. Haven't a cent for to-night's dinner. The boys won't lend me any more, for they say I never pay up, and I guess I

never do; but I'll pay you, if I soak m' toggery to do it. Say, thanks, awfully."

Jessica had not hesitated a moment in handing him the five dollars. "Twelve left," she reckoned to herself. Aloud, "I called you over here for something and now don't know what it was. Talk."

"Can't. Have to chase around to Zed's."

"Anything doing at Zed's?"

"Dead as ditch-water."

"What do you go for?"

"Oh, just to get insulted," he said with airy bitterness. "I make the rounds every day. So long!"

"So long." Jessica watched him go, impersonally curious as to why he did not pawn his diamond rings, "twinkling on his lunch-hooks like headlights," she murmured. Then, grimly, "Well, me to Zed's too."

Zed's was an agency.

The joy of battle raced through Jessica's veins and empowered her to seek Broadway with her sleek little head held high. Sheer glee in living flushed her cheeks a lustrous pink as she bowed right and left to parading friends.

But she did not bow to Bella Martin. Bella was in pale green to-day, fresh as a water-lily, and she was convulsing with amusement a certain grave editor. Yesterday she had been in corn-yellow, dainty and golden, and had been accompanied by a highly entertained banker. To-morrow she would probably be in baby-blue and would be cheering up an attentive horse-show man. Just a few

years ago, Bella Martin had crept unlike from a country parsonage, and used to say her prayers before going on the "El," she was so afraid of it. She had gone into the chorus and danced a little. In a year or so the country parson died—some said of grief. Bella's slanting, glittering eyes had never shown a trace of tears. In the day of prayers Jessica had known Bella; but when she passed her to-day Jessica's shocked little head turned aside almost of itself, ignoring Bella's friendliness.

"None of that in my family," murmured Jessica, using current slang to cover her worry. "No Bella for muh."

"Poor Ally Bree," said Maurice Lorrimer in her ear. "What'll he do among the angels? Won't care for them a bit."

"No. 'Ain't it awful, Mabel?" quoted Jessica vaguely. "How do you do, Lorry?"

"*Rottenly*," he cried in a loud, clear treble, seeking to rivet upon himself the attention of two pretty passing girls, and succeeding. "See them fall over themselves?" he asked. "That's because I play Bernard Shaw so much. They think I'm as wicked as I sound. But, back to you—what are you going to do?"

"I'm heading for Zed's."

"Try old Lady Donny. She's hunting for your type."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"Thanks very much. I'll go."

Lorry took off his hat with beautiful ceremony, but as it was done entirely for the benefit of an adoring school-girl across the street, Jessica had no compunction about leaving him in the middle of it and hurrying to Mrs. Donny's.

As she ascended the dingy stairs to the agency, she felt again the old sickening dread which had been hers two years ago when she had first started to hunt for work; the very smell of the close walls reawakened her misgivings as to the hang of her skirt and the fit of her belt, and she entered the agent's ante-room with an already wilted courage.

"Take your seat," ordered the pert girl at the typewriter—not "a" seat, in hospitality, but "your" seat, as if to a numbered menial.

The long wait, planned to fix upon the applicant the sense of her utter undesirability—how well Jessica remembered it! For two hours she sat and waited her turn, wondering as to the fate of the applicants who went in and out; there was little to be learned from their well-schooled faces.

"Now!" snapped the office-girl finally, jerking her head toward Jessica and scorning

either to open or shut the door separating the applicants from the great Agent. So Jessica struggled her way in unaided.

Mrs. Donny was fat, and the day was hot, therefore the complications in Mrs. Donny's temper were in the ascendant. She was gowned in tan-colored linen, much creased, and looked not unlike somebody's parlor-chair very badly covered.

"Can I do anything for you?" she demanded of Jessica, appraising that young woman mercilessly.

"I hope so," murmured Jessica, smiling ingratiatingly.

Mrs. Donny smiled, too, but it was a trade-smile, hard as iron, and apparently hurt her face as it ploughed its way through fat and fixed disapproval. She was sneering disdainfully at a full-length reflection of Jessica in profile and a poor light as shown in a long mirror placed for such purposes behind her desk.

"You are a very indeterminate type," was her cold deduction. She turned her inspection again upon the original and apparently awaited remarks.

"Am I?" was all Jessica could find to stammer.

"Very. If your nose even turned up a trifle it would be better—much better; Irish type then. No slant to your eyes, either; nothing Oriental about you. I have places for half a dozen Oriental types. Look at Marie Zozo. She's a discovery of mine. I placed her at once. See the success she's been making. She is perfect—as a type. Your hair is neither one thing or another. It is essential to be either one thing or another. See Geneve Folliot on the street: swarthy skin, mustache of a trooper, eyes of a gypsy, hair of a horse—one would never think she could pose as a beauty. But she does. Makes up gloriously. She's a perfect type. You're no type."

"I can act," insinuated Jessica; "which might perhaps offset the fact of not being a type."

"Oh, if you have come in a spirit of levity," said Mrs. Donny, breathing heavily, "you are taking up time which is very valuable. Good day."

"I have come in all seriousness," said Jessica, flushing. "Will you please enter my name upon your books?" She tendered her card, which Mrs. Donny refused to see. "I will come around again in a few days, if I may."

"Next, Miss Murphy," said Mrs. Donny to the office-girl, who had entered in response to a signal. So Jessica dropped her card,

unasked, upon the desk, and went out tingling with that indignation which she well knew was to be her daily portion till the agencies were through with.

Two hours of waiting and two minutes of interview! The afternoon was wasted. Jessica strolled back to Madame's.

"What fortune is yours, Mees Moyne?" asked Madame herself, meeting her sympathetically upon the landing. It does not take long for one's story of trouble to circulate.

"None," said Jessica blithely. "I must get up earlier to-morrow and start off sooner."

"Then I request Lily to waken you at—?" Lily was Fair-Star's official name.

"At eleven, please."

"At eleven—yes, yes, yes." If the hour spelled mid-day to the early-rising Madame, her black eyes kindly concealed the thought. She respected her actors, did Madame.

"Oh, Ginger, you poor thing, I forgot your dinner," said Jessica a few moments later, as she opened her door and faced her indignantly hungry protégée. Ginger meowed despairingly. "Please stop yowling," begged Jessica, "and I will get you something. But it will take five cents for milk and six cents for liver, Gingeretta, eleven cents a day. My twelve dollars won't be able to stand it."

Callous about costs, Ginger meowed a little louder, and Jessica flew out to buy some food.

"I never can keep her," she reflected, coming in again with provender. "Lily,"—this to Fair-Star, who was gruntingly polishing the stair-rod,—"*do you know anyone who wants a cat?*"

Fair-Star took this to be vaudeville and burst out laughing. "*Who wants a cat? No'm. Wants a cat? Whee-ee! Wants a cat? Ow, wow, wow, wow! Miss Moyne, yo' has to have yo' joke! Ow, ow, ow!*"

By this time Jessica was up three flights and the roars of laughter were made louder to follow her.

"*Wants a cat? Ow, ow, ow, ow!*"

"Lily," said Jessica severely from up five flights and down the stairway.

"*Yas'm.*"

"*Hush.*"

"*Yas'm. Wants a cat! Ow, wow!*"

Who, indeed, wants a cat? "I fear me it's you for a trip to the Bide-a-Wee and a free cushion in the gas-tank, Ginger," said Ginger's mistress, with a catch in her breath. Then she broke down and cried bitterly as the cat, in a rare fit of affection, deserted the liver to climb into Jessica's lap. "You sha'n't die," she promised. "I'm a pretty poor artist if I

cannot earn eleven cents a day." Jessica meant "poor artist"; what she said, though, was "punk actor." One hesitates to quote her actual words, the sound is so much worse than the meaning. And Jessica was not at heart slangy; she was merely technical.

The next day she was in full courage again, and she looked bravely pretty as she tried her fortune at Zed's.

The office was in charge of a slim young man whose feet were on the desk and whose thoughts were far away.

"Nothin' doin'," said the slim young man indifferently.

"I want to enter my name on your books—" began Jessica.

"Nothin' doin'," repeated the slim young man, louder, and this time yawning ostentatiously.

"Pardon me if I call your attention to the fact that you do not as yet know what my line is, or anything about me. If you will kindly listen a moment."

"Nothin' doin'," sang the slim young man, fitting his insult to the tune of a popular chorus.

"There is entirely too much doing," cried Jessica intensely, throwing discretion aside. "You are important, I know, and you get a large salary; but you get it from *us*, we pay you, and it wouldn't hurt you to be half-decently civil. Good day."

As his feet angrily came to the floor and he prepared for speech, she ran out of the room and down the stairs. "I've queered myself here forever and forever and a little longer, but I've put myself on record to be remembered!" was her inward remark.

"That's the way I used to come down," said Eula Earle, into whom Jessica blindly dashed on regaining the street.

Eula had round big eyes like a doll, and was supposed to be weak and vain even by the very people who knew she was supporting her entire family of younger brothers and sisters.

"Oh, Eula! How are you? Isn't it fierce up there?" Jessica was panting with indignation.

"Fierce," agreed Eula. "Why do you bother with them?"

"How else get a job?"

"Join the merry-merry."

"I aspire higher than *that*!" cried Jessica ringingly.

Eula flushed, but unresentfully. "I'm in the chorus myself this season, and I know what I'm talking about. The expenses are light and the pay sure."

"But don't you have to mix with—" Jessica stopped for a word.



"SO YOU'RE ONE OF MADAME'S BIRDS," HE SAID, LAZILY READING THE ADDRESS AND COVERING JESSICA'S HAND WITH HIS WHILE HE DID IT

"Rum ones," completed Eula stoically. "But you don't have to be rum yourself."

"N-no," faltered Jessica. "I've been doing second business, though, for two good years, and I don't want to come down."

"Let's hope you don't have to," consoled Eula, walking away.

"I shouldn't have said 'come down,'" confessed Jessica to herself regretfully. But she gazed after the retreating girl with somewhat of disapproval. "I wouldn't have thought it of Eula. So unambitious of her to join the chorus. Now that Zed's dead—than door-nails, I'd better try Blumstein and Hess."

Which she did, and waited almost three hours before her obtrusive existence was remembered by the only one of the firm who is ever seen—Hess.

David Hess was handsome and sleepy looking on the outside; but he had a reputation for being unhandsome and very wide-awake.

"Sit down, my dear, sit down and tell your little tale," he said affably, his eyes making cruelly cool scrutiny of all her points, good and bad. "Hold your chin up," he ordered suddenly.

"Mr. Hess, I am in need of immediate employment——"

"They all are, my dear, they all are."

"Mr. Bree's sad death——"

"I know, I know; that's ancient history now. Take your hat off."

Jessica obeyed and sighed a little, knowing what was coming. David Hess believed in silhouettes. He also believed that the only way to find out how a person would look behind the footlights was to put that person there; consequently he had an experiment room.

"They fluff up their rats," he remarked sardonically to Jessica.

She smiled faintly, but took the suggestion and patted her hair into better order. She followed him into another room which was merely a dark cupboard. Hess turned on an electric light, disclosing a white screen.

"Take a position in front of it," he commanded. "Position! Pose! Stand up—or lie down. Anything. Make pictures."

Striving to ease her miserable consciousness by reflecting that the whole thing was merely business, she stood before the screen, obeying his brief directions, while he turned on a stronger light, then settled himself in a chair, his chin in his hand, and studied her with the unflinching deliberateness of a vivisectionist—inflicting almost as much pain, too.

Finished, he simply turned out the lights and went back to his office, leaving her to follow as she chose.

As she was dazedly replacing her hat upon

her drooping head, he remarked dismissively:

"I'll bear you in mind, my dear, bear you in mind."

"You can't say anything more definite?" begged Jessica.

"To hurry at the start is the way to lose the race," offered David Hess genially, with a drowsy smile at his alert victim.

"But I may leave my address?"

"Write it, write it," he permitted, apparently tired of everything. "Sit down." He pushed a book toward her and threw a pen on top of it. "Sit down. On my knee, if you like."

"I don't," she murmured, drooping her head still lower to hide a smile, for his impudence was too pronounced to be really insulting. Moreover, she felt that he was rather testing her own fiber than being invitational.

"So you're one of Madame's birds," he said, lazily reading the address and covering Jessica's hand with his while he did it.

"Yes." She promptly freed her hand. Then, apropos of his evident acquaintance with her lodging-house, she said, "Do you know everything?"

"Everything," he answered, his slow eyes sleepily following the reluctant hand; "and one of them is that it's as unsafe to be over-squeamish as under."

"It is a pity I did not let you hold them both," remarked Jessica thoughtfully.

"A great pity," he admitted. "You may come again."

"Not if I can help it," promised Jessica to herself as she sped gladly into the sunlight of her beloved Broadway. "Yet he is more polite in his rudeness than lots of other people in their politeness!"

She returned wearily to Madame's.

"Still no good fortune, Mees Moyne?"

Jessica answered completely by this impulsive request: "Madame, will you take her—Ginger? I'll have to give her away!"

"Oh, my dear," mourned Madame, her eyes wet, her eloquent Gallic shoulders up. "And my canarees?"

True! Jessica had forgotten the canaries.

"Meanwhile you'll have to eat me out of house and home," she confided to her unwanted pet. "If you were a pretty round kitten your stock would be up; but to be lanky is to be homeless—even for a cat!"

There followed long days of failure, accompanied by the inevitable shrinkage of the twelve dollars; when finally, from the unexpected source of the firm of Jay and Dee,

Jessica got what she termed "a nibble." It was more than a nibble. "I've hooked my fish," she thought exultingly. A certain party had already been engaged for the part, and was, in fact, to sign the contract that afternoon, when Jessica's appearance and pretty personality sounded the "certain party's" death-knell.

"I hope the other lady has been to no expense in the matter of wardrobe," hazarded the perplexed Jessica.

"Can't help it if she has. Sentiment won't yoke with business. She doesn't look the part and you do. Make up your mind. Will you take it?"

"Yes."

"Good. Sit down. Wait for the manager. He's here in an hour."

"I'll be back." Jessica raced out into the air to find room for her happiness. The situation was saved: room-rent assured, the winter held out no terrors; the oculist bill no longer threatened; and, hurrah! Ginger's lease of life was indefinitely lengthened.

While in this aura of contentment she came across an old friend, Hazel Trent, who was also excited.

"Hazel! Haven't seen you for years. What's the news?"

"The best! I've got my chance at last. The fattest little part ever! I can't keep on my feet; I'm hitting the ceiling."

"Me too. Let me tell you."

"Let me, first. The part's *Madge*."

"In 'Old Kentucky'?" Jessica's voice faltered.

"Yes. I'm on my way to Jay and Dee's to sign the contract now. Come with me."

"Can't."

"Why?"

"Have to telephone a message."

"Important?"

"You'd think so if you knew."

"Well, good-by."

"Good-by." Better to beg from an enemy than to take bread from the mouth of a friend, thought Jessica, and she hurried into a store and telephoned her refusal to Jay and Dee.

Then the weary search recommenced. The twelve dollars went. Days dragged into weeks. Jessica sold a few things, borrowed from every one she could, owed the world generally, and thus managed to live—if it could be called living. But her shoes and gloves were worn to shabbiness, her dress hung dispiritedly, her hat and waist were travestied by the season, and in fact her appearance told her story plainly to any one who had eyes to see or a heart to care. Per-

haps it was her bitter fancy, but she rather thought that such of her friends as were left in the big, lonely city were avoiding her. She seldom met them.

Then a post-card came from Blumstein and Hess telling her to call.

David Hess, handsomer, sleepier than ever, received her by actually placing a chair for her. Aware of her shabbiness and of the contempt which theatrical agencies have for shabbiness, she was much surprised that he should do so.

"Up against it? Good and hard?" His tone mocked, but his glance was less ungentle.

"Yes. Have you something for me?"

"I have something."

"For me?"

"I have something."

She tried to puzzle this out, but was too tired, and gave it up. "I'm not particular—now."

"That's good." He made no attempt to go further with explanations—just sat sleepily and looked her over. Oddly enough, his insolent bearing did not antagonize her. She felt an odd and restful sense of standing well in his estimation. She waited.

"Well, here's the business," he offered at length. He outlined it discreetly. Several big names were back of it, yet one man's name, the biggest, put it—

"On the queer," murmured Jessica distressfully. "Still—"

"Still—" said David Hess tensely. His tones held volumes of—what? Recommendation? Eagerness for her to take the position? or fear lest she might? Again she put the puzzle from her.

"The salary is large," she said weighingly.

"Even to begin with."

"There's a chance for advancement?"

"Big."

"For a girl who studies hard."

"None for her."

"For whom, then?"

"For a girl who holds her tongue."

"What do you mean?" asked Jessica finally.

"We never mean anything here. This is a Dramatic Agency."

"I am hungry," said Jessica methodically. She knew this statement was relevant, in spite of its sound.

"You look it," commented Hess, sardonic again.

"But I can't take this job."

"No." He immediately got up, put his hands in his pockets, turned his back, and lounged over to the window, where he stood looking out. The thing was evidently over.

Jessica got up too, and glanced at him—comprehendingly. Every word he said was rude, every action ruder. He had thrown the chance of evil in her way, yet the pervading impression of his presence, of the whole interview, was of his chivalrous understanding and protection; and on his cynical face as he stared carelessly down upon the street was the shadow of a brother's helpless pity for her present problem of existence.

"Mr. Hess, you will remember me if anything else comes up?"

"I will remember you."

"Good day." She went to the door, and then said, "And thank you."

He pivoted around upon one heel to look strangely at her. "For what?" he asked.

"I don't know," admitted Jessica gently, "but I do."

Then he made her a promise. Incidentally, though it has nothing to do with this narration, he kept it. "Well," he said, with studied indolence to cover his undercurrent of sympathetic respect, "the next time you thank me you'll know what for. Run away, my dear."

Jessica went, but she did not run. Living on one meal a day is not conducive to activity.

As a forlorn hope, she now took to answering theatrical advertisements, and thereby provided herself with some astonishing experiences, finding that the "promising young artist" wanted was generally expected to furnish the money to carry on some fraudulent scheme of entertainment, or else was asked to become the sales-agent of worse than questionable goods. She soon learned to leave advertisements alone. Yet she wondered what paid the advertisers. Some one must get victimized. It was all a mystery.

And life was getting more and more insupportable. Madame did not say a word about all the rent due her, but Madame began to look naturally plaintive. So Jessica assailed the bureau of Gratz Brothers for a position in the chorus.

Morris Gratz, covered with tobacco, reeking with smoke, and surrounded by stale butts of cigars, eyed her with good-natured impatience.

"You moost haf big gonceit in yusself, is it?" he said, ferociously jocose. "Take from your hand off your gluff und I show you some-t'ings."

When she had obediently bared the thin little fingers which had once been plump and rosy, Morris Gratz made some interesting comparisons. He told her, what she of course knew, that a good figure was more necessary

for chorus work than a good voice, and that, naturally, it was requisite for a manager to be sure that the applicant for a position was physically fit for it. The hand, he said, revealed the body. A hand of good proportions, whether large or small, indicated a corresponding development of body; and, transversely, a thin, unshapely hand was a "gif-avay."

"Is that what mine is?" asked Jessica calmly. "I think a few square meals would help things."

"Not skvare," he advised. "Make dem round."

The smell of tobacco had turned her very faint and she had to go back to her room to lie down. Ginger, gaunt and complaining, prowled restlessly over the bed and kneaded hungrily at the bedclothes.

"I know how you feel," said Jessica, staggering up again. "I'm hollow as a stove-pipe myself, and sort of ill, Ginger, to tell the truth; so, while I have the strength, I'll take you on your last journey, dear old friend, and have you killed. Crawl in."

She coaxed the cat into its traveling-grip, a suit-case with a wire-netted window in one side—the side which Jessica used to carry against her dress when she smuggled Ginger into first-class hotels—long ago, when she had that part with Bree—such a nice part. Poor Allan Bree! Well, he had solved the problem. Who was it had said he would not get on with the angels? How heavy Ginger was—and how glaring the sun—and how in the world had she gotten out in the street without knowing it—down all Madame's stairs—and where was she going? Oh, yes; to the Bide-a-Wee home for animals—where Ginger would be put to death.

The fresh air revived Jessica's strength, fleetingly. A touch of color came to her pale lips as she descried Viola Derry ahead of her. It would be good to hear a friendly voice. He saw her, too,—she was sure of it,—and he turned suddenly and disappeared into a store. Oh, that miserable five dollars! She had quite forgotten it. If he had only stopped and thrown her a pleasant word! Her friends were avoiding her, then.

She wandered on aimlessly for many blocks, and then got a puff of smoke from a too near cigarette. The street seemed to jump suddenly to the sky with a roar of noise, and she fainted.

She came to within the warm, strong arm of Bella Martin, who was cologning her with a lace handkerchief. Bella was radiant in amethyst velvet and wore fresh violets. Beside her stood the stoical representative of a

wealthy monopoly. He dangled a cane and stared vacantly at the passers-by. If his divinity chose to help the needy, it was evidently none of his fastidious business.

"That's right, Jess, brace up," urged Bella delightedly, as Jessica opened her eyes. "Here." Casually she pressed a greenback into Jessica's hand.

"No, no!"

"Yes, yes—shut up. Now come into this doorway and tell me all about it."

It did not take long to tell, for Bella Martin knew most of the facts anyhow. At the end of the recital—

"Cat's in here, I suppose?" asked Bella, peering into the wire grating of the grip. "Scraggy beast, isn't it? Give it to me. I'll be a mother to it."

"Are you in earnest, Miss Martin?"

"Sure. Here, you!" She called imperiously to the rich man. "Grab this cat, and grab it easy." She insinuated the grip into his lemon-kidded hand. "We'll tote the cat home to the menagerie. Don't you worry any more about it till you want it back Jess."

Wordless, her hands to her face, Jessica was weeping torrents.

"Wipe your eyes, powder your nose, and toddle around to Gratz's," said Bella Martin. "He has two vacancies I know of."

"I've just been," sobbed Jessica.

"Make it twice," ordered Bella, "and tell him I sent you. Have a bite first. I'd invite you to dinner with me, only—" Here her face hardened and her eyes slanted defiantly. Almost proudly she stepped to the side of the cat-carrier, saying to him, "We can trot along, Sweetness; she doesn't need us now."

The cut went mercilessly deep and Jessica flinched.

That night she ran up Madame's stairs with something of her old-time gaiety, and, stopping at Madame's room, flung her arms around her landlady and said:

"I'll pay you by degrees, you martyr. I'm off on the road to-morrow!"

"My compliments, my child! And what good rôle is yours?"

"We dance-ha-ha, and prance-ha-ha, and merry-merry-merry are we!"

Madame shook her finger a trifle reprovingly.

"I have the fear you are parting with your ambitions, my child. The chorus!"

Jessica laughed. She laughed harder. She laughed till she was so weak that she broke out crying. Then she ran upstairs and packed her trunk, the tears dripping into every tray.

The Game of Life and Death

By LINCOLN COLCORD

Author of "Th' Cap'n's Son," "Ah-Man," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYNARD DIXON

HERE aren't any more of those evening gatherings under the awning in Hong Kong—the kind that Nichols used to like so well. For that matter, Nichols is gone too, but I shall always remember him in connection with those interesting and friendly times. Hong Kong wouldn't have seemed natural without him. We grew to look for his little bark each trip, and more than often she would be lying in the harbor close under Kowloon-side, a small vessel painted in the most extraordinary colors, cream-white above and bottle-green below the water-line, with a good deal of bright yellow on the woodwork about decks. Her houses and waterways were painted yellow, if I remember.

The last time I saw him was on the quarter-deck of the *Omega* the night before the big typhoon of — in Hong Kong. He was hanging some lanterns beneath the awning as I went up the gangway, for he expected the captains of the fleet on board to bid him good-by. Something about the man always hit me between the eyes. His experience in the China coastwise trade had been remarkable. A certain alien touch had got into his blood; his outlook on life was strange and original; and among men he had the reputation of knowing half a dozen Chinese dialects and understanding matters beyond the yellow and impenetrable border of the land.

Together we sat by the rail and watched the sampans gather from the other ships. A puff of breeze offshore lifted the awning for a moment, and rustled among the paper globes. The quiet harbor lay like a pool at the foot of the Peak; and above it the sky seemed closing in.

He didn't sail the next day as he had planned; we felt that evening that there was trouble outside. Now and then we would catch ourselves listening, though there was absolutely no sound in the impending heavens. The talk turned to typhoons of the past, and

Nichols told us the story of a strange experience, that could have happened only on such another clouded and mysterious night when men become the people of a dream.

"I wouldn't ask you to believe this," Nichols said, "if I couldn't refer you all to Lee Fu Chang. Every one of you knows him—he's probably chartered most of you for home in his time; and whether you think so or not, he is the soul of honor, and would back me up in every detail of this yarn. Perhaps he'd balk at what I'm going to say about his ability at poker; but really you never could comprehend his grasp of that subtle and masterful game unless you had seen him as I have, playing it with his life in his hands. He's a *man* for you! The next time any of you have occasion to call at his office, bear this yarn in mind and take another look at him. He's growing old now—an honorable age. You will see him as you know him, a tall and rather stout Chinaman, smiling, dignified, graceful, offering you a chair by one of those heavily carved blackwood tables of his, and a cup of tea in an eggshell from his own hand. Listen to his talk awhile; try to find out what he is thinking about. It will be a revelation to you. You'll make no headway—you can't get anywhere near him. He is just what he wants you to suppose he is for the purposes of business. Perhaps you imagine that his life is bounded by the walls of that little room, piled high with rolls of silk, decorated with fantastic ornaments—the symbols of his trade. But all the while you're 'way at sea, out of sight of land. The man himself is superior; I know no better word to place him by. He's on another plane, living in another world, capable of other things. Surprising things, too, as I will show you. I have seen him in action, at the point of the sword almost, and I know. He is a brave and noble man . . . my friend.

"I've spoken this way because I feel that even with you there remains an inborn preju-

dice against his race. He's yellow, his skin is yellow. Well, I admit it. But living as I have along the coast, I've grown into a boundless respect for these yellow people that you talk about. What's that . . . fallen into their ways? Perhaps so. But on the whole, I don't think I'm equal to it . . . not large enough. A white man usually has to become a terrible failure to be completely alienated; and we aren't many of us big enough to be terrible failures. No, it isn't that; what I feel is just what I said—respect for them. They have the strongest racial tendencies in the world; they are the most absolutely well-knit nation that I know. Say what you will, their individual characteristics are tremendous. I mean along the line of racial power. Nothing can touch them. They throw off the weakness of our religion and civilization as instinctively as you'd throw off a man that was trying to suffocate you. They don't *want* 'em! They have a code of their own. By heavens! I give them credit for seeing the grave faults in our civilization . . . and, anyway, it's utterly unfitted for their needs. The results are too plainly written, and they must know beyond a question that we white men haven't got anything that will last very long. Progress, progress . . . where has it ever led to but the grave? We teach our children how deplorable it is that China has lain dormant for thousands of years; to me it's one of the wonders of the world that she's been able to, with every little religion and philosophy and vice in our category knocking at her doors.

"Isn't that the Caucasian all over, though, . . . think of the insufferable conceit of it! The minute he thinks anything, or learns anything, or even dreams anything, hurry up and tell it to the next man—babble about it, disseminate it, spoil it, run it into the ground, cram it down somebody's throat who doesn't want it, but for goodness sake never keep it to himself to live and thrive by! No wonder the Chinese laugh to see us running about on such wild missions. They know so well that even in our own country the charm doesn't always work. They've seen how inconsistent and irresponsible our own government and religion and ethics are. And they laugh . . . as an old man laughs at a boy!

"No, no . . . don't talk to me. China sits high on a pedestal, serene, philosophical . . . and watches us go by. We aren't the only race she has watched, either, and seen going to its grave. But we never will admit it . . . I can't expect you to admit it." Nichols waved a thin and expressive hand.

Nobody spoke, and he went on again. "It

isn't that they can do as many things as we can, but that they don't try to do *everything*. They have learned through years and years of experience just what they can and can't do, and they are satisfied. They conserve; they don't disseminate. That's what I call a strong racial quality. I suppose I'm steeped in their philosophy; but to me it's stronger to save than it is to waste. What are we doing for ourselves, with our struggles to save the world? We're killing ourselves, and we aren't really saving anybody or getting anywhere. I wouldn't be surprised to know that in a thousand years from now the Caucasians were digging ditches for the Mongolians.

"And they have the latent power . . . that is why I believe in them. They play poker well, for instance—play it like fiends. That's because it fits them. Strange to say, of all the trash we've put up to them, the game of draw poker is the only thing that fits the Chinese character at every turn. It's as if they had spent all these years just to perfect themselves for that game. It appeals to them . . . it's philosophical, it's got sense. And so they play it, inscrutable, smiling with pleasure in their hearts. I actually believe that Lee Fu Chang took a sort of fierce pleasure in the game that night . . . though God knows there was enough at stake to knock all the pleasure out of it for me. But I'm 'way ahead of my yarn.

"This trip that I'm going to tell you about was in the early '90's—not so long ago, after all. I was in a little barkentine called the *John Baisley*—you all remember her. You should have seen her when they towed us back to Hong Kong after that typhoon! I never saw a worse sight . . . a total wreck aloft, leaking, and pretty badly stove up about decks. Worst of all, there was that terrible mess forward. Of course we had thrown the bodies overboard; but the blood was still there, dried on . . . buckets full of it! It took us a couple of months to get her into shape, lying over under the sheer-legs on Kowloon-side. I owned her, too, and so it was a disastrous trip for me. But on the whole, I thought myself lucky to be back in Hong Kong at all. Every one spoke of my hard luck, but I told them I wasn't kicking. No. Because every night when I went down below and looked around that forward cabin, and remembered what I'd seen there, I thanked God again that I was alive. I wasn't kicking at fate. For God only knows what fate could have done for us . . . the imagination halts at the possibility. Torture, captivity, death . . . I don't care to think of it! I

can see them yet, a cabin full of yellow masks, concealing a cabin full of hearts that would have stopped at nothing . . . and all watching the game that went on between Lee Fu Chang and the man who had us in his power . . . watching for a turn of the cards, for a sign to strike. . . . No, it was good luck—a few masts are nothing. A royal flush is always good luck, though the heavens are falling . . . especially when those are the only cards that'll win.

"I was bound from Hong Kong to Amoy that time, and Lee Fu Chang went with me to look after some interests of his in Amoy. We had been excellent friends for years—ever since I struck the China coast, in fact. He gave me advice which always proved to be good; and in return I had been able to head a few things in his direction. I want you to understand that we were very intimate, in a formal and dispassionate way. Perhaps I never would have seen so deeply into his character if this thing hadn't come up. I confess that before then I hadn't suspected the Chinese of any courage. Honor I knew they had in their own way, though the saving of face is sometimes contradictory from our point of view; otherwise I thought them devoid of sentiment. I deny them nothing now. I feel that they have latent in their hearts—not latent, even, but simply concealed—every emotion which we take such pains to cultivate and noise abroad. I'll tell it as I saw it, and you shall see.

"We sailed from Hong Kong in August, near the break of the southwest monsoon. It was a bad time, but I had news of a typhoon outside the week before, and thought I might slip up along the coast before another one made in the Sea. I can handle the things now, and am not afraid of them; but that was before I knew anything about the Law of Storms. How ignorant most of us are, sailing at large and carrying our lives in our hands! There's the most important law that ever was worked out; and I hadn't learned it at thirty years of age! I know men older than that who sail in dangerous waters, and don't follow or even acknowledge the Law of Storms. But Lee Fu Chang did.

"For a number of days we had light weather. Lee Fu Chang and I played cards. He isn't really happy without a deck of cards in his hand. At first we played poker, but it wasn't any fun for him. I play a good enough game, but not *his* game. I was born with a Caucasian face, that's all. We've every one of us got them . . . twitching faces, full of nerves; and eyes that are too closely hooked to

the brain. Lee Fu Chang's face was smooth and absolutely placid, like a face of frozen butter; and his eyes never seemed to move of themselves. Now and then he'd turn his head slowly and point them at you. It's disquieting in a game of poker to suddenly discover a pair of eyes like his looking at you. I couldn't play poker with him for a minute, so we took up cribbage. I like cribbage; the cards play the game for you, and your soul doesn't get all stirred up trying to read another man's mind and keep your own mouth shut. So we cribbed it morning, noon and night. It was dull for him.

"The weather was so quiet and variable that I hung to the land for the evening breeze, watching all the while for typhoon signs out in the Channel. The third day we had made some two hundred miles up the coast. There is a light on Lamock Island, and we passed that on the evening of the third day, leaving it a dozen miles to port. Lee Fu Chang was on deck with me that evening, and he first called my attention to a heavy bank on the southeastern horizon. At the same time we began to notice a sudden swell; the ship lifted perceptibly—you know how that sends your heart into your mouth.

"'A bad place to get caught in,' I said to Lee Fu Chang.

"He looked over the starboard quarter, and then in toward the land. 'Very bad,' he said. You've probably noticed what excellent English he always uses. 'I think we will get the first breeze down the coast—north,' he went on, pointing over the stern. 'The typhoon center is out there, toward Formosa.'

"'How do you know where it is?' I asked him.

"'By the feeling of the swell,' he said.

"I laughed at him. 'Well, there's only one thing to do,' I said. 'We've got to put her on the starboard tack and get out into the Channel.'

"I took a turn up the deck, and found his eyes looking at me. 'What else is there to do?' I asked, irritated by his look.

"He thought awhile before answering—choosing words, I suppose. 'You know Formosa Bank?' he said at last. I nodded. 'You will get caught on Formosa Bank in the center of the typhoon, and we will probably die,' he said.

"'Yes, if the typhoon's where you say it is,' I answered. 'Look here—I can't very well run in toward the land, can I?'

"'If you wish, I will take you to a good anchorage in Chauan Bay,' he said.

"I looked at him in amazement. He take

me to an anchorage in the face of a typhoon! I had no reason to suppose that he knew anything about the sea at all—he certainly didn't look it. Since then I have seen him beat a full-rigged ship through Leymun Pass, a thing I wouldn't dare to do myself. I have seen him reeve a vessel through the fleet in this harbor under sternway with royals set; and at such times I've thought of my early opinion of him. He has shown me so much of himself, that I think I would never doubt him in anything again. But that evening I didn't know. If I had let him take charge of the ship it might not have made such a great difference after all, as the typhoon took a sudden turn towards the land and the center finally passed us close aboard. But to make a long story short, I put her out into it, and got caught.

"When the typhoon struck us with its full force it threw us down, and I about gave up the ship for lost. We wallowed through it the remainder of that night and all the next day, the wind coming in a succession of terrific squalls; and some time in the middle of the second night I discovered that we had drifted on a lee shore, with breakers close aboard. It may seem cowardice, sitting here in a land-locked harbor; but I'm not ashamed to admit that my heart stopped beating while I listened to that new sound in the thunder of the storm. You have no idea what a sharp note the breakers had, pounding through the gale like a sail adrift aloft. My hair turned gray that night.

"Then we cut away the masts and got the anchors down. In the wild scramble the mate and second mate must have gone overboard with the wreckage, for we never saw them again. Did any of you ever ride out a gale of wind at anchor in the open sea? Don't do it for a pastime. We lay there like a log of wood, and every other sea broke clean over her from bow to stern, exactly as a comb will curl over a man bathing on the beach. The first lull that came, Lee Fu Chang and I went below. There was nothing to stay on deck for.

"Down in the cabin things seemed like scenes in a strange world. The motions of that ship were inhuman, like the writhings of a tortured man. We had to sit on the floor and brace our feet on something solid to keep from flying through the skylight when she jumped.

"Lee Fu Chang took off his oilcoat and wiped his face. His beautifully embroidered clothes were drenched, and I noticed that he had broken two of his long finger-nails. Not

an expression disturbed his face, and I began to think that he was making preparations for bed. He might have done that, and slept, too. I doubt if the loss of the ship would have waked him, for he had anticipated death. That's it . . . that's their attitude! They're ready at any moment . . . and so nothing matters. Death is nothing but death, whether it's in a quiet office in Hong Kong or howling through the heart of a typhoon. And so . . . why be disturbed? They have eliminated the extraneous sensibilities, and thus meet the elements of life more squarely face to face—a most wonderful victory!

"But Lee Fu Chang had no intention of turning in. After drying himself, he made his way to the chart-table drawer, took out a pack of cards and the cribbage board, and came over to my side of the cabin.

"Let us play," he said, "and afterward we will eat."

"The bare idea of it made me yell—I told him so. 'How can you play cards with a ship breaking up over you!' I shouted.

"It is good for the soul to force itself," he answered. "Play!"

"And so we played."

Nichols took a drink, and fell back in his long deck-chair. "The typhoon broke at noon," he said, "and we were still afloat, lying there with our stern brushing the rocks. The spot where we had landed couldn't have been more exposed. We had drifted directly against an outlying point running southward and marking the breakwater of a place called Hutau Bay. I never knew the name of the point, if it had any. Off in the southeast was the reef of rocks that we had sighted through the storm—they were marked Knob Rocks on my chart. We must have just missed them as we came in. The coast itself seemed deserted, and we saw no human being on the land all day. This place is not over twenty-five miles south of the entrance to Amoy Harbor; but of course we didn't know these details till later, after we had been picked up by a towboat sent after us from Hong Kong.

"You can imagine that after this experience we were all pretty well fagged out. I didn't attempt to do anything to the ship that afternoon; she wasn't leaking much, and as for rigging her up, she was too badly dismantled to dream of such a thing. So we just keeled over, and I told the men to turn in as soon as they had a good feed, leaving an anchor watch on deck.

"Night came on. I finished a nap, and

found Lee Fu Chang reading in the after-cabin when I got up.

"All right on deck," he said cheerfully. "I have just come down. She is riding beautifully."

"I took a look myself just the same, and spent five minutes on deck, but I couldn't see much. When I came down I didn't realize that anything else could be hanging over us. If you had told me what was coming, I'd have laughed at you."

"It's very dark," I said to Lee Fu Chang. "But I don't think we'll get any more wind."

"Yes, very dark," he answered. "I noticed it. Shall we play cards?"

"That was the beginning of the game that ended in the early morning, and showed me the rawest touch of human nature that I ever witnessed. Just about the nearest and most blood-curdling view of death, too. The events of that night seem like so many fine wires, delicately manipulated. You hear the expression 'hanging by a hair'; well, there is such a thing. We both hung by a hair—watched it straining. Yes, I am sure Lee Fu Chang watched it as nervously as I, though he sat stolidly through it all, playing his hand without an exclamation or a sigh."

"We decided to play on the forward cabin table by the light of the bracket-lamp on the mast. The bracket had jarred loose when the mast snapped overhead. Hour by hour as we sat there the sea went down. It was very quiet in the cabin, after all the creaking and groaning that had filled our ears through the day. A sort of peaceful feeling settled on my heart, too. My nerves had been stretched and singing for twenty-four hours; and this welcome cessation of noise soothed me with that strange feeling that I can only describe as like the influence of home. In fact, we had come home to the world, through circumstances that might have very well sent us all flying to our death. I leaned back on the settee, and lost game after game with the best of grace. Finally Lee Fu Chang laughed at me."

"Try a few hands of poker," he said. "Your luck may be in that."

"I brushed the cribbage board aside. 'Deal,' I answered."

"Listen . . . what was that?" he said.

"Through the stillness I heard something strike the ship—felt it underneath my feet. I knew in an instant that she was not adrift. It was something striking her—something alongside. I got up, but before I could move from my tracks there came from forward a wild and long-drawn yell."

"As I jumped for the forward companion-way, Lee Fu Chang stopped me. 'Have you got a revolver?' he asked sharply. 'This is what I feared.'"

"What?" I shouted at him. As I spoke we heard feet pattering along the house over our heads. More cries arose forward—the most awful sounds."

"Sit down," he said. "It is no use now—too late. Sit down!" He forced me back on the settee."

"What is it?" I cried.

"Men from shore—wreckers, thieves, pirates," he answered. "I was afraid of them."

"Pirates!" I exclaimed. "Here—now—in this day!"

"Did you think they were all gone?" he said. "In lonely places, this day is not different from any other day."

"I couldn't grasp it—couldn't get my bearings at all. I started up again, and he threw me back by main force a second time."

"Why didn't you warn me?" I cried.

"I thought we were not seen," he said. "But it makes no matter. We are helpless, at their mercy. They can come in thousands."

"I gripped him by the hand. 'What are they doing forward?' I cried."

"Probably killing the men," he answered. "We can do nothing for them now."

"I caught my breath and listened. In the acute silence I thought I heard whispers, mutterings, and the sound of bare feet swishing in the alleyways. For a minute it seemed as if a hand was closing on my heart. Yelling broke out nearer, in the waist of the ship, and I got up."

"I'm going on deck," I said. When I looked at Lee Fu Chang I noticed that he had seated himself and dealt me a hand."

"He glanced up, and tapped with his long finger-nails on the table. 'Do you wish to die too?' he said. 'You would never get both feet through the door!'"

"What's the use of staying here?" I cried wildly. "The cabin isn't even locked."

"I know," he answered in that even, silky voice. "Sit down and we will play the game. The game of life and death! Sit down!"

"All this sounds very fantastic, no doubt. I can't help it; it's simply because I am not able to put you in touch with the singular horror of those moments. I felt as if I had been dragged into a sort of semi-consciousness, through which a succession of events became distorted—as things seem when you've got the fever. All the while I heard clearly the gathering of stealthy forces on deck . . . increasing noises, startling and unintelligible

cries. I picked up the five cards that he had dealt me and looked at them like a man in a dream.

"Some time must have passed, while we sat listening and absolutely motionless, holding the cards at an angle in front of us. Faint sounds broke out in the after-cabin; we distinctly heard lowered voices behind the two closed doors. My eyes wandered and rested

a subtle and desperate hand. Figuratively, I mean. I believe that nothing in heaven or earth would have stopped them from rushing in and knifing us both as we sat but the very unexpectedness of what they found. They had been gathering, assembling, nerving themselves for an attack . . . I can imagine them. I can see them crouching aft, fearing to open the first door . . . stealing down the companionway, astonished at the quiet, peering into



"I HEARD THE CREAKING OF THE HINGES AS THE AFTER-CABIN DOORS OPENED QUIETLY"

on Lee Fu Chang's face. He was gazing at his hand. He picked out three cards and threw them on the table.

"How many?" he asked, his voice perfectly balanced and undisturbed. Suddenly he leaned across the table, and his eyes opened wide, showing me a depth that I had never seen before. 'Play, for God's sake!' he whispered fiercely. 'Much depends on you!'

"I selected a card at random and threw it down. I didn't have the faintest idea what I was doing. As I drew out a second, I instinctively became aware that we were not alone. I could feel people looking at us . . . and then I heard the creaking of the hinges as the after-cabin doors opened quietly. I looked up and met Lee Fu Chang's gaze again . . . heard him mutter below his breath, 'Don't turn around,' and perhaps a glimmer of the idea that he was driving at came to me. I took a physical grip, as it were, of every nerve in my body, and threw down the second card.

"'I'll take two cards,' I said, in the best voice that I could muster.

"I have often wondered if two people in danger of immediate death ever played such

my room, into the two cabin state-rooms . . . pausing suddenly as they heard voices in the forward cabin . . . listening, and finally opening the door. The picture framed there must have excited their surprise—two men, one a Chinaman, playing earnestly at cards while all about them death stalked and blood was flowing. It was a dramatic masterpiece. It would have staggered any one. But beyond all this, Lee Fu Chang was bidding for a higher trump . . . striking a deeper note than would appear. His purpose was not only to catch but to hold them. No one knew better than he that every Chinaman is a born gambler. It was an appeal to a national characteristic. By George, it was a hand of poker itself . . . a great big bluff! Do you see now why I say that a Chinaman plays poker naturally? Their very *lives* are games of it, day after day and year after year! And there in that cabin the first hand of a tremendous struggle was played. I watched it; saw Lee Fu Chang turn his head slowly, followed his glance and beheld the after-cabin doors filled with savage, staring faces and half-naked forms, arrested, as it were, on the threshold of a great and absorbing mystery. Lee Fu Chang raised his hand in a gesture commanding silence, and turned his blank and impenetrable visage back to the game.

"We played slowly, intensely; my head seemed thick, and it took me a long while to operate my cards; and as we played, Chinamen by the dozen filed silently into the room, sliding behind the settees, crowding against the walls, watching us catlike with their flat, beady eyes. They fascinated me; it took all my will power to hold my attention to the game; and while I riveted my eyes on the cards I saw constantly a sort of subconscious picture of the men standing behind Lee Fu Chang. Something told me that I must not

look at them; but I saw them just the same . . . never will forget them! What they were thinking of, how to understand them . . . all that's beyond me. I simply know that they stood there, a cruel and bloodthirsty guard . . . while we played for the minutes as they passed, like men working in a nightmare on some extravagant and useless business.

"Lee Fu Chang won steadily. I had quite a sum of the ship's money about me, and this I doled out dollar by dollar. The pile on the opposite side of the table grew to considerable proportions, and now and then the trace of a smile passed across Lee Fu Chang's face. They saw it, and by the tone of the whispered comment that went on behind me I knew that they despised my weakness at the game. Cold sweat stood on my forehead; perhaps I seemed to be taking my loss hard, but if they'd known, I was just gritting my teeth to keep from shouting aloud. I honestly thought that I'd go mad. There was something sickening about it . . . it was so utterly hopeless in the end. The stink of those Chinamen was abominable, too.

"At last I put up my last dollar, and Lee Fu Chang won the pot. I looked across the table littered with cards, and waited as if I expected something to strike. It seemed to be the end of the rope . . . and I was anxious to have it over with. I'd gamboled for the wolf long enough.

"And then Lee Fu Chang took up the second hand of the big game. He pointed with a claw-like forefinger toward a man standing at the head of the table, and motioned him to my seat.

"Sit down and play," he said.

"Nothing could have been more opportune . . . more daring! Here they had been watching us, whetting their appetites—seeing the Chinaman win, too, and the European lose. And now, at the height of the interest, the game was suddenly cut off; and as suddenly an opportunity was offered for its renewal. Only this time with the interest enormously multiplied, with the possibility of excitement increased beyond bounds. I got up; and without a word the other man, as if drawn by a magnet, took my place facing Lee Fu Chang.

"I noticed him for the first time then, and at once took him to be the leader of the crew. He was dressed like many of the merchant class, in white trousers rolled about the ankles, a short black coat, and a close-fitting shell of a cap on his head. His face was intelligent, and his whole appearance far above that of

the other men, who seemed to be of the lowest coolie caste.

"I stood at the head of the table, and they began to play, while the two lines of men down the sides of the cabin crowded closer, emitting little grunts and sharp exclamations of approval. Standing there at the heart of this bizarre, extraordinary scene, I almost doubted that I was still alive. For a long while my thoughts were wandering and inattentive; I tried to retrace the last few hours and piece the circumstances together into some semblance of reality; and as I worked my way slowly up to the present situation, I gradually became aware that I was observing a rare and powerful exhibition . . . a battle in the air! Men have paid money to see wonders, to hear music played, to be touched at the very core of their emotions by a perfection of illusion. Well, here was the real thing, free, or maybe bought at the final price which passes us through the most mysterious door. And I was touched . . . believe me! I was thrilled in every nerve . . . uplifted, transported, by a wave of emotion, by the fearfulness of the stroke, and by its diabolical cleverness. I saw at last the stake that Lee Fu Chang was playing for.

"They sat with the cards between them, absolutely motionless save for the gestures of their hands. Their faces were a study. I felt as if I were trying to read deep and pregnant words on a blank page. And yet with all their immobility they did not give one the impression of indifference. Far from it. Behind those thoughtless countenances the imagination was stirred to discern a surge, a veritable ocean of emotions . . . in one, watchfulness that didn't show in the eyes, distrust that never influenced a decision, despair that never crept into the voice, plans and plans, advancing, being analyzed, weighed, approved or thrown down, and all utterly concealed behind the veil . . . in the other, surprise, wonder, excitement, curiosity and carelessness, for of course there wasn't any danger to himself in any possible outcome. . . . Think of it! These two men, both of that incomprehensible race whose horizon we never even resolve on the sky-line of our life . . . these two playing a game for nothing, as it seemed—playing to pass the time; and yet throwing into the scene by the very incongruity of their nerveless attitude the glamour of a hidden and deathly struggle, a combat of secret, elemental forces of the mind. To me it was stunning, marvelous, inconceivable. . . . Not a covert glance, not a start, not a quickened breath! They were the perfection of imper-



"I WILL PUT UP ALL THAT IS HERE, MANY DOLLARS, ALL THAT I HAVE. YOU WILL PUT UP TWO LIVES—THE LIFE OF THE CAPTAIN AND MY LIFE; AND WE WILL PLAY . . . ONE JACKPOT, ONE HAND!"

sonality. And to add the crowning touch, I dimly saw how well each understood that the mask of the other concealed all that moves in the human heart and soul!"

Nichols paused, and some one touched my elbow. Looking up, I found a Chinaman bending above me. I positively leaped from my chair. It was only the steward offering drinks on a tray. I laughed.

"Nichols, you've woven a spell," I said.

He sipped his liquor silently. "The European nerves," he said at last. "You see? Imagination . . . plus nerves. Don't deny the Chinaman the imagination, or the nerves either . . . but acknowledge how overwrought you are. You should have seen that poker game, for an instance of control. You should take a lesson from Lee Fu Chang.

"While the game went on more and more men kept filing into the cabin. I was shoved against the table; I could feel them pressing behind me, for they were coming down the forward companionway now; but I didn't look at them . . . didn't dare to, I guess. There

must have been fifty cutthroats around us, the after-cabin was full, and you could hear them passing word of the game back to the rear. The leader had pulled a bag of coin out of some inside pocket in his clothes . . . quite a sum of money, I took it. He was no stranger to the game. My head had cleared then, and I was able to grasp details. I shall always remember the delicacy of that game. It was amazing. You who have never seen a Chinaman play poker can't appreciate it. They didn't seem to depend on the cards at all; it didn't matter what they held. Bluff was the whole thing. Time and again they played hands that one of us would have thrown down; and both having the same style of attack, if you can call it that . . . the same daring, the same abandon . . . it was surprising how often they matched up on nothing and clashed over empty hands.

"But knowing what was in his mind, I saw after a while that the honors went to Lee Fu Chang. At first he won a little, and immediately after that lost heavily to an accompani-



ment of guttural cries. Then he began to win again, slowly, so slowly that with each gain he held and drew the gambling spirit of his countrymen farther on. He played a wonderful game, for let me tell you his adversary was to be reckoned with. How to clean him out and yet keep the flame alive . . . more than that, to madden them, to disarm them, so that at the climax the flame would burn brightest . . . it was a problem for the acutest power. I wonder that he accomplished it; the strain upon me, though I wasn't in the game at all, was killing. But as I stood there and watched his winnings ebb and flow, each time with an increased amount, I felt the culmination that he desired approaching. It was in the air . . . he had them! I knew it from sudden motions in the crowd, from the rapid shuffling of feet, from smothered but unmistakable words. Simple sounds gained importance in that unnatural gathering; the bending of a finger might have meant death in many hearts. One had to judge by little things . . . and it was in the air! They had forgotten life; they were mad with the game!

"Lee Fu Chang picked up his hand, and looked across at his opponent's pile. It was growing very small.

"I want no cards," he said. "I will open for five dollars."

"The other drew two, glanced at them, and laid them down upon the three that he had saved.

"'Fi' dollar more," he said, speaking in a good pidgin English.

"The pot grew, and we all leaned forward. Ten, twenty, fifty dollars . . . and at last Lee Fu Chang's opponent threw down his last dollar and called. He spread out his own cards one by one, a flush in hearts.

"I have a full house!" said Lee Fu Chang, pulling the pot toward his side of the table.

"The other man rose, and Lee Fu Chang sat regarding him. He seemed lost in thought, and his hands were playing with the heap of silver that lay before him. The air was tense, and when he spoke his voice was charged with fire.

"Sit down!" he said. "I will give you a stake that is worth while. I will put up all that is here, many dollars, all that I have. You will put up two lives—the life of the captain and my life; and we will play . . . one jackpot, one hand! Sit down!"

"The Chinaman trembled and turned to his men, speaking in a rapid patter of dialect. An argument seemed going on; they evidently did not understand, but after he had spoken for a time I thought that I could see their eagerness shining like a light in their eyes. Suddenly an explosion of cries sounded, and wiry, yellow arms shot forth, pointing toward the table and the game. He sat down like a man inspired.

"Play!" he said.

"Lee Fu Chang dealt, and neither had openers. On the second deal the pirate captain opened and held up three cards. Lee Fu Chang asked for one. When they had completed their hands they hesitated, and their eyes met across the uplifted cards.

"I knew that in a second, while I was thinking, our fate would be disclosed. But somehow, as I remember it, I wasn't nervous then . . . I may have been mad with the game myself. That moment is blank to me; the next I recall is that the outlaw had laid down his hand. He held a straight flush in spades headed by the queen!

"I gasped, and my eyes wandered to Lee Fu Chang's face. Perhaps I thought that in the stress of that predicament the emotion that gripped me might find an answer there. His face was absolutely inscrutable—it looked as if carved from that soft red stone that they make boxes of. I believe that the Sphinx was a Mongolian. Without a smile he spread out his hand carefully on the table. He held a royal flush!

"I sank back a step, exhausted, and watched them stand up facing each other. A murmur ran around the room, increasing to a spluttering outburst of jargon. The leader cried out sharply and they were still. For some seconds there was absolute silence in the cabin.

"Then the man raised his hand and uttered a command. They began to stream past me up the forward companionway; they melted from the room like ghosts; I felt them brushing by my elbow, I smelled their breath as they muttered imprecations in my face; and in a second, before I had taken my eyes from the cards that spelled our deliverance, we were alone with Lee Fu Chang's adversary. He rested his hands on the table, seeming loath to leave. A shout came down the companionway, and he answered in Chinese.

"No good," he said, bending toward Lee Fu Chang. "No can do!"

"Then he left us standing like wooden figures, and we heard him clatter up the stairs.

"Yes, he was gone. I sank down, and waited in an appalling silence, listening for sounds, fearing that what had come to pass was only another trick of fate . . . that in another minute they would come back, armed with death . . . that they were already turning, gathering at the door. We must have let ten minutes go by, but nothing happened. After that man's departing steps upon the stairs we heard no more. They were gone. I bowed my head on the table and cried like a child.

"When I looked up Lee Fu Chang was fingering the pile of dollars that was the least of his winnings. He spread both hands flat upon the coin, and pressed down . . . a singularly expressive gesture. With a rush the realization . . . the awakening . . . came to me. He had won all! All! The ship, our lives that meant the world to us . . . and this, too, the last straw. Reckoning by the coin of earth, we had made a good night of it. He had won—perhaps a thousand dollars—and they were gone. I couldn't believe the eyes in my head. These men had faded as into a mist, they had vanished like a visitation of recalled spirits, they had passed like a chapter in a dream . . . they had stood beside us . . . and they were gone. . . . Before God, if it hadn't been for what we found forward, I'd have doubted their reality altogether.

"It was a long while before I gained heart to go on deck. Lee Fu Chang went with me, and together we picked our way cautiously for-

ward among the wreckage. The ship seemed deserted. I lit a lantern in the galley, and the first ray of light outside disclosed the reason of the silence. We were alone on the vessel, Lee Fu Chang and I. All the others had been killed—every last man. I knew then that we had been playing with death indeed. They lay in hideous postures, as if thrown down violently from a great height. A huge pile of bodies choked each fore-castle door. The knife had done it all.

"I staggered aft, walking blindly down the port alleyway . . . trying to get as far away as I could. The lantern had gone out, and I set it on the bitts. A puff of land breeze thick with the cool odor of flowers came across the water, and seemed to blow away the horror that was closing in. New blood ran in my veins. I tell you what, in that moment life was sweet, though I had seen enough to blast the soul. Land was near . . . I could smell it. The world was still the same. I felt it in the land breeze; I could hear it whispering. When we touch death with our finger-tips in the dark and feel how cold it is, we are all selfish beasts at heart. I drank in great breaths of living air, and gloried that in spite of everything I was still alive.

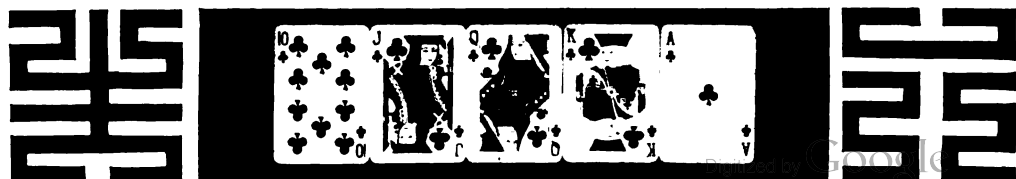
"I saw Lee Fu Chang standing near me by the rail, and went up to him.

"Lee Fu," I said, taking him by the hand, 'thanks for my life. I'd have been dead now if it hadn't been for you.'

"No! No!" he cried. 'You do not understand. The gods have favored us.'

"Gods or no gods," I told him, 'you dared to take your life in your hands.'

"Ah, my friend," he answered, in a voice which showed emotion for the first time in my knowledge of the man, 'when do we not carry our lives in our hands? The gods were trying me. Your European way is not good . . . very bad. When you fight, you must fight with the weapons of your antagonist. You would have shot a few, and finally many would have killed you in horrible ways, as you have seen. It is best to play men at their own game. So I played. But the cards. The cards are sent by the gods. Come . . . we will go below and burn joss-paper, and then sleep.'"





THE DALLAS STATION. THE SWIRLING TORRENT THAT WAS MAKING UP THE STREET TO THE REGISTRATION OFFICES

The Newest United States

By LINDSAY DENISON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THEY broke down the gates of the Omaha railroad station, Sunday afternoon, those home-seekers. They broke down the gates for the chance of riding sixty-five or seventy-five to a car—there are just sixty seats in a day coach—wide awake and talking corn, politics and religion for sixteen hours through the night to a raw little town out on the prairie, there to make oath to their signatures before a notary and—wide awake, talking corn, politics and religion, munching tough sandwiches and drinking beer out of bottles—go jostling each other like steers in a cattle car, sixteen hours back to Omaha.

I meandered into it on Monday. It wasn't so bad then. The railroad people had begun to feel cheerfully reminiscent about it. But the patched-up gates were there; the crowd was there which was like nothing except the crowd in the New London station after a Yale-Harvard race; S. F. Miller, who has a railroad title a yard long in which "traffic agent" are the most important words, was there, with ten

or twelve subordinate agents working like red-cap ushers in more peaceful places and times: examining tickets, announcing trains, helping boost bundles aboard, assigning conductors and brakemen, holding the baby for a minute, unlocking car doors and explaining that everybody would have to change cars at Norfolk Junction.

Railroading as is Railroading

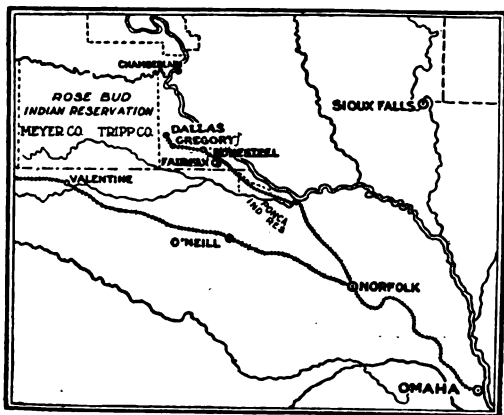
The journey through the night was a broadening experience. The really educational part of it didn't begin until Norfolk Junction. There were parlor cars as far as that. To be sure there was a meat drummer from South Omaha who had not that regard for the dignity of the office of President of the United States which one had learned to look forward to as a pleasant certainty west of the Missouri; and there was a fat farmer who disturbed one's reading constantly by the raucous assertion that Roosevelt didn't make the corn grow. But

at Norfolk, there was S. M. Braden, who bosses as much Northwestern Railroad as there is west of the Missouri (and that's no forty step path from the back porch to the well), and C. H. Reynolds, who runs the details of things between Omaha and Pine Hill. They were both running details that Monday night. "Gee! Wish you'd been with us here yesterday," they would say, "then you'd have seen something. Things are easy to-night." They amplified by explaining that Braden was going to get into a real actual bed at four o'clock in the morning and sleep until six o'clock and that Reynolds was going to get into the same bed when Braden got out of it and sleep until eight o'clock. It was fun to sit on a table near the stove in the despatcher's office and hear the two of them and the despatcher do things—first Reynolds and then Braden reaching out in impatience and taking the telegraph ticker thing away from the despatcher and sending orders by their own hands.

"Here," one of them would say, "how many did Jones and Ellsworth say they had on Second 107? Six hundred and fifty? Two hundred for Dallas? Where's Pete? *Pete!* Say, Pete, put out a call for Elmer and the rest of that crew that got in here on Third 8 and get up a Fourth 107 to leave here on the arrival of Second 107 about two o'clock. They'll want seven cars and a baggage. Now *jump!*"

The shack shook, there was a blinding headlight glare in our eyes and a train rumbled past the windows and stopped. "Mr. Reynolds, what is that?" "I'll find out, Mr. Braden." "Here's George! Never matter. What's that just came in, George? Fourth 19? Where's Third 19?" "They say they passed her at Meadow Grove, sir; power busted." "The deuce you say! George, break your neck getting up to Campbell's boarding-house and tell him to find a fireman and take that switch engine from over near the wood-pile and go up there and help 'em out. *Stevel* Where's Steve? Steve, I thought I asked you to get me a sandwich and a pail of coffee? . . ."

So it went for three hours, until Fourth 107 pulled out ahead of First, Second and Third 107s for Dallas. Moreover, it had been going so for a week and was to continue for a week to come. Ten times the traffic that the road was built to carry—going on with but a single accident, that of a drunken man falling in front of a moving train—and only once in a long while a complaint or an angry word. But from Mr. Kniskern, the big boss in Chicago, down to the ticket sellers at Dallas and O'Neill there wasn't a whimper or a growl; they just kept right on getting from six to ten extra 600-passenger



THE LAY OF THE LAND,—THE BATTLE GROUND WHERE THE BOMBS FOR HOMESTEADS TOOK PLACE

trains a day into the Rosebud country and getting them out. Each train had three conductors and two extra brakemen; one conductor to run the train and the other two to collect fares and keep the peace. And that's United States railroading. (There's some distinction in being a good railroad man out beyond Chicago. "What state are we in now?" I asked a St. Paul conductor coming home. "You're in the State of Minnesota," said he with arrogant pride, "in the State of Minnesota! Where they do railroading as is railroading—and not as though it was running a department store change trolley.")

But the real education came after they had sorted the crowd on the platforms and had taken the O'Neill passengers off the Dallas trains, almost by the scruffs of their necks, and had taken the Dallas passengers off the O'Neill trains, had given everybody a chance to eat and had seen to it that most of the women passengers were settled in the most comfortable car of the train. Just how plain, simple, lone women, carrying babies, dared to go to the Rosebud opening I had not then learned; but they did go, hundreds of them.

Good Nature—the Great Grouch Solvent

The journey out of Norfolk into the night began with wrath and disgust, personal and impersonal; with contempt for the shallow brutality of magazine editors and self hate for having entered into the quest of entertainment and edification of magazine readers; with utter shame for the stinking herds of humanity who were running, like greedy cattle to the feeding troughs, for the very remote chance of winning a free farm. With all its selfishness and conceit, wasn't clean, leather-padded New York

better than this? The journey ended in that lustrous sunlight such as only a prairie morning knows, with a new and healthy sense of partnership in the ruddy, homely eagerness of true American citizenship. It isn't often that one is privileged, after an all-night sitting-up journey, to find himself wider awake than when he started. It is nevertheless a cheering experience.

In the first place one with even the rudiments of a sense of humor cannot long support



"SUCK-ER'R'RS! SUCK-ER'R'RS!"

himself in despising fellow mortals for grimy hands and obviously unclean linen and perspiration when one knows that he is himself just as filthy. Moreover, good nature is the great grouch solvent, after all: let the men around you be altogether glad of living, let them be persistently, noisily glad, and in time you will be glad too. And at last, despite yourself, a flicker of a smile escapes from the corner of your mouth—and then the big Swede opposite, whose knees have been crowding you all night, bursts into a roar of delight and tells you the joke about his wife and Eckstrom, who is sitting beside you. It is Shakespearean but altogether a joy. And you laugh so loud and so long that the whole car-load of sixty (they've all been vaguely wondering what has been the matter with you) crowds over the backs and the arms of the seats and demands to be let in on the joke. And you laugh again, with them, until the tears make white channels down through the coal dust on your cheeks.

"Hi! hi! George!" shouts an aged brother with tobacco-bedraggled whiskers, "here's a feller from New York. Now ask him what he thinks of your fool guarantee for bank deposits. Ask him, I dare ye!" "You ask him how he votes," pipes up George, whose whiskers are longer and therefore have lodged

more tobacco juice, "and then I'll tell ye what he's going to say." Once more joy is unconfined. The tumult of corn, politics and religion rages again. There were 114,000 of us going out, hundreds of miles, to register; only one in twenty-three of us could possibly win; the other twenty-two would feel mighty sheepish when it was all over; we all knew it. So, whenever we passed another trainload, or drew into a station beside another train, every man on both trains stuck his head out of the window and bawled: "*Suck-er'r'rs! Suck-er'r'rs!*" and then roared with laughter when the other train whooped the gibe back.

But through it all there is one ringing, singing overtone, clear and thrilling as the strains of The Star Spangled Banner: "We are the United States, thank God!"

Don't laugh, you-from-east-of-the-Missouri. You would have heard it too, had you been there. It was irresistible, and must have reached you. And you-from-the-other-side, you need no warning against scoffing. You know the song. It is in your free clean air, in your star-sprinkled nights, in your big winds, and in the drumming of your horses' hoofs. But that big free rich note never booms out as clear and as unmistakable as when thousands of you are gathered together on a half serious, half reckless holiday such as was the last Rosebud land opening.

What the Crowd was Gathering for

As to the land opening itself, everybody who reads newspapers is easily to be reminded of it. Tripp County, South Dakota, comprising about one-third of the old Rosebud Sioux Indian reservation, had been practically cleared for white settlement. The Rosebud Sioux who wanted to become farmers in Tripp County made their choices a year or more ago and farms were allotted to them. Those who did not want Tripp County farms moved over into Meyer County, farther west. This isn't brutal—they moved, they were not moved—the Sioux of this generation is more of a farmer, at last, than a nomad. About 5,000 farms of 160 acres each were left vacant in Tripp County. The land belonged to the Sioux, but they were neither capable of occupying it nor of directing its occupation. The government, by act of Congress, opened the county for settlement by homesteaders, requiring the usual conditions of many months' continuous residence, a certain area of cultivation, the digging of a well, the erection of a permanent habitation and the payment of an equitable sum of money to the government as trustee for the Rosebud Sioux.



READY TO GO AND LOOK OVER THE LAND. THE NUMBER OF MOTOR CARS IN THIS NEW WESTERN COUNTRY WAS REMARKABLE

There are almost a million people in this country to-day who want farms. There are rather over eighty millions of people who want something (whether it is a farm or a pair of shoe laces) for nothing. There were only 5,000 farms in Tripp County and many of them are far better than others.

So there had to be a drawing. It was the only fair way. An auction or any competition other than that of luck would have meant that a free and equal chance was denied to those who needed the farms most—the farmers' sons and daughters who had been crowded off the farms into the cities as clerks or school teachers, or bartenders, or worse—God save the mark! Nevertheless there was a condition of the drawing which was necessarily unfair. The applicant had to find the means of getting to Chamberlain, Presho, O'Neill, Valentine, Gregory or Dallas, all towns near the boundaries of Tripp County. A perfectly square deal would have provided just as cheap an opportunity for the Hungarian in the cellar of a New York tenement or the Tuskegee graduate of Georgia as for the farmer boy of Bonesteel. The round trip fare from Omaha to O'Neill, which was the most popular registry town, because it was the cheapest to reach, was \$7.50. The writer heard this sum referred to frequently as "the ante," but was unable to find the signification of the term. The requirement of personal attendance on the borders of the land, however, served the purpose of a guarantee of good faith and also was based on the presumption that the would-be settler must desire to look at the land before applying for his farm. Judge Witten, the representative of the United States Land Office at the drawing, tried to devise a plan for drawings in all the cities of the country, but the

expense and general complications of the scheme caused him to be overruled at Washington. In future drawings, it is likely that a worked out elaboration of his original plan will be followed with a provision that the winning applicants shall make a considerable cash deposit immediately after the drawing, in order to show good faith. There are bankers in plenty in the West who will make such a plan practicable. And then, whether from West or East, every land-rusher faced this affidavit:

I....., of.....
post-office, aged.....years, height.....feet.....inches,
weight.....pounds, in support of this, my application
for registration for the next land opening to be held
after the date hereof, do solemnly swear that I am a
citizen of the United States, or have declared my in-
tention to become such; that I am not the owner of
more than 160 acres of land, and have not heretofore
made any entry or acquired any title to public lands
which disqualifies me from making homestead entry;
that I honestly desire to enter public lands for my
own personal use as a home and for settlement and
cultivation, and not for speculation or in the interest
of some other person; that I *present this application
for that purpose only*, and have not presented and will
not present any other affidavit of this kind.

The foregoing was subscribed and sworn to before
me, after it was read to or by affiant, this.....
day of....., 19.., at.....

*This application must be sworn to at one of the
places named in the proclamation.*

This matter of raising your right hand and swearing that the facts in this affidavit are true is ordinarily easy enough. We do it, within reach of the Atlantic breezes, every little while, and think no more about it. But even in the clamor and tumult of O'Neill and Dallas, there was that accented clause: "*that I honestly desire to enter public lands for my own personal use as*"

a home and for settlement and cultivation, and not for speculation or in the interest of some other person; that I present this application for that purpose only." It stared you in the eye. It was perjury not to mean it—the perjury that could never be proved, because you could always say you had changed your mind since you swore to it. But something had broken through into your conscience and understanding since Omaha and Norfolk Junction, if you were a real American. It gave pause. Then, as in the rush of emotion that comes up behind your eyes sometimes and makes everything a little bleary for a minute, the truth was made to shine on you: Here, after all, was the United States, the heart of them. Here was everything from Lexington and Bunker Hill to El Caney; everything from the Boston Tea Party to the unpleasantness between Kenesaw Landis and Standard Oil; everything that is the essence of this nation, no matter how thoroughly that essence was disguised elsewhere or how freshly it reeked in Dallas. It would be worth while to live out here on the prairie in heat and in snow, in dust and in wet gumbo for fourteen months; to know neighbors who were nearer to you fifty miles away than the folks up-one-flight-front in your New York flat. And you gulped a little and you said to yourself: "By George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and the Fourth of July, I *do* mean it!" And out loud you said, raising your hand: "I do!"

The mere incident that they drew six thousand names out of the heap after that and never



THE JAIL. ON ONE CALL I FOUND THAT THE WARDEN HAD GONE OVER TO MAIN STREET FOR BREAKFAST AND LEFT THE ORIGINALS IN CHARGE OF HIS BLACK-AND-WHITE SHEEP-DOG

found yours among them is immaterial and irrelevant. You had found your citizenship. After that you were eager and alive to your country for a while. Your eyes were free from the scales for a little. These observations are merely a collection of memoranda of the glimpses which came in that period of illumination.

"Billy the Owl" and "Crook Nose Jake"

First of all, Dallas and the drawing at Dallas were clean. This was partly due to Judge Witten, partly to the Jacksons—of whom much more hereafter—but most of all to the sort of thing which made you stop and count a hundred before you signed that affidavit. There was a public conscience at large in the Tripp County opening. Not everybody had it; to some it came as an alien and disagreeable shock.

So it came to Billy the Owl and Crook Nose Jake, for instance. If ever you encountered a long-beaked individual with a mole over his right eyebrow, like a sinisterly elevated second eyebrow, and soon thereafter were jostled and lost your scarf-pin or your pocketbook, you have met Billy the Owl. In traveling across the country with campaigning politicians I have seen Billy the Owl culled out of crowds and hustled away by the police of a score of cities. He loves crowds, especially holiday crowds. It was without any perceptible shock therefore that I recognized Billy the Owl and a few retainers on the Dallas train. One of the companions, though I did not know it until later, was Crook Nose Jake. Their eyes fairly shone; one could almost imagine that they were drooling at the corners of their mouths as they looked over the possibilities of the harvest as it was manifested by the carload of prosperous merry countrymen about them. They alighted at the Dallas station and became part of the swirling torrent that was making up

the street to the registration offices. Coming down against the current was a fat, genial little man who is here to be called Mac—the agency which employs him deprecates self exploitation by its operators. His face was alight with pleasure when he saw the Owl and his company. He fairly dove through the crowd at them, hands extended in welcome.

"Hello, Mac," said they, "what you doing here?"

"Police," said Mac, broadly smiling still.

"Is the graft good?" inquired the Owl. This was merely a perfunctory question. Nobody could look at that crowd without knowing how good the graft might be.

"Lots of chance for it," said Mac.

"What's the best hotel here?" asked Jake.

"The Dallas, right up at the top of the hill to the left," said Mac.

"Good hotel?"

"Fine! Live there myself," said Mac. Then

there came a sudden but inexpressible change in his tone. "Sorry you fellows can't see it."

"How you mean?" The Owl was obviously a little dazed.

"Because there's a train for Omaha going out in ten minutes—and you're going out on it."

The crooks looked stupidly at Mac for a full half minute. He meant it. An impassable blank wall had risen between them and the Promised Land. One by one, without the courtesy of a good-by, they picked up their bags and turned their faces to the railroad station, muttering bitter curses to one another as they went.

This was good fun to watch, of course. But it meant a lot more than the worth of a casual grin. It meant that Dallas had profited by the experience of other openings, such as that at Bonesteel, for instance, when the first section of the Rosebud was opened and thieves and crooked gamblers and swindlers made the two weeks of that drawing an orgy of crime; the scandal of it is still rattling through the Northwest. So that Dallas, under the gladly proffered advice of the Federal Superintendent, spent months before the opening in making sure that the permanent residents of the town and not the fly-by-night grafters should be in control when the rush came. There was a mere handful of them, the three Jacksons, Don H. Foster, Opie Chambers, Mayor C. M. Rose (his card reads "Rose of the Rosebud"), Mrs. L. P. Callender, the owner of the Dallas Hotel, and her father, Doctor Hutchins, C. Nelson Thompson, owner of the Main Street Boozorium, R. E. Taylor, the surveyor, Ferd Reichman, editor of the *Dallas News*, and three or four more.

The Jackson Brothers' Hindsight and Foresight

It so happened that the Jackson brothers owned the quarter section of land on which is Dallas (the last town on the railroad leading to Tripp County and about half a mile from the Tripp line) before there was any Dallas. They had rather earned the right to own it. It had been their belief after six or seven years of banking and real estate selling in Butte, Fairfax, Grant and Bonesteel, that the railroad would go about three miles farther north. (It must be remembered that the oldest of them is now about thirty-five years old and the youngest is still in his twenties.) Ernest and his wife, and Frank, quietly filed for homesteading on the quarter-section where they thought Dallas was going to be. They lived there in a magnified dog

kennel,—the boys' father had been governor of Iowa, remember, and people take off their hats to him all over the Northwest; Mrs. Jackson's father was a United States judge,—they lived in this hut on the plains for their full fourteen months through a South Dakota winter; they



THE EXPEDITIOUS METHOD OF
HOUSE MOVING IN DALLAS

surveyed the site for town lots; they arranged for waterworks. And then the railroad engineers changed the angles of their transits a mite and the road went three miles south! The Jacksons had not let this chance of disaster go neglected. Before anybody else appreciated what the change of line meant, the Jacksons went to the present site of the town and bought it outright. For a long time they did not let any one in about whom they did not know. And so, when the organization days came, there were no grafters in the councils and only one or two over-greedy souls who were easily voted down and later eliminated. Not a foot of land in Dallas could be leased or bought except under conditions prescribed by this informal council, which in time came to call itself the Dallas Commercial Club. The far-sightedness of this control was a constant marvel.

The telephone was apt to ring at any hour of day or night in the office of a member of the council, to convey some such complaint as this: "Hey, this man across the street from me is selling beer for ten cents a glass. Does that go?"

And in three minutes some one of the leading citizens of Dallas or Mac or some other person in authority, walked into the offending saloon (there were only a few in town) to make warning thus:

"Pete, they say you're selling beer for ten cents. No, no, I don't want excuses. Yes, I know how heavy the rush is to-day. You severally sublimated fool, the rush is big because we're the only town that doesn't gouge them. Now you agreed not to do it and you've got to stick or get out. Get that!" Pete never

failed to "get it." Thus, too, the prices of food and lodgings were kept down.

Keeping Straight for Fear of "Mac"

It was also part of the scheme of things that homeseekers should go away with pleasant memories of Dallas and without regrets for waste and shame. The town was "clean." There were some gambling tables, to be sure; public sentiment demanded them; but they were so carefully supervised that there was practically no "trimming" of drunkards or boys. Philanthropists who desired to force you to accept a complete set of collar buttons and studs, as good as gold and much more durable, or the best razor in the world and a handsome scarf pin all for thirty-five cents, flourished on every corner. But the chuck-a-luck and spindle abominations on the open street, the sleight-of-hand making of short change and all the vile and slimy excrecences of a rush camp, little and big—these were suppressed as fast as they appeared. Every night there was a march by Mac around through the back streets and the unclean ones were marshaled to the station and turned over to the baggage man with the direction: "See they don't get off this side of Norfolk Junction." There was a jail; on occasional visits I found it occupied; the prisoners were usually thieves who had attempted to plunder check rooms or who were arrested by request of the officials of other states or towns; they were a cowed and tame lot. On one call I found that the warden had gone over to Main Street for breakfast and left the criminals in charge of his black-and-white sheep-dog. Of what use was it for them to break out? They couldn't get anywhere.

But nobody saw an arrest made. There was no brawling. If you stood too long on one spot listening to a mercenary orator, a quiet spoken man in ordinary clothes came up to you and gently called your attention to the fact that there were a lot of other people in town and you were blocking the sidewalk; would you mind moving? "Now, suppose," I said to one of them just as though in earnest, "I didn't move. Suppose I was unreasonable and ugly about it. What would you do?"

"Why," said he, looking me level in the eye, "there ain't been many such cases. But if we get up against one, we kind of shoulder him off down a side street and persuade him to be good—and if he won't be persuaded there's usually enough of us around to can him." With modestly apparent unintention he disclosed a glimpse of a silver star on his waistcoat.

"I just wanted to know," said I.

"There's quite a number took with the same curiosity," said he, unmollified, and we drifted apart, to meet again in Nelse Thompson's clubroom late that night, with Nelse to explain things and make us shake hands and be friends and laugh over it.

A Gentle Reminder of Breakfast

The plan did not stop with the protecting and cherishing of the registering visitor. Three well graded roads were built out across Tripp County, all converging at Dallas: this, lest other border towns, north, west or south might by accident become the center for the trade of the 5,000 new farmers. Trunk telephone lines were erected, with Dallas as "central." Artesian wells were sunk, in plenty. A reservoir was built (cheerfully known as "Lake Dallas" and covering about three acres).

It was all clear United States. It may not have been as sanctified as some of us would like to see a new town—but there were some others of us who would have liked it far rougher. It was a town built to order for the best of the people who came to it—the biggest blessing an American could well gather unto himself in this generation was to mix in and surge around with them, arguing, laughing, swapping stories. Everybody was every other body's brother—until he was proved unworthy—and was glad of it.

Even the racket of it was a stimulation. Every few hours, perhaps at twelve noon and perhaps at three in the morning, one of those teeming trains came hooting into town. From every front door came the megaphoned howls. There was one fellow who woke me at two hour intervals every night for a week; his voice made the windows rattle, and in that climate his subject was every bit as entrancing as the clink of silver and glass that greets one at the door of Delmonico's:

"Breakfast waiting for you here. . . .
Consisting of [long pause] oatmeal . . .
baked apple . . . hot rolls . . . hot
cakes and syrup. . . . Fried chicken
[very long pause] . . . pork gravy [still
longer pause] . . . and potatoes . . .
with coffee . . . like . . . mother
. . . used . . . to . . . make!
This way for breakfast and all for thirty-five cents!"

The band was always blaring somewhere. Bert Morphy, a little Irishman who sings (see posters) "to beat the band" in the open air, was lending his melodies first to gather a crowd in front of one tent and then in



JUDGE WITTEN, THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, ANNOUNCING THE LUCKY WINNERS

front of another. The notaries had barkers out ranged four deep across the sidewalk every ten steps. Picture postal cards were spread fan like before your eyes if you paused for a second. Hamburger sandwich men threw an affectionate arm across your shoulder and explained that you could get 'em with or without onions, but always hot and for just one dime, ten cents. There was a noisy exultation about it all. Some folks were making money, to be sure—but whether the coins were jingling in the cash boxes or not, everybody was having a good time and mighty glad to let the whole world know it.

"I'm Down and Out," Said One

The writer was around aiding and abetting when Frederic Thompson and the lamented Elmer S. Dundy were inventing the new

Coney Island, the type of all the amusement trolley parks across this country now. Superficially, Dallas may seem to have been something like that: but if it does not seem to have been something more, then what is written here is a failure. For there was more. This was not a mere jaunt or an excuse for laughing and forgetting toil and sorrow for a night. These thousands were hungering for homes and soil of their own, they were longing for the chance to dig in it, sweat over it and make the land fat; and, being of us, being United States, they went into the effort to realize this longing with a cheerful understanding that the chance was small—eager, but resolved to make the best of disappointment—resolved to squeal and growl not at all, but to laugh and to try again some other way and some other day. Some woman (I think it was the ever blessed Mrs. Callender) who was nursing a

sick man across the hall, gave me the keynote, one night. He was a gambler; he was dead broke, deserted by the other gamblers who were also broke and could only leave him twenty-one dollars; he was ill almost to death with pneumonia and everybody was taking turns sitting up with him. His was about the only audible voice of misery I heard in Dallas.

"I'm down and out," I heard him groan; "there's no use being good to me. Let me die!"

"Now Mr. Connors," the woman's voice answered, gently. "That's no way to talk at all. Not here in Dallas. Act like a winner, even when you think you're not."

A Great Piece of Luck for Another Old Boy

No, it was not the only voice of misery. There was a big old man with eyes like a Newfoundland dog and close clipped hair. He came up to me, as everybody who knew the sight of another man's face came up to everybody—between train times.

"Drawn yet, brother?" he asked. Of course I hadn't. "Too bad," he said, "but I ain't neither. Great game to watch, though, ain't it?"

His hand was shaking pitifully. His lips were dry and cracked. His voice trembled. He was on the very edge of going all to pieces, with almost no chance of recovery. He saw that I saw and started away.

"You better come over to Nelse's with me," I said. He grabbed my arm. "I'll do that, son," he said, "and thank you. But just one condition. I used to have a picture of myself home, when I had a home. And it looked something like you. It was took before I knew what booze was. I'll go over there with you if you'll drink sass [sarsaparilla] yourself. If you'll do that and tell me you think I can get over it, I'll go you!"

One of the altogether delightful memories of a lifetime is the way the old boy came piling down the street to catch me just as I was leaving Dallas, and (free from shivers or the smell of whiskey) told me that he had drawn a claim and that he was going to pick a farm twenty miles from any town and send for his wife and kids and start over again.

Where Jealousy Played a Part

Nor was it all good-natured; that would have been fatuous and silly. New towns cannot grow in a new country without rivalry. And there was all the bitterness of strife which is in the story of Bay City and Saginaw, St.

Paul and Minneapolis, Tacoma and Seattle, San Francisco and Oakland, Beatty, Rhyolite and Bullfrog. Gregory was the town that we in Dallas heard most about, though O'Neill was no friend of ours. We cackled spontaneously when we heard that O'Neill had sent a kick into Chicago to the effect that Braden and Reynolds had been moving their trains in and out of O'Neill so fast that the registrars hadn't any time to spend money in the town. It was signed "Business men of O'Neill"—and there *was* humor in it, wasn't there? There isn't room here to tell of the ballyhoo men that the town of Gregory sent down the line to tell people to "look out for Dallas—water is five cents a glass there, and there's nothing to eat." In answer to which the *Dallas News*, under the able direction of Harold Young, who was imported from his father's newspaper in Des Moines to run the paper during the rush, printed such gentle articles as this:

GREGORY MAN REGISTERS HERE

We Don't Blame Him, Do You, After the Idea You Have of That Place?

John Smith, as he must be called for his own safety when he returns home, registered in Dallas yesterday from his home town of Gregory. He not only registered for himself, but for his father, who is a veteran of the Civil War.

Dallas also caused to be printed circulars, to be distributed at Norfolk, extolling the economic advantages of Dallas. O'Neill printed circulars, devoted to O'Neill. Gregory sent barkers down the line; they spoke almost exclusively of Gregory. When the prairie fire rolled up on Dallas and nearly licked it off the face of the earth, Gregory sent men and wagons loaded with barrels of water over to help Dallas make its fight for salvation, and then sent word to Norfolk that there wasn't any Dallas any more—and Dallas sent the band and Morphy down to the junction, one hundred and twenty-eight miles, to make noise and proclaim that Dallas was all there and more ready than ever to receive guests. And even if there were room here, it wouldn't be advisable to report what Nelse Thompson said to a Gregory dentist after a certain difference of opinion about the immediately available value of a certain check. It began like this: "You, you fourth rate Gregorian bum tooth-car-penter—" Most unpleasant of all was the disclosure of the spirit between Dallas and Gregory when it was discovered that from distant towns two latent typhoid cases had come into Dallas. The nurse who came up from Omaha to register, Miss Campbell, and who had emptied her tent hotel to make it into a hospital,—and Mrs. Callender,—took care of

the typhoid people until arrangements could be made to send them, carefully attended, to the hospital at Fremont, Nebraska—at the cost of Dallas. The Jacksons and Don Foster and the rest attended, themselves, to lifting the sick men's cots into the ambulance and the

We saw some of the winners come back. The names of the winners were printed in about all the newspapers within three hundred miles of Dallas. So those who had gone home after registering their applications did not have to wait for the government notification. It was



THE TWO TINY GIRLS, DEMA ROSE (THE REAL ROSE OF THE ROSEBUD) AND VIRGINIA WAGNER, WHO KICKED UP THE 114,000 SEALED APPLICATIONS WITH THEIR FEET AND PICKED OUT THE FIRST WINNERS

transferring of them to the hospital car. But all the time there was the dreadful fear that Gregory might hear of it; and the fear almost spoiled one's appreciation of the generosity and the tenderness of it all. But nevertheless it was American and live and real.

The Winners and Their Excitement

Of the drawing, of Judge Witten's patience and tact, of the two tiny girls, Dema Rose (the real Rose of the Rosebud) and Virginia Wagner, who kicked up the 114,000 sealed applications with their feet and picked out the first winners, and the two small boys, Wesley Teuth and David Haley, who relieved them for the last two days, the daily newspapers have told. But some of us, who stayed over to see what Dallas would be like when the drawings were finished, saw the best things of all, and the saddest.

one who had drawn along in the 80's who appeared first. He came in on an almost empty train. He was big and red cheeked and he wore his trousers inside his boot legs. He had brought his wife with him from away east in Iowa somewhere. She was plump and red cheeked and broadly smiling, too. Every ten paces or so he set her up against a doorway and rushed at somebody on one or the other side of the broad street.

"Hey!" he shouted, "my name is Anderson! I won Number Eighty-blank. You come up on the same train with me. I think you give me luck. I want to shake hands." Then he charged back at his wife and led her ten steps more, until he had exchanged felicitations with the notary who had sworn him in, with the restaurant waiter who had sold him his first Dallas sandwich, with the newsboy who sold him his first paper, with Alice-Where-Art-Thou, the



ONE AFTER ANOTHER OF THE BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED, GOING OUT SECRETLY TO LOOK THE WHOLE LIST OVER AGAIN TO MAKE SURE THAT THERE HAD NOT BEEN SOME OVERLOOKED NAME

chambermaid at the hotel, and with everybody else who looked like somebody he had seen before and with lots of people who didn't. He couldn't tell you why he had come back—for the farms are not to be allotted until spring—except that he “wanted the old woman to see that it was all true!”

The Losers—and How They Kept On Hoping

There were a lot of these. And there were the others—the losers. They were cheerful enough by day, as you met them around town; cheerful even as you and I. But long after midnight, there was a constant lighting of matches, or the bobbing light-point of a lantern out by the shed where the typewritten announcements of the results of the drawing were posted. This lasted for three days after the last name was drawn; betokening one after another of the bitterly disappointed, going out secretly to look the whole list over again to make sure that there had not been some overlooked name—it was so easy to miss one name in six thousand. (They drew a thousand extra names to provide for forfeitures.)

These forlornly hopeful people made a

cluster about the shed all day long, too—all the more pitiful because every one in Dallas who had won a chance knew of it, within ten minutes after the name was announced. The news traveled like a light flash.

It was all good, the bitter and the sweet together. We may be better than our fathers were, some of us. The best that was in the fathers, though, is with us yet. It is a mighty United States—and healthy.

Along between Cleveland and Buffalo on the way back to New York there came a time in the lounging car of the Limited when it seemed as though the man sitting opposite was as lonely and as unoccupied as I was myself. And so I went over and sat beside him and began telling him some things about Dallas and the Dallas people, what the big Swede told about Eckstrom, and the rest. He was polite. But when I paused for breath, he said, “Really, how singular” and he picked up a newspaper and turned so that the light would fall on it properly and—so that his back would be toward me.

There was really nothing to be angry about. After two weeks in the Rosebud country, I had forgotten my east-of-the-Missouri manners That was all.

Aunt 'Liza

One of the Slaves who Stayed

By

LUCINE FINCH

AUNT 'LIZA was fat and comfortable. The troubles of life came and went, leaving her smiling and valuable. There was no real pathos in her nature. She seemingly had nothing to gain and nothing to lose, so that there was little to vex her.

She had lost one eye when she was young, and, being rather vain of her good looks, she wore a pair of black goggles, as she said, "to disclose de eye she done los'."

My grandfather had bought her and her old husband, Uncle Carter, because he had heard that the man who owned them mistreated his slaves. It seems hardly possible that any one could mistreat Aunt 'Liza. She was so big and "rambunctious," and so fully able to take care of herself and Uncle Carter, too, who, as she said, was "feebloos minded."

All the tales that I have heard about her make her out the hearty, talkative type, strong and sweet and faithful, but not sensitive and reserved as mammy was. In fact, due perhaps to their great difference of temperament, there existed between them a certain antipathy that lasted all their lives. Some one was always trying to keep the peace between mammy and Aunt 'Liza and their quarrels were really funny. Aunt 'Liza would talk at the top of her voice, waving her fat arms in fruitless gesturing and shaking her head grotesquely, twisting the words which she heard her "white folks" use in the most delicious way, while mammy, in haughty disdain, ignored her noisy enemy and walked off, usually victorious through the power of her silence, with her small, fine head in the air. Aunt 'Liza wore a gay bandanna which mammy considered most vulgar and plebeian. Aunt 'Liza went to the colored people's church, while mammy sat in the gallery of her "ole marster's" own church, where the "white folks" went. These little things made a difference in caste which mammy was fully conscious of, and which Aunt 'Liza chafed under, hardly knowing what it meant.

While mammy was deeply religious, Aunt 'Liza's religion was of that comfortable, superficial type so satisfying to the average negro, and her fantastic superstitions would fill a small book.

As regularly as Sunday came, and somehow Sunday seemed to come more regularly in those days, Aunt 'Liza would "git stiff wid 'ligion," to mammy's infinite disgust, who never indulged in such emotional ecstasy.

"Sis Carter is a plum fool!" mammy would say scornfully. But Aunt 'Liza would go about for days, seemingly in a dazed state of mind, utterly incapable of doing her work.

"I'm a-settin' in de kingdom!" she would say when chided for neglecting her duties. "De Lawd's a-whisperin' in my right ear," in a high, strained, sing-song voice, "and de Deb-bil's a-whisperin' in my lef'! But I'm a-deaf in my lef' one!" she would fairly shout, shaking and doubling up with laughter. So she was let alone when she got into this state.

"Aunt 'Liza's stiff again!" the family would say hopelessly, while mammy, with scorn in her heart, did her work.

Her notion of honor was most unique. She, of course, would not *steal*, and yet once when my grandmother went across the bay to visit some friends, taking Aunt 'Liza with her, Aunt 'Liza came home with dozens of half burnt candles in her trunk. When my grandmother, quite shocked, asked what it meant, she put her hands on her fat sides and rolled up her one eye solemnly, and said:

"Miss Alice, honey, dem is de 'stravagantest folks I ever see. Dey put new candles in we all's candle-sticks ev'y day, an' I reckon dey gwine th'ow de ole ones away. I ain't heard 'em say so, but I reckon dey is. So I des nacherlly toted de ole ones to we all's house fer de rainy day. Ain't hit a sin to waste 'em?"

It was such honest dishonesty that there was nothing to say, though my grandmother wrote quite abjectly to apologize to her hostess for the

affair. I am sure that Aunt 'Liza felt she had served the family nobly, in spite of the fact that my grandmother tried to explain to her how wrong it was. I have heard my grandmother tell another funny incident of Aunt 'Liza's queer sense of honor.

She was told once to make a big cake for some family function, and when it was ready to cut, my grandmother said:

"Now, Aunt 'Liza, cut two big slices and take them to your cabin for you and Uncle Carter."

"Miss Alice, honey," Aunt 'Liza said, making a low bow, "I ain't feel like no cake to-day, honey, ner Brer Carter neither. We all is much oblige, but we don't want no cake."

This made my grandmother a trifle suspicious, for Aunt 'Liza had a notorious "sweet tooth."

That same afternoon when my grandmother was walking in the garden, she saw Aunt 'Liza over by the fence, hiding something under her apron.

"Miss Alice!" the old negro fairly screamed. "Don't come over heah, honey; don't come over heah!"

"Why not, Aunt 'Liza?" my grandmother called back.

"Lawdy, honey, you'll cotch me sho if you do. I'se a-tryin' mighty hard to disclose disher thing, but you'll cotch me if you come. Don't come, honey; don't come!"

"What is it, Aunt 'Liza," my grandmother said quietly, "that you need hide from your Miss Alice?"

"Hit's a chocolate cake," Aunt 'Liza screamed back. "I made hit fer me an' Brer Carter. You *like* to cotch me, dis time, Miss Alice, chile!"

And my grandmother said she hadn't the heart to reprove her for it, the whole thing was so childlike and simple. Surely, the elements of real dishonesty were not in it. Aunt 'Liza never knew that "Miss Alice" had found her out, for she came the next day, weeping, to confess, and "Miss Alice" listened as if she had never heard of it before!

Uncle Carter, who was much older than Aunt 'Liza, died when she was about fifty. Aunt 'Liza put on a big crape veil, which was the pride of her heart. She still continued to wear every color she could find, for she delighted in gay things, and atop of her bright clothes was the weeper.

She really loved her old husband, and mourned for him ten years, when, one day, to the utter amazement of her "white folks," Aunt 'Liza announced that she was "gwine ma'y a preacher."

The whole family was in a stir! Mammy was furious.

"Sis Carter is boun' ter disgrace Miss Alice yit," mammy said.

My grandmother, who loved her old servants, was troubled, fearing that some man was trying to fool poor old Aunt 'Liza.

My mother argued and talked about Uncle Carter, but Aunt 'Liza only wiped her eyes on her apron, and said:

"I ain't never been ma'ed in a veil, Miss Julia, honey, and my church sassiety gwine give me one if I ma's de preacher. So I'se gwine to, but I loves Brer Carter, too, chile, en I can't fergit him outen my min'."

So my father looked up the preacher, and found that he was a stranger in town, much younger than Aunt 'Liza, and that he was holding a series of "vival meetin's." Strange to say, the preachers who went from place to place conducting the revival meetings were usually the worst rascals in the world, getting from their poor silly "sheep" all that they possessed, and then boldly going to the next place to start anew. So the fact of the man's being a preacher did not, necessarily, recommend him.

When we found that entreaty and dismal pictures as to her future did not move Aunt 'Liza my grandmother said that the wedding must take place at our home, so that that part, at least, should be right.

One day Aunt 'Liza came into the room where my grandmother was working with a dressmaker over the old woman's simple outfit. She suddenly dived down in her stocking and produced a ten-dollar bill.

"Miss Alice," she said rather shamefacedly, "Brer Carter, he give me dis money de las' time he was took sick. He tol' me to buy me a present, an' Miss Alice, honey, hit look lak to me, I wanter buy me a white satin weddin' dress, please, ma'am. Yas'm."

My grandmother gasped.

"Aunt 'Liza Carter!" was all that she could say.

The bride-elect stood demurely before her.

"Honey," she continued, "all my life I'se honed an' honed for a white satin dress an' I ain't never wo' one. Disher is my las' chance an' I'm gwine wear it dis time sho. I'd ruther fer you to buy it, Miss Alice, 'ca'se I don't know the qualifications of satin."

"Black satin," my grandmother urged. "You are too old for white satin, Aunt 'Liza."

"Yas'm," Aunt 'Liza responded. "Dat's so, honey. Will you buy me 'nuff white satin fer de trail, too?"

The funniest thing about it was that Aunt

'Liza never wore shoes! She went barefoot everywhere; to church, to market and about the house, to my grandmother's chagrin.

"My footsies hurts me!" she would say plaintively, and no one would make her wear shoes if they hurt her poor feet!

"However," my mother said emphatically, "If Aunt 'Liza is to wear a white satin gown, mother, she really *must*, you know, wear shoes."

And my grandmother agreed to reason with her. Aunt 'Liza promised, and my mother bought the gayest pair of carpet slippers, and the largest pair, that she could find.

"Now, wear them each day," she said, "Aunt 'Liza, and you'll get used to them."

"Miss Julia," Aunt 'Liza said solemnly, "dey sho' is putty. Look lak to me Brer William oughter war 'em, honey."

"No, *indeed*," my mother said. "It would be disgraceful, Aunt 'Liza, for you to walk up the aisle *barefoot*, and it would mortify your Miss Alice to death. Now, for our sake, you must wear them. You may take them off immediately after the wedding," she added, holding her lower lip with her teeth to keep from smiling.

"Yas'm," Aunt 'Liza said, doubtfully, turning the slippers over. "Yas'm; I reckon dat's so, Miss Julia."

Well, the great day came at last! The neighbors helped to decorate the house, and a big table was set out on the front gallery for the colored people.

Aunt 'Liza was unusually solemn all day. My dear grandmother was wretched, thinking that Aunt 'Liza could not be happy, and my father, with a determined face, told the preacher that we loved Aunt 'Liza very dearly, and that he should always keep his eye on her.

"The Lawd bless you, suh," the preacher said, which made mammy sniff and toss her head.

My mother struck up the gayest wedding-march she knew, the "white people," who were guests, turned eagerly in their chairs to watch the procession, down the aisle came the bride and groom, and—Aunt 'Liza was *barefoot*.

I think it was the funniest sight I ever saw! Aunt 'Liza, her face solemn, almost pathetic, her black goggles, the long white veil, which would get slightly askew, the white satin dress, with an impressive train, and the two big, bare, brown "footsies"!

It was also discovered that, at the last, Aunt 'Liza had insisted upon adding a sheet to her train because it did not seem long enough!

After the ceremony was over, and in the

midst of the gay confusion that followed, my mother said to Aunt 'Liza reproachfully:

"Dear Aunt 'Liza, *why* didn't you wear them?"

And Aunt 'Liza, with the tears rolling down her fat cheeks, said huskily: "Honey, I got to thinkin' 'bout dat po' fool nigger, Carter, and I remembered that I ain't wo' no shoes when I ma'ed him, an' hit do look lak hit's unrespectful to de daid to wear 'em fer any other nigger. Sho's yor bawn, honey, hit would hurt Brer Carter's feelin's, en I des couldn't do dat, chile, preacher er *no* preacher."

What argument could be offered to this true sentiment?

And when the time for parting with the family came, poor old Aunt 'Liza clung to my grandmother, weeping bitterly.

"Lawd, Miss Alice," she said, "what I done it fer, honey? I des hones an' hones fer Brer Carter."

So real was her grief, and so panic stricken did she seem, that my mother took things in hand and declared that Aunt 'Liza should not go away with the preacher at all!

"But," said my grandmother, vaguely relieved, "he is her husband, daughter."

"I know," my mother said, "but Aunt 'Liza is a silly old woman——"

"De Lawd bless you, chile, I sho' is," Aunt 'Liza interrupted.

"—And we've got to take care of her, even through her mistakes. She's not going one step!"

"Praise Gawd!" said Aunt 'Liza.

The new husband, when it was explained to him, bowed gravely and, my mother said, seemed truly relieved. And when it was found, the next day, that he had made Aunt 'Liza deed all of her furniture to him, indignation waxed high.

"Why did you sign a paper without question, Aunt 'Liza?" my father asked.

"Lawd, Marse Eddie, I couldn't think what questions to ax, chile."

However, the furniture was given to him and he went away, hardly glancing at the foolish old woman who stood peering, in safety, over "Miss Alice's" shoulder, to watch him go.

And Aunt 'Liza folded up her white satin dress and her wedding veil, declaring stoutly that she would put them on when she went to meet "Brer Carter" and not before.

The best part of the story is that they still repose in her trunk, for Aunt 'Liza is hale and hearty, and if she ever finds out that there has been a story written about her, she will be worse spoiled than she is now, if that is possible.

The Best of All

By EDITH BARNARD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. B. GREENE

I T was no use trying to sleep. Mid-July is apt to be hot anywhere; but given a sleeping-car that has already come on a journey long enough to leave little heaps of cinders in every crack and corner, and dust over everything, and to vitiate every cubic inch of air that remains stagnant despite the open windows, and few hotter places can be found.

Of passengers there were eight. Two were women—one a slip of a girl on her way East for a visit, the other the wife of the man with the reddish beard. The wife's hair had a reddish tint, too; it was turning back to brown, and was darkest near the roots. She was a person of rather redundant figure, and she wore very transparent blouses by day, and a black satin kimono by night; but she made no manner of response to the one or two timid advances the young girl farther up the aisle had ventured upon earlier on the journey. The two women were alone in the sleeping part of the car now, for with one accord the six men had gathered in the small smoking-room, where, if they could not be comfortable, they could at least be miserable in company.

Five of the men were without coats and collars, and one was still further disarrayed; only the Bishop wore a coat, and even that was of thin, gray alpaca.

"There ain't any money in ladies' fancy," the tall, thin man was saying. "You got to get hold o' something everybody wants, to make any steady money on it. I ain't goin' to stay on this line any longer'n I can help."

"It ain't so much what you got as how you work it," declared the man in the striped shirt. "Man owns five hundred head o' cattle, and just lets 'em run, don't make much of a profit. You got to hustle in this world to make any money, an' that's a fact."

"Well, traveling ain't for

me," said the youngest of the six. "I got a job at twenty a week waitin' for me in Chicago, an' that's good enough for me!"

"Oh, hell!" said the tall, thin man, and slipped farther down on the red plush seat. "Twenty a week!"

The youngest looked slightly discomposd, and the fat man next the window said, "Well, now, twenty a week ain't so bad. I married on twenty a week." The Bishop looked at him with interest, and the fat man pulled a pocket-book from his hip pocket, and drew out two pictures.

"I married on twenty a week, gentlemen, and there's what I got to show for it," he said. The Bishop looked at the pictures first, then passed them along to the others. One showed the face of a rather pretty young woman whose hair was arranged in the fashion of a dozen years before, and the other was of three children, the heads of the two older arched above the youngest in a position that evidently strained their necks, a position which no child on earth would hold for a moment, except under compulsion of a photographer. The men looked at the pictures, and each expressed admiration after his own manner. The face of the youth who was going to work for twenty a week flushed as he passed them on to his neighbor; the man in the striped shirt said:

"Well, they're worth some hustlin', I reckon. Girls?"

"Sure!" said the fat man. "I'm glad of it, too. I'd rather have girls any day! My wife, she *did* want a boy, and before the last one came she had it named Henry. My name's Henry," he elucidated. "But as I told *her*, you never know how a boy's going to turn out, and I'd rather have girls any day. So she named it Henrietta."

The Bishop said, "She

THE WIFE OF THE MAN
WITH THE REDDISH BEARD





"I WILL," SAID THE BISHOP, AND LAUNCHED INTO HIS STORY

looks like the right sort, friend; the sort that will do her share."

"Well, I guess yes," the fat man replied. "It takes a woman to manage. Seems like we got as much out o' that twenty per as we do out o' all we got now, and yet managin' ain't hurt her any. That picture was took before we were married. You wouldn't think it, would you? She ain't changed a mite; she looks just like that now!"

He leaned over, with his elbows on his knees, and looked down at the pictures before putting them back into his pocket-book. As he sat up, he added:

"She's the best woman *I* ever knew!"

There was a slightly constrained silence for a moment, as if the somewhat sentimental turn of conversation was affecting them all; the tall, thin man thrust his hands a little deeper into his pockets and squirmed a little farther down on his spine; the youngest looked up to find the Bishop's eyes upon him, and flushed again; the man with the reddish beard looked steadily before him with unchanged expression. The one in the striped shirt was the first to speak.

"Ain't it funny how good some women *can* be?" he queried. "I know one—Celeste

Kelly. She's one of a bunch all right, all right, and when you got a pile she'll clean you out quicker'n a man can; but just you get sick, an' you'll find out what she is. Good? Well, I guess! Nurse you like a mother, she will, an' not look for nothin' but thanks, neither. Pulled me out o' pneumonia once, and nursed a friend o' mine through typhoid as neat as his own mother could. Good? Sure she is! Give you her last cent if you're in trouble, too!"

The tall, thin man braced himself higher in his seat. "Oh, hell!" he said again, with the pessimism of the lean in body and spirit. "That ain't the good kind. The good kind is them that nags at you, and comes down in the mornin' slouchy, and goes through your pockets, and dresses up for church Wednesday night an' Sundays." He paused, and then added, "Damn the good kind!"

The youngest looked at the tall, thin man, and the Bishop also turned towards him. Something in the Bishop's movement or expression made the man say:

"I beg your pardon for the language, sir. I forgot you were a parson."

"Oh, the language doesn't hurt me, my friend, if it doesn't hurt you," the Bishop said,

"but I think you're mistaken about the good kind."

"So do I," said the fat man from next the window. The one with the reddish beard had appeared interested at the first hint of a discussion.

"Well, there's plenty more good ones than bad ones, anyhow," said the man in the striped shirt. The fat man nodded assent, the tall, thin man looked sulky, the youngest looked from one to another, and the Bishop said, with energy:

"Right you are! And some of them are so good that the bad ones don't even make any difference in the average!"

"Pity I never knew one o' that kind!" said the tall, thin man, with the manner of one settling a disputed point.

The Bishop was young as a man, and very young as a Bishop, but had he been much older his ardor would not have been less, and had he been much younger his courage could not have been greater. "Yes, it is a pity," he said. "I've known a good many. I think one I knew was good enough to make up for all the bad ones in the world."

They were all looking at him. "Your wife?" asked the fat man, sympathetically.

"No," replied the Bishop. "She was no relation of mine, except by adoption; everybody that knew her called her 'aunt'—'Aunt Electa.' She was over eighty when she died, and that was three years ago, before I came West; but I thank God every day of my life that she lived long enough for me to know her."

The man with the reddish beard was looking keenly at the Bishop, and the man in the striped shirt said:

"I wish you'd tell about her, Bishop."

"I will," said the Bishop, and launched into his story.

"Any of you ever been in Virginia? Know those little quiet, dingy towns that seem to have not yet recovered from the war, where the old people still

walk gently, and keep the shutters closed in the parlors of their big, lonesome-looking houses? Well, I had a church in a town like that, and Aunt Electa lived in a big, gray house at the end of the street. The house had stood there two hundred years; her people had built it, and lived in it ever since. She was mighty proud of her family; the men had been ministers and senators and lawyers, and one was a general in the Revolution, and four had been killed in the Civil War—her three brothers and her husband. Aunt Electa had lived some years in Richmond after her marriage, but when the war came her husband sent her and their boy back to the old town for safety, and somehow or other managed to provide for her so that when most of her neighbors were ruined she and her son had enough to live on—quite a little property, in fact, as things go in a little place like that. They say she considered herself a good deal of a woman of the world in those days, and after she got past her first grief, and her son grew up into a good-looking young chap, I have heard it hinted that she 'put on airs'; but by the time I knew her any airs she may have had were just the dearest you ever saw—just the kind a little girl has when she

knows she looks pretty in her new pink dress, but is a little shy, too. Aunt Electa *was* pretty; she had a way of putting her head on one side and laughing that no girl in the village could match for prettiness, and she took as much delight in her clothes and little bows and laces and things as any of them."

"And hats," interjected the fat man.

"Yes, and hats," said the Bishop. "I remember one of my parishioners told me once about the last new bonnet Aunt Electa had, six or seven years before she died. Mrs. Waite was the name of the lady who told me, and she was always one of Aunt Electa's best friends; she used to say that although there were forty-five years between them, she and Aunt Electa were just of an age. Well, Mrs. Waite told me



NOTHING WOULD DO BUT THAT
HE SHOULD GO TO ARIZONA

how she found Aunt Electa one day in the spring, sitting in her little, low, high-backed rocking-chair, with a big bonnet-box on another chair before her. She laughed when Mrs. Waite went in, and Mrs. Waite teased her a little about prinking. That pleased the old lady, you know, and she said she was

touched the very heart of the story. I did say she had property; but, you remember, she also had a son." "No," he added, at an exclamation from one of the men, "no, he did not really make away with it, as you mean. You see, he felt—and, of course, his mother did—that there was no chance for a young fellow in



EVERYBODY IN TOWN HAD TO CALL ON AUNT ELECTA TO SEE IT, AND THEY ALL MADE HER TRY IT ON

trying to fix over her bonnet for Easter. She thought she remembered how Mrs. So-and-So's was fixed last summer, but when she came to do it she couldn't get it right. Mrs. Waite said the little things in the box were pitifully old-fashioned—you know how such things do affect women. She said that no one on earth could have done anything with such ribbons, and her eyes filled up with tears as she was telling me about it. Little matters of style meant so much to Aunt Electa; she held it the part of a lady always to be suitably dressed—and she had so loved pretty things all her life."

"I got a silk waist in my trunk for my wife," said the fat man. "It's blue. She always likes blue."

"Why didn't she buy new things?" asked the man in the striped shirt. "I thought you said she had property."

"Ah," said the Bishop, "now you have

a little, quiet town like that; it was at the time when everything out West here seemed made of solid gold to those back East, and he got the fever for mining. You know what that is; nothing would do but that he should go to Arizona and have a try at it. Perfectly natural that his mother should set him up; he didn't hesitate to ask for it, I guess, and of course, to a mother like that everything she owns seems to belong to her child; she was only letting him use what was his. There never was a minute of her life, I am very sure, when she would not have cut off her hair or her hands for him, if it would have pleased him. But she didn't have to do that; she gave him money for his mine, which went under and stayed there; then she gave him some more to help pull it out. Finally, she gave him money to pay his lawyers for having tried to pull it out—at least, that is what he wrote her, and she rejoiced in his always

wanting to pay his debts. After that she lived along on the interest of such property as she could not get hold of for some years; but even at that time there were many things she had to do without—little things she had been used to all her life. Driving was one of them—and that reminds me of the bonnet.

PEOPLE SAW THE
NEW ONE ON THE
HEAD OF MISS
LOUISE CARY



"Well, Mrs. Waite said to her: 'Now, Aunt Electa, why don't you just buy a new bonnet, an out-and-out *new* bonnet?' Can't you just imagine how hard that old lady must have wanted a new bonnet, when Mrs. Waite said that? But she shook her head in a mischievous way she had, as if Mrs. Waite had been proposing something positively naughty, and said, 'Oh, my dear! I can be very genteel with this one fixed up!'

"Mrs. Waite knew very well that Aunt Electa wanted that new bonnet about as badly as she had ever wanted anything; for she loved dress, and the old one she had worn for eight or nine years; but she also knew that Aunt Electa could not afford the new one, and was too proud to say so. So she thought of a way to get around her.

"'Why don't you drive over to Mainboro' with me next week and just look at them?' she suggested. Aunt Electa's eyes twinkled at that, you may be sure; she loved driving, and she loved to look at the shops. But she said, 'Of course, I might *look* at them, but prices are so much higher than they used to be; one's income does not go as far as it used to before the war, my dear!'"

"Wasn't she game!" exclaimed the man in the striped shirt. The Bishop smiled and went on.

"Mrs. Waite said she thought a new bonnet could not be bought under a dollar and a half, or maybe even two dollars. She knew Aunt Electa could pay that much, you see. Then she told her about a little milliner who was poor, and had just set up a shop in Mainboro', and spoke of its being such charity to deal with her. That settled Aunt Electa; she would always do a thing for charity that she would not do for herself alone. So Mrs. Waite went to Mainboro' and arranged that whatever Aunt Electa might buy should come to the right price, and the next week she drove the dear old lady over. She said Aunt Electa was dressed half an hour before the carriage was ready, and had quite a time deciding whether her gray shawl or her brown wrap were the more suitable to wear!"

The fat man blew his nose. "Now ain't that just like 'em all?" he asked, tenderly.

"Gee, I wisht I could 'a' seen her!" said the man in the striped shirt.

"Well," continued the Bishop, "they bought that bonnet, and everybody in town had to call on Aunt Electa to see it, and they all made her try it on; and from what I heard of it later, I guess there never was anything in the place that created as much interest. Even the split in the Methodist Church only ran it a close second. For you see every one in the village loved her.

There were very few who had not good reason to. All her life she had ministered to her neighbors, and she was the first to be sent for in time of trouble.

"Of course everybody looked to see her come out in church in that new bonnet; but when Easter morning came Aunt Electa appeared in the old one, and people saw the new one on the head of Miss Louise Cary, a poor old soul who had never had anything very fine in all her life before. Aunt Electa twinkled and smiled at every one with the happiest face, and seemed to think it was the biggest joke in the world; when Mrs. Waite asked her about it afterward she said that Miss Louise had asked her to let her try it on, as she had never owned a whole new bonnet in her life; and Aunt Electa said she was too selfish to resist giving it to her, for if she couldn't afford the luxury of buying new bonnets she could at least afford to give them away!

"That was the sort of thing she was always doing, in different ways. If a neighbor sent her a loaf of cake, she would send half of it to some one else; Mrs. Waite scolded her for it once, and she said she couldn't resist the pleasure of still being somebody! The time came when that was about the only luxury left her. When she could finally take up the last of her little investments she called them in, and said that Charlie—that was her son's name—was going to reinvest them in the West. She always talked about Charlie as if he were a prince, and the best son a mother ever had; she kept a letter from Charlie on the little table where she kept her spectacles, when they were not on the top of her blessed old head. Sometimes the postmark on the letter was a month or six weeks old, but she would speak of it as if it had just come. I don't suppose any one ever talked with Aunt Electa twenty minutes without hearing

some reference to Charlie; he wrote her every week, she said—though I have heard her qualify that, to the people she knew must know, by adding that of course young men were very busy sometimes, but that he always *meant* to write every week. After I went to the place and got to know her, I carried her a paper every morning, and whatever mail she had; I know that many and many a day she was looking out for Charlie's letter, and that weeks and sometimes months passed when she did not get one; but it was always the same with her—Charlie wrote every week, or always *meant* to. To his mother he never ceased to be the young man who had left her ten, twenty years before, and she never failed to find excuses for him. After he reinvested her little scrap of money in the West, her beautiful old face used to look still more anxiously for Charlie's letters, for he was to send her the income every quarter. I knew that sometimes it was a month late, and once did not come at all; I know that it varied most remarkably in amount, considering the fact that Charlie had invested it so well."

The man in the striped shirt exclaimed: "The damned scoundrel!"

The tall, thin man reached up for his coat, drew out a long, black stogy, and began chewing the end of it. The man with the reddish beard, who was in the seat next the window opposite the fat man, started to get up, but the fat man said politely and insistently:

"Sit still, sit still! You ain't in my way!" So he sank back into his place again.

"He wasn't a damned scoundrel to her," the Bishop said. "There never was anything she didn't find an excuse for, and I verily believe there never could have been anything she would not have found an excuse for. She was beautiful to every one and cheerful and bright always; but most of her was mother, and whenever she spoke or thought of Charlie she was *happy*. I never shall forget the day she got Charlie's letter, telling her he was married; she used to look happy before, but that day her face simply shone with joy that came up from her heart. You've all heard how mothers often do not want their sons to marry; well, Aunt Electa was not that kind. She sat down and told me how happy she knew her boy must be; when she said she knew he had chosen

wisely, and that his wife must be sweet and good, and fit to be the mother of his children—" The Bishop paused and cleared his throat before he continued.

"Well, somehow or other she got the money together, and before any of us quite realized it she was off to Prescott to see that boy of hers and his new wife. She was seventy-two then, but she was as young and sprightly as any old lady you ever saw."

"So's my mother," the youngest man said.

"She was to be gone three months, but in less than two she was back again; and, boys, I never saw that light of happiness in her face again. What was it? I don't know all; but I met a man out in my diocese last year who used to know Charlie, and he said that no decent woman in the place could speak to Charlie's wife; I

guess you all know what sort she was."

"An' him lettin' his mother touch that kind o' pitch!" said the man in the striped shirt.

"After she got home again she was quieter than anyone had ever seen her, and if you came upon her unawares you were apt to find her sitting quietly thinking, thinking with her fingers on her lips, as if to hold them quiet. She had never sat idle an hour in her life before, I am sure, but she no longer seemed interested in little things. Her affection for the people in the town was the same, and even after she became so ill she never forgot their wedding anniversaries or their birthdays; I know more than one in that village who has a little bundle of Aunt Electa's notes treasured up. She used to say, to the very last, that she could write a few words of affection or greeting or consolation, if she could do no more; and no one ever knew her to forget. And you may be sure that on her birthday and Christmas and St. Valentine's Day people did not forget her, either; there was only one who forgot, and that was the one she loved best.

"His Christmas presents to her were always conspicuous by their absence, and I suppose it was because she knew people noticed it that she did the only deceitful thing any one ever knew her to do. Some one, some blundering fool, asked her one Christmas which was her son's present, and the next St. Valentine's Day Aunt Electa told me I need not bring her mail,



SITTING QUIETLY THINKING, THINKING WITH HER FINGERS ON HER LIPS

that she would send some one else for it. When I went to see her that afternoon——”

The Bishop paused again; not a man in the smoking-room was looking at him; in the pause the tall, thin man lit his long cigar, very carefully.

“When I got there she took up a package from the table—in those days she had come to the place where she could not move from her chair—and showed me an address-label pasted on the wrapper; it was in Charlie’s handwriting. Then she took out a valentine, a very pretty, large valentine, and smiled up at me with a puzzling look in her eyes. I exclaimed, and said how fine the valentine was, and that Charlie must have taken the trouble to find out just when to post it, in order to get it to her in the right mail. She looked relieved at first, and then very happy and proud. She asked me to put it back in the wrapping, which I did—and when I finished—there was a speck of fresh mucilage on my fingers. She had cut the label from one of Charlie’s envelopes——”

The man in the striped shirt was staring with dropped jaw at the speaker; when the Bishop stopped he passed his tongue over his lips, as if their dryness was felt through his unconsciousness. “God!” he said, and it was not a curse.

“During those years, beginning not long after she got back from her visit to Charlie and his wife, she grew more and more ill, and more and more marked with suffering. Have any of you ever seen a person die with cancer?” the Bishop asked.

“It is not a disease that throws you down hard and quick, you know—at least with her it was not. First it was a gradual lessening of her strength, an odor which she loathed with all the fastidiousness of her nature, a sharp pain and then long, grinding ones. There were many days when she could not eat, when the neighbors’ delicacies were left untasted; she used to tell the people that brought them that she just couldn’t bear to eat them, because they looked so pretty.

“There were some tablets the doctor gave her that used to ease the pain a little; she was told to take four a day, and it was a long time before Mrs. Waite discovered that she took only two,

and sometimes one. When the doctor scolded her, she finally admitted that they cost so much! It did not take the doctor and myself long to decide to write to Charlie and ask him to call in her investments, so that she could spend what money she had left on little comforts for the short time she had to live. The doctor knew that the longest possible time would not be two years. Charlie did not answer until we had written twice; then he said that he was surprised that any sensible person should advise an old woman to live on her principal!”

“I wisht I knew Charlie,” said the man in the striped shirt.

“Me too,” said the fat man.

“She did not live two years,” the Bishop went on. “No one could have lived so long through such agony. No one else that I ever knew could have borne it as she did, either. To the very end her courage never once failed. Perhaps it was not so wonderful that she was brave at the end; it is often that way. But she was brave all the way through. Only twice did I hear her express a wish for anything that she had not. Once she said she did wish her darling boy would have his picture taken for her—she had no picture except the one taken when he was seven, and that was a small, yellow card of a little fellow with checked breeches that stopped half way between his knees and his ankles. The other wish was that she might take one more drive; and that, of course, we could give her. It was a great day, too, for all of us. Mrs. Waite sat beside Aunt Electa, the doctor drove, and I went along to jump in and out for wild flowers. ‘Because if we don’t carry wild flowers home,’ Aunt Electa said, ‘no one will know we’ve been driving!’

“At the very last, when no one could do anything but watch, I heard some one say to her one day:

“‘Oh, Aunt Electa! I don’t see how you can be so cheerful and happy! I don’t see how you can bear it. If I suffered as you do, I am sure I should ask God to release me.’

“Aunt Electa smiled as happily as she used to in the old days, and said, ‘I cannot ask God to release me, dear child. I cannot ask anything else of God, because I have what I want most of all.’ She put her dear, old, withered



A LITTLE BOY IN CHECKED TROUSERS
RUNNING HOMEWARD FROM SCHOOL

hand on the cheek of the girl who was talking to her, and went on, 'When I was young, I used to pray to God for one thing; I said that if He would give me a living child, I should never ask for anything else. You see, I have what I most want; I have my dear boy, my Charlie. Don't you suppose he is worth whatever I suffer?'"

The Bishop waited a minute or two, and then said, as if he were delivering a blessing, "That is one kind of good woman, my friends."

No one answered at first; then the man in the striped shirt cleared his throat and said, "Yes, I reckon a mother's the best of all."

The youngest one said, with a slightly swaggering lift of his shoulders and a little break in his voice, "Well, I know *I'm* going to send five dollars of *my* salary home every week. I made up my mind to that before I came away."

Hours later the train stopped to allow the passengers the privilege of breakfasting. Five of the men in the smoking compartment swung off the car and went in to perch before the long counter and the young girl presently followed. The man with the reddish beard watched them disappear within the dingy station; then his gaze returned to the over-decorated interior and smoky atmosphere of the little room, but he was not aware of its details. Instead he beheld a vision of a shady village street, a little boy in checked trousers running homeward from school, a bright little picture-card clasped in his hand—his first prize. He saw the child, the child he used to be, wave the card toward a window, and his mother's face smiling there. He heard her exclamation of pleasure—her boy was to go on, on through all the world, winning life's prizes, bringing them home to his mother. Did he not see how pleasant and easy it was to do right and to win prizes?

He threw back his head, and with an exclamation which hurt him, rose unsteadily and went out into the sleeping part of the car. Was it, though, a dusty sleeping-car, with its tousled berths, or was it the long road of the future that stretched away before him on the day he left the little village, the road that promised to be so broad and smooth, and to lead to the end of the rainbow?

He remembered now; he remembered the little things she sent him, he remembered the answer he wrote to the doctor, he remembered his first shame in asking her for more money, and he even remembered his later annoyance when he had to borrow or—arrange for enough to send her as her quarterly "interest."

But why, he began to ask himself, why had life gone so hard with him? Why had he not succeeded, why had he failed, not only in his own life, but in everything else, except his mother's love? Why had he come to deserve—for he felt, dimly enough at first, but with a final realization that made his knees tremble, that he *did* deserve them—the things the men had called him, a few hours ago in the smoking-room?

He shuffled down the aisle towards the berth where his wife was, but before he reached it self-pity had overcome him, and he threw himself into another berth, and began to cry. He lay face down and wept, not as a man does under a mighty grief, with sobs that rack and strain; he cried with sniffles and little whimpering noises, like a child who is sorry for itself. It was not through his own fault that he had failed; the world had gone hard with him, that was all. His mother always understood him.

His wife was starting for the dressing-room, her hair frowzy and looking very streaked in its disarray, a bundle of clothes over her arm. The noise from the next berth attracted her attention, and she pulled the curtains aside and looked down upon her husband. He was still crying, and his sobs rather increased when he became aware of her presence.

"What's the matter?" she asked. The man did not reply. His wife touched him, leaning over and shaking him a little. "What's the matter?" she repeated.

She stood up and looked puzzled for an instant, then frightened. "Say, you didn't let that crowd clean you out, did you?" she demanded sharply. Then she remembered that she carried his wallet in a pocket under her skirt. She smiled grimly, in derision partly at his unbeautiful form, and partly at her own unnecessary panic.

"Gee!" she said, "you must 'a' got loaded last night. Didn't know there was that much on board! Why didn't you pass it around?" Her tone was quite jocular now.

"She's dead," came up from the whimpering man in the berth. The wife, puzzled, bent over to make sure of having heard aright. "What say?" she asked, patiently.

"She's dead. She's dead," repeated the man, with a self-pitying whine.

The wife stood up, drew her kimono closer with a grimy, ringed hand, and started again for the dressing-room.

"Lord," she said, "you never can tell what they'll say! I guess it's up to me to get a move on and bring him in some coffee."

The man in the berth seemed to hear again

the words spoken earlier in the smoking-room: "Some of them are so good that the bad ones don't make any difference in the average"; "Funny how good some women can be." A

couldn't make any difference in the average! He wondered if the Bishop would not say that, if he knew; his wife had stood by him as his mother did; she was going to get his coffee.



"SHE'S DEAD," REPEATED THE
MAN, WITH A SELF-PITYING WHINE

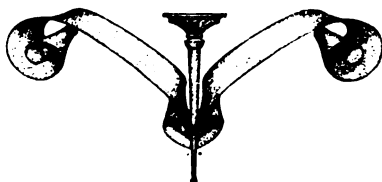
stirring of the blood that had come to him through his grandfathers, the judges and senators and fine gentlemen, moved him to an impulse of pity and gratitude toward the woman who was going to bring him some coffee.

His mother—yes, his mother was a woman, too, and so good, so good that the others

Yes, it was, as the other man, the one in the striped shirt, had said, "funny how good some women can be"—even the worst of them.

But again there came to him a vision, the picture of a little, old woman with a valentine—and he sobbed out:

"The best of all, the best of all."





The Old Order Changeth

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

II

The Beginnings of the Change

THERE seems to be a persistent instinct in man to grow spiritually. The missing links between the protista and the elephant do not disprove that a chain joined them once; but there are so many missing links—links which are not now growing across the gaps and in the memory of man never have grown—that the assumption of the chain's existence is only as strong as the evidently broken chain that lies along the field of human knowledge wherein science is burrowing in geology, biology, embryology and Heaven knows what other ologies and isms. But we do know that men grow. We know that there is a chain between the bushman and President Eliot of Harvard; for we can find all of its links, and we can feel the pull of it in a score of human institutions.

How Far Have We Come in Twenty-five Years?

It is demonstrable that the growth of man is governed by two strong tendencies—that to help himself, and that to help others; we call these tendencies selfishness and altruism, self-preservation and group-preservation. And we know that the growth of a people is measured by the scope of the group which the average man in it is disposed to consider as a part of his individual concern. If it is only a family, he is a savage; if it is only a clan, he is little better; if it is a tribe, he is well along on the highway to progress; if it is a state, he is beginning to be civilized; if it is a nation, we may call him civilized, and let it go at that, for only the picked members of any nation transcend its bound-

aries in their love of kind and extend it to humanity without regard to race or color or nation or state or tribe or clan or family. Yet until life comes to that there will be no fundamental democracy in this world. We like to think in America that we are a democratic people. We point to our Declaration of Independence as a great democratic document, as it is; yet our weakness as a nation is that we have allowed the Declaration to remain a mere declaration, while we have operated our nation under a constitution which puts checks upon democracy at every turn. Democracy has gone this far: that the average citizen is willing to admit that he is as good as any one else, unless the other man be exceedingly rich, but the average man is not instinctively willing to admit that every one else is as good as he is. So our democracy is not full grown. But it is growing. The instinct for growth seems to abide with this nation, and in the battle between the Declaration of Independence which declares that we are all equal, and the Constitution which annuls the Declaration by its checks on the majority, there is a strong movement among the people toward the Declaration and away from the Constitution. It is unconscious, of course. The Constitution still remains a political god of great power, and the checks and balances still are regarded as divinely appointed. But nevertheless Americans are drifting toward democracy and the Declaration, and away from the aristocracy which is protected by the Constitution. And it is worth while to note how far the drift has carried us in the last quarter of a century.

The Secret Ballot

It is difficult to say of any current just where it begins to turn. This is true of a current in human affairs. Beginnings are so small, and growth is so slow, that it is empirical to declare that in the early nineties in America the tendency to democracy began which is now so obvious in our politics. But it is likely that one of the early manifestations of democratic growth in America began with the adoption of the secret ballot. The secret ballot abolished direct bribery as a factor in American politics. The bribery which remains, even in our great cities, and in our rotten boroughs on the Atlantic seaboard, is negligible in the total vote of the nation. And similarly the direct bribery of public servants is a negligible force for unrighteousness. The people and their servants broke an important shackle upon democracy when they established the secret ballot. For money—which is the synonym for aristocracy in America—is essentially thrifty. It will take few chances; and if it does not know positively that the vote it buys is delivered, money will not invest. And on the other side of the bargain, the voter who is not tempted to do the dishonest thing begins to see the honest thing. So righteousness began to get a little elbow room.

The secret ballot, which came to Americans without the influence of any great leader, which was adopted in state after state without a political revolution, was the first unmistakable evidence that we see upon the tide, in looking back, to show where the turn in the current actually began. But for several years after that the changed current became an undercurrent. Persons desiring to control politics in their own interests were not stopped, but they changed their methods to suit changed conditions. And it is only fair to say that these persons acted as unconsciously as the people.

There are no heroes and villains in life. There are forces in life; there are forces in politics; there are forces in men; in every individual there is the selfish and the unselfish—the egoistic and the altruistic tendency. And so in our national life the democracy is not one entirely good and true and beautiful set of men, struggling for a common good against the aristocracy, another entirely bad set of men. The struggle between democracy and aristocracy in America is in every man's heart. It is fundamental in our lives, and when we find that the millennium did not dawn after crass bribery had been abol-

ished by the introduction of the secret ballot, we must not assume that a number of men of wealth conspired deliberately to postpone the sunrise. We all conspired; we were not ready for the sunrise. And so when bribery, which had been crass, began to grow refined, when men were no longer paid to vote either at the polls or in office, we find the selfishness of men manifesting itself through the party system. That selfishness massed is the American tendency to aristocracy. It is the alliance of big business and little business against altruistic growth—against democracy.

So the American aristocracy moved its forces upon the party system and controlled it, but with automatic precision democracy began to attack the party system. Now before the nineties there were the mugwumps, who advocated independent voting. They also attacked the party system. But their efforts were sporadic. Democracy seems to have set about to capture the system—not to destroy it, for democracy is organic.

Ever since the party as a functional part of this government became established in our American system it has been undemocratic. It is organized from the top downward. In the election of delegates to conventions to name candidates for offices, the holdover officers of the party—the precinct, the ward, the county, the state, and the national central committees—are powerful agencies in determining the course of the party. Central committeemen can perpetuate themselves, can dictate party nominations, and can formulate party policies. A score of active organized men in a precinct generally controlled the sentiment of a hundred of their unorganized fellows. The few ruled the many. That is aristocracy. We have confused aristocracy in this country with nobility. But wherever the few rule the many, whether by virtue of learning or birth or activity, or by the use of money—that is aristocracy, and under the party system there grew up an aristocracy of politicians, and the caste was perpetuated by the sale of special privileges, and so we were ruled under the party system by an aristocracy which was financed by greed, and it was the problem of democracy to break down that aristocracy. The power had to be taken from the committeemen and distributed among the people. That could be done by breaking the machine of the moment or of any locality and establishing another machine. But that remedy while it satisfied the moment was not a permanent cure. The cure lay in abolishing the system.

The Direct Primary

And that democracy is doing in America to-day through the establishment of the direct primary. Now the direct primary is no new thing. It is almost as old as the party system. In this country it was known as the Crawford county plan, and it was in use in many counties over the land. But it was purely local, subject to little legal restriction and always under the direction and auspices of the district, state and national machines. So it was not effective. Until the primary became a state institution, regulated by the state, by state laws, a part of the government of the state, a state institution in name and in fact, the primary was of little consequence.

Broadly speaking, there are two types of primary in the United States: the northern and the southern type. The northern type is this: Upon a certain day, at least sixty days before any general election and at a certain place in every precinct, the sheriff of a county calls a primary election at which all parties are compelled to participate and vote for the nomination of all officers from township trustee to United States senator. The room wherein the election is held, the voting booths, the election judges, and the printed ballots are paid for out of the county treasury. Candidates for nomination to the various county offices are placed upon the ballot by petition, filed with the county clerk, at or before a stated time, containing the certified list of names of partisans of the candidates. Candidates for state offices, including United States senator, are placed upon the ballot upon petition of a certain per cent of the total party vote in the state, or in a certain number of counties of the state, filed in the office of the secretary of state. In most of the states which have the northern type, separate ballots are printed, one for each party, and when a legal voter appears at the polling place he is given his choice of ballots, and if there is a doubt about his party fealty, that is to say, if a Republican challenger suspects that the Democrat is voting a Republican ballot, the Democrat is compelled to swear in his vote just as he would at the regular election.

The votes are counted and sent to the county clerk, who in turn certifies the vote on district, state and senatorial candidates to the secretary of state. A plurality nomination prevails in all of the northern states on all county, district and state offices, except in Washington.

Certificates of nomination are issued in all of the northern states by the secretary of state,

and by the county clerk to all state and county officers. The nomination of United States senator marks the most radical difference in all the various primary laws. Oregon has the most radical departure from the ordinary primary law. It puts the name of each successful party nominee for the Senate on the ballot at the general election. And the majority or plurality vote upon the names of these candidates for United States senator at the general election forms what might be called the plebiscite which advises the legislature as to the opinion of the people about the two candidates. This in effect gives the people the direct vote on United States senator.

In one Dakota, if there is no majority nomination in the senatorial race, or no candidate gets over thirty-five per cent of the party vote, the two highest senatorial candidates go before the people in a second primary at the general election. In Ohio the vote on United States senator is merely advisory, and in Illinois it is not binding at all, unless one candidate gets a majority.

In Kansas the vote is segregated by senatorial and representative districts so as to preserve the integrity of the legislative and senatorial districts. This plan does not provide for the absolute rule of the majority. But there is something to be said for the integrity of the legislative district, and it prevents the larger cities from overcoming country districts. In Missouri, for instance, Governor Folk carried, in his senatorial race last November, something like eighty-five per cent of the counties, and was beaten by Stone, whose chief vote was in the two cities of Kansas City and St. Louis.

Missouri has what is called the split primary, that is to say, the primary for the nomination of all state and county officers is held early in August, as it is in most of the states of the Middle West. But the senatorial primary is held at the general election. This is unfair, because it deprives the people of knowing what kind of a man a party will nominate for senator; so that they cannot vote for or against the legislature which will elect the party's candidate. In all of the states the laws governing campaign expenses at the election and limiting corporation contributions operate at the primary, as also do the bribery and corrupt practices acts of the various states.

The northern states having this type of primary, either in their statutes or their fundamental laws, are Oregon, Washington, California, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Iowa, Michigan (with certain optional provisions), Wisconsin

sin, Ohio, Illinois and New Jersey. The state of Louisiana is the only southern state which has such a primary, and its legality is before the supreme court of that state. The legality of this northern type of primary has not been generally questioned in any court.

The second type—the southern type—of primary is entirely optional. It is not paid for by the state, and the option is left to the state and county central committee of the parties. The southern primary is under the state law in that the bribery and corrupt practices acts and campaign contribution acts govern, but without penalty in some cases, and is entirely conducted by the parties' central committees. In Texas the votes are counted in various conventions, either county, district or state conventions, before which the candidates would come for nomination. And these conventions ratify the vote of the party, but almost without exception the southern type of primary is exclusively used by the dominant party. The cost of the primary is so high that the minority party cannot afford to join in it. The result is this, of course, that we have a democratic expression in the Democratic party and an aristocratic expression in the Republican party of the South. Democracy prevails in state affairs, and aristocracy prevails in national affairs, and aristocracy in the South, generally speaking, is more or less colored, but none the less an aristocracy, and this aristocracy, like all aristocracies, is arrogant and defiant of local sentiment and feeling. But so long as the democracy will not tax itself to compel a democratic expression in the minority party the aristocracy will continue to dominate southern federal affairs.

In most of the southern states the name of the candidate for United States senator appears on the ballot, and the plurality nominee is endorsed by the legislature. Texas has an admirable plan which should be adopted all over the Union. It is an initiative and referendum proposition, which forbids the state convention to endorse any proposed legislation which has not been voted upon at the primary upon popular initiation, and propositions are put on the primary ticket by petition just as candidates are. The southern type of primary prevails in Arkansas, Texas, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina with certain modifications, in Virginia and Kentucky. This includes all the states which have a primary vote on all state, county, congressional and senatorial candidates. There is a hybrid type of primary in Maryland and another in West Virginia which is of little use.

Limiting and Publishing Campaign Contributions

The rise of democracy in the middle and southern states, across the Mississippi Valley, and down the Pacific coast, has been marked by another indication that the people know either consciously or subconsciously where the dams are in the current of progress toward self-government. For not merely in the West and South but all over the country the people have passed laws compelling candidates and party committees to file statements of their expenditures and their sources of income, and many states have enacted laws limiting the amount of money that candidates or committees may spend in any primary campaign or in a campaign before a general election. These laws are becoming universal. Publicity of expenses is required of candidates and party committees in Alabama, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Kansas, Montana and Washington; and campaign expenses are limited either as to amount or as to the right of corporations to contribute in Arizona, California, Colorado, Missouri, Oklahoma, Nebraska, North Dakota, Minnesota, Indiana, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Florida, Texas, Oregon and Arkansas.

The movement to divorce the corporation from politics is so general that a federal law has been enacted limiting campaign contributions. And for the first time in the history of the United States the people know now exactly how much it costs to conduct a national campaign and from what sources the money comes. No more important step toward government by the people for the people has been taken in this Republic since its beginning. It is true that in many states the law is a form only; but the fact that it is a law indicates a tendency in American thought which will express itself in custom and usage as it is now expressed in statute. For when the people know where to strike at an evil they always hit it. And it is safe to say that the decree of divorce between business and politics will be made absolute within a few years.

The True Wonder of the Election of 1908

To realize the change that has come over the country in the matter of campaign publicity and campaign contributions, it should be remembered that in 1896 Chairman Hanna, of the Republican National Central Committee, sent money into practically every American state to help his party. Chairman Jones, of the Dem-

ocratic committee, had less money than Chairman Hanna, but he sent it out into the country to do what it could. Last year the various states sent money to the national committees, and practically no money was sent from the national committees to the state committees, except that which came through the congressional committees of both parties. The election of 1908 was an honest election. To prophesy such an election ten years ago would have marked the prophet for a visionary. And to have told the campaign managers of '84 or '88 that within a quarter of a century the whole nation would be voting a secret ballot, for candidates nominated in two thirds of the American states by a direct vote of the people, without the intervention of conventions or caucuses, and that further than that every dollar spent by a candidate or by a party committee would have to be publicly accounted for, both coming and going—such a tale would have set Quay and Whitney and Clarkson and Dudley and the managers of those days to cackling until they were black in the face. It was nineteen years ago that Senator Ingalls of Kansas, one of the cleanest men in public life in that day, looking ahead to the limit of his vision, said: "The purification of politics is an iridescent dream."

A Revolution Which Will Affect Fifty-four Senators

But the secret ballot, the direct primary and the purged party—which are now assured in American politics—do not set the metes and bounds of progress toward self-government in this country. They are fundamental reforms, it is true, and they are the steps that are necessary before there may be any real forward movement. For it will be seen that each one of these movements is a leveling process, a tendency to make money, property, wealth or distinction count for nothing save as an indirect influence in the ballot box. Each of these innovations, the secret ballot, the primary and the reformed party, is a step toward democracy—a step toward the Declaration of Independence and away from the Constitution, which so feared majority rule that it was hedged about with checks and balances at every possible point. In the early days of the Republic the people annulled the Constitution by getting a direct vote on the president, and thus obtained the executive branch of the government. Now they are capturing the legislative branch through the primary, which to-day puts over half the United States senators under the direct vote of the people.

When one stops to think that in Oregon, Washington, California, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Georgia, Texas, Tennessee, South Carolina, Virginia, New Jersey and Kentucky United States senators at the next election will go directly to the people for nominations and not to the railroads and the public service corporations of their respective states as they did ten years ago, one realizes how revolutionary are the changes that are coming into our system.

Money Not the Political Power It Was Ten Years Ago

The democracy has the executive and the legislative branches of the state and federal government under its direct control; for in the nomination of a majority of the members of the House and of the Senate the personification of property is unimportant. For by making the party a legalized state institution, by paying for the party primaries with state taxes, by requiring candidates at primaries to file their expense accounts and a list of their contributors (as is done in some states), by limiting the amount to be spent (as is done in certain states) and by guaranteeing a secret vote and a fair count, the state has broken the power of money in politics. Money is not eliminated from politics, but it is hampered and circumscribed, and is not the dominant force that it was ten years ago. The political machine financed by capital invested in public service corporations, which was continually trying to avoid the responsibility of its public partnership, the political machine which sold special privileges to public service corporations, is in a fair way to be reduced to mere political scrap iron by the rise of the people. To-day in states having the primary under state control the corporation candidate is handicapped. The men elected to the United States Senate from states having the northern type of primary generally have been free men, free from machine and corporation taint. Under the primary system any clean, quick-witted man in these states can defeat the corporation senatorial candidate at the primary if the people desire to defeat him, and this advance alone is worth the cost of the primary—something like \$100,000 for each state biennially—and the fact that governors and state officers, legislatures and county officers also are free men makes the primary invaluable in terms of money. Taft and Bryan, the two men who

had less money behind them than any of their opponents, the two men whom the interests did not wish to see nominated, headed the tickets of the two great parties last year. And when the United States senators who win their nominations and elections without the aid of the railroads and the public service corporations, and win in the face of the opposition of these concerns, begin to name federal judges, the supreme court will begin to reverse itself and the people will capture the courts. But that is almost an "iridescent dream."

However, just now the people are finding a way around the legislative veto of the courts. And this they are doing more generally than may be realized by many people. The voters are taking two methods of circumventing the legislative veto of the courts: First, by amending their state constitutions, or making new constitutions, and, second, by direct legislation, or the modification of it known as the initiative*and referendum. State courts are elective, and therefore are afraid of majorities. They cannot declare constitutional amendments unconstitutional, and they handle laws adopted by a direct vote of the people with great care. Hence the prevalence of the constitutional amendment in American states, and the growth of the initiative and referendum from Maine to California. The tendency to amend a state constitution is not a local phenomenon. California voted on eighteen amendments this year, and Missouri voted on eight. If a state may be said to have a tendency to amend its constitution when it has voted upon one or more amendments at nearly every biennial election for half a dozen years, then the tendency is fairly marked in California, Utah, Massachusetts, Oregon, Rhode Island, Texas, Minnesota, New Jersey, Montana, Florida, Maryland, Mississippi, New York where the amendment is a slow and difficult process, Alabama, Vermont where there is agitation for a constitutional convention, Michigan where a new constitution has just been adopted, Illinois, Maine where the initiative and referendum has just been instituted by constitutional amendment, New Hampshire, Louisiana, Missouri and Kansas. Where the habit of amending the state constitution becomes settled, as it is in California and Missouri, the habit amounts to a public referendum of many laws, and from the standpoint of direct legislation and government by the majority this habit is praiseworthy. If, however, the guarantee of absolutely unrestricted capital is considered more important than the majority

rule, the habit of amending the constitution is dangerous and revolutionary.

A Good Plan with an Outlandish Name

The value of the initiative and referendum depends also upon the point from which it is viewed. If politics is to be considered the science of government of the many by the few, if a government is to be considered excellent when it protects investment, when it makes the right of contract more important than the welfare of citizens, when it protects vested rights after they become vested wrongs, the initiative and referendum, which is coming into American government as surely as the secret ballot came, is a dangerous menace to our institutions. Certainly it is a departure from the idea of a government by the few which inspired the fathers of the federal constitution when they gave the federal judiciary the final veto on all laws passed by state or national legislatures. And the issue should be met candidly and the friends of the movement for direct legislation should admit frankly that the purpose of their cause is twofold: First, to compel legislatures to act quickly and without evasion, and, second, to circumvent the veto of such courts as are elective, and hence dependent upon popular majorities, and to put whatever righteousness there is in a definitely registered expression of popular will before such courts as are not elective to stay them in their vetoes. For the veto power of the American courts over legislation—under the assumed right to declare legislation "unconstitutional"—is one of the most cruel and ruthless checks upon democracy permitted by any civilized people. European kings and courts do not have such reactionary power; and under that power in America people have developed a patience and a conscience and a patriotic self-abnegation which fits them to progress in the light of the vision within them. So the initiative and referendum—a most outlandish phrase—is coming into state governments and city governments all over the country.

The plan briefly is best illustrated by extracts from the constitutional amendment of the state of Oregon:

The legislative authority of the state shall be vested in a legislative assembly, consisting of a senate and house of representatives, but the people reserve to themselves power to propose laws and amendments to the constitution and to enact or reject the same at the polls, independent of the legislative assembly, and also reserve power at their own option to approve or reject at the polls any act of the legislative assembly. The first power reserved by the people is the initiative, and not more than eight per cent of the legal voters shall

be required to propose any measure by such petition, and every such petition shall include the full text of the measure so proposed. Initiative petitions shall be filed with the secretary of state not less than four months before the election at which they are to be voted upon (and a majority vote adopts the measure). The second power is the referendum, and it may be ordered (except as to laws necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health, or safety) either by the petition signed by five per cent of the legal voters, or by the legislative assembly, as other bills are enacted. Referendum petitions shall be filed with the secretary of state not more than ninety days after the final adjournment of the session of the legislative assembly which passed the bill on which the referendum is demanded. The veto power of the governor shall not extend to measures referred to the people.

A Double-Barreled Terror to Politicians

The supreme court of South Dakota, where the initiative and referendum prevails, upon petition for opinion as to the referred laws has always held that mere technical errors in non-compliance with the formulæ of the statute do not hide the obvious intention of the people and have in consequence always held these referred laws valid. It is worth the price of the admission of the initiative and referendum to see so tame and docile a court. Maine and Missouri this year adopted the initiative and referendum as a part of their constitutions. South Dakota, Oregon, Utah, Montana have the initiative and referendum as a part of either their fundamental law or upon their statutes. Nevada has the referendum; Illinois and Texas have the advisory initiative; in the case of Illinois it is enacted under a law called the public policy law, and in the case of Texas it is in the primary election law, which forbids party platforms to endorse proposed legislation that is not first voted upon at the primaries and endorsed by the people. Arkansas also has a legislature pledged through the dominant party platform to submit a constitutional amendment enabling the establishment of the initiative and referendum by statute. A similar constitutional amendment is now pending in North Dakota. Governor Johnson has recommended the submission of a similar amendment in Minnesota, and a majority of the members of legislatures in Ohio, Washington, Nebraska and Texas have pledged themselves to support a constitutional amendment in these states. The movement never has been defeated by the people of a state when it has been presented to them in a simple form for a direct vote. And the movement in Colorado is beginning with much show of strength. The legislatures of Iowa, of Mississippi, of Delaware, of California, of Washington, of Colorado, of Massa-

chusetts and of Georgia have granted either the initiative and referendum or one of them to certain cities in these states, and coupled with these grants in Oregon, Mississippi, California and Iowa is the double-barreled terror to politicians—the Recall—a provision by which a dissatisfied people may recall an unrepresentative officer.

Thus we see that while the secret ballot in the nation is universal, and the primary prevails in two thirds of the American states, the movement for direct legislation has gained foothold in seventeen states, and is directly before the people, either as a constitutional amendment, a pledge of the dominant party, or as a pledge of the majority of the members elected to the legislature, or in the message of the governor, in seven other states—making a total of twenty-four American commonwealths. It is noteworthy that the movement has followed the direct primary movement and has doubled its strength biennially since 1901. And back of the movement for the initiative and referendum and the primary and the secret ballot waiting silently for its summons to come to the active service of democracy, like Madam LaFarge knitting in the wrongs of the people, stands the Recall. Today it is in actual operation in the political activities of more American people than the direct state-wide, state-controlled primary was when Theodore Roosevelt came to the White House. What another decade may bring is mere speculation. What the last two decades have brought is significant.

So the appearance of the Recall, in the cities of three states within a little over a year, should make those statesmen nervous who look forward to the time when the country will go back to the Good Old Days. For this tightening grip of the people upon their state governments, as evidenced in some form in every American state, has been an intelligent, gradual, well-directed growth of popular power. Its direction has been wise, for there has been no spasm of public indignation followed by reaction from the beginning to the present. Whose wisdom directed it? No man's name is connected with it. No party or propaganda has been behind the movement. It operates in Democratic states and in Republican states with equal efficiency. And in no American state has the fight been abandoned, either for the secret ballot, the publicity of party financing, the primary or the initiative and referendum after it had become a serious issue of any group of men of any party. The movement is alive to-day. It is one of the largest vital things in our politics, but politicians gener-

ally—even the best of them—do not seem to understand it. It is as unobtrusive as the wonderful miracle of growth. And in all the heavens, the sea, and the earth this movement has no other prototype except the miracle of growth that we pass by unnoticed every day of our lives. It is growth—spiritual growth in the hearts of the American people. It is a big moral movement in democracy.

For each one of these four reforms—the secret ballot, the publicity of party finance, the direct primary and direct legislation—requires a broader scope for the individual's concern than he would have under the old order. The man who refuses to sell his vote when bribery is a "conventional crime" is considering some interest other than his own. The man who votes for a direct primary foregoes a place in the aristocracy of the "organization" forever by abolishing that aristocracy. The man who demands publicity in campaign finance knows that he is cutting the revenue from under his own party, and that there will be less fun in the campaign. The man who urges direct legislation puts a vast power in the hands of his neighbors to control him. Only as men have faith in a force outside themselves that makes for righteousness will they surrender personal prerogatives to the public good as the people have been surrendering their individual advantage in this democratic movement.

Who Brought All This to Pass?

But who has led them? Who has directed this movement? Who has performed the great miracle of democratic growth in the hearts of the people? Here it is—the great surrender which is bringing the great reward—an old equation in the arithmetic of Providence. But who has put the problem and worked it out? No man—no group of men even—has done it. Yet here it is—no more strange or mysterious than any other of

the miracles of growth that our eyes see and our souls ignore all about us.

The faith of the people in each other, in the combined wisdom of the numerical majority, indicates the presence of a human trust that only may come to a people with broadening humanity—widening human love for one's fellows. And if God is love, as the prophets say, then love is God, and this growing abnegation of self to democracy is a divinely planted instinct—one with the miracles of life about us. If this is true, if the growth of democracy in this country is as natural as the inexplicable wonders of growth in the woods and fields and cities of men, then democracy may be trusted, for its title is secure, and so we may understand certain signs of the times. For what do we see in this program of American democracy?

What is the fight against unfair competition but the cause against him that "taketh reward against the innocent"? What is the fight against overcapitalization but a struggle with him that "putteth his money out to usury"? What is the campaign for simple business honesty but scorn for "the reprobate"? What is this quickening conscience of the Republic, which faced a panic and did not flinch from its conviction of righteousness, but "him that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not"? The tendency to democracy is a tendency to altruism, and altruism is love of kind, and God is love. So that when democracy comes to the problems that have baffled other nations, if democracy holds true to its faith, true to its instinct, it will be just. But those who would use democracy for an end, who would make it serve them by flattering it, by making it mad with power, those who would teach democracy the doctrine of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, even against those who have oppressed the people, they are democracy's foes. For "except the Lord shall build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."



Letters

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III

*G. G., Broadway, New York,
to E. R. at Home*

WINTER.

The yearly operatorial *de-
bauch* has begun, Guinea, my dear. Once I'm
started, you can't stop me. I go through the
season on a prolonged music jag, and this year
it is more than usual strong upon me because
I've had luck, and the pennies are not as scarce
as they sometimes are, and there are *such* things
to be heard!

Some children are born with silver spoons
in their mouths, others are said to be born
pencil in hand. I think I must have come
into the world presenting a ticket which should
admit me to all the music I wanted to hear.

I began early my mad career as opera-goer.
I was not three years old. I still retain a
vague impression of sit-
ting up in the front of
a box at the Pagliano
in Florence, dressed in
my best frock, clutch-
ing a bouquet in both
hands, and listening with
every fiber of my little
body. It was "Rigoletto,"
my first delight. Delight
it was, though all that re-
mains of that first per-
formance is a memory of
a man in red tights, and
a lady in white who wept

in her pocket handkerchief.

Then "Aida," over which I broke my heart,



from G. G.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY R. M. CROSSBY

for the tenor was a friend of
the family and a particular
friend of mine, and when I
saw him dying in the black
dungeon, I bellowed right
out: "Nannetti! Nannetti!
Mio povero Nannetti!" and

had to be hurried out of the box and pacified
and told that it was all make-believe, and that
I should see my Nannetti safe and sound next
day if I'd be good and stop crying.

All through boarding-school years our great-
est treat was going to the opera, and there was
another case of heartbreak one day when I fell
down and damaged my nose, and was such a sight
that "Mademoiselle," our "directrice," wouldn't
let me go to hear "Norma" in the evening.
I've never had the chance since. I've never
heard "Norma," and I'm afraid I shall never
catch up with that one missed opportunity.

After we came home to America, of course
opera nights were fewer than in Italy, but
then there were the symphonies, bless 'em,
year in, year out. In Boston they only gave
us a couple of weeks' opera season, and that
had to last us until next year. But, oh, my
soul! the year the De Reszkes first came! Who
will ever forget those performances in Me-
chanics' Hall! I fell in love at first hearing
with divine Jean, and I shall die and turn to
dust still adoring him, and thanking my stars
that I happened to be alive when he was, and
privileged to hear him in his glory. I heard
him so often that finally before the end the
impression of his voice became enduring, and
now I can shut my ears and summon back
the echo of entire passages and phrases as he
rendered them.



THESE LETTERS, PRESENTING ONE HALF OF A GENUINE AND ROMAN-
TIC CORRESPONDENCE, AFFORD INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF THE RICH AND
VARIED LIFE OF A CHARMING AND UNUSUAL WOMAN WHO HAS LIVED
IN MANY COUNTRIES, KNOWN MANY PEOPLE AND ENJOYED THEM ALL

Ah, Jean! the only one of his kind that ever was or ever will be. The only Romeo, the only Lohengrin, the only Walther, and Tristan, and Siegfried! The only one who ever made one realize to the very full every possible romantic beauty of a character he impersonated and all the beauty of the music that he sang.

There were two charming boys of our acquaintance in those old Boston days who shared our enthusiasm for opera (Kitty is as music mad as I). One was a budding composer, the other a student of philosophy at Harvard. How often we climbed the gallery stairs together! We usually went Dutch treat, but once these youths invited us, and we went to hear "Tristan and Isolde," and had good seats, and we were very fine, and long after I learned that it was fortunate the weather was mild for a time just then, for the philosopher, Colline-wise, had pawned his overcoat to pay for his share of the tickets, the dear thing!

Nowadays in New York here there is literally no staying away from the opera. For one thing it is so close at hand. How could I settle down to a quiet evening's letter writing to Guinea Golden when I knew that the "Walküre" was going on within a few hundred feet? I believe I've sat in every corner of that blessed Metropolitan Opera House from the front row in the orchestra to the last in the "sky parlor," and further, for I heard the "Götterdämmerung" one night last spring from the stairway of the fire-escape *outside*! It was a balmy, starry night, the windows and doors were all left open, and I heard every syllable even of the text. The music came mellowed by the distance, accompanied by the muffled hum of the streets below. What was amusing was when the "Funeral March" was being played, and the brasses made those big boom-boom crashes, to hear the electric-car gongs down in Broadway make response with a tinkling ping-ping.

Well, rather than stay away from an opera or a symphony, I believe I'd sit perched through a performance on the center chandelier if they'd let me.

Now, I ask you, when one cares that much for anything, isn't one entitled to one's fill of it? I know people a-plenty who raise their eyebrows in disapproving wonder that near beggars like us should indulge in what seems to them an extravagance. But as we sit in our modest places, with rapture filtering through our ears to our souls, we ask ourselves the

question: If *we* have not a right to be here, who has? Leave us to get on, if need be, without the necessities of life, but grant us the luxury of music.

Man does not live by bread alone.

G. G., Broadway, to E. R. at Home

WINTER.

Of course you don't know Maude Sanderson, do you, Guinea? Well, if ever there was a dear soul! The sort that makes you feel as if not only she but the whole world loved and appreciated you.

One night, awhile ago, a number of us were discussing the question: If one could be someone else, and could meet one's present self, would one like oneself?

Some thought yes, some thought no, giving more or less unconvincing reasons.

But sweet-hearted Maude exclaimed with such complete conviction: "Why, I'm sure I should *love* myself! I should be so sure of so much love in return."

And that ended the discussion, it seemed so final.

For my part, I always did agree with Mrs. Golightly in her admission: "I never could quite hate a man for quite adoring me." Man, or woman either, for the very best reason in the world for liking people seems to be their liking one. It is the most endearing quality. Nothing, not the charm of beauty, youth, wit, character, goodness or gold, compares with it.

But then it doesn't need to go as far as that. Who wants to be adored by every passer-by? What I'm coming to is the charm that people have—and by people I mean just people, strangers, folks around the streets, in shops and trains and street-cars—a charm that it would seem easy to cultivate or develop—that of *seeing* one. Do you know what I mean? That of giving one a sense that one exists for them, of not being so completely imprisoned in themselves within the walls of their own thoughts and interests that no stranger need apply for admittance to their consciousness.

Don't you know the feeling of warm gratitude that gushes up in your heart if a shop-girl really sees and hears you, if she gives you the feeling that you are something more than a part of her weary mechanical drudgery?

I once happened to be in a big department store to which I seldom went because it is so far from home. I bought some stationery. The girl in charge of the counter was so ami-



able, she radiated such general good will, and treated me so like a human being that naturally I've gone to her for my writing-paper ever since. And though I have to go far, I'd go farther just to pay homage to that lovable quality—the consciousness of the *other* person. She makes of her business of selling paper a personal relation.

I dare say in the same way shop-girls remember customers who are aware of them as individuals and not money in the slot machines across the counter.

I saw a case once in Sixth Avenue of an old shoe-lace peddler holding out his fistful of dangling shoe-laces to the passing stream of shopping women. He might have been thin air, or the people blind; no one saw him. If they did, it was mostly with a look that swept him from the sidewalk into the gutter and off the face of the earth.

And then a girl walked by, unburiedly, and saw the outstretched hand full of strings, and from the hand she glanced to the face. And she had eyes in her head that saw what they were looking at, and carried the message to a brain that understood and to a heart that felt, and her whole person spoke so plainly:

"You have a gentle, patient old face, and you are old. Your shoe-laces are probably pretty bad, but I'd buy some only I can't just now, though I can't stop to tell you why. But I'm sorry, and another day I'll buy if I can."

Believe it or not, she said it all, and the old man felt it, and I'm sure he had a comfortable sense of being made of flesh and bones, and not of mist, as she went by with the crowd. A pleasant sense which was the forerunner and maybe quite equal to the satisfaction of selling the dozen laces I stepped up and bought of him, all on account of the girl's genial, comprehending, responsive eyes, which appeared to be open to every appeal made to them.

In these days, when such a howl is going up over the rise in the cost of living, over the Baked Apple loc. sign, which seems to spell poverty for so many, I'll confide to you that I think people miss a lot in not being poor.

I don't mean the sort of pov-

erty that knows how poor it is, and how poor it is going to remain, but the uncertain poverty, the adventurous, the Bohemian poverty, that hasn't a penny to-day, but may have some tomorrow.

I don't know, it may be a case of sour grapes, but I think I'm honest when I say that for nothing in the world would I be anything but a poor Bohemian.

Would I, I wonder, even if I had the chance, settle into an orderly member of society with a salary or an income? Or would I refuse to surrender the vivid joys of the unexpected that come of belonging to the army of those who live on nothing in particular a year?

I'm glad the chance is not likely to be offered me. It would be disappointing to find that I'd consent to fall into the groove in which a real bed, and three meals a day, and the amount of clothes prescribed by the law were assured me until I died.

No need to tell me that it is a comfort to know whence your next five dollars are coming.

Don't I know it? And yet . . . when you don't know, how like a meteor it flashes into view. And, you know, it always *does* come, somehow or other. I have a fairly good number of years' experience to back me when I say that.

The secret of it is, I suppose, that if you do what is up to you, some one—call it God if you like, call it Providence, or call it your neighbor—will do the rest, and you can't fall down. It is a comfortable working code, once you get it into your system.

Picture the Padre Eterno, like the benign old white-bearded gentleman in a nice blue dress the old masters loved to paint Him, patting you on the head, and saying: "My good little child, all that is required of you is to try to do something like your little best. Leave the rest to me. Look at me. Don't I look as if I were to be trusted?"

Does any one but a Bohemian know the real pleasure of paying a bill? Mostly people know where the money lies waiting which will pay the dentist. You can't escape dentists' bills. You shouldn't. But you wonder how this necessity for a fresh white smile is to be paid for, and you a modest painter girl. And then . . . a friend from the West comes



to lunch, and sees some pot-boiling candle shades you have made, and she likes them, and orders lots, and you are thrilled through and through, for that means that the dentist's bill is receipted.

Or you come back to town in the fall after a heaven-sent summer's rest. Your golden days of loafing are over, and black winter stares you in the eyes. Of course there is nothing to worry about, but there *is* the spasm of glee that catches your throat when a beautiful blonde young woman drops out of the rainy heavens one day while you are darning your stockings, and orders two miniatures of her dear dead mother, one for herself and one for her brother.

The money for those is going to carry you half through the season.

Then again, you come home from Europe, and land in Hoboken with exactly four dollars in the world, and you go to your uncle's and hang up your belongings.

If you are a Bohemian you know that road to your uncle's, and your friends know the state of your strong box by the presence or absence about the premises of your valuables, if you have any. Your jewelry might be diagnosed as intermittent.

Well, then, you come home from Europe with four dollars, and borrow what you can of your uncle, and you go to a big hotel in the mountains, and there you get half a dozen portraits to do, and there you are, set up for the next long time. Those portraits wouldn't be half the joy to do if they didn't mean fetching back your rings.

But, you say, suppose you *didn't* get the portraits to do? What is the use of supposing? You *do* get them.

And then the fun it is, the plain, unmixed *fun*, to have awfully little to do with but do it awfully well. *Anybody* can look well and do things with money, but it takes an artist to do it on pretty nearly nothing.

The fun it is, just as you feel your clothes are getting to look a bit haggard, to have that blessed Eva Hawkes give you her million-dollar old-rose broadcloth dress because she is getting too fat for it.

And the fun it is, when you are feeling a bit down and blue, to have some one telephone and ask will you go to the opera and sit in the gallery. *WILL you!* And you sit in your gallery seat, and know you are having a better time than any one in the house. Often enough you are invited to sit in the best places, and you love it, and enjoy the space, and the near view of the stage, and good air. But if you are a Bohemian, you don't mind the thousand or two stairs to climb, and you don't mind the fat German who sits behind you and has no room for his knees except the middle of your back, or the Italian next you, the menu of whose dinner it is not difficult to guess. You are so glad you are there that nothing matters but that the music should be there too.

And if you have a rich dinner of cold sausage and cabbage salad, graham bread and Croton water one night, just imagine how the pheasant and champagne taste next

night when you dine at the Mansfields'.

And then, as you look at a five-cent piece several times before you take a street-car, think what joy it is when you visit people who have carriages and automobiles, even though you *love* to walk.

All this for the blessedness of receiving. Is it necessary to speak of that of giving? Of the brimming of the heart when one has had a windfall in giving his share of it to the neighbor who is having hard luck? For bits of luck drop out of the sky, and we only happen to catch them in our lap. If the next hand is extended in deeper need, the prize was meant for it, and it is a privilege to hand it where it belongs.

There have been moments when, as in a flash, the conviction has come to me that



things would not be always as they are, that some day I should have large ease and plenty, though the how and when and whence are still in mist. But with the assurance came a sense of haste (doubtless quite unnecessary). Let me quickly, quickly get all there is to be got out of this precious poverty. Before it is over, let me discover and enjoy all there is in it. Let me enjoy the opportunity it gives of not caring at all whether the price of food is high or low. If it is low, well and good. If it is high, live on cheaper things, or do with less, or do without. Now, you might call that the exclusive prerogative of the rich, the not caring whether food is dear or cheap. But I maintain it is the privilege of the Bohemian. If he has very



few pennies to-day, he will buy bread and cheese—the price of those can never become ruinous—and if he has pennies to-morrow, he will have anything he likes, because he doesn't know how long those pennies have to last. There is always the chance of his having more to-morrow. If he has fewer, he can go back to bread and cheese, or just bread.

Ah, no! Let me never be anything but one of the Sparrows of the Lord. Let me only be a Little Sister of the Rich. But if in the course of human events it should be willed that I acquire much gold, let me spend it in becoming the Providence that gladdens the hearts of my glad brothers. Let me become a Big Sister to the Bohemians.

THREE TO ONE

By T. A. DALY

SIGNOR, remember yestaday,
How mad I am baycause you say
Dat nearly all Eetalian
Ees good-for-notheeng, lazy man?
Ah! lees'en, pleasa, an' you weell be
Ashame' for w'at you say to me,
W'en I have tal you w'at I see.
Eef you no theenk I speaka true '
I got som' weetness here for you;
Here ees not only wan but three:

Antonio,
Gregorio
An' me.

I speak for all an' tal of eet;
To-day ees com' een deesa street
Beeg stronga man for deeg da tranch.
You theenk ees mebbe Dootch or Franch,
Dees granda, beega, stronga man?
Ah! no, eet ees Eetalian!
He no can speaka 'Merican,
But, oh! da way he drive da peeck
An' sweeng da spade, so strong, so queeck,
Ees mak' us proud as we can be—

Antonio,
Gregorio
An' me.

You theenk ees lazy man dat weell
So work, from earla morn' onteell
Da stars ees shina from da sky,
He pile seex-hondra spadeful high
Bayside da tranch w'en he ees through—
Eh? how I know dat dees ees true?
Ha! now is where I catcha you!
All day, right here een deesa street,
We seet an' watch heem doin' eet!
Wan weetness? No! here eesa three:

Antonio,
Gregorio
An' me.

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

Letters, Comments and Confessions from Readers of the Magazine

MEN TEACHERS FOR BOYS

(A letter from the Headmaster of Groton School to William Lee Howard, M.D.)

I have read with much interest your article upon "Helpless Youths and Useless Men" in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. I fully sympathize with you in your contention that boys after fourteen years of age—and I should make it twelve or thirteen years of age—should come under the influence of men as their teachers. I notice that in the report of the Moseley Board, which visited this country two or three years ago, several of the members criticised our schools for this particular point. It was their opinion that while the teaching in our schools was fairly scientific, the boys came so much under the instruction of women that they tended to lose the distinctively virile quality of mind which, as you say, is absolutely essential for a man's effectiveness in the world.

I am not sure that you did not overstate the impossibility of interesting boys of sixteen in the "Idylls of the King" and other great pieces of literature. At our school I must confess that we have not met with as much success in this way as I should like, but a fair proportion of boys appreciate great literature and are influenced by it, and I am inclined to think that the average American youth needs training of this kind quite as much as the physical development for which you wisely plead.

ENDICOTT PEABODY.

BEHIND THE PROCESS—WHAT?

I have just read with the greatest interest Mr. Ray Stannard Baker's first article on "The Spiritual Unrest." It is so thoroughgoing and searching that I feel sure the series will be an active agent in clearing the atmosphere for the issuance of the purified faith that is coming—a faith so simple and irrefutable that it will unify or annihilate the churches of Christendom, and draw men after it again like tides of the sea. Mr. Baker has a genius for religious truth—a most rare quality in our day.

I would go one step farther than he, however, in defense of the psychological healing as a religious undertaking. He says we cannot explain what lies behind the thought that heals. That is the crux of the whole matter. That is the point we are coming to. Science has been forced to admit that she cannot explain all mysteries. Behind the protoplasm—the world-force—what? She cannot tell. Today is the day of psychology. Mysteries are being explained by the action of the mind. But it is only a step to the old question. Behind the process—the thinking—what? The only answer producible must be, "A spiritual fact." What can that spiritual fact be but a vital relation with God—

perhaps, with man, through that sub-conscious realm we are just learning of? What if the finding of this long buried self shall prove to be the finding of God to this generation? What if the new definition of the Christian experience shall be—the experience that Christ had—consciousness of God, of his presence, his power, his truth, his love? I am not a member of any of the new sects, but I can see more in the idea of Christian healing than the physical benefits it brings. It is an assertion of the supremacy of the spirit—a recognition that we cannot have even the lower without the higher good.

May I add one word of unbounded affection for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE? I cannot resist the pleasure.

J. W.

A CHILD'S VIEW OF THE FUTURE

(From a letter written by a twelve-year-old girl)

WELLESLEY, Mass., 2008.

Papa gave me the nicest little air-ship for my birthday, and I have taken about every girl here out in it. Of course you can imagine that we have had many exciting adventures. One time we had to leave the machine away down in Alabama and come home by the gyroscope line, but of course the rail broke when we had come half way, and made us late for our literature. I borrowed one of the girls' machines though, and got it back again the next day.

Yesterday afternoon about five, I took a party of girls and boys to the Waldorf to dinner. We had the nicest time. They had two new capsules that had been sent from France which were awfully good. My great-grandmother told me that my great-grandfather used to predict that sometime we would use capsules for food and do away with the foolish notion of eating, which, he said, was only a habit. How funny it would seem to eat the way they used to! I can hardly imagine it, but how quaint and picturesque it must have been.

There are a few automobiles here and they certainly do look antiquated, as you say. My grandmother says she remembers when the streets were just crowded with them and people were afraid of their lives.

Yesterday morning before breakfast, I went out for a spin and got away over in Canada, when I happened to look down and saw an immense crowd, and being of a curious nature (I think you remember the time when we went on board the new war-ship, and I pressed the electric button and the cannon went off? I did have a serious time then, but of course my Boston surgeon put a new heart in and I have never had any trouble since), I pulled my descending lever, and in a moment I had landed in the midst of the crowd. Such excitement I never saw. It seems they had found an animal that every one

had believed extinct. It had four legs and a long mane and tail, and I have seen in some old books a description of a beast like it called a horse. There had been a circus man around who paid an enormous sum of money for him, and who said it would be the making of his show. I was tired by this time, so I pulled the ascending lever and was just going along at a moderate rate, only two hundred and fifty miles an hour, when I saw another air-ship approaching, only one of the old-style Dumont (I forgot to say my machine is a Wright, and that is the reason I never have any trouble with it). As it got nearer I saw a policeman hold up her hand, and when she got along beside me she said, "Exceeding the speed limit! Come with me to court!" "But I was only going two hundred and fifty miles an hour," I said, showing her my speedometer. "The speed limit is a hundred and fifty." But I was able, with the aid of a pretty pearl ring and a few tactful remarks about her complexion and figure, to proceed on my way and got back to college just in time to dress again for breakfast.

In your last letter you asked me how I had time for all these long trips. The very trips are a part of our curriculum. We think nothing of a trip to England for the study of architecture, or the Continent for illustrations. The longest of our lectures never exceed fifteen minutes. All of our professors are in constant telepathic communication with all the great centers of learning in the world, and are able by this means to condense our instruction.

We have a new judge here. She is awfully pretty and wears beautiful clothes, but the jury are all jealous and always sure to disregard her instructions.

Do you remember our friend Mrs. Van Dyke Emerson, whom we met in Washington? There is a good deal of talk lately about her being elected to the Presidency.

Last evening, three girls and myself went (of course in my machine; I am hardly ever separated from it) to Panama to see how the canal was getting along and it isn't nearly done yet. They are only a little more than half through.

I went over to Wanamaker's the other evening. They have the new far-seeing apparatus. You can look through that, if you wish, and see all the costumes at Worth's or Paquin's in Paris, but I generally buy two or three gowns before I even get seated. I telephoned Marion the other day; she looks so well through the telephone.

I saw Mrs. Eddy out riding in her new flying-machine. She has just built another magnificent home.

My aunt is going to start for the North Pole next Thursday and will spend three weeks there at the home of one of her friends.

The professor of astronomy is going to head an expedition to Mars in a few weeks' time and is loading his new flyer with provisions and instruments and expects to arrive there, if nothing goes wrong, the latter part of next week. He intends to go from the campus, and as the entire college is lighted by radium, he will be able to keep it in sight for a long time.

Dear me! the watch in my belt buckle says half

after three, and so I must close as we have to go to football practice! We are going to play Harvard next week and so we are practising double hours. We beat Yale last month, and of course we won't have any difficulty with Harvard; still we want to be sure.

THE WORLD DO MOVE

Eight or nine years ago "Mr. Dooley" wrote: "If th' Christyan Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christyanity, it wouldn't make any diff'rence which ye called in—if ye had a good nurse."

Ray Stannard Baker's current articles in *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE* seem to indicate that the important movement which he is reporting is a partial realization of "Mr. Dooley's" famous suggestion. Your January number showed that the doctors are taking to Christianity, and your December number showed that the churches are taking to science. It is evident that all hands are seeing new light except the Christian Scientists. What does that mean? Does it mean that if Christian Science sticks to what "Mr. Dooley" characterizes as an imperfection it will have to go? Or may it not be that Christian Science will be recorded in history as a sort of prod which awakened the church to its danger, and doctors to a better understanding of their opportunity? S. M. J.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER

The injustice of Professor Thomas's article in your December number certainly moved me strongly. In face of the fact that the very magazine in which his dissertation appeared is adorned by the writings of Miss Tarbell, he has the temerity to talk of the "mental inferiority of woman."

There are so many subjects upon which Professor Thomas could dilate that would be instructive as well as entertaining, that it strikes me as a waste of time and ink to expatiate at such length upon a theme which most of the male sex, for whose delectation it was no doubt penned, think they are quite as able to descant as he, from the time they discover that a girl seems to be physically unable to throw a ball with the same dexterity as her brothers. *That* seems to be the peg on which they hang all their future knowledge of the "mentality of woman," forgetting or ignoring the fact that it does not require brains for the performance of that particular feat, but probably a certain bodily conformation.

The fact that an elephant can't climb a tree does not argue that it is of less service to mankind than a monkey, for we have data to the contrary, so neither does it indicate a lower grade of intelligence in woman that while she can fasten sixteen buttons up the back of her dress without half trying, which would stump any man outside a professional contortionist, she falls short the masculine genius for ball-throwing.

Unless Professor Thomas can prove it otherwise, he had better be content to "blush unseen" in the capacity of teaching the "young [male] idea

how to shoot," and not "rush in [print] where angels fear to tread"—and others don't get the chance.

A MERE WOMAN.

THREE CHILDREN WELL CARED FOR BETTER THAN SIX IN WANT

On behalf of many women may I thank Helen Graham Wilson for her letter in the December number of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE*?

Solidarity has given to the soldier his poets, his medals and his glory—the inspiring knowledge that he exemplifies heroism. Woman has suffered agony and often given up her life silently—almost as a matter of course. It is only now that she begins to enter into a fuller consciousness that her poets may be born.

But we do not keep even the soldier perpetually under fire. Therefore this protest against making the physical lives of women a perpetual menace and martyrdom is indeed timely. But from the economic standpoint comes a no less urgent demand that "some safe and sane way be found to prevent the overcrowding of our homes."

There is a flippant and superficial tendency to assume that any limiting of the family means either cowardice on the part of the woman, or the intention of both parents to guard their idleness and secure their luxuries. This is the view portrayed by Mr. Robert Herrick in his recent novel, and it is scarcely surprising considering that he solves the financial question by sending the bills of his ideal family (six children, the oldest six, as I remember) to be paid regularly by rich relatives which he conjures up for the purpose. Many of us have, however, a prejudice toward paying as we go!

We have three children and \$2,000 a year. There is not one hour of the day that we do not forego some wish or give up some pleasure for their future betterment. Nor are we ambitious for anything but this—to insure them as nearly perfect health as is humanly possible, and a broad and thorough education which will make them self supporting, self reliant, and in the necessary sense self sufficient, should life bring the trials from which we can no longer guard them.

This means \$50 here for an operation on Edith's eyes, and a \$5 bill there for Albert's post-graduate course for which the bank is already filling. And we are succeeding, though only just succeeding, by ceaseless economies.

May we, then, declare that we feel we are meeting our obligations to our country and to our children quite as well as by becoming the parents of six—half educated and developed?

New York City. MARGARET DESMOND.

A REPORTER AND HIS EMPLOYER

Will Irwin's affectionate description of the New York *Sun* in the January *AMERICAN MAGAZINE* has prompted me to tell you the best story I know about Irwin himself and his connection with the *Sun*. Perhaps your readers may enjoy it. It shows how, in business institutions of large size, a man may serve his employer well and yet not have a speaking acquaintance with him. The facts are as follows:

Irwin was for a number of years "star" reporter on the *Sun*. He covered big "stories" for his newspaper. One of his greatest achievements was a description of the San Francisco earthquake—edited and written right in the *Sun* office in New York. This is how he did it: Having lived in San Francisco, and having come on to New York a short time before, he had in his mind a fresh and accurate picture of all the physical aspects of San Francisco and its environs. Not an important street or park or building was unrecorded in his memory.

When the news of the earthquake and fire began to reach the *Sun* office, Irwin, as a former San Franciscan, was called upon to answer first one question and then another. The telegraph editors were in trouble. By reason of the fact that many wires leading into San Francisco were down, the news that did reach the outside world (at first) came in fragments. Nothing came through but bulletins. Somebody must take these stray pieces of "flimsy" and knit together a story that would have form and substance. Who could save the day for the *Sun*? Irwin! It is not recorded where the happy suggestion sprang from, but it came in time. For days he wrote columns of good reporting of the earthquake out of the bits of fact that came by wire, and the wealth of material he had in his head. It was exactly as if a brilliant reporter were on the spot in San Francisco, equipped with enough wires to transmit all he could write. That week he made a record of number of columns written which has never been equaled in the *Sun* office.

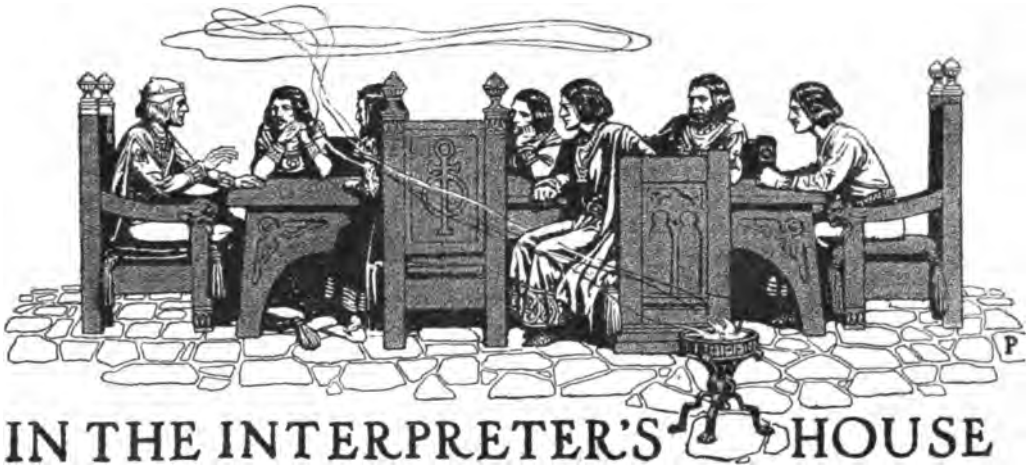
But, as was said above, one may serve his employer well, and be appreciated, without knowing his boss when he sees him. So with Irwin and with Mr. Laffan, proprietor of the *Sun*, for the two never met each other until the other day—years after Irwin had left the paper.

"Mr. Irwin," said Mr. Laffan, "I am glad to meet you. I have always wanted to thank you for that work you did at the time of the earthquake. I do thank you now."

The fact that the two men did not meet earlier is not to be ascribed to any neglect on the part of Mr. Laffan. It was simply an incident of life in a large office.

A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER MAN.





"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress

THE Reporter had quoted Professor Ferrero, the Italian historian, as saying that America is too much given to material things, and predicting for this country the fate of the Roman Empire, of which he is the accomplished historian.

Well—said the Observer—that may be so, although I believe in the old rule that it is unsafe to prophesy unless you really know. But on the political side I should say that there never was a time in the history of any country when idealism so controlled the tendencies of popular action. In expressing their idealism, the American people have but one universal channel. The church, for some reason, does not seem to lend itself to democratic expression, because for one reason there is no democratic church. It is, after all, only in politics that

Idealism

Among

the

People

a direct outlet for its aspirations. It must be granted, of course, that at various times in the history of the country the stream of democratic expression was dammed. The flood of amendments to the constitution in the early days of the republic broke several dams, and the Civil War broke another. The twentieth century is seeing the floods of democracy rise and overcome another dam; the people are taking direct control of their government. We have had a so-called "moral wave" in our politics for nearly ten years.

This moral wave is from the people. It is a spiritual development—a quickening of conscience like that which demanded the abolition

of slavery. This modern movement demands the restriction of capital in its public use. And the movement comes from all classes—from the rich as well as from the poor.

In every state in the Union there is a group of men working in the dominant party to throw off the control of capital in the politics of that state. In New York, for example, there is Hughes. His fight has been for the restriction of capital to its legitimate fields. He is trying to

Where the

Fighting is

Going on

drive it out of politics by the adoption of the direct primary, which we are told will "destroy the organization." If the organization is merely the syndicate of politicians financed by holders of improper privileges, as the organizations are in other states, the organization should be destroyed as it has been destroyed and is being destroyed in other states. The New York fight is typical of the fight in every state. The fight of Cummins in Iowa is such a fight. The struggle of Folk and Hadley in Missouri against the organizations of their parties is a similar contest to that of Hughes in New York. The battle of the Chicago patriots for a free city is not unique. Whitlock in Toledo, Johnson in Cleveland, the *Kansas City Star* in Kansas City, Ben Lindsay in Denver, are giving battle to the same foe. The campaign of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League in California which is fighting Herrin and the Southern Pacific, the campaign of Stubbs and Bristow in Kansas, who have just whipped the railroads in Kansas, and the rise of Nebraska from machine control under the leadership of Governor Sheldon—these are but skirmishes in

the general battle waging in every state for the control of government by the people and for the people. Colby and Churchill in the East, Jones and U'ren in the far Northwest, Governor Johnson and Bryan in the Democratic party, Taft and Roosevelt in the Republican party are among the prominent leaders in the fight.

But the important feature of the struggle is not its leaders. It is the masses who are forcing the issue. And the issue is essentially moral. It is stated briefly, "Thou shalt not steal." As democracy grows in intelligence it develops conscience. This contest, which has been waging too long now to be called a spasm of virtue, is one of the great aspirations of the race. For it is duplicated in half a score of European states. And in this growth of idealism America, though not leading, is fairly abreast with the time. Certainly we are not a materialistic nation. Moreover the nation has

The Answer

of the

People

to the

Panic

just gone through a disastrous panic, which was brought about directly as the result of this democratic control of capital in its public use. It was, in a measure, a punishment of the people for the exercise of their conscience. But did the panic stop them? The two most radical candidates for president of the two great parties were nominated in spite of the protests of the syndicated politicians in each party, and the most efficient radical was elected. In Washington, Oregon, North and South Dakota, in Iowa, in Ohio and New York radical senators have been returned to the United States Senate after the panic to replace reactionaries. That is the answer of the people to the panic. That is the voice of conscience in the people replying to the temptation to turn to material advantage.

The whole spirit of American politics to-day is idealistic. The leadership of political America is a contrast with the leadership of ten years ago, and leadership is powerless without following. To-day with all his money, Mr. Harriman is less powerful in American politics than any of twenty leaders who express their wealth easily in five figures. Money is losing its power. The people are growing in spiritual things, and the tendency of the times in America is away from purely material things.

I LIKE to take my history solemnly—said the Philosopher. Too solemnly, when I come to think of the mass of garbled conversations, feeble recollections, idle

gossip, political calumny, social scandal, expressions of personal hatred and fear, and good

The

"Truth"

of

History

honest lying the historian must rummage amongst for his material. It would be hard to tell the real story of yesterday from the veracious chronicles of the press, so prone is man to embellish, distort, prevaricate and see crooked. And the true account of a period may perish in the burning of a library, while the false story in a political pamphlet lives its mean life for years in the rubbish of a bookseller's shop and is eventually rescued and given a glorious eternity in history.

No history is true, but some history is truer than others. The only way to measure the comparative truth of the things that are printed about the past, near or remote, is to measure the man who sets them down. What sort of man is Dr. Mommsen, or Mr. Gardiner, or Mr. Rhodes? Has he the habit of reticence? Does he test his facts by human experience? Has he the power of selection? Or is he the kind of a fellow who likes to have a shy blindfolded at his facts, who prefers startling generalizations to tame particulars, who prefers a good tale to a sound statement? For example, when I read the late Mr. Gardiner's life of Cromwell I know from a general knowledge of Mr. Gardiner's disposition that this is as truthful (and as dull) an account of the revolutionary period in England as anybody could write. And when Mr. Rhodes writes about the battle of Gettysburg I am disposed to accept his facts, although they are in complete variance with those of my Uncle Ebenezer, who practically single-handed repulsed Pickett's charge. Mr. Rhodes does not mention my Uncle Ebenezer at all, a fact to which I respectfully call his attention, in case he expects soon to issue a new edition of his invaluable work.

What can anyone know of America from a few weeks in New York? Mr. Ferrero ought to write another book: "America, its past and future, with a full account of its political, social,

Going

to the

Bow-wow

and industrial movements, its religious creeds and denominations; a reliable forecast of its future, and a comprehensive survey of the mental and moral attributes of its inhabitants as obtained from a cab-window

by an Italian gentleman." At this rate of patient observation, how long will it be before the professor exhausts the material of his profession and must needs turn to other occupation? An eye so searching, a mind so comprehensive

and a gift of prophecy so supernatural as to compact the experiences of two or three weeks into a certain prediction that America is going headlong to the same destruction that befell the Roman Empire, will soon find this little world a strait field for investigation. I am afraid we are going to lose a very readable historian. Perhaps we will gain a greater novelist or poet.

Having due consideration of the fallibility of human reasoning, how does such an abrupt generalization affect your mind upon Mr. Ferrero's attempt to reconstruct the political and social state of an empire that died many centuries ago? His books indicate patience, close study and analysis and the other qualities of good workmanship in a historian. But we have known an energetic mind to simulate all these characteristics. It is only on the "off day," when, as it were, the propeller raced, that we knew it was making great speed by churning up the surface of things. The promptness of the generalization of this distinguished excursionist makes me wonder whether, when he tells us all he knows about the causes of the decay of the Roman Empire, he hasn't told us a good deal more than he knows and a little more even than he could properly guess. I begin to ask whether his methods of testing facts and "authorities" are sufficiently painstaking and severe for an historian. Petronius Arbiter may be one of his "authorities," and Petronius might have been no more accurate in his account of life than—well, I'll mention no names. A short history of the United States at the present time written from printed testimony might run something like this: "The whole nation was steeped in profligacy and vice. The rich were without exception corrupt and immoral; the poor corrupt and ignorant. Public officers

Our of all stations, courts and
Horrible juries were accustomed to accept bribes. So base had the people become at one time (circa 1903) that it became necessary for the head of the nation to issue a proclamation
Country! against deliberate race suicide. The marriage tie was so loosened that divorce was the rule rather than the exception. Maddened by the pursuit of riches the ignoble nation neglected even its primary defenses. The army, starved or poisoned by corrupt contractors, was cowardly and inefficient in the field of action. The navy was composed of ships which seemed deliberately designed for destruction at the first impact with a foreign enemy. The clergymen in most cases were the paid agents of corrupt millionaires. It became necessary at one time for

the president to put hired spies on the members of the congress. Tempted further and further by cruel spectacles the populace finally could only satisfy its thirst for blood by fierce contests among students arranged by the learned universities, in which the young men (according to veracious contemporary chronicles in the New York newspapers) literally tore each other to pieces. And finally to crown the infamy of this ignoble period, mendacity prevailed to such an extent that Ananias clubs, with the liar of Acts v as their patron, were formed, to which thousands of citizens were elected on the special recommendation of the president, who was himself unanimously elected by the clubs as an honorary member."

THAT is one way of writing history. The picturesque and the excessive are always easy to find if you really don't care about the truth.

But what difference does it make what anyone says about this country? It is almost "cheeky" to volunteer a defense of the millions of good people who day by day, in patience and humility, make the real history of America. With all its skill I think there never was a cheaper piece of pleading than the essay "On a certain condescension in foreigners." The essayist takes the deprecating attitude of a trained English servant in the presence of his superiors who called him to plead for the American people against the criticisms, ignorance and snobbishness. It is as foolish as asking some lately arrived Manchester mill-owner "what he thinks about this country," or calling Mark Twain the "English Jerome K. Jerome."

MY friend the Observer has spoken of the idealism in politics, especially in the West. I feel disposed to say something about idealism as I have seen it in this big city which has made me one of her many adopted sons and proved a just if at times in her manner a careless parent. A good deal of bitter nonsense is written about New York, believed willingly abroad and expressed even in our own country in the form of a certain jealousy of attitude on the part of people from other parts of the country.

But what is New York? Is New York only money-grabbing and grubbing in Wall Street, gorging in restaurants and motoring in Fifth Avenue? Or is there another New York, the

real Greater New York, which is as little "materialistic" as any city of any time? People come here from Europe or from Kansas and they see the vulgar display that is before our own eyes all the time, and they are horrified at it. They don't reflect that the same vulgar display is found in every big city, only here it is on a very large scale because hither come from every corner of the country those for whom the highest achievable vulgar display is the only satisfactory way to crown their successful struggles for material gain. But the Waldorf is no more New York than "Peacock Alley" is Chicago—in fact, rather less so.

The true spirit of New York is not seen in the Broadway cafés. Its spirit is reflected in the millions of plain, honest people who try to live up to the most correctly old-fashioned and healthful domestic ideals. There is the same proportion of men with high ideals in this city as in any other. Here as elsewhere we find thousands of men who "worship" only the material out of which they paint their pictures, write their books, carve their statues. Here as elsewhere there are thousands of men applying themselves with scant reward to the solution of the puzzles of science, physicians laboring nightly among the poor and clergymen wearing

out their lives in the cure of sin and sorrow. Even Tammany joins in the physical improvement of the city. Even the despised rich contribute museums, libraries and hospitals to the general good, and unostentatiously in many cases spend their time and money in relieving poverty and suffering. There is no more general "worship of money" here than there is in Topeka. The tone of the people toward "vulgar wealth" is one of good-natured contempt. "John D." and "Andrew" are the subjects of many of the most spirited popular jests, and the public racks its honest sides laughing at the feeble or clumsy attempts of Newport to appear magnificent.

Of course this is not the impression you gain from reading the newspapers. But you must remember that the newspapers don't reflect the ordinary life. It is their business to picture not the commonplace, but the unusual. And as they are more vivacious and less tightly reined than the newspapers of other countries, they make the most of such material as comes to their hands.

I HAVE been thinking of one thing since this discussion commenced—said the Poet.—Suppose Professor Ferrero didn't say anything of the kind.



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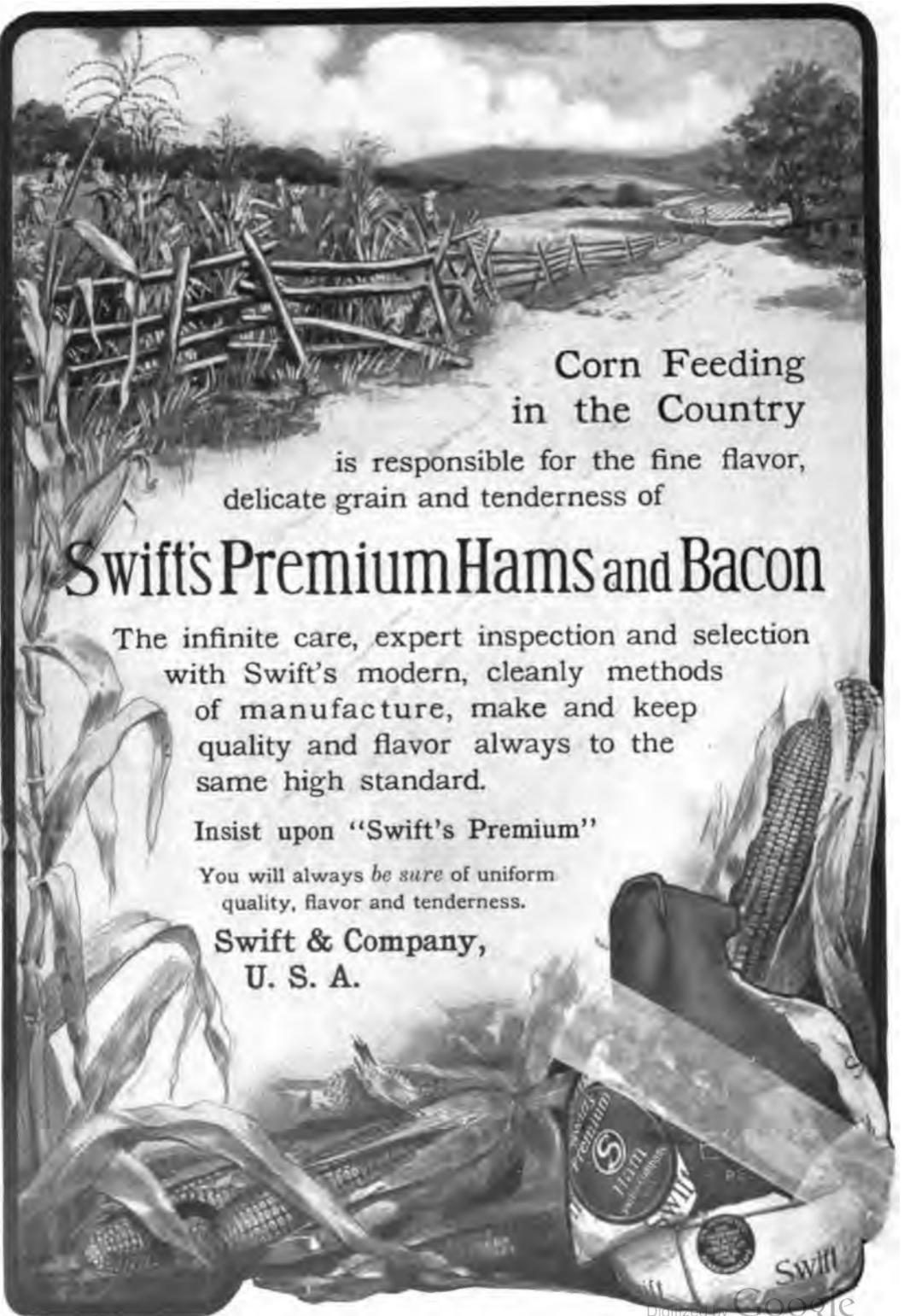
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CENTS



THE NORTH WIND

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ARTHUR



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in the Country

is responsible for the fine flavor,
delicate grain and tenderness of

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The infinite care, expert inspection and selection
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of manufacture, make and keep
quality and flavor always to the
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You will always *be sure* of uniform
quality, flavor and tenderness.

Swift & Company,
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On Hearing Negro Girls Sing

By

Harry H. Kemp

I hear them singing, singing,
Their tremulous, untutored voices
Rend'ring with pathos all our common songs—
And then the world on backward axle turns,
And where white-bursting cotton in the moonlight
Shimmers with silver, and the whippoorwill
Cries darkling all night in the hushed fields,
I walk in spirit:

From the negro quarters
Sounds the quaint banjo's melody, and slaves
Sing at the cottage door the mournful hymn . . .

But no! That day is past, and but a few
Old, wrinkled, bent and white-haired patriarchs
Survive to tell of black flesh coined in gold.
But what the Negro's lot in this our day?
Still lingers in his heart the melancholy
Which finds vent in the futile merriment
And forest weirdness of the primal Man,
And still a demon doth obsess his sense
At times, and bring to naught by lust insane
The painful progress of a score of years.
He is a child yet, with a child's quick whims,
And needs a friendly hand to guide his steps;
Therefore 'tis ours to help, not criticize, him,
While putting down with iron hand the mob
And meting swiftest justice unto all:
So, in the patient process of the years,
He yet shall reach the stature of the Man.





He muttered something, gave a whoop of alarm, grasped the rope firmly, and had projected a tentative foot out over the fifty feet of thin, cold air, when I made a flying tackle and got his other leg



The American Magazine

VOL. LXVII

MARCH, 1909

Adventures of a Somnambulist

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. POPINI

"Macbeth does murder sleep!"—Shakespeare

THIS is the record of my friend Brennan, a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of real life. Awake, he is one of the most normal of human beings. Asleep, he is a rampant devil. Between the hours of sunrise and midnight he is equable, gentle, straightforward, courageous and kindly. From midnight to sunrise he is a brawler, a sneak, a coward and a murderer. In twenty years of close association I have never known him while awake to act under the impulses of panic, cruelty or unreasoning irritation. He makes up for it in his hours of rest. "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care" with him simply tears the fabric of humanity to tatters and scatters the fragments abroad. And in his full senses he declines to admit any sense of responsibility or shame for his subconscious offenses, regarding himself as an interesting though dangerous phenomenon, which he unquestionably is.

Brennan—which, I need hardly say, is not his true name—comes of a German-American family of some wealth and prominence, and is the youngest of eleven children. There is no history of insanity, intemperance or hereditary disease back of him. His father, however, was a somnambulist, as is one brother, but both of them of a far lower and less proficient order than the subject of this biography. Except for one year of severe suffering in boyhood, consequent upon an injury to his leg which has left him stiff-kneed, Brennan has

always had sturdy health. Despite the handicap of his rigid joint, he became, by characteristic pluck and persistence, added to natural physical aptitude, a fine athlete, being catcher both on his preparatory school and college baseball nine. To-day at forty-two he is a hunter and fisherman, skates, dances and plays a formidable game of tennis. For the rest he is temperate of habit, phlegmatic and philosophic of temperament, and exceptionally powerful of frame. He is the president of a large manufacturing company and lives the life of the average American of means and intelligence in a suburb of one of the great cities. If he could be persuaded to sleep in a padded cell, chained to the wall, he would be a model husband, father and citizen.

It is a tradition of the Brennan family that the first sign of dawning intelligence in the baby of the flock was when he began to gurgle words in his slumbers, and that he learned to walk in his sleep before he was able to perambulate awake. Many are the minor performances related of his early nights. But his first real feat was performed when he was some ten years old. Under the influence of the moon shining in his face he stepped out of his bedroom window upon a narrow coping and proceeded to work his way daintily along the narrow ledge, some fifteen feet above the ground. Fortunately, his older brother, who

Hauling at the toe like No. 1 of a tug-of-war team



had just come from putting the horse in the barn, espied him.

"What are you doing there?" he demanded.

Had the question roused the somnambulist, he would probably have fallen, and an interesting career might have been cut short. He only paused and listened. Presently he nodded in a satisfied way.

"It's passed," he said, and edged back again.

Half in, half out of the window he partly awoke. Such was his terror that he had barely strength to reach his bed before collapsing. To his brother he explained that he had seen the headlight of a locomotive coming direct at him—the full moon shining in his face—and that the only method of escape was by the window. That which had led him to believe that the danger was over, was the distant rumbling of a train pulling out of the station. Locomotives, by the way, have pursued Brennan through life in his slumbers. Any sort of light shining direct in his face will bring on this obsession of an approaching train, as will a sudden whistle or a dull rumbling, such as distant thunder. I have seen him, in a hotel, bolt for the bathroom and lock himself in because a porter wheeled a trunk-laden barrow through the hallway outside. Yet he has never been in a railway accident nor been frightened, so far as he can remember, by any actual event connected with that form of traffic.

My own first experience of his proclivities was painful. I had just entered Hamilton College, and was taken in as room-mate by Brennan, in accordance with the Hamilton

tradition which assigns each freshman to an upper-classman, who becomes his guide, mentor and friend, and in return fags him somewhat after the English school fashion. Very early in my college career I ascertained that rooming with Brennan implied a compulsory course in somnambulism. Snatches of conversation from the adjoining bed I soon became accustomed to, and found that I could reduce them to subsiding mutters by the sharply ejaculated "Go to sleep!" One unhappy night I was myself too sunk in dreams to pay heed to the rumblings of the crater. I was awakened by the roof falling in on me. At least that was the impression I got. When I came fully to myself, Brennan was leaning over me, saying in tones of concentrated venom:

"I *told* you to get your feet out of my way."

Nursing a badly flattened nose, I listened next morning with awed interest to the explication of the assault. Here it is, the actual features being in parenthesis. Brennan, so he explained, had gone to the theater. Next him sat a particularly abominable, outrageous and loathsome specimen of a man with more legs than a centipede. It is worthy of note, by the way, that Brennan hates and despises almost everybody when he's asleep. It was necessary to pass this leggy individual in order to get out between the acts. Brennan was suffering from want of air. (Probably had his nose buried in the pillow.) He started out (got up from his bed), and encountered several of his neighbor's extremities (the washstand). He tried a second time, and was again blocked (a chair, this time). Once more he essayed an escape, only to be hampered by the same obstacle (my bed). Then he smote the miscreant (my nose).

Query by me:—Why the dickens didn't you turn and go out the other end of the row of seats?

Answer:—I did the last time, but he made a quick jump and got on the other side of me.

Our room was topographically described as North-North-Fourth-Front-Middle; that is, the fourth floor front room on the central side of the north hall of North College. "North" was a fine old building, constructed for a hardier and less effeminate age, when our sturdy forefathers, in case of fire, were expected to leap lightly to the ground, fifty-odd feet down, carrying their Lares and Penates with them. Brennan had other ideas regarding the descent of man.

"Freshman," he said to me with gentle patience at least four times in the course of the first term, "go to the village and get sixty feet

of three-quarter-inch rope, and we'll rig a fire-escape."

By November he had begun to be emphatic over my repeated lapses of memory, and one blizzard evening left me a note, saying:

"If you haven't got that rope with you tonight you can sleep in a snowdrift. The door will be locked."

I brought it, and Brennan looped one end about a hook made and provided for that purpose, leaving the rest in a neat coil on the window-seat. At 3 A.M. I was awakened by a soft rustling. It was the rope slithering across the sill. Silhouetted clear against the window stood my room-mate, peering out at the ground. He muttered something, gave a whoop of alarm, grasped the rope firmly, and had projected a tentative foot out over the fifty feet of thin, cold air, when I made a flying tackle and got his other leg. I blush for him—he has never had the grace to do it for himself—in stating that he did his best to "knee" me in the stomach. Almost immediately, however, he lapsed into a state of half-awakenedness, and, to justify himself and cover his own confusion, launched upon a stinging homily, the purport of which was that his excursion had been made wholly in my interest to assure himself that the fire-escape was in good working order, and that I was probably the most pestilently fresh freshman that ever blotted the scutcheon of a fine old classical college by intruding my noisome self within its portals.

Less than fifteen minutes later, while I was still digesting my humiliation, I beat Brennan to the window by a nose. This time I unhooked the rope, coiled it under the arm-chair, and sat down above it to await developments. I had not long to wait. Mutterings issued from the inner room. Then:

"There! There! It's coming! Look out. L O O K O U T !!!"

Over to the window he rushed, I following close after, and fumbled at the hook.

"No use. It's gone," he said in the tones of a Christian martyr. "Good-by, all."

And returning peacefully to bed he was snoring in ten seconds. The trouble was a resurgence of the locomotive idea. The successful culmination of his repeated efforts to obtain the rope had made the fire-escape prominent in his thoughts, and when the locomotive headlight loomed up (probably a flicker from our stove), what more natural than that he should avail himself of the newly provided avenue to safety?

"You needn't think you've saved my life, either, Freshman," he remarked with his usual lofty attitude of mind toward his escapades, in explaining on the following morning. "Ten to one I'd have reached to ground all right."

Nevertheless he condescended to advise me that forcible restraint under such circumstances always made him violent, and that the proper method was to bespeak him gently but firmly, at the same time grasping his wrist. Upon the first and last occasion of my trying the wrist movement, some heaven-born inspiration moved me to duck my head, barely in time to save it from being knocked off by Brennan's free hand. As for the "gently but



firmly" vocal treatment, sometimes it worked and at other times it didn't. One instance where it didn't was as follows: Brennan had been muttering incoherently, the typical beginning of one of his outbursts. Presently his utterances took form and substance to this effect:

"I can't get 'em out! They grow as fast as I can pull 'em up. There's another, and a whopper! Come out, dang you!"

Then came a roar of infuriated agony. I hastily struck a light, and beheld my upper-classman doubled up in a knot, and apparently endeavoring to separate his great toe from his foot by direct tension, roaring the while like a lion.

"Wake up, Nibbs," I said, as gently and firmly as the circumstances would permit. "Wake up. You're dreaming."

"Leggo!" he shouted, hauling at the toe like No. 1 of a tug-of-war team. "Leggo, I tell you!"

"Let go yourself," I suggested, and, made wise by experience, jumped back in time to escape a sweeping swing of his unoccupied arm.

To get around the end of his bed was an emprise of some peril, but I reached the washstand safely, and threw a douche of cold water in his face, fleeing for my life into the outer room. Immediately he dropped his hold and swam lustily for shore, with much puffing and powerful overhand strokes. Relieved of the nightmare incubus, he explained with shamefaced effrontery that his corn had been hurting him, his one possession of this nature being, by the way, on the other foot. In the morning he limped painfully.

"What's the matter with your foot?" I asked, experimenting to see how much he would remember.

As I suspected, he had forgotten all about it. "I believe I've got gout," he said, solicitously examining the swollen member. "It runs in my mother's family."

Whereupon I related the events of the night, which served to recall his dream. He had taken a certain Utica girl to whom he was then attentive, for a drive over the Middle Settlement Road, when their way was blockaded by the roots of a tree which had grown out of the bank. Jumping from the buggy, he had torn up all the roots except one very tough fiber (his toe), which refused to be dislodged. While he was hauling manfully at this a farmer appeared, declared that the destruction of the roots would kill his tree, and, laying hold of the vandal's foot, expressed his determination to hang thereto till he should be indemnified. While Brennan was ordering the farmer to let go, a brook, hitherto unnoted, sharply overflowed its banks, and he had to swim for dear

life to shore. As for the farmer and the Utica girl, they disappeared from the dream, on the face of the waters, so to speak.

As I became more inured to my friend's nocturnal eccentricities I tried occasional experiments, but without any very satisfactory results. That some somnambulists carry on logical conversations with their waking friends may be true. Brennan does not. As a rule his utterances are controversial, not to say combative, and they are always directed toward some denizen of his particular and private dreamland. I have preserved notes of a discussion carried on with great vehemence (on Brennan's part, at least) between him and some person or persons unknown.

"No. . . . You can't do it. . . . Well, you don't. . . . Yes; you thought so, and see what you've done! . . . You can put that out of your mind; you'll never get it from me. . . . Try it if you think best. (This in a highly minatory tone.) . . . Yes, that's what'll happen to you. . . . What do I care what he said? . . . I guess he isn't the only liar around the place. . . . Well, I tell you. (Here the language became unintelligible.) . . . That's all I've got to say. . . . No; not in a thousand years."

Then mutterings, subsiding slowly. Nothing of the exact circumstances of this outbreak could the wakened sleeper recall, though he vaguely identified it with the rancors of a class election, which had been concluded in untroubled peace and amity some two months previous. I found that it was usually necessary to give him some definite clue to his dreams before he could recollect them in logical form. Unless his words or actions were specifically significant, the dream, no matter how vivid it may have appeared to be at the time, as evidenced by the vehemence of his actions, was lost to the world. For example, I found him one night, seated in a chair, turning and re-turning the handle of the door with an expression of agonized anxiety. Next morning I questioned him. Was the prevalent locomotive coming into the room, and was he trying to escape? No. Did he dream of a closed chamber into which he wished to make his way? That started no train of thought in his brain. Did the knob represent a wheel or circular instrument of any kind? No. It wasn't, by any chance, a problem in spherical trigonometry that he was trying to work out? Positively not; he didn't take his "trig" to bed with him. Not until several nights later did I hit upon the correct solution by asking him if he ever solved the

combination of a safe. Then it all came back. An essay which he was to enter in a prize competition had been abstracted by a rival and locked in a safe-deposit vault. Brennan had secured access to the vault, and was at work trying to solve the problem of the door-knob when I awoke him. Undoubtedly he would have succeeded had not the door been latched.

Time and again I have sought to engage him in consecutive conversation, but without avail. On one occasion I took advantage of a seemingly favorable opening afforded me by his saying, in quite a calm tone, though earnestly:

"But you said you'd let me know, surely."

"So I would," I replied in as natural a voice as I could assume, "only I didn't quite understand what you wanted."

"Some body's butting in on the line," he said angrily. "Central, cut that fool out! All right. You said you'd let me know about the time."

"The time for what?" I persisted.

This was too much; it broke his train of thought. Up he sat in bed. "What is it?" he demanded. "What did you wake me up for?"

Almost invariably the attempt to establish a connection with his dreams would call forth a half-conscious "What is it?" or "What's the matter?" uttered in an alarmed or angry tone. And often he would append my name to the query, showing that the interruption had not entered into his dream at all.

Another popular notion as to sleep-walkers, upheld, I believe, by scientists, but which my experience would seem to refute, is that they do not see, even when they walk open-eyed. I have watched my friend walk straight to a window, to a bookcase for a book, or to a

table from which he took a watch. I have seen him look under a lounge and extract from the space a tennis shoe, which he carefully secreted under his pillow; and once I saw him take down a picture from the wall without fumbling or groping, and write a letter on it with a tooth-brush. This last performance was enacted under the impression that he was inditing a bitter complaint to the president of the college against good old Peter Kelly, our friend and janitor, the allegation being that "Pete" was a Democrat—which was a true bill. Now, these acts he did seemingly, I am sure, though his eyes obviously did not interpret correctly to his brain. Moreover, it would seem that a certain fixity of the eyes contracted the scope of sight, as he would frequently collide with obstacles, to his vast indignation, while making a bee-line toward some desired goal. Certainly he heard and partly interpreted sounds. My view of Brennan, as I have frequently told him, is that he is more of a criminal than an idiot when asleep.

Immediately after graduation

Brennan went into the furniture business, and sold elegantly designed parlor sets to the populace of his imagination from 11 P.M. to 5 A.M. or thereabouts. I set this latter limit because I have never known him to walk or talk in his sleep after daylight. On the occasion of his first vacation from business he went to Utica, N. Y., and put up for the night at the Butterfield House, where he is still remembered



"N-n-n-no," chattered the occupant of the bed, that being obviously the answer expected from one who honestly strove to please

with awe and distrust. Stock-taking had just been concluded in his establishment and Brennan was pretty well tired out, so he turned in early and slept soundly. About midnight he dreamed a dream. He was taking inventory, and had finished with every room but one, the light from which lured him, shining through the transom. For some obscure reason the doorway to this room was blocked by a dresser. This he moved aside with one powerful shove—for it was late, and he desired to be done with the job—pushed the bolt, and opened the

door. Not far at the first effort, for there was another dresser on the other side. Resist as it might, however, it had to give way to his determined pressure. He entered the other room and took inventory as follows by the light of a gas-jet burning low:

- 1 dressing-table, occupied by a comb and brush.
- 2 chairs occupied by assorted garments.
- 1 table occupied by an open suit-case.
- 1 bed occupied by a white-faced and terrified man.

As usual, Brennan was righteously indignant. He extended a commanding arm toward the intruder.

"What are *you* doing here?" he demanded.

The man made no response. Doubtless he judged silence to be the safest policy. He just hunched his shoulders and knees together, and his eyes protruded and the chattering of his teeth made a dismal sound in the dimness.

"*What* are you doing here?" repeated the furniture man thunderously. "D'you want to be inventoried?"

"N-n-n-no," chattered the occupant of the bed, that being obviously the answer expected from one who honestly strove to please.

At this inopportune moment Brennan slipped into the curious, half-conscious state to which his somnambulism trends when

he is disturbed in the exercise thereof. All the terrors of the besieged transmitted themselves to and were magnified in the soul of the besieger. Leaping back into his own room, he slammed the door, slid the bolt, whirled the guardian dresser back to its former place, jammed the washstand, two chairs and a table against that, and fortified the whole thing with his bed, into which he dove headlong and palpitant, to sink presently into sweet sleep. On awaking in the morning he painfully searched his brain for explanation of the cyclone-stricken appearance of his room. Slowly and dimly the events of the night dribbled back into his consciousness. But were they real events or fancies? Had he really broken into a neighbor's room and encountered a little,

huddled man with a face of frozen terror? By way of determining he asked the clerk at the desk whether the man in sixty-four had said anything about being disturbed in the night. The man that *had* been in sixty-four, the clerk explained elaborately, had said several things.

"He came down here at one o'clock this morning with his grip packed, and said if he'd known this was an annex to the Utica State Hospital for the Insane he'd never have put up here. He said the murderous maniac in the next room had threatened his life, and he was going to spend the rest of the night in the N. Y. Central waiting-room, and would I return him his \$1.50 or would he bring suit against the house. I returned it."

"Pshaw!" said Brennan with great dignity. "I only went in to ask him to turn his light out, anyway."

Hotels leaving a light in the hallway are liable to attacks of Brennanism at any time. Several years ago, he and I shared a room at the Gilsey House, where his specialty was not known to the management. A rather

faint light shone through the transom after our lights were out. Dim as it was, it sufficed to represent that relentless pursuer of sleeping innocence, the locomotive. From a depth of slumber Brennan leaped to his feet, and stood, tense and trembling, on his bed.

"Toot-toot!" he vociferated. "Why don't you whistle, you fool?"

Then he took three steps forward, struck the footboard and plunged to the floor, narrowly missing the marble edge of an old-fashioned bureau. Much alarmed, I hurried to him, asking if he was hurt. The shock had mixed dream and reality in his brain.

"Go to bed," he growled, "and next time whistle before you start. Don't wait for me to do it."



Brennan seized Mrs. Brennan by her hair

But if an intrusive locomotive inspires Brennan with wild affright, there is one other thing that is worse. That small but active creature which our English cousins anathematize with the name of "bug" fills my unfortunate sleep-wandering friend with the calmness of a deathly despair. In the phantasmagoric land of which he is the nightly habitant, a locomotive is potentially eludable, but from the Bug there is no escape. I have been awakened in the dead of night, time and again, to find Brennan literally paralyzed with fright, his breath wheezing, his whole burly form quivering, and have asked him:

"What is it, Nibbs?" only to receive the horror-stricken and hopeless reply:

"A bug—a bedbug."

"Well, it won't kill you, will it?" I asked upon one of the occasions when he had been beset by this purely theoretical insect. To which, as always, he responded disappointingly:

"What's the matter? What are you talking about?"

In his waking hours he cannot explain why he should regard the undesirable but not necessarily fatal wingless night-bird of prey as a messenger of doom. It is one of the mysteries of his malady.

At the Hotel Henry, in Pittsburg, there is a black mark against the name of Brennan. The somnambulist mailed from there, on the occasion of a recent visit, the premium on a \$10,000 insurance policy, and carried the idea of the policy with him into his dream realm. In his sleep he put out his hand and pushed against the wall. Instantly that simple and inherently innocuous act connected itself in his brain with destructive effects upon his insurance. Leaping up, he rushed over to the 'phone and took down the hook.

"What is it?" asked the night telephone girl languidly.

"Say—say," spluttered Brennan in wild excitement, "is it true that pushing against that wall annuls my life insurance policy?"

Professional languor dropped from the hello-lady like a garment.

"Wait," she said hastily. "I'll give you the night clerk."

"Hello," said that dignitary. "What's the matter?"

"All I want to know," explained Brennan firmly, "is whether pushing against the wall annuls my life insurance."

"What in *hell* are you talking about?" demanded the clerk. Stricken to the heart by the harshness of the retort, the inquirer made a bolt for the bathroom, stubbed his toe and sprawled into wakefulness. In the morning

he paid his bill per bell-boy. He lacked the courage to face the desk.

Moved by that same fatal attraction which inspires deaf-mutes to promenade on trolley tracks and long-whiskered men to eat thick, drizzly soups, Brennan, shortly after his marriage, rented a house in Binghamton, near the railroad trestle. Naturally, on the first night of occupancy of the new house the 3.30 A.M. New York express entered the Brennan bedroom via the east window. Courageous in the hour of peril, Brennan seized Mrs. Brennan by her hair, which is long, thick, and (happily) firmly set in, and with shouts of warning dragged her out in the hallway with two determined pulls, where her terrified pleadings aroused him. At first he insisted that he had snatched her from the jaws of death, instancing the rumble of the train then pulling into the station. When she refused to accept this theory he took refuge in the lofty and injured air of the unappreciated hero, and accused her of hallucinations, asseverating that he hadn't laid hand on her. Shortly after they moved to a house as remote from the railroad as could be found within the city limits.

Upon the occasion of a visit to this house I discerned evidence that the Mr. Hyde half of my friend was a murderer. One of the children had been ill, there was a trained nurse in the house, and Brennan was sleeping in a room across the hall from mine. It was, of course, no surprise to me to have him enter my room at an hour when respectable and commonplace sleepers are abed.

"Get out," I said. "You're asleep. Go back to your room."

For the first time in my experience he answered me directly, but this, as I believe, was because, as it chanced, I was one of the figures in his dream.

"I'm not, Sam," he said earnestly. "Look at this."

"This" was his wife's work-basket.

"I see it," I said. "What do you think it is?"

"It's that baby," he replied in a conspirator's whisper. "I got it out of the crib while the nurse wasn't looking. *You* kill it, will you?"

This fairly jarred me to my feet.

"Nobody'll suspect you," he urged. "Do it and I'll make it square with you."

"What baby do you think it is?" I asked, recovering myself.

But here the spell broke. Brennan, in great confusion, hurried out with the work-basket, threw it under his bed and returned to sleep.

The object had represented to his mind a child by a former marriage of his, which he was desirous of putting out of the way before his wife discovered its existence. Realizing in his dream that I was in the house, he had hit upon me as a fit agent for his cheerful enterprise. There never had been any former child or marriage, nor have I any conspicuous reputation among my friends as an expert in quiet murder. But the trained nurse who overheard the dialogue from the next room was with difficulty persuaded of this and dissuaded from leaving the next morning.

An unfortunate phase of my friend's affliction is its extreme and persistent imitateness. Let him hear or read of any extraordinary adventure in somnambulism, and the imp that rules his slumber hours prompts him, "Go thou and do likewise." Several years ago a junior at Hamilton College who roomed in a top floor room dreamed that he was in higher mathematics recitation and that his chum whistled him out. As he could think of no excuse to satisfy the professor he decided to slide out the adjacent window. At this point dream and reality merged and became one. Fortunately the ground had been softened by persistent rains, so that the descending junior landed in soft mud, which saved his life. But he lay completely paralyzed from the neck down for several months, though perfectly conscious all the time. While he was still in this condition Brennan and I returned to Commencement as the guests of my friend's cousin, a member of the faculty. Upon hearing of the undergraduate's remarkable feat Brennan was morbidly interested. Nothing would do but that he should talk with the invalid. Against my protests and those of his host, he spent an hour with the paralyzed student (who, by the way, made a complete recovery), and all that evening, in the intervals of bridge, reverted to the topic, dwelling upon the extraordinary vividness of the dream as described by the dreamer. It even seemed to me that there was a substratum of envy in his comments, inspired, doubtless, by the slumber imp. At my host's request I slept—or tried to sleep—that night in a cot near Brennan's bed. Brennan characterized this precaution as absurd.

"I'll be all right," he protested. "I'll sleep like a lamb."

Possibly he might have, but, as mischance would have it, a belated student on his way up

the hill to the campus whistled as he passed the house. Straightway said the imp in Brennan's brain:

"That's the signal."

"All right," responded Brennan; "I'm coming." And he said it aloud.

He had become instantly the junior of the recitation-room. The fact that he was obliged, in carrying out his part, to go stealthily gave me time to get to him just as he was poking his "game" leg over the sill. He fought me a little, but I got him back. The victory was but temporary, for the idea that he was that junior was firmly implanted in his brain, and he was bound to carry out the programme. Foreseeing this I got a cord, one end of which I fastened to his ankle, the other to my own wrist. Presently I had a nibble, and then a hard strike. Bump—crash—bang! Brennan, like a tethered pony, had reached the end of his rope and had gone down in a heap, taking a towel-rack with him. The house was roused, indignant protests floated in from without, and I explained the situation, rubbing a scarified wrist, while Brennan from his pillow called me every variety and description of prevaricator, and professed a passionate determination to know why I had tried to saw off his foot with a dull knife. Four separate times did I pull him up short that night, and on one of these occasions he was headed for the dresser to get a pair of scissors and cut the restraining bond. In the morning he had the first access of remorse I have ever known him to exhibit, and vowed that he would never again associate with other victims of his habit. I note, however, that he still preserves his interest in the literature of somnambulism.

Will Brennan ever recover from his strange ailment? It seems doubtful. To be sure, each year sees a diminution in the number of his performances, but the quality is unimpaired, and the imp still lurks, regnant, in his cerebral convolutions. Moreover, examples for his emulation accrue with time and the accessions to the bibliography of the subject. In fancy I can see that demon of unrest who rules the third part of my friend's existence, potent to the last, go shouting and storming down the corridors of sleep; and even as I conclude this partial and imperfect sketch I have a vision of his slave, lashed to a bedpost in a locked room, and making frantic and ineffectual efforts, under his fiery impulsion, to rehearse the entire repertoire of exploits herein recorded.



Where Every Penny Counts

By

Ida M. Tarbell



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
BOARDMAN ROBINSON



He must think before he
buys a penny newspaper

THE last man to be heard from at tariff hearings in this country is the man who buys the goods. When somebody does try to represent him he generally is laughed at for his pains. "What's the use?" is Mr. Dalzell's protest, when the advocate of the consumer appears. "Oh, let him run down," his sneer, if the advocate insists that it is his right to say what he thinks about duties which make his necessities dearer. A recurring note in the hearings recently held in Washington was contempt for the suggestion that this or that duty made an article cost a cent or two more at retail. What was a cent to a consumer!

What is a cent to a consumer? Are there a considerable number of people in this country living on incomes so small that a rise of a cent or two in the price of articles of food and clothing can make a material difference to them?

Some two years ago Joseph Jacobs published in this magazine a study into the condition of what he called the Middle American.* In this article he estimated that there are fully 7,000,000 families of wage earners in this country on a medium wage of \$436 a year, and 5,000,000 farmers whose average income is

about \$350 a year. It is certain that there are not over 2,000,000 families of the 15,000,000 which make up our white population with over \$2,000 a year to live on. That is, the vast majority of American families live on \$500 or less a year. In the most prosperous of all our industries, that of iron and steel, the industry which has yielded the largest crop of millionaires and which has the greatest number of employes on salaries of from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year, the average wage in 1900 was about \$540. In 1905 it had risen to about \$580.

What \$500 a Year Means

If one would know with something like scientific precision what it means for a family to live on \$500 or less a year in a city like New York, for instance, if he would realize the relation of a rise of even a cent in the cost of a necessity to the comfort of the multitude of working girls in this country on \$6 and \$8 a week, he should study two investigations recently made into the budgets of these two classes. The first, which has been published, is Louise Bolard More's "Study of Standards and Cost of Living in New York City,"† the

* See THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for March, 1907: "The Middle American," by Joseph Jacobs.

† Wage-Earners Budgets, a Study of Standards and Cost of Living in New York City, by Louise Bolard More. Henry Holt, 1907.

second, which is still in manuscript, is an investigation of the Standard of Living of Self-Supporting Women Away From Home carried on by the National Consumers' League.

While a resident in a New York social settlement, Greenwich House, Mrs. More undertook to satisfy herself as to the amount, the sources and the expenditure of the incomes of her neighbors. She interested 200 families sufficiently in her scheme to persuade them to keep for her over varying periods exact accounts of every penny earned and spent. These budgets Mrs. More publishes with sufficient data about the habits and general conditions of the family to enable a reader to interpret them fairly.

The only portion of the second investigation which the writer has examined is that made by Miss Sue Ainslee in New York City. Here the actual yearly earnings with all sorts of facts about the conditions under which the money is earned and the ways in which shelter, food and clothing are secured from it, have been obtained from the girls themselves. From every point of view these studies are illuminating reading. They are particularly recommended to those members of the Ways and Means Committee who are inclined to sneer at the idea that there is anything serious in adding a cent or two to the cost of a necessary article. They demonstrate if they demonstrate anything that if one is to take care of a family of five persons in New York City on \$500 a year, or of himself on a wage of \$6 or \$8 a week, he must think before he buys a penny newspaper and he must save and plan for months to get a yearly holiday for the family at Coney Island, that there is practically no possibility of a nest egg or of schooling for the children beyond fourteen years of age, that sickness means debt or charity and that the accumulation of those things which make for comfort and beauty in a home is out of the question. To these families an increase of a cent in the

price of a quart of milk, as happened a year ago in New York, is something like a catastrophe. To these girls every penny added to the cost of food, of coal, of common articles of clothing, means simply less food, less warmth, less

covering, when at the best they never can have enough of any one of those necessities. These budgets are a powerful demonstration that the rapid rise in the cost of living in the last decade has been to a vast number of people of this country nothing less than a tragedy, for what is true in New York City is equally true in Chicago, in Pittsburg, and in many factory towns.



There is practically no possibility of a nest egg or for schooling for the children beyond fourteen years of age

The Rise in the Cost of Living

That living has soared rapidly upward in the last ten years does not need statistical proof. Common experience is enough for most of us. Yet the figures are interesting. For instance, take what

the bulletin of the Labor Bureau calls the "annual per capita cost of the necessities of daily consumption." It rose from \$74.31 in 1896 to \$107.26 in 1906. Coal which cost \$3.50 a ton in 1896 cost \$4.50 in 1906. Manufactured commodities were 32 per cent. higher in 1906 than ten years before. What one called raw commodities, 50 per cent. higher. "All commodities" averaged 35.4 per cent. higher. Rents have soared everywhere. That wages have increased largely in many industries in this decade is equally true, but that they have increased correspondingly in any but the most favored industries—those where either the Unions exercised compelling power or those where the managers were unusually enlightened—is doubtful. The last government bulletin on wages covers an investigation into about 4,000 establishments, employing 334,000 persons, engaged in manufacturing and mechanical industries, the kind of establishments where, of course, the forces which raise wages act most freely and successfully. This bulletin shows that in 1906 the

weekly wages of the 334,000 were 19.1 per cent. higher than in 1896—while, as said, the cost of all commodities was 35 per cent. higher. Wages increased 3.9 per cent. in 1906 over 1905, while the cost of commodities increased 5.9 per cent. Now what does this mean? Why, simply this, that at a time when wealth is rolling up as never before—(this country increased its wealth between 1900 and 1904 by about twenty billions of dollars)—a vast number of hard-working people in this country are really having a more difficult time making ends meet than they have ever had before. It also means that in a great number of other hard-working families the increase in wages has been so little in excess of the increase in the cost of living that it may be almost said to be a discouragement instead of a comfort by intensifying the common conviction of the workman that no matter how much he earns he will still have to spend it all in the same hard struggle to get on, that there is no such thing for him as getting ahead.

There is no escaping the seriousness of such a situation as this. The only chance of peace and of permanency in this country lies in securing for the laboring classes an increasing share of increasing wealth. It is not enough that the wages of men keep up with their forced expenditures—they must go beyond. There must be a *growing* margin between the two—a margin wide enough for the laborer to see it and to be able to draw hope and encourage-

ment from it. When the margin has shrunk or not visibly increased unrest and discouragement must follow.

There is no doubt at all but that a great number of employers in this country recognize this principle and thousands of them are struggling to meet it by increasing wages. But there is another problem for us and that is to keep down the cost of living. Is it possible? Are the causes of the increase determinable and curable?

There are undoubtedly several elements contributing to the general rise in prices, but we have to do with but one of them here, and that is our system of taxing ourselves to help manufacturers meet foreign competition. We all understand what this system does; it makes the article protected by a duty cost more than it would otherwise. How much more it is hard to say. Probably the increase is rarely the full amount of the duty. For our present purpose all that is necessary to know is that it adds *something*—a cent, a fraction of a cent—to the cost.



Shoes—she must have them



Rents have soared everywhere

The Shoemaker's Bill

Take a few simple articles which nobody can do without—no member of our 7,000,000 American families on incomes of \$500 a year—no one of our shop girls on \$6 or \$8 a week—and see how the duties affect them. Take shoes, for instance. In one of Mrs. More's budgets figures a family of four persons, respectable, hard-working and anxious to get ahead. Their total income was \$600. They took great interest in the investigation and estimated their accounts down to the last cent. These four persons kept themselves "neat and clean" on \$40 a year. Out of this \$40, \$11.81, or over one-fourth of the total, went for shoes and mending shoes.

In another budget of larger amount (\$895) \$61.90 was spent for clothing in a family of eight persons and out of this \$8 went for shoes for the father, \$1.25 for the mother, \$8.33 for the six children, or \$17.58 of the entire appropriation for clothes and shoes.

In the budgets of Miss Ainslee's shop girls there is perhaps no one item which costs more anxiety than that of shoes, none more important. She *must* have them. They should be strong and weather-proof for she must go and come in pouring rains and drifting snow. They should be well fitting for she must often stand in them all day. The amounts spent in keeping themselves shod vary greatly, of course, according to the care of the girls, the distance they walk, the quality of the article bought, but when compared with the total allowance for clothes the result is something

appalling. Among the reports was one of a woman forty years old, who had worked sixteen years at \$6 a week, in a well-managed New York factory. She sat at her work. She could have earned \$8 a week by taking a place at the counter, but argued that the better clothes required and the wear and tear of standing would be really more expensive, so kept the \$6 place. By limiting food she could save \$1 a week. This gave her \$53 a year for doctor, dentist, amusements, clothing, and "extras." She spent \$22.05 for clothes the year her budget was examined by Miss Ainslee, and of this \$7.16 went for shoes and rubbers. This woman was an especially careful person. Usually the sum credited to shoes was larger. They range from this one of \$7.16 up to \$26.60 spent by a girl who said she could not keep her feet dry on less than a pair of \$2 shoes per month—\$24 a year—with one pair for dress at \$2.60; \$26 for shoes on an income of \$9 a week, cut down the year of the investigation to an average of \$7.50 by illness! \$10, \$12, \$14 were the sums the greater number of the girls reported for shoes. Very few bought less than five or six pairs, unless as was rare they bought \$5 shoes. Of course the difficulty

of "saving up" \$5 must be very great on these incomes.

Why Shoes Have Gone Up

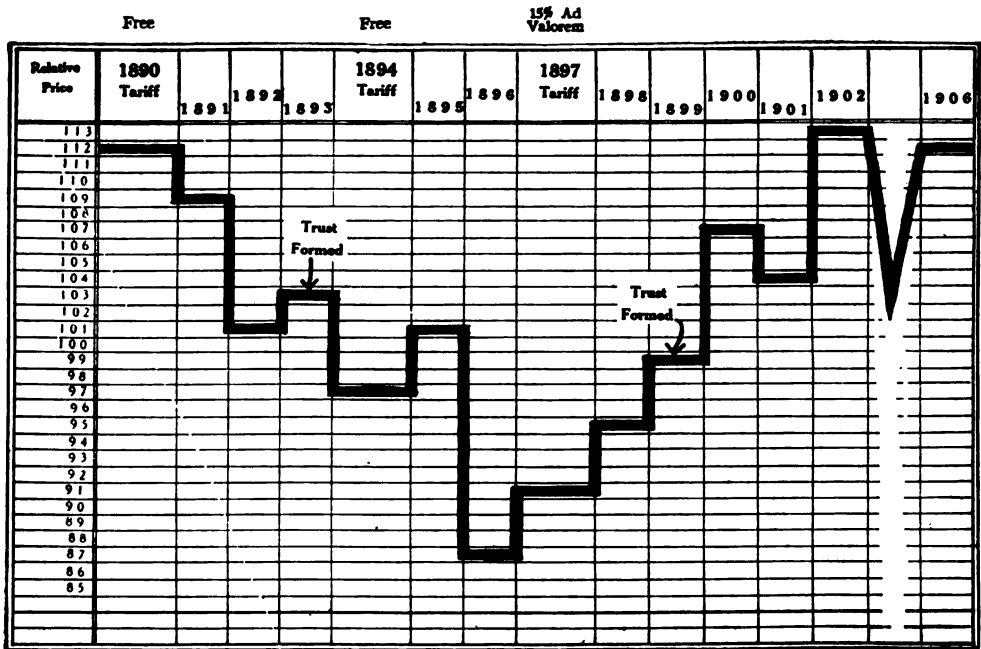
It was hard enough for the poor to buy shoes ten years ago before the Dingley tariff, but with every year since it has been harder. In woman's ordinary shoes there has been an increase of something like 25 per cent. over the average price in the years from 1890 to 1899. There has been a corresponding increase in all varieties of boots and shoes. Say that it has been 20 per cent. and see what that means to your family of four which can spend but \$40 a year on clothes and must put \$11.81 of it on shoes.

But why should shoes increase in cost? They ought to decrease, such has been the extraordinary ad-



She could have earned \$8 a week by taking a place at the counter

vance in shoe machinery and in methods. Everybody knows, too, that the industry has nothing to fear from the foreigner. He does not make shoes that the American will wear unless it be the rare brogan. But in spite of our skill and inventions, which should make it easier for everybody to buy boots and shoes, we have made it harder. This hardship comes largely from the tariff laid on hides in 1897 by the Dingley Bill. And why a tariff on hides? Simply to compel the American shoemaker to pay more for his leather. For twenty-five years hides had been free and cheap, for South America sent us large quantities. The shoe dealers were taking all both markets offered. But the cattle-growers of the West raised a cry that they should have more money for their hides, that Congress should pass a law which would compel the people to give it to them. In 1890 a strong appeal was made to Mr. McKinley for such a duty and it is probable that he would have granted it, so great was his reverence for the doctrine, had not Mr. Blaine, who was intent on preserving what commerce we had with South America and feared to see the trade in hides destroyed, interfered in the following emphatic note:zed by Google



The relation of duty on hides and of the formation of the Leather Trust in 1893 and of the Upper Leather Trust in 1899 to the price of leather

WASHINGTON, April 10, 1890.

DEAR MR. MCKINLEY:—It is a great mistake to take hides from the free list, where they have been for so many years. It is a slap in the face of the South Americans, with whom we are trying to enlarge our trade. *It will benefit the farmer by adding five to eight per cent. to the price of his children's shoes.*

It will yield a profit to the butcher (Beef Trust) only, the last man that needs it. The movement is injudicious from beginning to end—in every form and phase.

Please stop it before it sees light. Such movements as this for protection will protect the Republican party only into speedy retirement.

Very hastily,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

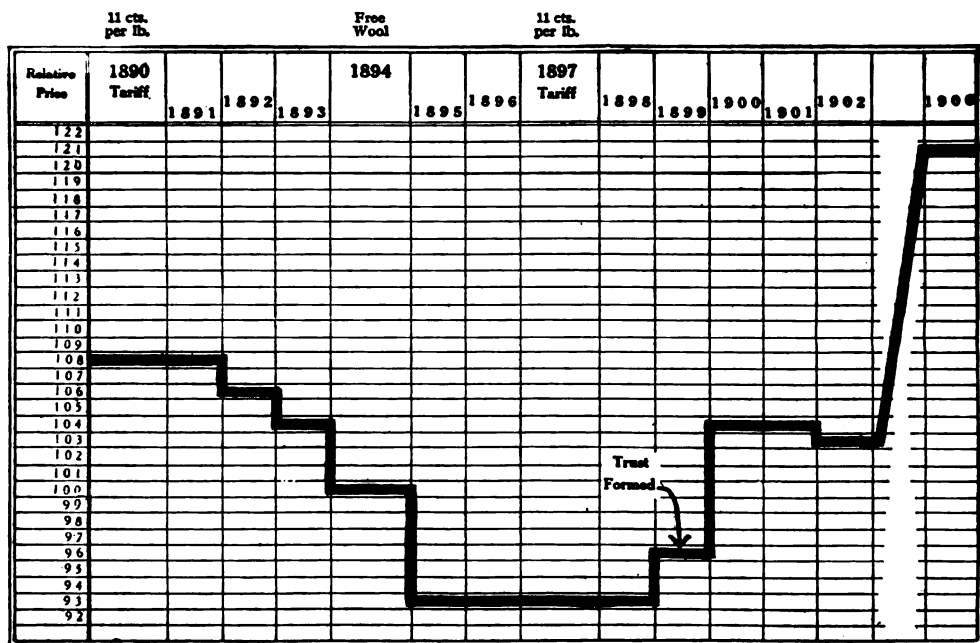
The duty was not granted in 1890, but in 1897 it was given. The Eastern protectionists granted it because they thereby could keep votes for their own pet articles. The duty on hides is simply another of the innumerable "bargains" in our tariff schedules. The effect of the duty was immediately to raise the price of sole leather. In June, 1906, W. L. Douglas, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, a shoe manufacturer, said in a public speech that since 1897 the increase to his company in the price of sole leather in a single pair of shoes had amounted to 17½ cents. Mr. Douglas figures that the present tariff on hides and soles causes the people of this country to pay \$30,000,000 a year more for shoes than is necessary, and they pay that perhaps 85,000 stock-raisers, herders and drovers may get more for their

cattle. But how much have they gotten from it? It was argued that with the duty they could monopolize the domestic trade and cut off the South American trader, but that gentleman sent us more hides in 1906 than in any year since the duty was imposed! Moreover, it has not been the cattle raiser who was chiefly or proportionately profited in the higher price. It has been the Beef Trust as Mr. Blaine said it would be. The cattleman has received no such increase in the price of his steers as the beef men have in the price of hides. In November, 1907, the *Hide and Leather Journal*, commenting on the good thing the Trust had always made out of this particular duty, declared it was paying stock-raisers \$12.50 apiece for cows, and selling the hides alone for \$9 apiece!

Is this fair? Are the ones to consider first in this matter of hides the Beef Trust, the Leather Trust—the Upper Leather Trust—the 85,000 cattlemen and the 300,000 or so workers in leather, or are the ones to consider first the toiling millions living on a wage where every penny counts?

The Inequalities of a Wool Tariff

But it is not only in the matter of shoes that the tariff has laid a terrible extra burden on our millions of families, on our tens of thousands



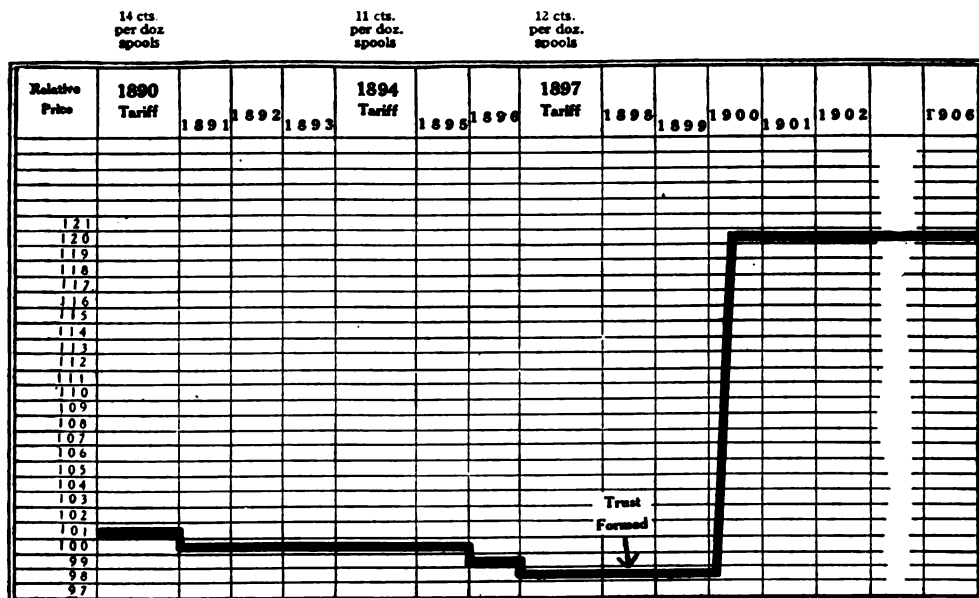
Relation of duties and no duty to the price of dress goods;
the result also of the formation of the Wool Trust in 1899

of factory and shop girls, on meager incomes, the burden extends to all sorts of articles of clothing. Suppose one of these women would make herself a gown of alpaca. She must pay nearly, if not quite, twice as much a yard as she did ten years ago. Cashmere has increased fully 25 per cent. Woolen underwear, yarn to knit stockings and mittens, all kinds of suitings show a similar increase. Ten years ago our families might perhaps have bought warm garments and warm blankets, but they cannot do it to-day. And why? Because free wool was taken from us in 1897. Revenue needed? Has the United States come to such straits that in order to raise a few millions of revenue it must take woolen blankets off the beds of half its inhabitants and warm underwear off millions of children?

We must have a tariff to keep up our sheep? We raised 38,000,000 sheep in 1896 under free wool, 50,000,000 ten years later. But is an increase of 12,000,000 sheep a sufficient return for what it costs the poor of the country to support them? I know that it is claimed that so-called woolen articles at the price of 1896 can be found; that is, there are still 50-cent gloves, \$1 underwear. Alpaca, cashmere, etc., at the old prices. That is true. *But what is conceded in price is taken out of quality.* The deterioration in quality is one of the commonest

complaints of thrifty shoppers. The fact is that all the great woolen factories make articles of common wear—gloves, under-garments, clothes, blankets—to look like old standard grades, but in many of them there is little if any wool. The price is what the customer had been used to but he gets neither the durability nor the warmth that he is used to. While this deterioration in quality is not confined to woolen articles by any means, it is there it causes the greatest suffering to the poor.

It is hard enough that our millions of families should bear this tax on their clothing, but it is an outrageous injustice that the tax imposed on the articles they can buy is in many cases much heavier than that imposed on the articles the rich buy. Last year Mr. Jesse F. Orton of the Reform League, made a comparative study of the tax on the different grades of necessary articles of clothing. He found that on certain gloves the poor man paid a tax of 66.28 per cent., but the man with money paid only 14.19 per cent. That is, a glove worth \$4.53 a dozen carried a tariff of \$3.00 a dozen—a glove worth \$31 a dozen paid a tax of \$4.40 per dozen! On the poor man's knit fabrics there is a duty of 141 per cent., on the rich man's 95.67 per cent.; on the poor man's winter flannels one of 143.67 per cent., on the rich man's one of 86.39 per cent.; on the



Effect of the Thread Trust, formed in 1898-99, on the price of ordinary spool cotton

worsted cloth of the one a duty of 134.97 per cent., on that of the other 94.3 per cent.; on the woolen blankets of the poor a duty of 165.42 per cent., on those of the rich 71.30 per cent.

The Beneficence of the Thread Trust

The poor woman of to-day not only sees herself cut off from wool clothing and covering, she finds herself pinched by the steady increase in the price of everything which goes into keeping the scanty articles she can buy in order. She must have thread. Spool cotton is as necessary an article of daily consumption in the household as fuel or cloth. Many women with families, on \$500 a year, many shop and factory girls on \$6 or \$8 a week, make their own clothes. Not infrequently these women in their work are obliged, when not protected by a Union, to furnish their own thread. Miss Ainslee found one cap-worker in New York last year spending an average of 75 cents a week for thread for her work out of an average wage of \$3 a week. For many years the price of the ordinary 200-yard spool cotton had been 5 cents, twelve spools for 50 cents, when suddenly in 1900 it was advanced to 6 cents, about double the price it was selling for in England. The cause of the advance offers one of the nicest studies we have of the beneficent effects on prices of a tariff combined with a trust.

The leading brand of thread which has been selling at 6 cents in New York and about half

that in England is made by J. & P. Coats, Limited, of Paisley, Scotland, and by the Coats thread combination in this country. The Coats House is the oldest and most progressive thread house in the world. It early saw the advantage of establishing a factory in the United States and competing for the American trade under the protection of the tariff. Other English firms also saw the advantage, chief among them the Clarke Mile End Spool Cotton Company of Newark, New Jersey. A few years ago the Coats' realized that a combination of the English concerns doing business here would be profitable and one was brought about, the products of the amalgamation being handled by the Spool Cotton Company of New York City. That is, the English concerns in the United States trustified themselves to all intents and purposes. In 1897 some sixteen of the English competitors of the Coats' concern combined in a \$10,000,000 trust, called the English Sewing Cotton Trust. The J. & P. Coats Company took \$1,000,000 of the stock and at least once since has helped the organization out of trouble by lending it \$2,000,000. Thus the two concerns are working together. The next year after the English combination was formed—1898—an American Thread Trust Company was formed. It was made up of the thirteen leading American concerns—all indeed, but one, of the large domestic companies went into it. No sooner was this done than the English Trust bought the majority of the Trust's stock. Here then

was an English Trust owning and controlling the American Trust and dictating its policy from the other side of the water. And this British Trust was affiliated and partly owned by the still larger concern, the J. & P. Coats Company. It comes down to this, that the \$48,000,000 Coats concern controls practically the thread business of England and America. No sooner was the English control complete here than thread was advanced. A simple diagram showing wholesale thread prices from 1890 to 1906 will give some idea of the relation of tariff and trusts to the advance in the cost of thread (p. 443).

Mr. Archibald Coats, the dignified head of the Paisley concern, when twitted not long ago of using his monopoly to put up the price of thread, insisted with great indignation that the advance was due entirely to the higher costs of materials. Moreover, he said he was not a monopoly, that there were in the world 180 thread concerns outside of those in which he was interested. Mr. Coats' materials *are* higher—cotton, fuel, spool-wood have advanced, but on the other hand Mr. Coats himself calls attention to the savings he and his colleagues effect by their combination, both in manufacturing and in selling. These economies the representatives of the American end of the Trust told the Industrial Commission in 1900 were "immense," "tremendous." Mr. Coats stated in his report of 1906 that the profits of his concern in the second five years of the combination—that is, after the price of thread went up, and also after the price of materials had gone up—were nearly a third greater than in the first five years. They certainly were highly satisfactory,—a profit of \$12,636,000 a year on a capital of \$48,600,000 is doing well!

The fact seems to be in spite of Mr. Coates' indignation that through his monopoly and a

tariff in this country freeing him from the competition of the 180 concerns which in free trade England may affect him somewhat, he is able to sell his thread here at double the price he does in England and to increase his profits in five

years by some 33½ per cent. and this in a time when his materials have largely advanced. That is, Mr. Coats and his friends have been able to make the millions of this and other lands bear all the fluctuations and vicissitudes of the thread trade. Whatever happens he can protect himself and his favored workmen from sharing any of the losses of his business, he can even increase his profits, taking them largely out of some 12,000,000 American families on \$500 or less a year.

What the Thread Trust has been able to do nearly all of our great trusts have done—only in this case it is the Englishman not the American forcing the American to take care of the ups and downs in the business.

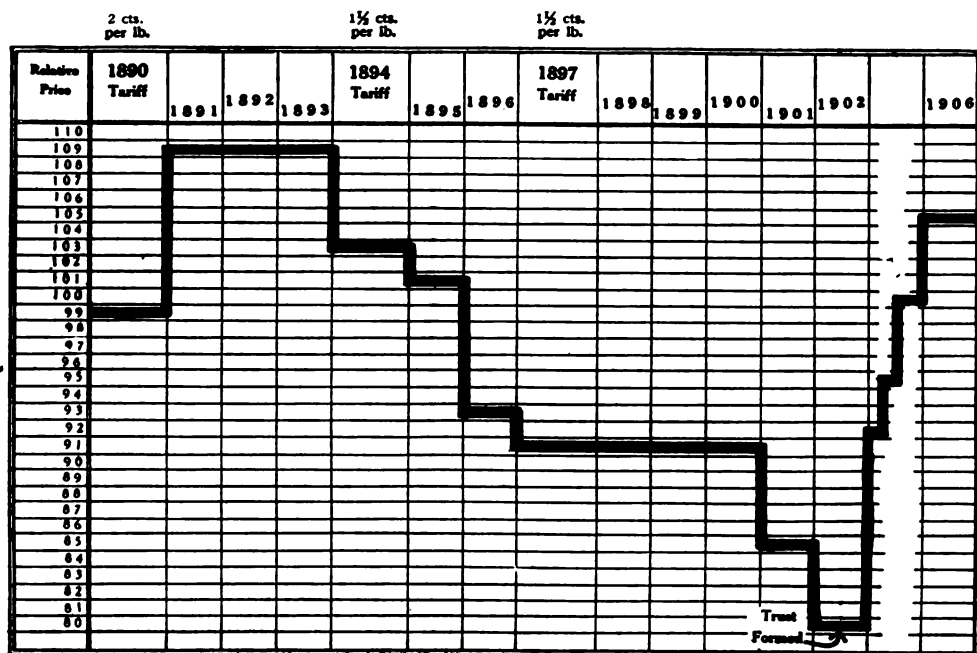
That the buyer of goods should take his share of the losses of production nobody will deny, but that they should all be shifted on his shoulders and the manufacturer at the same time take an extra profit out of him is certainly a just cause for complaint. That the tariff not only makes but sustains numbers of trusts which are practicing this imposition on our millions nobody can doubt who will examine the rise and operations of concerns like the Thread Trust with the tariffs and the dates of combination in hand.

The Glucose Trust and What It Does for the Public

These tariff-trusts are not confined to articles of clothing. They affect numberless essential household articles. Take the item of starch. From whatever product made it carries a duty of 1½ cents a pound. Starch and its related



The poor woman of to-day finds herself pinched by the steady increase in the price of everything which goes into keeping the scanty articles she can buy



Relation of duties and of the formation of the Glucose Trust in 1902 to the price of corn starch

products made from corn are now largely controlled by the Glucose Trust as it is called—The Corn Products Company. The Glucose Trust is popularly known as a Standard Oil concern. That company has recently issued "A Protest and a Warning" against the association of the name of the two concerns. But so long as the headquarters of the Corn Products Company are 26 Broadway, its president is a director of the Standard Oil Company and four of its directors are on the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company, the protest and warning will have little influence on a cynical public. The Glucose Trust went into operation in 1902, and its first beneficence to the public was jumping the price of ordinary laundry starch some 25 per cent. In a statement presented at the recent tariff hearings a complainant said that since the formation of the Glucose Trust in spite of many improvements, chemical and mechanical, corn starch which for years had sold at \$1.00 to \$1.50 per 100 pounds in New York now sold in car load lots at \$2.65 per 100 pounds! Without the tariff this combination could not last a day for both England and Germany could compete with them. Not only compete in price but outstrip them in quality, for naturally enough concerns like the Glucose Trust controlling a market are indifferent to quality. Quality is a thing which men are driven to by the fear of a rival taking their market. Take this fear

away and you get inferior goods—that is, the poor are not only obliged under the protective tariff to *pay* more but to *buy* more. Our potato starch factories also do not pretend to compete in quality with the German concerns in spite of the higher prices they get. They are not obliged to make the best goods. Their market is secure without it.

Furniture and Tinware

A feature of Mrs. More's budgets which must appeal to everyone is the struggle to furnish. Of course in the schedules of \$600 or less there are few items of furniture. The income will not permit it. Where a family is setting up housekeeping or where wear and tear has made new articles necessary they do appear, but the relation of the sum spent to the whole income is pathetic in the extreme. One family of three spent \$45 on furniture out of an income of \$489. They were obliged to make this expenditure because they were starting. In another family of nine living on an income of \$1,500 which was most intelligently spent, only \$33 was eked out for furniture. In another of two on \$689, \$11.93.

It is obvious very little can be bought at best, but in many cases that little is much less than it would have been ten years ago. A table which in 1896 could have been bought at wholesale for \$13.80 cost \$16.50 in 1906.

Common maple chairs increased from \$6 to \$8.91 a dozen at wholesale. Ash bed-room sets from \$8.75 to \$12.95. All kinds of woodenware was much dearer. But what can be expected? They have gone up with the materials from which they are made. Free lumber brought all of these articles down under the Wilson Bill. The restoration of the duty by the Dingley Bill sent them up, and yet those who plead for duties always assure us that we will get our goods cheaper under the tariff. That was Mr. McKinley's plea and promise when he put through the duty on tin plate. But how has it worked for the consumer through the eighteen years since we gave it to him? The McKinley Bill put the tariff on tin plate at 2½ cents per pound. The immediate effect was to raise the price of tin plate from 15 to 20 per cent. Every housewife remembers how tin dishes of all sorts went up after the McKinley Bill was passed. Indeed if we could analyze causes down to the bottom no small influence in electing Mr. Cleveland in 1892 would be found to be due to the higher price which every farmer's wife paid the traveling peddler for pie plates and dippers.

The restoration, in 1894, of the old duty, 1½ cents a pound, brought the price down again and the return in 1897 to 1½ cents raised it. Indeed domestic tin plate which was sold for \$3.43 per 100 pounds in 1896, sold in 1900, under the Dingley tariff, for \$4.67. While in 1906 we were paying \$3.86 for our tin plate in New York, the Englishman was getting his about a dollar cheaper. The Englishman and the Standard Oil Company! The Standard Oil Company has been, for many years, probably the largest single consumer of tin plate in the country—practically all of the oil it sends to the Orient being put into tin cans which it manufactures itself from imported plate. Now one of the many curious features of our tariff laws is the system of drawbacks by which the duty on imported materials made into goods for export is rebated. These rebates or drawbacks are paid on many things but the amount is insignificant excepting in two or three cases. Out of drawbacks aggregating something like five and a quarter millions in 1900 and five and three-quarters in 1906 by far the largest item was tin plate—\$1,848,792 in the

former year, \$2,252,381.82 in the latter. That is, the man who in 1906 manufactured tin cans to sell to his countrymen paid about 20 per cent. more for his material than the Standard Oil Company paid for what it manufactured to sell to the foreigner. Of course the home consumer of tin pails and milk pans paid the higher cost. But why we should be taxed to build up a tin plate industry at home and the Standard Oil Company be free from the tax does not seem quite clear.

What It Costs a People to Create an Industry

To be sure as a result of taxing ourselves we have a tin plate industry in the United States. In 1900 as a result of the high prices of the decade preceding 57 tin plate establishments had grown up where ten years before there were none. These 57 establishments employed about 4,000 people and turned out nearly \$32,000,000 worth of goods. In 1905 the industry had grown to a product of something over \$35,000,000 and employed about 5,000 people. In order to build up this industry, secure this product, provide places for these workmen, it has been estimated that we taxed ourselves between 1890 and 1900 fully \$90,000,000. Taxed ourselves \$90,000,000 and let off our largest single consumer scot free. We also have been selling abroad the tin plate we manufacture here at considerably less price

than at home. And now observe how in the case of tin plate the protected American manufacturer gets even on this lower price to the foreigner. He takes it out of the laborer—that is, *the wages of tin plate workers are reduced 25 per cent. on tin plate made for export.* The Standard Oil trust gets its duties rebated on export work and the tin plate workers get their wages cut!

The contrast in results to the consumer between putting on and taking off a duty are strikingly illustrated by a comparison of the tin plate experiment with the quinine experiment. In 1879 the duty of 40 per cent. on this favorite American medicine was removed by a special act of Congress. The extortion practised under the duty had been outrageous, quinine selling in 1878 as high as \$4.75 an ounce. Five years after the quinine bill passed



The Standard Oil trust gets its duties rebated on export work and the tin plate workers get their wages cut



The Burden and the Burden Bearers

the price had fallen to \$1.23 an ounce, ten years after to 35 cents, and in 1906 to 16½ cents! Far from destroying the quinine industry in this country as the manufacturer tearfully declared it would, the business goes on prosperously. Whether gains or losses come to the manufacturer the people share with him. He cannot gobble the lion's share of the one or shift the lion's share of the other as the thread and starch and tin plate and dozens of other manufacturers can.

Bargains for Foreigners

One of the most exasperating features of the tariff as it is now working out—one most unjust to the poor—is that while we are paying these high prices at home our protected manufacturers are supplying Englishmen and Frenchmen and Chinamen with the same articles at prices from 10 to 70 per cent. lower! Indeed the Dingley Bill had not been long in operation before the administration itself warned the iron and steel people officially that they were in danger of giving the game away if they continued to sell steel rails, for months together, to foreigners for \$22 a ton, while they charged their compatriots \$35. But the warning seems to have had little effect. Frank manufacturers like Mr. Schwab have said, of course we sell cheaper to foreigners. We must—not only that but we sell materials to our fellow manufacturers cheaper when they are to be turned into goods for foreigners than we do when they are to be turned into goods for our own people! Two years ago Byron W. Holt made up from catalogues of American manufacturers a table of prices for home and foreign markets. It is a beautiful study in gratitude! Mr. Holt names over 250 different articles on which at that date discounts of from 10 to 66 per cent. lower were quoted to foreign than to home buyers! An American dealer paid \$5.50 for potato hoes which a foreigner could get for \$4.75. All farm tools indeed were sold abroad far lower than at home, thanks to the Farm Tools Trust. He paid \$16 a dozen for wooden wheelbarrows for which the foreigner paid \$14.50. He paid \$20 for the incubator which to the dealer over the border was quoted at \$15. He paid \$30.24 per gross for soap which the foreign dealer bought for \$20.48, and so one might go on with scores of articles of daily use in farming, in housekeeping, in all sorts of trades.

So sweeping is this practice that the Tariff Reform Committee declared after an investigation of the export trade for the year ending in June, 1900, that of \$452,000,000 exports of that year 85 to 90 per cent. were sold on an average

of 20 per cent. lower than at home. It sometimes seems as if the great American system for making the foreigner pay the duty had resulted in presenting it to the foreigner. He buys our goods cheaper than we can buy them, and like Mr. Coats he establishes his factory here and protected from world competition drives our own manufacturers into his combination, runs the business from the other side of the waters and charges us twice as much as he can his countrymen!

The Protectionist's Dream

The great Fathers of Protection, Mr. Kelley and Mr. Greeley and others of their kind who looked on the doctrine as the one true method of producing and distributing wealth never intended that the cost of living in this country should be permanently made dear for the benefit of manufacturers. Their conception of protection was quite different. They wanted protection on account of the poor. It was to keep up wages and *reduce* prices. The laborer was to get the double advantage which it was contended at the outset of this paper he should have. "If I were king of this country," Mr. Greeley told Mr. Garfield once, "I would put a duty of \$100 a ton on pig iron and a proportionate duty on everything else that can be produced in America. The result would be that our people would be obliged to supply their own wants, manufacturers would spring up, competition would finally reduce prices and we should live wholly within ourselves."

Part of Mr. Greeley's dream has come true. Mr. McKinley and Mr. Dingley took care of the duties and manufacturers have sprung up! But we do not supply all our wants nor can we ever do so. More than this, it is improbable that there is a man under forty years old left in the country who would consider such a condition desirable even if it were possible. Why should we deny ourselves the things which others make better than we? Why should we exhaust energy in trying to do that which is unnatural? Why should we not enjoy the fruits of all lands? Nations can no more live to themselves alone than men. We are of the family of nations. We are a power of the world. The freer the great currents of the world flow through our veins, the richer our life will be. Mr. Greeley's vision of the American people shut within a Chinese wall was never relished much outside of iron, steel, drug and wool niches, and to-day it has become a mere curiosity of politics.

Moreover, his belief that prices under pro-

tection would fall lower than they were abroad has not been sustained by experience. The trusts made possible by protection have circumvented Mr. Greeley. The result is an injustice of the most cruel and far-reaching nature, to the laborers of the country.

Tom Johnson on Making Cloaks Dear

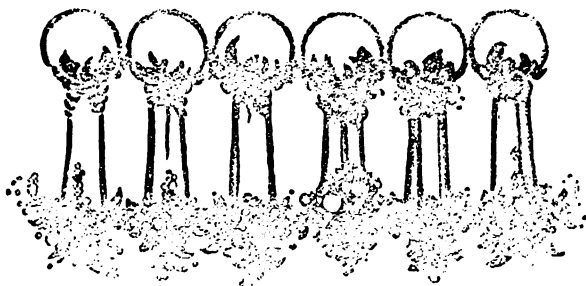
Surely there can be no longer any justification in this country of duties which increase by even a penny the cost to the poor of any necessary article of food, of shelter, of clothing. The answer to every prayer for such protection should be the one that Tom Johnson made in 1893 to the cloak workers of Cleveland, who had plead with him to vote against the Wilson Tariff Bill, unless it was amended by adding to the duty of 45 per cent. ad valorem, on cloaks, which it proposed, an additional duty of 49½ cents per pound.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Mr. Johnson. "My objection to the Wilson Bill is not that its duties are too low, but that they are too high. I will do all I can to cut its duties down, but I will strenuously oppose putting them up. You ask me to vote to make cloaks artificially dearer. How can I do that without making it harder for those who need cloaks to get cloaks? Even if this would benefit you would it not injure others? There are many cloak makers in Cleveland, it is true, but they are few as compared with the cloak users. Would you consider me an honest Representative if I would thus consent to injure the many for the benefit of the few, even though the few in this case were yourselves?"

"And you ask me to demand in addition to a monstrous ad valorem duty of 45 per cent. a still more monstrous weight duty of 49½ cents a pound—a weight duty that will make the poorest sewing girl pay as much tax on her cheap shoddy as Mrs. Astor or Mrs. Vanderbilt would be called on to pay on a cloak of the finest velvets and embroideries! Do you really want me to vote thus to put the burden of taxation on the poor while letting the rich escape? Whether you want me to or not, I will not do it.

"That, as your employers say, a serviceable cloak can be bought in Berlin at \$1.20 affords no reason in my mind for keeping up the tariff. On the contrary, it is the strongest reason for abolishing it altogether. There are lots of women in this country who would be rejoiced to get cloaks so cheaply; lots of women who must now pinch and strain to get a cloak; lots of women who cannot now afford to buy cloaks, and must wear old or cast off garments or shiver with cold. Is it not common justice that we should abolish every tax that makes it harder for them to clothe themselves?"

Admitting if you will that it was just to make the people of this country, on \$2 a day and less, pay the major share of the cost of the Civil War, the cost of reconstruction, the cost of establishing all sorts of industries and protecting them through long terms of years from the competition of the world, has the time not come when the Committee on Ways and Means can be asked to consider without sneering, at least, the burden which the protective tariff places to-day on millions of American families—tens of thousands of lonely working women living on incomes where every penny counts?



The God-Lonesome Man

■ In Brasstown Valley ■

By

Mrs. L. H. HARRIS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

IT was a winter night, and when the stranger lifted the latch and entered Pappy Corn's house he found the old man sitting with his warped brownie legs extended to meet the warmth of a blazing log fire. His hands were clasped over his waistcoat, his chin rested upon his breast, and his lips were puckered sternly about the stem of his pipe.

"Mister," he said, when his guest was comfortably settled in the opposite chimney-corner, "did I ever tell you about John Harpeth?"

"No, you never did."

"He was known far and near as the God-lonesome man, beca'se he believed he'd been predestined to torment from the foundation of the world.

"We have had sinners here, same as you have on your side of the mountains, ordinary prodigal sons that went astray and come home again properly penitent; but he was the only one we ever had that didn't weaken durin' revival season, nor took backwater towards the kingdom of heaven even when he was sick and expected to die.

"He was ill-begot to start with, and I reckon he fell from grace when he was born. His mother was ashamed to show her face, and he growed up in her shadow, ragged, ugly, and too proud to speak to decent folks. Anyhow, by the time I'm fixin' to tell you of, he was a man grown, his mother was dead, and he was livin' in a little black house up on the only hill in Brasstown Valley, like a lonely young eagle. He always made me think of an eagle, walkin' around sorter awkward beca'se he had to wear breeches over his talons. He had the same high, slow-turnin' head, the same cold eye.

"He hated every man to his face, so to speak, and he knowed enough damnin' passages from the Bible to git along without doin' any cussin' of his own."

Pappy paused, cast a half-humorous, half-appalled look upon his guest, and inquired:

"Mister, did you ever have a man level a blazin', hell-p'intin' Scripture at you, when you wa'n't armed with your Sunday feelin's nor nothin' to protect yourself?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, sir, it'll come nigher makin' you feel ha'r-hung and breeze-shaken above the pit of fire and brimstone than any sermon you ever listened to in your life.

"And the pizen use Harpeth had of the Scriptures was what caused folks here in the Valley to be afeerd of him, drunk or sober. Prim Mayberry 'lowed it made the goose-bumps rise on his back in June to walk along the big road below Harpeth's hill and hear him up there in the corn-field quotin' King David's blaspheming psalms ag'in' the Hittites as if he was prayin'. And Jonathan Snow was so afeerd of him he'd come a mile out of his way to keep from meetin' him and riskin' his speritual peace of mind ag'in' his selections from the Old Testament. That was beca'se Jonathan once took a lien on Harpeth's mule for five dollars when Harpeth was drunk and didn't know what he was doin'. The next day they accidentally met at Stallin's' store, and Harpeth swore at Snow out of Jeremiah till the sweat busted out on the old man's forehead and his knees give away. Snow wanted to git out a warrant and have him took up fur breakin' his peace, but the sheriff laughed and 'lowed he couldn't arrest a man fur quotin' Scripture.

"Besides, Harpeth had good reason for



"Mister, did I ever tell you about John Harpeth?"



his spite. Every time he got into a scrape or fell in debt, he'd slouch into the Valley, borrow money from Deacon Snow at a terrible rate of interest, and give a mortgage on his stuff to kiver the loan. So, while we all fattened and sung hymns down here, Harpeth, poor and drunk and God-lonesome, set up on his hill and watched us carry on. There's nothin' a man is such a dern fool about, Mister, as his immortal soul. If he don't spile it with devilment like Harpeth did, he'll do it with meanness like Snow's. Once, I recollect, I quit usin' strong language fur a month, and I'll be danged if I didn't begin to feel my oats, speritually speakin'. If I'd went on doin' without them carnal words in my conversation, I might have drawn up into one of them tomtit saints that cultivate their own moral natures by despisin' everybody else's. Now there was that old meetin'-house rooster, Jonathan Snow, thinkin' he was all right beca'se he didn't git drunk nor fight, and beca'se he had the impudence to believe that he was elected to salvation from the foundation of the world, same as Harpeth 'lowed he wa'n't elected. And every time he took a due-bill from Harpeth fur payin' him out of some trouble, he'd clear his conscience by astin' the prayers of all Christian people fur the pore lost sinner, as he called him. Then maybe he'd git down to lead the prayer, and fairly scarify him before the Lord.

"But Harpeth was far beyond the breath of sech words. And I can tell you it's no tame sight to see a man that fears neither God nor man act accordin' to the liberty of his sperit. Harpeth'd work all the week in his corn-field, as hard as if he had a wife and nine child'en to support. But when Saturday noon come, he'd ram his breeches in his boot-legs and start for Liquor Ridge on Blood Mountain. Now it's no cheerful sound to hear somebody passin' down the dark outside your home, callin' out terrible things ag'in' you from Moses and the Prophets. Them were the nights when Harpeth got even with the saints. They say Jonathan Snow used to crawl in bed and pull the kivers over his head when he heard him comin'. Fur he always took pains to give Snow a right smart serenade from Deuteronomy or some fur part of the Scripture where the language wa'n't good.

"But if the liquor went the other way to his head, as it was apt to do, he'd take up the idea that he was the angel Gabriel exiled from heaven. Then he'd set down on the horse-block in front of old Zion Church and

sing all night. Seemed as if he had an inspired windpipe and was courtin' the very stars above his head. He could reach an octave higher than any prima-donna angel that ever sung before the throne of grace, and—I don't keer whether it's sound doctrine or no—I believe the Lord heard him."

Pappy arose, kicked the logs into a red blast of flames, and turned his back to the grateful warmth, which was his usual method of indicating a flank movement in the story he was telling.

"But the more lonesome a man air, Mister, the more apt he is to git Eve-hongry," he went on, coining his face into a witty smile and leering down at his guest. "Adam hadn't et his first meal in Paradise before the Lord knowed that was the seat of his trouble; and every man since then gits a tech of it soon or late. So it was with Harpeth. Him that had been conceived in sin and born to iniquity, that believed his Maker had something ag'in' him from the foundation of the world, that had been outlawed by decent society, turned his face in time to the last refuge that fails a man, the heart of a woman. And it's accordin' to these Scriptures I've jest been tellin' you that Harpeth fell in love with Rosie Mayberry, Prim's youngest gal. None of us ever knowed how it happened. Maybe he seen her hangin' about the berry-bushes on the mountains. She was a sad, white-faced little dove of a thing that was always strayin' off by herself, and lookin' up at you as if she'd jest pulled her head from under her wing. Or maybe she'd seen him standin' up there on his hill, a lonely figure ag'in' the sky-line, and maybe she thought pitifully of all the hard things she'd heard about him—the heart of every woman is jest a cradle at bottom, Mister, and she'll tuck anything in it that is forsaken and needs carin' fur! Anyhow, when Harpeth took to drappin' down by her like a ragged young eagle every time she went down the big road, she'd pink up and put on that dim, glorified look women have when they air bein' courted. Courtin', Mister, appeals to good women's speritual natures, same as it does to all men's carnal natures. So Rosie looked up into Harpeth's eyes, and was born again, born to love and that foreknowledge of things that all women have.

"But when her folks found out what was goin' on there was a terrible row. Misses Mayberry was the first to ketch up with 'em. Late one evenin' she was waddlin' down the big road to Stallin's store with a basket of eggs, singin' a hymn, and jest the personifica-

tion of fat speritual peace, when all at once who should she see on the meetin'-house steps but John Harpeth and her Rosie! He was holdin' her hands and lookin' down into her pink sunbonnet as if he'd never been drunk or committed a sin in his life. Misses Mayberry give a squawk, run forwards, and snatched Rosie up as if she'd been a young chicken settin' by a hawk.

"'You low-down rapsallion!' says she, drawin' out her head at him like an old hen with her neck-feathers up, 'to be tryin' to ruin a decent gal.'

"'I wa'n't tryin' to do no sech thing!' he answers quick as a flash. 'We aim to git married.'

"'As if that wa'n't ruin enough!' she 'lowed, draggin' her wings and pullin' Rosie clear around behind her. 'I'd rather see her dead!'

"'I ain't talkin' about what you'd rather see; I was tellin' you what you air goin' to see!' he answers

big as life, sorter clickin' his spurs to sass her.

"'You come along, Rosie,' says she, draggin' the gal after her with one hand, and holdin' on to the basket of eggs with the other. And as they went down the road together Harpeth called after 'em:

"'See you again soon, Rosie.' That brung the old lady around in her tracks, and she shook her fist at him; but the pore gal was so 'shamed she dassent lift her head to look back.

"'See you soon, Rosie,' he hollered in answer to Misses Mayberry's fist. And she mighty nigh flung a fit as they turned a curve in the road to hear him yell at the top of his voice:

"'Rosie, I'll see you so-o-n!'

"Prim took it worse'n she did when he heard what had happened. Air you acquainted with Prim Mayberry, Mister? He looks as if the Lord had hewed his head and face out of red oak, it's so dull and hard and

sunburned. He wa'n't the man to r'ar around in general, but Rosie was the very apple of his eye. So he sent Harpeth word if he so much as looked at her again what he'd do to him. But Harpeth didn't git it, of course, beca'se nobody dared to bring him sech a message. And it was Rosie that give him his walkin' papers. They say she cried and took on terrible and helt out ag'in' her folks as long as she could, but at last she passed her word not to speak to him again.

"About a week after that I was out there in my crib shellin' corn, when I heard somebody comin' along the path from Mayberry's house. I peeped through the crack

between the logs, and seen Rosie steppin' very slow with her head down. The next minute Harpeth whirled around the corner of the crib from t'other side.

"'Rosie, darlin'!' he says, as if the bees were buzzin' and the birds singin' and the flowers bloomin' in his voice jest fur her. And he reached out to take her, same as any man would have reached after his own. But she drawed back from him. She was one of them pore little angel-headed women that keeps promises, and she'd passed her word not to speak to him. So she stood lookin' at him, pitiful and white as if her very nature had been bleached of love. The tears came into my



"He always made me think of an eagle. He had the same high, slow-turnin' head, the same cold eye"

eyes at the sight. I picked up a red year of corn, hopin' it would do 'em some kissin' good, but it didn't. When Harpeth seen that look on her face, he stepped back and he says:

"You too?"—jest that way, and she knowed what he meant. It fell on her like a jedgment she didn't deserve, and she put her hands together flat, so, and helt 'em up before him like a pair of folded wings, and as if she was pleadin' with 'em to him. But he begun to laugh, not at her, but at everything—at man in his little day, and at God in His heaven. It was the grandest, maddest, mosf awful laugh I ever heard; and Rosie trembled at it like a reed shaken in the wind. Harpeth looked down at her and seen her still shiverin', with her little white hands lifted and her face turned up to him like a prayer that never hopes to be answered, and I reckon it was too much fur him. Anyhow, he give a kind of sob, snatched her to his breast, kissed her, drapped her back to the ground, and was gone before she had time to turn red.

"Mister, I wisht you could have seen that gal then. As the petals of the rose fit the rose, so at last her name fitted Rosie. Her eyes were like skies in May, her yaller hair laid out in the wind like corn-tassels. She cast one glance up and down the path to make sure nobody was in sight, then she pressed one hand to the cheek where his lips had started the flower-garden, drawed it away, looked at it in a kind of sweet wonder, and then I'll be danged if she didn't kiss it! Well, sir, I ain't talkin' about the propriety of sech doin's in general, but with nobody there but me and God to know how it took place between 'em, I jest laid back in the shucks and thanked Him for lettin' Rosie have that little taste of love, even if she never had any more!



"But the more lonesome a man air, mister,
the more apt he is to git Eve-hongry"

"And for a time it did look as if she never would; fur things went from bad to worse with her and Harpeth. Folks was down on her as if she'd been guilty of a kind of moral weakness beca'se she stuck to it that she was sorry for him, and that she loved him beca'se nobody else did. 'Twa'n't a reasonable reason, and her pa and ma couldn't understand what made her holt to it so stubborn. But I knowed. It was the kiss that had been laid upon her like a true-love seal.

"As for Harpeth, he was God-lonesome now for true. He fairly roosted on Liquor Ridge, and he mighty nigh reformed all the other young bucks around here, beca'se they were afeerd to go up there where he was to git their whisky. They say he had seven wildcat stills all to himself, and every night we could hear him ragin' from one to the other around the hat-brim of the Valley.

"And when we all thought he'd done as bad as he could, he fetched a surge and done worse than possible. Things had been goin' on the way I'm tellin' you for maybe a month—him cavortin' on Liquor Ridge like he had the devil's own virus in him, and Rosie settin' down here

on the do'step grievin' like an orphaned moonflower—when one Saturday, 'long towards night, Harpeth waked up there in his own house accidentally sober. And he found a paper in his pocket showin' he'd give to Jonathan Snow a mortgage on all his corn and fodder and cowpeas and two kilns of sweet potatoes for ten dollars, and he seen from the date that was the very day it was to be foreclosed. Well, sir, what with drinkin' so much and realizin' it meant ruin to be stripped bare of all he had, I reckon he went crazy and wa'n't responsible for what he done. Next thing come the sound of shootin' and

yellin' from towards Harpeth's house. Folks jerked open their do's and run out to see what was the trouble. Every man and woman in the Valley come flyin' along Brasstown road the next minute, for there set Harpeth hill beneath a crown of fire, the house, barn, fodder-stacks all in a blaze. But we didn't git further than to the foot of it before we see Harpeth himself standin' at the top with a pistol in each hand, spittin' buckshot at us and yellin' like a demon. Somebody give a groan, and we dropped back out of range, drawn together in a bunch, and we was too astonished and skeert to speak, much less to dar' that burnin' hill with that burnin' soul standin' guard over it. I recollect it was in March. The 'snow had been fallin' all day, and every once in a while the wind would whirl a sheet of it around the red sight above us, and Harpeth he showed through it like a terrible black shadow. Presently one of the Stallin's boys 'lowed, says he:

"If that fool up there takes a notion to step for'-ards a dozen yards he'll plug some of us sho'!"

"Lord, sir, did you ever see a passel of steers stam-pede? It was like that. We fair split the wind gittin' away from there—old man Snow leadin' the race, with his long white beard behind him like the turned-down horns of an old bellwether.

"But what we'd seen wa'n't no laughin' matter. I set here in my house thinkin' after I got home, beca'se I couldn't sleep. And I reckon I'd been studyin' over the doctrine of predestination, whether man or his Maker is the arthur of it, till nigh mid-night, when I jumped clean out of the cheer to hear a knock at my do' and the sound of somebody singin' outside. I recognized Harpeth's voice, and I come mighty nigh flingin' a fit, I was so skeert. Then I riz and opened the do', and you could have knocked me down with a feather when I seen Rosie Mayberry standin' by him.

"She looked up at me out of the snow that was whirlin' around her as if she was mortally afeerd, and she says, ketchin' her breath in sobs:

"Pappy, Pappy, I heard him singin' his heaven song, and I knowed he'd freeze to death out there in the storm, and I went out to git him, beca'se I couldn't b'ar it and beca'se I'm sorry fur him!"

"I ketched holt of both of 'em and drawed 'em inside and shet the do'. Harpeth was still singin', with that rapt fool look on his face he always had when he 'lowed he was the angel Gabriel.

"You done right!" I says, guidin' him to my cheer by the fire and fixin' to thaw him out; but she helt back, and directly she says:

"Pappy, you won't let 'em know I brung him here, will you?"

"No, honey, I won't tell," I says. "You come on now and git warm yourself." But she was like a little white ghost of love and tenderness pasted ag'in' my do'-jamb with the snow layin' over her like a bridal veil. And I understood she didn't want *him* to see her.

"You don't reckon he'll recollect it was me that found him and brung him

in, do you?" she says after another pause.

"No, honey. When Harpeth is so drunk he ought to see snakes, he sees angels instead, and he'll take you for one," I answers, pullin' off his shoes and rubbin' his heels. He was still holdin' on to his song, carryin' the notes higher and higher as if he was an exile patriot from Paradise—

"Oh heaven, heaven, swe-e-t heaven," till his voice give in and he dropped off to sleep.

"Then Rosie tipped up to where I was settin' in the corner, and she says, as if she was makin' a prayer fur him:

"Pappy, don't you think it's beca'se he don't feel so predestined to torment then that makes him git drunk so often?"

"I reckon it is, honey," layin' my hand on her little head, bowed so low in mercy fur a sinner that we'd all cast out.



"And then I'll be danged if she didn't kiss it!"

"Do you believe it, Pappy?" liftin' her tender eyes beseechin' to my face.

"Believe what, Rosie?"

"That the Almighty would jest take a notion and predestine a man to torment beca'se He could?"

"Well, sir, when a woman takes to foolin' with theology she jest naturally ruins it; and there wa'n't a doctrine in me that could hold out ag'in' the look in Rosie's eyes, so I says:

"No, honey, I don't believe it. The Lord can't foreordain nobody, beca'se for Him there's

no sech thing as time. Them's words, jest words we have got to measure the shortness of the mortal mind.' She never seen where I dodged, of course, bein' a woman with her logic put in hind part before, and she 'lowed:

"Well, I can't help it which way he goes, I am sorry for him. And I love him.' And I could see her gittin' the cradle of her heart ready. Then she set up, searched me with eyes that burned steady before me like candles upon an altar, and she says:

"Is it a sign I'm bad beca'se I love him, and predestined wrong, same as him?"



"No, Rosie!" drawin' her head down ag'in' my knee to keep her from seein' how afeerd I was furher. 'It's a sign you air good. Never take up the notion that you air promised wrong over and above your own will. And don't worry about Harpeth. Some day he'll fetch a surge, ketch holt of the hem of the garment of the Lord, and come up out of his darkness.' I could tell by the way she eased down ag'in' that she was comforted. After a while she riz up, pinned on her shawl, and started home.

"You won't tell him?" she says, nod-din' at Harpeth, asleep with his angel-*o f*-Gabriel smile on.

"No, honey, I won't!" I says, and she was gone.

"Well, sir, I slept late next mornin', it bein' Sunday, and when I waked Harpeth was gone, the snow-storm had changed into a freshet, the skies had cleared, and

"Then I riz and opened the do', and you could have knocked me down with a feather when I seen Rosie Mayberry standin' by him"

the sun was shinin' through the cracks of my door. And it was nigh church-time before I had things in order. Then I put on my hat, and was jest startin' when I heard a mighty yellin' down towards Brasstown Creek. I jumped out lickety split, and when I come in sight of the ford, I seen half the congregation of old Zion Church runnin' up and down the bank. The women were cryin' and wringin' their hands, and the men hollerin' to somebody I couldn't see out in the creek. As I drawed near I heard Prim Mayberry 'low to Lovin' good that he was sorry fur Snow, but no man could live in that flood, and bein' a man of family himself, he didn't feel called on to fling away his life jest to prove he was a hero.

"I ain't no hero and I don't crave the reputation," says Lovin' good, 'and I can't swim a lick, nohow.' Then Budd Sockwell chimed in that 'if it was time fur Snow to die, he couldn't be saved nohow, and if it wa'n't time he would be saved anyhow.' At that minute I caught sight of the trouble: Jonathan Snow, on his way to church, had started across the foot-log jest as the mountain

flood comin' down the creek struck it, h'isted it, whirled it end foremost under a snag in the bottom of the creek, and left Snow squattin' after he steadied himself on the other end in the middle of the stream; and it was wabblin' and threatenin' to fling him every minute.

"Mister, rheumatism will make a coward of any man, and me that had faced cannons in the sixties, that was belchin' fire and death, flinched before that cold stream. All this time Snow was howlin' for somebody to come and save him, and the women were takin' on like cats that air havin' their tails pinched. I've often wondered since if I would have gone

into that water to save my fellow-man, but jest as I was sorter thinkin' of takin' off one shoe, John Harpeth stepped down through the crowd, shuckin' his coat as he come. He dropped his hat, kicked off both shoes, and was in the bilin' yaller flood before we knowed

what had happened. Snow had give up, shet his eyes, and squatted, groanin' like an old bullfrog with a long gray beard, on the r'arin' end of the log. So he didn't notice until he felt somebody ketch holt of him. But when he seen who it was, he jest dropped off into the water in a dead faint, he was so skeert. I thought sho' he was gone, but Harpeth helt to him, and presently he brung him to the edge, holdin' him to his breast like what he had was precious to him. You never heard sech a yell as we give. It fetched the old man to as Harpeth laid him on the bank and knelt down to mash some of the water out of his vitals. But the minute he seen who it was bendin' above him he says:

"H-a-a!" and off he went into another faint. Thought he was dead, I reckon, and the devil had him. Meanwhile the women were cryin' and praisin' Har-

peth to the shame of the rest of us, and every man was tryin' to git a chance to shake his hand.

"Then it happened. Rosie Mayberry come mincin' down the road with her Bible and hymn-book under her arm, and her face set with the fair Sabbath seal that sech virgins wear. She hadn't heard a sound of what had been goin' on. But now her eyes fell on Harpeth drenched to the skin, his shirt open, bar'footed, and all she seen was his face.

"Oh, John!" she cries out, droppin' her books and runnin' to him, 'you air changed!'

"Then we seen it too, as plain as if the



"But now her eyes fell on Harpeth drenched to the skin, his shirt open, bar'footed, and all she seen was his face"

Almighty's white dove had lit on him, the change in Harpeth's face.

"I—I—believe I am!" he answers very gentle, as if the wonder of it had jest come over him.

"You don't feel so terrible predestined now, do you?" she went on, holdin' to his arms and gazin' up at him with her little head thrown back like a bird's.

"Well, not the way I did!" he answers, still as if he was in a trance and was seein' her in a vision. Then she reached up her two hands, put 'em together ag'in behind his neck, and begun to laugh and to cry all at once, her face like a day in April that ain't sho' of itself.

"I sorter cleared my throat to remind 'em that we was still there. And, Mister, that was the first time she knowed it; she had seen nobody but him till that minute. Then she drapped her hands, and turned burnin' red. But he put his arms around her, helt her close, and looked over her head at us as serene as if he'd jest lit from his chariot of fire and didn't need to make excuses.

"I'm cold!" quavered old man Snow, settin' up and shakin' the water out of his beard. Harpeth reached down, took his dry coat, wrapped it around his enemy's shoulders, and went back to Rosie.

"If a man take your coat, give him your cloak also," says I to myself. 'The Scriptures air fulfilled.' And so it was. Harpeth was changed beca'se he'd acted up to the law of Heaven. You can explain everything else, but I'll be danged if you can explain the peace

that passeth all understandin' that a man gits, not beca'se he's a Methodist and believes in apostasy, or a Baptist and believes in election, or a Presbyterian and believes in predestination, but beca'se by some miracle of the sperit he acts accordin' to the higher dispensation. And while I don't take much stock in this r'arin' damnin' church divinity we hear some preachers tell about, I've never doubted the Power that could change a savage like Harpeth into a man. And that's what happened. From that day he was *different*, not accordin' to science or theology, but accordin' to them Scriptures which hint for immortal things of the soul. When he jumped into the creek to save the man that helped to ruin him, he jest by accident discovered the law of eternal life, same as a fellow once flung up an apple and discovered the law of gravitation.

"But we didn't figger on sech mysteries that day. We was too happy. When we'd all been up and congratulated Rosie and Harpeth, and somebody had toted old man Snow off, Prim he 'lowed for us to come down to his house to dinner. I put Buck Stallin's on a horse and told him to ride fur the license as if his life was at stake, fur I wa'n't takin' no chances on that weddin'. And so in the afternoon the parson come over and tied the knot, Harpeth standin' up in Prim's own Sunday clothes, beca'se by this time he was so tame he'd have wore Misses Mayberry's petticoat if anybody had insisted. And there ain't a soberer man nor a happier woman in this Valley to-day than them two, livin' up there in their new house on Harpeth Hill."

FROM THE SHADOW

By HAROLD S. SYMMES

He who suffers sees a world
Beyond his fellows' ken,
As one from some dark cave of earth
Sees stars unseen by men.



The Trawler

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

AUTHOR OF "OUT OF GLOUCESTER," "THE DEEP SEA'S TOLL," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE HARDING

T HERE he goes in his little dory, his highest hope being only to win from an uncertain sea the fish which is to furnish his family with the necessities, and rarely is it more than the necessities, of life.

Heavy enough labor, this trawling, though never, on a fine day, beyond the power of the moderately muscular and enduring man who is broken to it, who has learned to time the swing of back and shoulders to the swell of an ocean that never, except in phenomenally calm weather, ceases to heave beneath his feet. Under the best of conditions it might be compared ashore to the work of the man who has, after toiling the long day through in the field, to carry when eventide comes his heavy load back to where far away the home-light burns dimly, except that your light ashore can be reckoned with, whereas your vessel's light is ever shifting, up the wind, down the wind, sometimes as near as a cable's length, again miles away; with that difference and, of course, for firm earth under your feet, the

substitution of a dory's bottom which is never for two consecutive seconds in the same place; and bearing in mind always that a casual stumble, which ashore will only throw you at body's length, may here throw you to your grave; and not forgetting after you reach the vessel the little added labor of three or four hours at racing speed of dressing, icing and stowing your fish before you may turn in if so be you do not have to go on watch the same night.

That is for smooth weather, but of course come the days when it is rough. Then you may see them in battle, tossing their dories over the side, themselves standing by to leap, and carrying such a weight of clothing, boots and oilskins that a misstep would mean a quick finish. There goes the dory, down in the valley one moment, high above the rail the next, while whosoever's turn it is to go watches calmly for his chance. Few of us would care for just once to try that dive: not for their whole vessel's value would we, even

were we good swimmers and unweighted by clothing, but these—they do it several times every rough day, and many of them cannot swim a stroke.

And also comes the winter weather. Imagine it then, one of those days when ashore your ulster collar is up to your ears, your hands in thick gloves, your breath coming from you in thick wreaths of vapor. Somewhere upon the ocean at that same hour are thousands of fishermen in their little dories, the same swinging easily or it may be tossing from here to as high as the ceiling of your room and back again. In the bow of each little boat is standing the man who happens to be hauling the trawl; in the waist is the other, coiling it into a tub as fast as it comes in. The man in the waist has to keep an eye out for the bad seas. To circumvent them there is always a ready oar in the becket astern. In the event of a mortally high comber bearing down, the man in the waist turns, and with a quick and clever flirt of the oar, never too soon to waste time, never too late to lose life, whirls the dory bow or stern to that sea. If he does it skilfully, the dory rides the crest in safety; if not, their shipmates that night will be saying a prayer or two for the repose of their souls.

The man hauling the trawl wears what are called nippers, grooved rings of cloth, that the fingers may not be cut through by the hard wet line; but should the trawl become tangled on bottom he discards his nippers and hauls in bare-handed. Quite often he has to haul in hundreds of fathoms of line in that manner. Imagine that cutting into his flesh, while all the time the winter wind is whistling, biting, and the spray dashing over gunnels, thwarts and into the dory, freezing where it strikes, frequently to such a thickness that if they did not often stop to pound it off, the little boat would sink under the weight of it.

The long chances of fishing are taken by these men who fish from dories; by being cap-sized, and by becoming separated from their vessels in thick weather. And this ever-present danger of going astray is never minimized by careful measures of safety. Of course there would be many less lives lost if the men were careful, more prudent: surely, but your careful, prudent men don't take to deep-sea fishing, nor would they break any records if they did. A man *could* cut his gear and run for the vessel, but your real fisherman doesn't do that in a hurry. Pride of calling alone forces him to hang on as long as the next man, and there is besides the expense to shipmates if the trawls are abandoned, for the cost of re-

placing lost gear comes out of the men, not the owners; and also, too, the dory's crew which earned the reputation for abandoning gear would soon have to hunt another vessel.

And not alone is the danger of a fog finding them away from the vessel. There is, for instance, that practice in the big "channel fleet," which trawls the deep water to the westward of George's Shoals. These fellows—the "had-dockers"—aiming to make the market once a week, fish night and day till they "fill her up." These are the men who sometimes put off at night in vapor so thick that they have to take along flambeaux to mark their line of dories. Sometimes they put off in fog too thick for even their great torches, and then you may hear them hallooing all the night through, from one to another, so they may not go astray. That may be flirting with death, but such is the pace of one body of our cosmopolitan trawlers these days—the fastest sea toilers whatever.

And so men go astray; and the ocean is so vast a place, and vessels and dories such small specks upon it! In clear weather, with tide and wind and sea to baffle, it is bad enough to lose sight of your vessel, but when fog settles down! When it comes so thick that standing to the wheel at midday you are unable to distinguish your watch-mate leaning against the fore rigging, it surely is a bad outlook for a straying dory. But when you have to stare hard to make out your mate at arm's length! It is to put the fear of the Power into your heart. And for the gray drizzle or snow-storms? Well, if men ashore can perish in the snow-drifts of crowded cities, what chance have lost men in the streetless wastes of a wide ocean when it storms?

You read that, and you exclaim: "But *why* do they do it? If they are intelligent men, why?" Well, listen to a bank fisherman telling his shipmates why he cast up that last shore job. It is a wild winter's night while this man is talking—vessel pitching, halyards humming, and so cold up on deck that the man to the wheel has to wear a woolen mask to keep his face from freezing.

"Every morning at seven o'clock," says our trawler, "when the whistle blew we were supposed to be inside the gates, aye, and to work—and at twelve o'clock it blew again, and they said we could stop and eat. At one o'clock it blew again, and we turns to and no more time to take a drag out of your pipe, to so much as look sidewise at a chum till six o'clock again. And every day the same: seven o'clock and twelve o'clock and one o'clock and six o'clock—and every blessed man there, big or little,



Then you may see them in battle, tossing their
dories over the side, themselves standing by to leap





He comes to port

good worker or poor worker, just like another. And women, Lord God, women doin' the same work as men! And no matter how it blowed outside, never a let-up. Never a restful gale of wind when it'd be too rough to put the dories over and all you had to do was to heave her to and take things easy for a day or two maybe till it moderated, and never your day or two in port—no, nothing like that, but always the whistle. And a little shrimp that we wouldn't cut up aboard here for bait—not for *good* bait—'twas him givin' the order to blow the whistles."

Now that same man had doubtless on occasions put more physical, mental and spiritual energy into one day's fishing than ever he did in a week at the factory, and that is taking no account of the danger. But it was a different matter entirely. He was brought up to the fishing life. His father before him had been a fisherman and his father before him; warm rooms, regular hours and certainty of wage did not mean ease to him. Out here he was his own man. To be sure there was the skipper, but Lord in Heaven! the skipper was something of a *man*—he'd proved that before his firm ever gave him a vessel.

However, a hard way to make a living. Surely that, but save your pity. Toiler he is, but no slave. He sings as he hauls to the heave of his dory and laughs as the sea slaps

aboard. Toiling he is out there on the wide ocean, but 'tis a man's work he's doing—no boy's, nor woman's, nor half-made creature's, but a full man's work. And when he eats, he *eats*, and when he sleeps, he *sleeps*, and the good food meanwhile nourishing his great body till it is pure joy just to be alive. Never a morning turning out of his bunk that he doesn't feel equal to wrestling with all outdoors, never an hour that, his life depending on nerve, skill and strength, but what his nerve, skill and strength will measure up to the need and he come away safe, for out there, despite his bounding virility, he is the ascetic with his highest self in full mastery of all his tremendous forces.

For days and weeks he is out there wrestling with the eternal elements, his stature increasing all the while, and then he comes to port. He doesn't know what he will get for his trip—he may have money to throw away or he may have to borrow the price of the children's shoes—it is all an adventure—but well or ill he comes home, and walking the streets of men's cities again all who meet him know him for a man. He pauses on the corner, and there is that about him which causes strangers to turn and look at him again. There is that in the balanced shoulders, the cast of his jaw. And the glow in his eyes is unfathomable, as why should it not be—he who has gazed into the infinite depths! Standing there he might

from out of his potency achieve mastery of men, of women, of everybody; but the world is to be loved, not mastered; all things look good to him—all men friendly, all women divine, and little helpless children creatures to be crushed with tenderness.

He goes back to the sea, and for days, weeks on end it may be, he toils again; and not an hour, let his wits dull or his nerve grow slack, but what Death will get him. But that will not be in a hurry; never while he is given a chance. 'Tis true that the cataclysm will come, that some day, if he but cling long enough to the fishing, the one overwhelming tide will flood and then will he go down. But sh-hks! every man to his own ending, and 'tis the grand grave—the ocean.

So there he is, doing the work he best can do, and 'tis a great work. He is setting the standard for all time, for after sail is gone and steam is gone, and electricity and the more potent forces as yet undelivered, men—not alone men of the sea, but all men of all worlds—will be more nearly true masters of their craft because he has lived; and also will he be enshrined as of the immortal corps—sea, plains, hills, woods and even crowded cities know them—who act not according to their profit but to their measure, and that measure makes ever for full manhood.

There he is out there in his little dory meeting the supreme test in the supremest manner, and only thanking God that the fishing is good.

Commodore Vanderbilt

And the Hand-Made Gentleman

By IRVING BACHELLER

AUTHOR OF "EBEN HOLDEN," "D'RI AND I," ETC.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE E. VARIAN

The following story is printed from the manuscript of Mr. Irving Bacheller's new novel which is soon to be published. All the incidents of this story are true. A young man, though not bearing the name of McCarthy, first suggested to Mr. Vanderbilt the idea of combining the railroads which form the New York Central system. Mr. Bacheller obtained the details of the Vanderbilt episodes from the accurate recollections of men who had the story at first hand. Even the little picture of Andrew Carnegie in war time is authentic.—THE EDITORS.

THE Hand-Made Gentleman had built his factory in the thriving town of Rushwater on the Central railroad. It took a long summer day to get there, for the engine was fed with wood and we had now and then to load the tender with fuel, corded on the right of way, or drive cattle from the track, or water the locomotive or mend a coupling. We had also to wait at the junctions for other trains in equally bad luck. This, you must remember, was back in '65.

Early in the evening I found my friend McCarthy, otherwise known as the Hand-Made

Gentleman, at the leading hotel in Rushwater where he boarded.

I left the inn with him for a walk, and soon we stopped in front of a building—large for that day and country—on the river shore.

"There it is," he remarked as we gazed for half a moment at the dim outlines of his building. "I am the most extensive shipper of small freight on the railroad."

We entered the building and he led me to his office and lighted a lamp. It was a large room elegantly furnished. The chairs and table were made of mahogany and a soft car-



pet covered the floor. A large portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte hung on the wall. Those days the face and story of "The Little Corporal" were a power in the land and not the most wholesome one I have thought sometimes.

"This is grand," was my remark.

"I am making money," said the Hand-Made Gentleman, "and I propose to look as prosperous as I am. Sal is now the smallest part of my business. I spend twenty thousand a year advertising. My harp has four strings and one tune. Here it is:"

The Hand-Made Gentleman began to read from a newspaper as follows:

SPEAKING OF SAL

"Sal is willing; Sal can make the home shine; Sal is a worker—never cross and tired; the best and cheapest hired girl in the country. Cleans silver, glass, metal and woodwork. Give Sal a chance.

SAL'S SISTERS

"There are three of them: Sally, the Brick, who cleans knives, forks, pots and kettles; Sal's youngest sister, a wonderful laundry soap; also Salome, a clover-scented soap for the toilet. You will find them in all groceries.

"I began little—put it in a paper of five thousand circulation. I found that every dollar that I invested brought me four dollars and thirty-four and a half cents. The second ad brought me four dollars and thirty-seven cents; the third four dollars and forty-one and

so it grew. I tried all the leading papers and got the rate of profit and learned the exact value of repetition for each. The return increased as my goods traveled and people began to talk about them. You see I make something that the people want and my first problem was to let them know it. That was easy. My next problem was to manufacture within a certain limit of cost and my next to deliver the goods, and that is the greatest problem of all. The railroads are slow and unreliable. They have no more system than a carrier pigeon. Your freight is transferred until the boxes are worn out; it is side-tracked and lost and forgotten. You see there are eleven railroads between here and Buffalo. They have been consolidated but not harmonized. They are like eleven horses in the hands of a poor teamster. They don't

pull together. They waste their strength. I complained to the general manager.

"He says to me: 'We're doing our best and if you want a better service you'll have to show us how to give it.'"

"I gave him a few ideas and he liked 'em and what do you suppose happened?"

Mr. McCarthy paused, but I could only shake my head and await his revelation.

"Well, one day the manager called and said the chairman of the executive committee would like to see me," Mr. McCarthy went on. "I pulled up my check rein a little and went to Albany.

"It surprised him to see how young I was.

"Why," says he, 'you're nothing but a boy.'

"Here are two lines of railroad that run north from New York to the capital—the Harlem and Hudson River. The Harlem road can be bought for less than six cents on the dollar. I want you to buy it"



"'I'm twenty-two,' I says, 'but they count double. I've done two years' work in every one that I've lived.'

"He asked me to dinner. It was grand. I didn't dare eat much, just sat and talked and listened and saw how they behaved themselves at his table. I learnt a number of things."

"What were they?"

"To keep my knife away from my face, for one thing," he answered. "The gentleman

eats very slowly and throws out a little conversation now and then and washes the tips of his fingers when he gets through. We were an hour at the table. He liked me, I guess, for he offered me some of his stock at a low price and said he wanted me on the directory. I went in, and now I'm looking into the whole railroad problem."

He began to unroll a great map which he had been making and which lay on a broad table. It was sixty feet long and showed a section of country some two hundred miles wide from Boston to Chicago.

"I won't bother you with details," he said. "But I have a great plan. It will cut down the distance from New York to Chicago by

about one half. It will build up a chain of great cities. It will make a market for goods and quicken their delivery. It will furnish a model for the development of other parts of the Republic."

The eyes of the young man glowed with enthusiasm. Then he shook with laughter.

"That's pretty good for the boy with a bad leg that you met on the road to Canaan, isn't it?" McCarthy asked. "You see the Hand-Made Gentleman is getting along. He's took his mind off himself—partly—and put it on to other things. I don't need so much looking after as I did. I can talk pretty well and know how to conduct myself in any company. Ye see practice makes

perfect, and I've practised decency for a long time. It's like breathing. Of course I might be better inside, but outside I'll do for the time being."

"I'd like to hear more of your plan," I suggested.

"It's this in a nutshell," he said. "I want to combine all the railroads between Boston, New York and Chicago in one system. Now if you're going from New York to Chicago

you change at Albany and stay all night; you change again at Syracuse and stay all night and again at Buffalo, and so on. I want a better roadbed and heavier rails and lighter cars and bigger engines and more power to handle 'em and a continuous trip. Of course you can change and keep going all night if you want to, but it would wear you out. Why shouldn't we have a kind of hotel car that goes right through with good beds in it?"

The Hand-Made Gentleman strode up and down the room and gestured like a man making a speech.

"Five men have twenty times the power of one. Did you ever think of that?" he asked. "When you put two and two together you get about sixteen, but they've got to be one before they can be sixteen. That suggests the value of combination."

He paused before me and added:

"Here's the trouble. The idea is bigger'n I am. There's only one man in the world who can carry it out."

"Who is that?" I inquired.

"Vanderbilt," said he. "There's the biggest man in the country. He's made ten million dollars with his brain—think of that. He's the Napoleon of this day."

After a while the Hand-Made Gentleman said: "I must have somebody to look after my business who is more than a mere writing machine. I want some gentleman who thinks as I do and will stand up for me like a brother. I want you."

It took me by surprise, and I thanked him and expressed doubts of my fitness.

"I know you and you know me," he said. "I like you, Mr. Heron, and believe in you, and if you feel the same let's pull together. I have some big things to do and you can help me and I'll double the pay you're getting."

Well, I accepted his offer and soon began my work in the shop at Rushwater along the lines he had outlined.

Mr. McCarthy secured for me a copy of Isaac Pitman's treatise and I spent all my leisure in the acquisition of "soundhand," or shorthand, as we now call it. Later he insisted that I spend a few months in a business college, as much in his interest as my own, he said to me, and so I went with him to New York to finish my education.

"I want you to get the pace o' the city," he said to me, "and learn how to score up in proper style. Get all the knowledge you can that a gentleman ought to have. There's a lot of very polished people down here. See how they dress and behave themselves morn-

ing, noon and night. It will be a help to both of us."

That day we were going to see Vanderbilt. Pearl had said to Mr. McCarthy at the depot in Rushwater:

"Don't let him scare ye. He's as full of power as my turbine. Has a good deal o' whirl in him. Likes resistance; so does every great force. Used to row a boat all day an' every day. Fought the wind an' the tide. Stiffened his hands on the oar. Can't straighten 'em to this day. He's fought a thousand difficulties. He'll take you for another an' pitch into ye—like as not. Don't let him scare ye. If he jumps on ye—jump on him. He'll enjoy it an' begin to respect ye. It's like putting a belt on the turbine—you'll take off a bit of his power and ease him down."

We passed through two offices on our way to that of the Commodore.

"Walk right in," said a colored man who sat near an open door when Mr. McCarthy had claimed his right to an interview.

We entered and saw a large, handsome man sitting by a desk on the further side of a big room. He had a massive head and gray hair and side whiskers—the latter neatly trimmed—and sat with legs crossed in a big armchair. The elegance of his attire impressed me, especially the waistcoat of figured silk, the jewel in his shirt front and the spotless white choker. He looked up over his glasses. The skin began to wrinkle between his stern dark eyes.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded sharply.

"My name is James Henry McCarthy, of Rushwater, New York," said my friend.

"I don't care what your name is—tell me your business," said the Commodore in a rising voice.

"It's a railroad project referred to by my friend H. M. Pearl, Esq., in his talk with you."

"My heavens!" said Mr. Vanderbilt, as he flung a paper on the desk before him. "I've got projects enough now. Will you please get out of here?"

"No, I will not," said the Hand-Made Gentleman decisively. "I've traveled over two hundred miles to keep an appointment with you and I insist that you show me proper respect."

The Commodore changed his tone. "Young man," said he, "I won't talk with you, I can't talk with you. Come to my house to-night. I'll see you at half-past seven."

"Thank you, sir," said the Hand-Made Gentleman as we left the room.

Mr. McCarthy's feelings had been hurt and his confidence began to leave him. He had gone

there with a good deal of honest pride in his heart—was even a little too much—and I think he would rather I had not seen his embarrassment.

"I am surprised," he said to me as we were going down the stairs together. "He cannot have read the Letters of Lord Chesterfield."

"Hasn't had time probably," I answered.

Our inn was near, and no word passed between us after that until we got to our room. My friend strode the floor in silence and tears stood in his eyes for a moment. I felt for him but could think of nothing to say.

"I think one gentleman ought to be careful of the feelings of another," said Mr. McCarthy. "He made me feel like a dog."

"He was out of sorts," I remarked.

"I have learned this," said the Hand-Made Gentleman. "Business is war. I see it clearer every day. If you want respect you've got to fight for it."

We recovered our composure by and by, and spent the rest of the day among tradesmen extending the acquaintance of Sal and the Sisters of Sal.

At half-past seven we presented ourselves at the home of the Commodore at 10 Washington Square.

Mr. McCarthy carried his map under his arm and it was about half the diameter of a piece of stove pipe.

A servant showed us into a large parlor. We could see Mr. Vanderbilt in a room back of it sitting by a table in his shirt sleeves reading a newspaper. We observed him, fearfully, as he took our cards from the tray—plain written cards they were, save that Mr. McCarthy's had a bird on it drawn by his secretary. He flung his paper aside and rose—a splendid figure of a man, full chest, broad shoulders and the six feet of him straight as an arrow—and came slowly into the parlor where we sat.

"Well, sonny, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I have a map to show you," said McCarthy, with a little quaver in his voice. That word "sonny" had cut like a spur and his brain was ready for its trial.

"Well, where is it?" was the sharp query of the Commodore.

My friend began to unroll his map and said: "Here it is."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the steamboat king. "It's bigger'n a bill board. Unfurl it on the floor there. Run it down into the back parlor."

In a moment Mr. McCarthy had spread his map and begun talking.

"Here's Albany," he said, pointing with his cane. "Here's eleven railroads reaching west to Buffalo called the Central system. Here are others that go on to Chicago and others that run east to Boston. Here is a steamer line from New York to Albany out of business about half the year. Here are two lines of railroad that run north from New York to the capital—the Harlem and Hudson River. The Harlem road can be bought for less than six cents on the dollar. I want you to buy it."

"What the deuce do I want of it?" the Commodore demanded.

"It's the key o' the future—and you need it," said McCarthy. "It's the beginning of a great plan. First buy the Harlem and then buy the Hudson River road, and do you not see that all these railroads that run east and west up here can't reach the metropolis without your help? Did you ever see a small boy lead a big bull? It's surprising how easy he does it when he has a ring in the bull's nose."

The Commodore was now leaning over the map and looking down upon it.

"These two railroads will give you command of the whole situation," my friend continued, "and that's important."

Mr. McCarthy paused for half a moment.

"Go on, go on," said the Commodore. "Let's have your argument."

"You can whip 'em all into one system from New York and Boston to Chicago. You can give us a continuous trip between these cities. You can run freight to any point in the system without rehandling on through cars to pay each railroad according to the mileage it supplies. You would make it possible for me to sell my goods in Chicago and other distant cities and deliver 'em on time. You would quicken the pace of business. Every factory on the line would double its output in two years. It means growth and a new Republic and a string of great cities and streams of traffic flowing east and west like rivers. There are not so many tons in the St. Lawrence as your wheels would carry and they would roll on like the waterfloods, never stopping. They would enrich you beyond the dreams of avarice."

The Hand-Made Gentleman saw the truth clearly and flashed the torch of his enthusiasm on all sides of it. He shook his cane over the map; his eyes glowed like a prophet's. After all this time I can but dimly suggest the quaint dignity and the singular power of his appeal. I felt it and have tried to remember all, since these years have complimented his insight by making history of his dreams. I recall how his ardor thrilled me and how the

Commodore rose from his knees and looked at him.

"Young man," he said, "the dreams of avarice do not bother me. I have money enough."

The tone of his voice made it clear to me, even, that Mr. McCarthy's talk had impressed him.

"True," said the Hand-Made Gentleman. "But you have power composed of brains, money and public confidence. You're the only man who can do this thing and it ought to be done. You must do it for the sake of the country. Patriotism and not avarice will inspire you."

The Commodore smiled.

"Boy, how old are you?" he queried.

"Twenty-two years, but they count double."

"They tell me you've made some money."

"I'm getting along very well."

"Sit down a minute."

A man about thirty years of age had just entered the room. Mr. Vanderbilt turned to him.

"I want you to come over and keep my books," he said brusquely.

"But, uncle, I'm not a bookkeeper," said the young man. "I don't know how."

"You know enough to take the money that comes in?"

"Yes."

"And add up the expenses?"

"Yes."

"And give me the difference?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's all I want, and any fool could do that. You may begin Monday. Good night."

The thoughts of the Commodore went straight to their mark and his words followed them. He was like a general giving orders.

He put his right hand on the arm of Mr. McCarthy. I saw then how the grip of the oar had stiffened his fingers.

"Young man, I'll think it over," said he. "You go home and don't talk too much. I make it a rule never to tell what I'm going to do until I've done it."

We left the house and walked slowly in the direction of Broadway.

"He'll do it," said the Hand-Made Gentleman. "He caught my point on the fly. His brain is quick as lightning and he had the whole thing in a second. He let me go on to make sure that I knew what I was talking about."

"Suppose he does what you want him to—how are you going to make by it?" I asked.

"I'll trust him for that," said Mr. Mc-

Carthy. "However, I can take care of myself. As soon as he makes a move I'll buy stock—that's what I'll do. James Henry McCarthy will not be left behind."

After a moment's reflection he added:

"I'm surprised at one thing—he swears like a trooper, and did you see that he came out in a pair of carpet slippers?"

"Yes," I answered.

"He would have shocked Lord Chesterfield," Mr. McCarthy went on. "A gentleman ought to be more careful."

It may have been a month afterward that our evening paper contained this announcement:

"Vanderbilt Has Control of the Harlem Road. Will the Steamboat King Lead the Iron Horse Cavalry in Its Westward Charge?"

We were in New York on our way to Pittsburgh to talk with the Western superintendent of the Pennsylvania system about the rail problem. We had an appointment with the Commodore and went to his house about eight o'clock in the evening.

"Hello, young man," said Mr. Vanderbilt as he took the hand of McCarthy. "Going out to the stable to look at a sick horse; come along."

He donned his overcoat, which had a collar of gray fur of about the shade of his hair, and it put a wonderful finish on him. I never saw, in all my life, a better figure of a man.

We went with him to a large stable back of the house. I recall my wonder at its size and comfort and cleanliness, and the splendor of its many vehicles and trappings. Yet it was not fine enough for the Commodore, who, seeing a wisp of straw on the floor of the carriage room, larruped the coachman with high words. Then a quick spoken command:

"Bring out the mare."

Out came the mare in a jiffy, and Mr. Vanderbilt looked into her mouth and felt her throat and legs, and said presently: "Take her back and have her bled in the morning."

He let down the shafts of a light road wagon and rolled it to the middle of the floor.

"There's a good wagon," said he; "take hold of the axle and heft it."

We did so and were surprised at the lightness of the graceful thing.

"Not much heavier than a tomcat," said the Commodore, "and it cost me ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand dollars. Why it costs as much as a house," said Mr. McCarthy.

"As much as some houses," the Commodore went on. "I sent for a good carriage builder

and told him to plan the lightest wagon that would safely carry my weight. He brought the plan for a fifty-eight-pound wagon at fifteen hundred dollars. 'Twon't do,' says I. 'Make it just as strong and five pounds lighter, and I'll double your pay.' Well, he came back by and by with a plan for a fifty-three pound wagon for three thousand dollars. 'That's the best you can do—is it?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'I might get it down a few ounces if I had time to study the problem.' 'Take time,' says I, 'and I'll pay you a hundred dollars an ounce for all the weight you can take out of the wagon, but you must keep it as strong as it is now.' He took four pounds off the weight of it, and the saving cost me sixteen hundred dollars a pound. Money is quite a stimulant if it's used right."

The Hand-Made Gentleman stood looking thoughtfully at the Commodore. When the story was finished he struck the air with his hand, saying:

"Mr. Vanderbilt, that wagon is worth its weight in diamonds."

We looked into his glowing eyes, and he went on:

"Let me tell you why. If brains, rightly stimulated, can reduce the weight of a road wagon without any loss of strength, let's see what they can do with freight and passenger cars. If we could take a hundred pounds off every car in the country, think what it would mean. That weight could be turned from expense into income. Think of the saving in power and fuel. It would mean millions of dollars."

"Well, boy, go to work on that proposition," said the Commodore. "I'll give you a dollar for every pound you save on every car that runs over my track. I wish to God that my boy Bill had your brains."

"You are very kind, sir," said Mr. McCarthy.

"Look out for the weight of your head," Mr. Vanderbilt continued; "it's your freight car—remember that, and you don't want to carry any sap in it. Let me tell you a story. Bill is a fat good-natured cuss and wants to take it easy because he has a rich father. I told him that I wouldn't have him loafing around, and I sent him down on the farm and put him to work there, and Bill is getting along. He played a good joke on me and I've made up my mind that he'll do for the railroad business."

"He says to me the other day: 'Father, I need some manure for the farm.'"

"Well, boy, how much do you want?" I says.

"Seven or eight loads," says he.

"How much'll you pay a load?" says I.

"A dollar a load," says he.

"All right," I says to him; 'come over to the car stables and get all you need at that figure.'

"What do you suppose the cuss done to me? He come over and got eight schooner loads."

Mr. Vanderbilt roared with laughter.

"You're no farmer," I says to him; 'come right over and learn the railroad business.'"

The Commodore pushed the road wagon back into its corner.

"On your way to Pittsburg?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," Mr. McCarthy answered with a sly wink at me.

"Anything more to say?"

"No, sir."

"That's good. It's a wise man that knows when he's said enough. Good night."

Mr. McCarthy and I left to go to our inn.

"On your way to Pittsburg?" said the Hand-Made Gentleman, repeating the query of the Commodore. "How did he know that I was going to Pittsburg?"

"He's been at work on your program, perhaps," I suggested.

"And has a hand in the affairs of the Central system," my friend went on. "That's his way of telling me. He has bought the Harlem and Hudson River roads and has the ring in the bull's nose, and the continuous route is now a certainty. But we are not to talk too much. You can make up your mind that the Commodore knows all about us. I probably don't say or do much that isn't reported to him. A foolish word or two and he would be done with me."

At midnight we were on our way to Philadelphia in a drafty coach. We had brought a couple of shawls with us, and used them for pillows, and lay half reclining on the hard seats beneath our overcoats. We slept a little in spite of the roaring wheels and rattling windows and the shriek of the trainman at all stops, and the snore streaked, chilly silences that followed, and rose stiff and sore at day-break to wait for the westbound train. It was hard travel, but far easier than that of the stage-coach of which my mother had told me, and in those days it seemed like the height of luxury. All next day and another night we traveled before we reached Pittsburg.

We were met at the depot by Mr. Carnegie, the iron-master. He was a man of about twenty-seven years, with a full brown beard and keen, gray eyes, and an alert and kindly manner.

"Thank God, the war is over," said Mr.

Carnegie, as we walked down the street; "but the military spirit is everywhere and it will die slowly. I feel it more and more in business. Do you know that business itself is beginning to be a kind of warfare in which victory is the chief end and all is well that leads to it?"

"I have felt the spirit you complain of," said the Hand-Made Gentleman. "In my business there are scouts and spies, and I have had trouble in which violence and threats of murder were resorted to."

"It's the teaching of war, and battles of business are coming in which blood will flow and the gun and torch will play their part."

We spent most of the day looking over the

Union Iron Mills and discussing railroad matters with Mr. Carnegie. He said that rails would soon be made of Bessemer steel and that cars were coming which would be as comfortable as a hotel. Soon we began talking of war again and of Lincoln.

"He is the modern, democratic gentleman," said Mr. Carnegie. "He has shown us how little dress and manners have to do with it."

Mr. Carnegie stopped, for suddenly a man had rushed in upon us.

"My God!" he groaned as he sank into a chair, "Lincoln has been assassinated."

Outside, bells had begun tolling, and we could hear the running of many feet.

THE YELLOW LEAF

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

I

WHEN up the marble street of Windsor
To meet the mountain stage we throng,
The wind that sweeps forever westward
Blows one tall drooping Form along.

Whose faded peplum, billowing round her,
With youthful lightness whirls and flies;
But nearer viewed, her cheeks are hollow,
And dimmed and patient are her eyes.

This Lady, meeting old acquaintance,
Rouses in each a gentle grief;
They shake their bonnets, softly sighing,
"Her days are in the yellow leaf."

II

But if to many an eye in Windsor
Who knew her youth, how bright it glowed,
She seems an emblem of October—
An Autumn leaf blown down the road—

Yet to an old man from a window
Watching with thousand-wrinkled face,
His daughter seems, both now and ever,
"A sunshine in a shady place."

III

How dimly mortal eyes perceive her!
She never comes to Town alone;
A beardless Ensign walks beside her,
Shot in the spring of Sixty-one.



Margarita's Soul

The Romantic Recollections of a Man of Fifty

By **INGRAHAM LOVELL**

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

Part II—In which the spring flows in a little stream

I. Roger Finds the Island

IT goes without saying that I have a retentive memory. Of course I depend very largely upon it for all the small details that Roger has from time to time vouchsafed me in regard to his relations with Margarita, or I could not very well be writing these idle memories, but Roger was always a poor writer—that is to say, so far as comment and amplification and variety of manner may be supposed to make a good one. Witness the following letter, which I received in answer to my plea for details of that strange night journey from New York to Margarita's town. It left a gap in my story of which I never happened to receive any account and it seemed to me a fairly important gap, though you will see that this was not Roger's view of it.

DEAR JERRY:

It is rather late in the day to ask me about that trip to —. We hardly spoke for a long time, as I am sure I have told you before—either of us. There was no berth to be had for her and no drawing room car on, so we rode all night in the day coach with a rather mixed lot. I remember they snored and it amused her. She wanted to wake them up and I had to speak sharply to prevent her. The air got very bad and I took her out on the platform for a while. I remember there were any amount of stars and the moon out, too.

You know she never talked much. About one o'clock we got to S—— and changed cars for a few minutes' wait. . . . I think it was then that she asked me abruptly what I meant by a "convent." She said it in French and I saw that she spoke and understood the language, but only in a simple, childish sort of way. I told her it was a big school. "What is that?" she said. . . . There were a number of Italians on the train, and they were chattering like magpies, but she paid no attention to them and I was sure she did not understand them. At—— we got out and I asked her if there would be any livery stable open at that hour, for it was not more than four o'clock. She did not know, of course, what a livery stable was and told me that we must either go in a boat or walk. So we walked. The sun rose while we were walking. I think this is all you wanted.

There you have it! Could anything be simpler? "I remember there were any amount of stars . . . you know she never talked much."—Oh, Roger, Roger! Must you always have the doing and I the telling? Even to this day, though I would cut off this hand for you, I am jealous of you. "The sun rose while we were walking"! Ah me, to walk with Margarita through the dawn! She was the very dawn of life herself, untarnished, unfatigued, unashamed. To me who have known her, other women are as pictures in a gallery—lovely pictures, many of them, but a little faded and fingermarked somehow.

We shall have to take that walk for granted. I know that it consisted of a quarter-mile of sleeping village, three quarters of a mile of scattered houses, two miles of widely separated farms and then two last miles of bayberry, salt meadow, coarse grass, rocky sand and blue, in-rolling seas. I know how the salty, strengthening air blew Roger's lungs clean of the frightful murk of the car, how the strange, stunted, wind-rocked trees gave an odd, unreal air of Japan to that bleak shore; I can half close my eyes now and lo, Atami and her thundering, surf-swept beach broadens out before me and the breakers as they come pounding in, chase—not the withered, monkeylike old priest who searches endlessly for something in the seaweed, girding his clean, faded robe above his bare sticks of legs—but Margarita and me. The camphor trees lose their lacquered green and turn to distant chestnut; the scarlet lily fades to a dull rose marsh flower; the lines of the temple are only quaintly-eaved rocks and ledges, and I am over seas again. I wonder if that is the reason I love this place so? But there were no geyser baths there and I had no rheumatism then! *Tout lasse, tout passe, tout casse*—even the sciatic nerve, we will hope.

Well, then, after they had made what Roger with his usual accuracy in such matters took for nearly five miles, it occurred to him to ask Margarita how it was that she knew her way so well, for she went through pastures, broken walls, hedges and there a bit of the country road, with the air of long practice. At first she would not tell him. I can imagine that slanting, schoolboy look, that quietly malicious in-drawing of the corners of the mouth; the most enchanting obstinacy conceivable. They were following at the time a narrow beaten path, perhaps a cattle track, but that was not her guide, for often such a path curved and returned aimlessly on itself or branched off quite widely from the direction she took. At first, as I say, she was deaf to his question, but when he repeated it, patiently, I have no doubt, but evidently determined upon an answer, she yielded, as we all yield to Roger in the end, and confessed that she had once followed Hester to the village and back by this road. Hester had never guessed it, never in fact turned her back when once started, and it had been easy to keep her in sight. At the edge of the town Margarita had felt a little shy and apprehensive of her fate if discovered, so she had sat by the wood-side till Hester appeared again and followed her meekly home.

Since then I have been able to gather some idea of Hester's appearance from various sources, and I own that the situation has

always seemed to me picturesque in the extreme: the tall, gaunt, silent woman in her severe, dull dress striding through the pastures, and behind her, stealthily as an Indian—or an Italian avenger—the dark, lovely child, now crouching amongst the bayberry, now defiantly erect, but always graceful as a panther, her hair loose on her slender shoulders. I cannot forbear to add that in this picture of mine, a great, vivid letter burns on the woman's breast, inseparable from her name, of course. But this only adds to the somber power of the picture. It is a thing for Vedder to paint, in witchlike browns and grays.

Margarita had never made this journey but once, but she followed her old trail with the precision of a savage. I myself have gone that way once only: and then but half of the distance, or a little less. It was not in bayberry time, but through a land smooth and blue-white with snow and with a terror pulling my heart out that I am sure I could never endure again. How we flew over the snow! It was all a ghastly glare, a dancing sun in a turquoise sky . . . no, no, one does not live through such things twice and I hate even the memory of it: even with the boiling geyser rumbling behind me, filling the baths with comfort and oblivion, I shiver to my very marrow.

After they had followed a certain marshy band of vivid green for several pasture-lengths, Margarita shook her head slightly, retraced her steps and stopped at a point where three or four great flat stones made a sort of causeway across the glistening, muddy strip, and Roger, following her as she jumped lightly over, saw that they stood upon a little rocky promontory joined only by this strange bit of marsh to the mainland. The strip was here not a hundred feet wide, and winding in on either side of this two little inlets crept sluggishly along and lost themselves in the marsh. The promontory was here very barren and it seemed to Roger that the girl was going to lead him out into the shallow cove that faced them, but a few more steps showed him that just here the point of land curved around this cove, which swept far inland, and broadened out wonderfully into several acres of meadow-hay dotted with sparse, stunted cedars.

Directly before him lay a wet, shining beach, for the tide was gone and a hundred yards out the tops of what might almost have been a built wall of nasty pointed rocks formed a perfect lagoon across the face of the promontory. At high tide these would not show, but they were there, always guarding, always bare toothed, and as far again beyond them a bell buoy mounted on a similar ledge seemed to point to



The tall, gaunt, silent woman . . . striding through the pastures

the existence of a double barrier. It was a great lonesome bay of the Atlantic that he looked at, its arms on either side desolate, scrubby and forbidding, with not a hint of life. Suddenly, as he stared, wondering, and Margarita stood quiet beside him, a long, quavering bellow came from behind him.

"It is the cow," said Margarita reassuringly as he whirled around, "she is calling Caliban to milk her, I suppose."

Again the impatient, minor bellow rose on the air, and Roger perceived that what he had carelessly passed over as a great sand dune was in reality a square cottage built of sand, apparently, for it was precisely the color and texture of sand, sloping off in a succession of out-buildings, just as the cliffs and dunes slope, windowless, nearly, from that side at least, and offering only the anxious cow, peering from the furthest outhouse, as evidence of life. Close up to it on one side, the right, a great, cliff-like spur of rock shot up and ran like a wall for fifty feet, then fell away gradually into the sand of the beach which ran up to meet it; the cottage itself was perched on the beach edge, and beyond it, on the left side, the straggling grass began.

They moved on toward this house, then, and as they neared it a long, melancholy howl echoed the cow's lament, a howl with a baying, mellow undertone that lingered on the morning air. For it was honest morning now, a September morning, blowing wild-grapes and seasand and bayberry into Roger's nostrils. As he stared at the house a great hound crept around the corner of it, baying monotonously, but as he saw Margarita he left off and ran to her, arching his brindled head. He was a Danish hound, beautifully brindled and very massive. She fondled him quietly, smiling as he clumsily threw his great paws about her waist and pushed him down.

"I am very hungry," said Margarita abruptly, "I think I will have Caliban bring me some warm milk."

She turned her direction slightly and made for the cow stall, and as he stood by the door Roger saw that whatever the internal structure of the building might be, it was certainly covered with rough sand.

"Here is Caliban now," she added, and a loutish looking fellow, small-eyed, heavy-lipped and shock-haired, appeared to rise out of the ground before them, dangling a milk pail on his arm. At sight of Margarita his jaw dropped, he shivered violently and appeared ready to faint, but as she called encouragingly to him he mustered courage to approach and feel of her skirt timidly. He was evidently feeble-minded as well as dumb, for with a sort of croak he

dropped the bucket and began to dance clumsily up and down, snapping his fingers the while. Plainly he had thought her gone for good and this was his thanksgiving.

"Milk the cow, Caliban, I am thirsty," said Margarita impatiently after a moment of this, "and get me some bread. Make haste with it."

He started on a run for the door furthest from the cow stall and appeared almost immediately with a large silver mug and a huge piece torn from a loaf. Squatting beside the cow he balanced the mug between his knees and deftly milked it full. She seized it, drained it thirstily and began munching her bread, holding the mug out to him again to be filled a second time. She bit great mouthfuls from the loaf like a child of four, and Roger watched her, half amused, half irritated.

"You are not accustomed to the exercise of hospitality, I see," he said finally, and as she looked at him over the silver mug inquiringly he explained.

"I have walked for more than an hour and I am hungry, too, Miss Margarita," he said, "won't you offer me anything to eat and drink?"

She shook her head doubtfully.

"I need this bread myself," she said, "and no one drinks from this cup but me. I should not like it. If Caliban will get you another . . ."

"Surely he will if you tell him to," Roger suggested mildly.

"Very well," she returned indifferently, "when he has finished milking, I will," and she continued her meal, adding, "I do not think he likes you, for he shows his teeth. He did that when the doctor came to see my father."

I asked Margarita a year or two after this to describe for me how she first entertained Roger: I had already a good idea of his initial hospitality to her in the French restaurant. Here is her letter.

DEAREST JERRY:

What an odd thing to ask me to tell you—my first hospitality to Roger! But I remember it very well. Only it was not very hospitable, because of course, I did not know anything about that sort of thing. One has to learn that, like finger bowls and asking people if they slept well. You know I called for some bread and milk and ate them very greedily, standing by the cow so that I could get more when I should want it. By the time I had finished Caliban had finished milking and then Roger asked me quite politely if I thought he might have something to eat, now. You know, dear Jerry, I had never been used to eating with people. All the people that I knew ate their meals separately and it never occurred to me that I ought to be there when he ate. And then, I was so sleepy—oh, so sleepy! You know I have always felt sleepy and hungry and angry and things like that so much more than

other people seem to. I have to sleep and eat when I feel like sleeping and eating. So I only said, "You had better ask Hester to get you a breakfast. I must go to sleep, now," and flung myself down on some fresh hay just beside the cow stall, in the sun, and went to sleep! Was not that a dreadful thing to do? But I did it. I do not know how long I slept, nor how Roger looked when I turned my back on him, but when I opened my eyes he was sitting beside me, smoking a cigar and staring at me. He had been there all the time.

"Did Hester get you a breakfast?" I asked him, stretching myself like a big baby.

"I have not asked her," he said very quietly, "suppose we go in now and see about it, if you are rested."

So we went in, but Hester was not in the kitchen, and when I went up to her room and knocked there was no answer, so I supposed she had gone out for the roots and herbs she used to hunt so much.

"You will have to get it yourself," I told him, "unless Caliban will."

"Are you not willing to do that much for me, then?" he said, and I felt very strange, though I could not explain why. I think now it was because I began to understand that I ought to have done something I had not.

"I would get it for you if I could," I said, "but I do not know how to make a breakfast, nor where Hester keeps her things. Why do you not ask Caliban?"

So then he asked Caliban if he could manage some breakfast for him, but Caliban only stared and walked away.

"Does he understand?" Roger asked me, and I felt that his voice was not the same as it had been.

"I am sure he does," I said, "will you not do as this man asks you, Caliban?" but he only scowled and turned away.

"You see," I said, "there is nothing to be done until Hester comes," but Roger shook his head and walked over to Caliban.

I am sure he knew that it was not that I grudged him food, but that I had no idea at all of how to set about getting it ready. People always have known that what I say is truth, though much of what I say seems to surprise them.

"If you will excuse me," he said, "I will try a slightly different method," and I knew he was very angry. He lifted Caliban in the air by the collar of his coat and gave him several sharp blows on each ear and shook him. Then he threw him away, on the floor. Caliban cried like a young dog and sat upon his knees and covered his face. He meant for Roger to excuse him. I was surprised, for I had always been a little afraid of Caliban.

"Get up," said Roger, very quietly, "and make me some coffee and whatever else you have. And see that you obey me in future."

Caliban hurried about and looked here and there and made some coffee and broke eggs in a black pan and cut pieces of bacon. He set a place at the kitchen table and made some biscuits warm in the oven. Roger ate five eggs and a great many pieces of bacon and six biscuits. He gave me some coffee. When he had finished he drew a long breath and gave Caliban a piece of silver money and Caliban kissed it. Then Roger took another cigar and told Caliban to fetch a match and then he asked me if I would like to walk by the sea for a little.

"I ought to find this Hester of yours," he said, "but I won't just yet. I am too comfortable. Will you come out with me?"

So I said I would, and that was all my hospitality,

dear Jerry. I had learned better when you came, had I not? This letter has been so long that I cannot write any more.

YOUR MARGARITA.

My Margarita! The very words are not like any other two words. I think no woman's name is so purely sweet to the ear, so grateful on the tongue. My Margarita! Alas, alas.

As to that walk by the sea, I have never been able to get any satisfactory account of it. Any, that is, which could hope to prove satisfactory to one who did not know Roger. Such an one might be incredulous, in face of all that had gone before, when assured that Roger paced back and forth on the firm sand, filling his lungs in the clean sea air, puffing his cigar in perfect silence, Margarita at his heels as silent as he, and the big Danish hound at hers, more silent than either. But so it was. To me who know them both, nothing could seem more natural. They were healthy, well poised animals, well fed, supplied with plenty of fresh air (a prime necessity to them both) and in congenial company. Neither of them was given to consideration of the past or prognostication of the future; both of them were content. Roger has always had that priceless faculty of reserving mental processes (apparently) until they are necessary. When they are not, he lays them by, as a sportsman lays by his gun, and the teasing, relentless imps that poison the rest of us with futile regrets for the past and vain hopes for the future avoid him utterly. It is the pure Anglo Saxon corner stone of that great, slow wall that I firmly believe is destined to encircle the world, one day. Your slender, brown peoples with their throbbing, restless brains and curious, trembling fingers may—and doubtless will—build the cathedrals and paint the frescoes therein and write the songs to be sung there; but they must hold their land from Roger and his kind and look to him to guard them safe and unmolested there. Or so it seems to me.

After an hour or so of this walking Caliban approached them, and bending humbly before Roger made it clear that he greatly desired their presence at the cottage. They went after him, Margarita incurious because she was utterly indifferent, Roger wasting no energy, of course, with no facts to proceed upon. At the kitchen he endeavored to lead them up the narrow stair, and then Margarita asked him if anything was wrong with Hester and if she had sent him.

He nodded his head violently and led her up the stair. In a few moments she returned:

"Hester," she said composedly, "is dead."

"Dead?" Roger echoed in consternation, "are you certain?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "she is cold just like my father. She is sitting in her chair. Her eyes are open and she is dead."

Roger stared thoughtfully ahead of him. He never doubted her for a moment. It was always impossible to doubt Margarita.

"I wonder if Caliban will make my breakfast, now?" she added, with a shadow of concern in her voice. "I think he puts more coffee in the pot: I shall be glad of that."

"For heaven's sake," Roger cried sharply, "are you human, child? This woman, if I understand you, has taken care of you from babyhood!"

"Of course," said Margarita, "but I do not like her and she does not like me. She liked my father."

It may seem strange to you that Roger did not immediately ascend the stair and confirm Margarita's report, but he did not. Instead he spoke to Caliban.

"Is the woman dead?" he asked shortly.

The clumsy, slow witted youth nodded his head and sobbed noisily, with strange animal-like grunts and gulps.

"Has she been dead long, do you think?" Roger asked.

Caliban raised his hand and checked off the five fingers slowly. It was understood that he indicated so many hours. He placed his hand upon his heart, then shook his head from side to side. Suddenly he shifted his features unbelievably and Roger gazed horrified upon a very mask of death: there was no doubt as to what Caliban had seen.

This being so Roger thought a moment and then spoke.

"I am very sleepy, Margarita," he said, "and I don't care to walk back to the village directly, since it would do no especial good. I think I will take a little nap on the beach, if you don't mind, and then I'll go to the village and get help to—to do the various things that must be done. Later I will have a talk with you. Tell me once again—you do not know of any friends or relatives of your father's or Hester's?"

She shook her head, carelessly but definitely.

"Does Caliban?"

But this question was beyond the poor lout's intelligence; he could only blubber and fend off possible chastisement.

"Take another nap, if you can, Margarita," said Roger, "and I will go to the beach. Call me if you want me."

She went off to her warm straw, threw herself on it like a tired child, and passed quickly into a deep sleep; he tramped for a moment on

the beach, then stretched himself in the lee of a sun warmed rock and fell into the dreamless, renewing rest that he took as his simple due from nature.



II. Fate Casts Her Die

When he woke it was full sunset. The lonely reefs were red with it (O Margarita, well I know that hour! Do you remember our talks?) the point of land seemed drowned in it, and with a sense of something inexcusably forgotten and put off, Roger hurried to the house that stood strangely deserted, it seemed, in the dying glow. In just that glow I have watched it, leaning on my oars, and for a few strange minutes, the exact time necessary for the sun to drop behind the coast-hills, I have felt myself a small boy again, crouched in a cane chair before my mother's sewing-table, unable for very terror to drop my feet to the floor as I gazed through wide eyes at the House of Usher, that home of sunset mystery. Such a strange, Poe-like atmosphere could that sanded, secret cottage take upon itself.

Roger pushed rapidly up the beach and entered the house quietly, so quietly that he caught Margarita's last sentences, which struck him as odd even in his utter ignorance of their connection. She was evidently scolding Caliban, for his grunts and shufflings punctuated her pauses.

"It is very saucy and unkind of you, Caliban," she was saying, "and you need not think you can do as you like because Hester is dead. I know she cannot walk any more. My father could not walk when he was dead. And you need not think that Roger Bradley will not ask, because he will. He knows everything."

Roger thought that the lout had been teasing her with stupid ghost hints and bade him begone sternly, more vexed than before as he noticed the dim twilight drawing in and realized how late and inconvenient the hour was for all he had to do.

"Can you get me a lantern, Margarita?" he said shortly. "I must get back to the village and try to bring someone out with me to see about the—all the matters that must be attended to—upstairs."

"Upstairs?" she repeated, "what matters?" He blessed her indifference then, and explained as gently as he could the necessity for

some disposition of her old housekeeper's body.

"Oh! Hester," she returned, "you cannot do anything to Hester, Roger Bradley, for she has gone."

"Gone!" he echoed stupidly.

"Go and see," said Margarita, pointing to the stairway, and he took the steps two at a time. The room that she indicated faced the stairs directly. It was furnished plainly with an ugly wooden bed covered with a bright patch-work quilt, a pine bureau and two cheap chairs. The walls were utterly bare and the floor, but for a woven rug near the bed, of the sort so common in New England. And yet there was an air of homely occupation in the plain chamber, a bright, patched cushion in one chair, a basket full of household mending and such matters, on a small table, a pair of spectacles and a worn Bible beside it. The room had that unmistakable air of recent occupation, that subtle atmosphere of use and wont that no art can simulate—and yet it was empty.

Roger came down the stairs again and summoned Caliban. The fellow lay in a deep sleep, just as he had thrown himself, on the straw beside the cow stall, a full pail of milk beside him. It was hard to wake him, for he scowled and snored and dropped heavily off again after each shaking, but at last he stood conscious before them and appeared to understand Roger's sharp questions well enough, though his only answer was a clumsy twist of his large head and a dismal negative sort of grunt.

Where was Hester's body? Was she really dead? Had anyone been in the house? What had he been doing all the afternoon? One might as well have asked the great bound in the doorway. Even to threats of violence he was dumb, cowering, it is true, but hopelessly and with no attempt to escape whatever penalty his obstinacy might incur.

Roger fell into a perplexed silence and the loud dropped back snoring on his straw.

"I do not see why we came back from Broadway," Margarita observed placidly. "I did not want to, you remember, and now Caliban is too sleepy to get our supper. We shall have to have more bread and milk. Let us eat it on the rocks, Roger Bradley, will you?"

And Roger, in spite of the fact that he was forty and a conspicuously practical person (or was it, perhaps just *because* of this fact? I confess I am not quite sure!) actually left that house of mystery carrying a yellow earthen pitcher of milk, a crusty loaf of new bread, a great slice of sage cheese and a blueberry pie, followed by Margarita and the Danish hound,

Margarita prattling of Broadway, the dog licking her hand, Roger, I have no sort of doubt, intent on conveying the food in good order to its destination!

They sat on the rocks, warm yet with the September sun, and ate with a healthy relish, while the first pale stars came out and the outgoing tide lapped the smooth beach. I have been assured that they never in the conversation that followed mentioned the island—though it was not then an island, to be sure—that they were sitting upon, nor the extraordinary events which had happened there and had brought them to it. And I believe it. I also believe, and do not need to be assured, that they talked little of anything. They never did. Again and again I have imparted to Roger some or other of Margarita's amazing conversations with me and he has listened to them with the grave interest of a stranger and even questioned me indolently as to my theory of that stage of her development. I must add that he has never seemed surprised at what she said and has occasionally corrected me in my analyses and prophecies with an acuteness that has astonished me, for he was never by way of being analytic, our Roger. When I once remarked to Clarence King (who was devoted to her) apropos of this silence of theirs that it was like the quiet intimacy of the animals, he looked at me deeply for a moment, then added, "or the angels, maybe?" which, like most of King's remarks, bears thinking of, dear fellow. I never heard him in my life talk so brilliantly as he did one afternoon stretched on the sand by Margarita, while she fed him wild strawberries from her lap and embroidered the most beautiful butterfly on the lapel of his old velveteen jacket, and Roger tried to ride in on the breakers like the South Sea islanders.

From time to time Clarence would turn one of those luminous sentences of his and kiss the stained finger-tips that fed him (I never did that in my life) and from time to time Roger's splendid tanned body would rise between us and the sun, triumphant on his board or ignominiously flat between the great combers. But he was as calm as the tide and we knew that he would beat it in the end and "get the hang of it" as he promised. She never turned her eyes toward him, that I could see, but I am convinced that she was perfectly aware each time he fell. She never talked much to King and he was always a little jealous of me on that account. But she was very fond of him and always wrote to him when he was off on his ramblings. His letters to her were always in rhyme, the cleverest possible.

There are, of course, whole pages to be

written (if one wanted to write them) of that night on the rocks. I naturally don't want to write them. To say that I have not imagined them would be a stupid lie: I am human. But I have never been able to bring myself to the point of view of the modern lady novelist in these matters. Why is it, by the way, that God has hidden so many things in these latter days from the prudent and revealed them unto spinsters?

Not that I need to rely on my imagination: Margarita would have saved me that. Once she got the idea that I was interested in those early days, she was perfectly willing to draw upon her extraordinary memory for all the details I could endure. But of course I could not let her. The darling imbecile—could anything have been so hopelessly enchanting as Margarita? It is impossible. If you can picture to yourself a boy—but that is misleading, directly, when I think of her curled close against me on the rocks, her hand on my arm and all my veins tingling under it. She was all woman. And yet who but me who knew her can ever have heard from the lips of any woman such absolute naïveté, such crystal frankness? It was like those dear talks with some lovely, loved and loving child. But that, again, gives you no proper idea. For no child's throat sounds such deep, bell-like tones, such sweet, swooping cadences. And no child's eyes meet yours with that clear beam, only to soften and tremble and swim suddenly with such alluring tenderness that your heart shakes in you and slips out to drown contentedly in those slate-blue depths. No, no, there is no describing Margarita. Perhaps King came nearest to it when he said that she was Eve before the fall, plus a sense of humor! But Eve is distinctly Miltonian to us (unfortunately for the poor woman) and Margarita would have horrified Milton—there is no doubt of it.

Well, well, I left them on the moonlit rocks, and there I had better leave them, I suppose. It is so hard for me to make you understand that Roger was incapable of anything low when I am apparently doing my best to catalogue actions that can be set only too easily in an extremely doubtful light. All I can say is, pick out the best fellow you know, the one you'd rather have to count on, at a pinch, than another, the one you'd swear to for doing the straight thing and holding his tongue about it—then give him five feet eleven and a half inches and blue eyes and you've Roger. This is rather a poor dodge at character drawing: I know a competent author would never throw himself on your mercy so.

But then, what does it matter? When the

members of a man's own household, who have known him from boyhood, fail to understand him and take a satiric pleasure in looking at what he does from the nastiest possible standpoint (none the less nasty because it is a logically possible standpoint) why should I, a confessed amateur, hope to make Roger clear to you if you are determined to misjudge him?

I find myself still a little sore on this point: unnecessarily so, you may be thinking. But you never had to explain it to the family in Boston, you see—and Sarah. I had. I can see her cold, gray-green eyes to this hour, her white starched shirt and her sharp steel belt-buckle—ugh! It should be illegal, in a Republic where there are so many less sensible laws, for any woman to be so ostentatiously unattractive.

"Margarita," I said once, very soon after I had met her, "were you ever caught by the tide on those first rocks? See how it has crept up and cut them off."

"Oh yes, often," she answered, "the first night Roger ever came here, for once. Do you not remember, I told you how he carried the blueberry pie and the milk out there and we ate them? He was so hungry! It was then that he looked at me so——"

"Blueberry pie," I said hastily, "is very messy, I think, though undoubtedly good. It makes one's mouth so black."

"I know," she murmured reminiscently, "I told Roger that his mouth was stained and I laughed at him. And then he said that mine was worse, because there was some on my chin—why do you scowl so, Jerry? Is that a wrong thing to tell?"

"No, no," I assured her, "of course not."

"I am glad," she said comfortably, "it is very strange that I cannot see the difference, myself. How do you see, Jerry? But I was telling you about the tide, was I not? When Roger said that about my mouth I tried to get the stain off, but I could not, and then Roger said it was no use trying any more and he kissed me."

Here Margarita paused and patted my hand, tapping each finger nail lightly with her own finger-tips.

"You need not be afraid, Jerry," she added encouragingly, "I shall not tell any more things about that."

I drew away my hand irritably. "Well, well, what about the tide?" I said.

Margarita's repulsed fingers lay loosely up-curved on her knees, which she hunched in front of her, like a boy.

"Oh, it was only what you asked me, dear Jerry," she answered softly, "while Roger was kissing me that kiss, the tide *did* come in!"

III. *I Ride Knight Errant*

It is easy to see that I should have made a poor novelist; it has been hard enough for me to give you any idea of scenes I did not myself witness, even though I had Roger and Margarita to help me out and an intimate knowledge of both of them, and when I try to fancy myself composing a tissue of fictitious events "all out of my head," as the children say, my pen drops weakly out of my fingers, in horror at the very thought.



But now, thank heaven, the pull is over. From now on, I need tell only what I knew and saw, in the strange, interwoven life we three have led. Three only? Nay, Harriet of the true heart, Harriet of the tender hand, could we have been three without you? My fingers should wither before they left your name unwritten.

I remember so well the night the telegram came. I had been vexed all day. Everything had gone wrong. Roger, to meet whom I had come back early to town, had neither turned up nor sent me any message; the day had been sickeningly hot, with that mid-September heat that comes to the eastern states after the first crisp days and wilts everything and everybody. I found my rooms atrociously stale and dusty, and worse than that, perfectly useless, since by some miracle of carelessness I had left my keys behind me at the shore and hadn't so much as a clean collar to look forward to.

The club valet assured me that he had received no call for trunk or bag, but that Roger had assuredly not entered the house for five days. I went into his rooms, but they told me nothing, and I, worse luck, should have been lost in his collar, so I glared angrily at the drawers of linen, wired for my own keys and made for the Turkish bath. There with a thrill of delight I discovered a complete change of clothing; I had, before leaving for the summer, jumped hastily into dinner things, leaving a heap of forgotten garments behind me and they awaited me now, trim and creased, russet shoes polished, and a wine-colored tie, a particular favorite of mine, topping the fresh linen. It seems absurd, but I recall few moments in my life of such pure, heartfelt thanksgiving. The very color of life seemed changed for me. I wonder if we do well in despising these small thrills as we do? Surely enough of them sedulously preserved in grateful memory must equal in intensity those great, theoretical mo-

ments we all regard as our due but so often pass through life, I am sure, without experiencing.

However that may be, the little gratifications of that evening are graven in my mind, undoubtedly, you will say, because of the startling climax for which they were preparing me. The clean tingling of my soapy scrub, the delicious coolness of the plunge, the leisurely, fresh dressing all caressed my nerves delightfully. In the plunge a pleasant enough fellow had

accosted me and we had splashed together contentedly. I expected to recall his name every moment, for his face was vaguely familiar, but I could not and when we met in the hall and went down the steps together, it still escaped me. We hesitated a bit on the pavement, and then before I realized it we were hailing a hansom and bound for dinner together?

It was a pleasant drive up along the river, for a little breeze had sprung up and the watered asphalt smelt cool. We were both comfortably hungry and very placid after our bath and we chatted in a desultory sort of way, I, amused at my utter inability to place the fellow, he quite unconscious, of course, and perfectly certain of me. He asked after Roger, sympathized with our failure to make connections, remarked to my surprise that he had only been out of town for his Sundays (America had not adopted the "week-end" at that time) and asked me, I remember, if I knew anything about a game called basket-ball. It seemed he was anxious to find someone who did. We drew up at last to our white, glistening little table looking out over the water, looked about for possible friends, nodded to the head-waiter and ordered our dinner. It turned out that neither of us had yet celebrated the oyster month, and leaving my unknown to bespeak the Blue Points, for the more conservative among us clung to the smaller oyster then, I telephoned the club to let Roger know where to find me in case he should appear there.

Over the soup my companion got on to the subject—somehow—of evolution, and talked about it very ably indeed. It is absurd, but I shall never be able to eat jellied consommé as long as I live without connecting it with the Saurian Period! I remember that those quaint and apparently highly important beasts lasted well into our guinea-chick and lettuce-hearts, and I can see him now, his eager, dark face all lighted with enthusiasm while he spread ma-

yonnaise neatly over the crimson quarters of tomato on his plate, and made short nervous mouthfuls, in order to talk the better. Half amused, half interested I listened, trying to place the fellow, but for the life of me I could not. Was he a scientist, a lecturer, a magazine writer, a schoolmaster? We finished with some Port du Salut and Bar-le-duc—an admitted weakness of mine—and I had decided to regularly pump him and find out his name without his guessing my game, when he began, as I supposed, to help me out.

"Heavens!" he said with compunction, "you'll think me an awful bore, Jerrolds, but I've been more or less practising on you, haven't I? But you'll remember, perhaps, this used to be a sort of hobby of mine, and I work it into shape nowadays for a young men's club I'm running."

I yawned and lit a cigar and we sipped our coffee in silence. The plates rattled around us, the curaçoa in my tiny glass smelled sweet and strong, everything was natural, easy, well fed and well groomed (as the phrase goes now) about me, the day and hour were like any other; and yet from that moment on my life was never to be quite the same, for surprise and change were hurrying toward me, and the man opposite—how curiously!—was to be drawn into the wide net that fate had sunk for me and must have even then been preparing to draw smoothly and effectively to the surface.

We think, when we are young, that we live alone. I recall, as a boy of twenty, certain hot-headed, despairing midnight walks when the horror of my hopeless, unapproachable, unreachable identity surged over me in melancholy waves. Heavens! I would have plunged into a monastery if I had believed that any sort of prayer and fasting could bring me close—really close—to God; for to any human creature, I had learned, I could never be close. After that, we grow into that curious stage of irresponsibility which we deduce from this loneliness, and distress our patient relatives with windy explanations of "matters that concern ourselves alone." And later still, if we have the right kind of women about us, some faint idea of the twisted net we weave—you and I and the other fellow, all together, whether we will or no—comes to us, and we stare awhile and then . . . shrug our shoulders or bend our knees or set our jaws, according as we are made.

I like to believe, now, that a dim idea of what was going to happen was in some mysterious way growing on me before I got the telegram. I am certain that when the head-waiter touched my arm and told me I was wanted at the tele-

phone, a curious oppression fell over my hitherto contented after-dinner spirit which grew into a kind of excitement as I made my way to the booth. And yet I expected nothing more than to hear Roger's voice, with some reasonable explanation of his failure to meet me. It was the night porter, however, reading me a telegram missent to the shore and returned to the club.

"Shall I read it, sir?"

"Yes, Richard, let's have it."

He mumbled the name of a place I had never heard of and went on in the peculiarly expressionless style consecrated to messages thus transmitted.

"Please bring bag of clothes and razors here will meet train arriving four thirty Tuesday bring sensible parson don't fail Roger."

I stared at the receiver stupidly. This was Wednesday.

"That's crazy, Richard," I stammered finally, "bring what? Read it again."

"It's quite plain, sir, except the town," and again the strange message reached me.

"Well," I managed to get out, "it's clear he wants clothes, anyway. Tell Hodgson to pack a complete change for Mr. Bradley and his razors. And see if you can find the name of the place from the chief operator and the correct message. It can't be parson, of course. And look up the next train for that place, if you can, Richard. I'll be down there directly."

I puffed hard at my dying cigar and went slowly back to the veranda, trying to make sense of that telegram.

"No bad news, I hope?" my companion inquired kindly, for I suppose I looked worried.

"No," I said slowly, "only an idiotic sort of telegram from Roger. He wants me to meet him at some place or other at present unknown, and to bring him his razors and a sensible parson."

My unknown friend burst into a chuckle of laughter.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "you get the razors and I'll attend to the parson end of it. Any special denomination?"

I paid for our dinner (he had insisted upon paying the cab) and gathered up my hat and stick.

"It's absurd," I went on, "perhaps he meant 'person,' though what's the point in that? Anyhow I must start directly. There may be a night train. Would you rather stop here a while?"

"No, no, let me see you through," he said good-naturedly, "I'm interested. Perhaps he's going to fight a duel with the razors and wants

the parson for the other fellow! Perhaps he's made a bet to shave a parson. Perhaps—"

But I was in no mood for joking. The telegram, so unlike Roger, and yet so unmistakably his, in a way—I have often noted a curious characteristic quality in telegrams—worried me. I wished I had got it in time to make the train he mentioned. I wished I were in that mysterious town. Suppose he had depended on me for it? Suppose he needed me?

We drove down in silence. My man got out with me at the club and smiled at the Gladstone the porter held out to me.

"There are the razors, anyhow," he said.

Richard had the name of the town for me, too (the town I prefer not to tell you) and the next train that would make it: it left in fifteen minutes.

"And it is parson, sir—p-a-r-s-o-n: there's no mistake. Shall I call you a cab, sir?"

I bit through my cigar with irritation.

"In heaven's name," I cried, "how am I to get a sensible parson in fifteen minutes? In the first place, I don't believe there is such a thing!"

"Hold on, there," said my friend suddenly, "there is, Jerrolds, for I'm one, and you know it!"

I stared at him. Who in the devil was he? Instinctively I began an apology.

"I—I didn't recall at the moment——"

"Between you and me," he cut me short, "I'm just as well pleased that you didn't, Jerrolds! The sooner we get through with all this white choker and black coat business, the sooner we'll amount to something, in my way of thinking. Well, seriously—will I do? Do you know anybody better? Because I'll go, if you don't."

I grasped his offered hand.

"Heaven bless you," I thought, "whoever you are!" and, "All right," I said shortly, "it's very kind of you. We'll have to hurry, I'm afraid."

We had just time to jump for the last platform. I remember apostrophizing the Gladstone rather strongly as I fell on its metal clasp, and glancing apologetically at my companion, but he was tactfully deaf, and we found a seat together, by good luck, and settled down for our hot and tiresome night.

I couldn't very well ask his name by that time, it would have been too absurd. I trusted to Roger to get me out

of that difficulty, for he knew Roger, evidently, and me too, though not very well, I judged. He certainly wasn't in my college class, for it would have come up, I was sure, in our talk. Not that we talked much. It was a stuffy, disagreeable ride, and I was alternately vexed with Roger and worried about him. In a hopelessly foolish manner I connected the razors and the parson, too closely for any reasonable inference in regard to the latter. I knew the connection was ridiculous but it was persistent, and as I had lost all hope of placing the man sitting beside me, my mind was altogether in a horrid muddle. Once he asked me abruptly if Roger were an Episcopalian.

"No," I answered, "he—his people are Unitarians."

"I'm a Congregationalist, as you know, of course," he went on, "but if it makes no more difference to Roger than it will to me, there'll be no trouble."

"Anyone would suppose he was going to christen Roger," I thought disgustedly and returned to my troublesome thoughts, replying absently that it would be all right, of course.

We changed cars at S— and got into a queer little local train filled with young village roughs, whose noisy horseplay annoyed me exceedingly. My mysterious parson, however, was deeply interested in them and related incident after incident in proof of what could be accomplished with this offensive part of the moral population by social organization under competent direction. He even got out an old letter and proved to me on the back of it, with a stub of a pencil, what a pitiful outlay in money was sufficient to start a practical boys' club, including the rent of a second-hand piano, to be purchased ultimately on the instalment plan. In the midst of this lecture (it was no less) I fell asleep, uncomfortably and rudely, and it was he who shook me awake at last and carried the bag out of the close car.



IV. *The Mists of Eden*

The station lights flared pale in the coming dawn. Behind the barred window of the ticket-office, which contained, as its bright lamp showed, a tumbled cotbed and a dilapidated arm-chair, a tousled young man sat playing Patience in his night shirt on the telegraph table. We battered on his window, and to our amazement he nodded

casually and entirely without surprise at us, reached into a corner of his littered room, grasped a pair of oars, and pushing up the window, poked them out at us between the bars.

"Mr. Jerrolds, I guess," he remarked. "Mr. Bradley's left the boat for you at the foot of the dock, little ways across the track there. It's kind of a blue boat. You just sight the two reefs and the bell buoy and when you're just opposite of the buoy, turn about and make for the shore. There's a white pole where you land."

"Have you been sitting up—" I began, but he cut me short impatiently.

"No, I have insomnia—it's something dreadful the way I have it," he explained. "I'm always sitting up."

I accepted the oars mechanically.

"And where is Mr. Bradley stopping?" I asked.

"Why, over to Miss Prynne's. He met the afternoon train yesterday and the deaf an' dumb feller rowed over to-day, and when you didn't turn up he left the oars. I tell you, he knows more'n you might think, to look at him."

"Was—is Mr. Bradley well?" I asked.

"He looked to be well enough yest'day," said the insomniac indifferently, "big feller, ain't he?"

I shouldered the oars, and followed by my sensible parson with the bag, made for the untidy wharf through the silent village. The blue boat was not hard to discover in the pale, ghostly light; the bay was hardly rippled; it was to be another hot, sticky day. My companion begged the privilege of the oars.

"My old game, you know," he added apologetically, and swept us out on the black, mysterious water with beautiful, clean strokes. He had soon marked down the buoy and was regretting that it would be only a matter of twenty minutes before we must land.

"Do you know," he added with a boyish sort of smile, "all this is a real adventure to me, Jerrolds, and I can't help enjoying it. It can't be serious, you see—Roger's well. Perhaps"—and he shot a curious glance at me—"perhaps he's going to be married!"

I laughed a little stiffly. It was difficult to explain to this sensible parson that Bradleys did not marry in this fashion; it wasn't quite complimentary to him. Moreover I didn't know whether he would be sensible enough to understand what two or three of Roger's friends knew very well—that he was unlikely to marry so long as Sue Paynter remained above ground. It had been simple enough, that affair; Sue and Roger had been engaged ten years before the

time of which I am writing, they were within a few months of the wedding, and Frederick Paynter, her cousin, had come back from Germany, playing Chopin like a demi-god, and had whirled her off her feet in a fortnight. She broke off the engagement in a rather cruel way, it seemed to me—by telephone—and Roger hung up the receiver (I myself heard him answer slowly, "Very well, dear. I see. Good-bye.") and went to Algiers with me.

I think it took Sue about a month to find out what any of her men friends could have told her in six seconds. She kept up pretty well for three or four years, but at last she came back with her two delicate babies and satisfied everybody's sense of propriety by nursing Frederick while he stayed in America and dining out with him twice a season before he returned to Europe. Roger never discussed it; he didn't need to. But I never knew him to be out of Boston or New York if the Paynters were there together, and I remarked that he invariably left word where he could be reached, day or night, when Frederick was playing a series of concerts.

All this ran through my mind as we cut through the water and the sky grew paler by degrees and the stars faded out. We were opposite the buoy now, dark amongst the dark waves, and we turned at right angles and made for the shore. The tide was high and we glided over the inner reef easily. Soon we could see the eaves of the cottage dimly, a cock crowed sleepily, the white pole pointed out some rough steps cut in the rocks ahead.

That sudden sense of excitement grew in me again, a nervous longing to get hold of Roger, to get away from my oarsman, for I was worried out of all reason. He, to my satisfaction, at this moment proposed a separation.

"I haven't had half enough of this," he said suddenly, "why don't you land, Jerrolds, if you feel you ought to—though I don't see how we can descend on Miss Prynne or anybody else at this unearthly hour—and I'll pull about for a while. I don't doubt you'd rather see Roger alone, anyhow, at first. When you want me, just give me a hail—I won't be far. And tell him to have plenty of breakfast, will you?"

I agreed warmly to this and clambered up the slippery steps, still possessed by the same muffled excitement. The beach was hard as a floor under me and I almost ran along it toward the sanded cottage. The merest glance at it showed that no one watched there; the windows were dark. I skirted the rocky wall that protected its back and sides; no one was stirring in stable or outhouse. On the shore side a

straggling grass stretch ran down to a sheltered, inland bay; a fair sized vegetable garden, glistening with dew, and a few fruit trees gave a domestic air to the place, utterly unguessed from the forbidding sea front. I wandered toward this little bay and sat in a delightful natural chair of rock to wait for the sunrise.

I must have lost myself for a few minutes, for when I opened my eyes everything before them was changed, as completely as the scene shifters change a stage picture. The little bay was crowded with rolling seas of white, thick mist, like an Alpine lake. Billow on billow it rolled in, faintly luminous here and there, breaking as smoke breaks, on the beach. As I stared, lost in the beauty of it, two great gold arrows from the sun behind me cut into the thickest of it and tore it like a curtain, and in the rent appeared two human figures, walking as it might be on clouds to earth. More than mortal tall they loomed in the mist, and no marbles I have ever seen—not even that Wonder of Melos—is so immortally lovely as they were. The woman wore a veil of crimson vine-leaves that wound about her hips and dropped on one side nearly to her knee, around the man's neck a great lock of her long hair lay loose and on his head a rough wreath of the red leaves shone in the arrow of sunlight. Beside

them a monstrous hound appeared suddenly: a trailing vine dripped like blood from his great jowl.

I could not have told what she looked like to save my life: she was what the world means when it says woman—beautiful, certainly, but no one person. One arm was on his shoulder, the other hand lay on the animal's head; the mist covered their feet and they appeared as aerial, as unreal as figures in some Assumption. But they were not through with earth, not they: they were humanity triumphant—the very crown and flower of creation. They came up from the sea with the grave, contented smile of the old gods on their faces. Nature, working patiently at her Saurians, had had this in her mind from the beginning, and I believed in that moment that God had indeed allowed her to perfect her last work in His image! For perhaps three heart-beats I saw them there, framed in the luminous mist, and then it rolled over them, swiftly, silently, and wiped them out, and I stumbled from the rock-seat and ran back across the beach, a great lump stiffening my throat and a hard, frightened jealousy nearly stifling me, to my shame and surprise.

For I had known Roger twenty-five years and yet I had never had the least idea of the man!

To be continued



J. R.

By

Edwin Lefèvre

THE man who had brought them together at his table without causing bloodshed, leaned back in his chair and looked at his guests. There was Mr. T. T. Lowry, the famous financier and railroad magnate; a slender, restless-eyed man of sixty, to whom foreknowledge of his death at eighty seemed to have come on the day of his birth. Since he needed at least 120 years in which to complete his work there was an air about him as if he were perennially on the point of pulling out his watch. Beside him sat Mr. James Wilson Molyneux, the corporation lawyer, white-haired, ruddy-faced, highly decorative. "Slippery," he had been called; but you really could not think of him squirming out of anything. Rather the Beau Brummel exit, ceremonious, gentle, deferential, as though the door-knob were a duchess' hand. Facing the Captain of Finance sat Mr. William Clayton, the writer-reformer, in whose eyes shone the paradoxical gleam of the Epigrammatist and the Man with a Mission. Next to him sat Dr. Julius Frauenthal, the neurologist, who had a disconcerting habit of staring at people with an effect of eavesdropping—as if their eyes were keyholes through which he might peep and see the soul inside, misbehaving itself. By inducing a feeling of guilt and detection, he was able to obtain huge fees from the predatory rich. Between Molyneux and Frauenthal sat Eustace Eversley, the novelist, a tall, thin, brown-eyed, brown-haired man who exuded sincerity almost visibly.

Mr. Amidon, the host, was forced into speech by the silence that had fallen upon the company. "I—I'm—" he began, stammeringly, "I'm going to Washington to-morrow. My appointment with the President is for Thursday. I don't know just how to tackle him, to enlist his sympathy. Now, I suppose you all know him." Without ulterior motives he looked inquiringly at the railroad magnate.

"Know him?" echoed Mr. Lowry bitterly. He drew in a puff of smoke and exhaled it slowly, a blue-gray sigh: he remembered the buzz-saw—the Human Buzz-Saw with the Teeth, the white haunting Teeth.

William Clayton laughed. "You *ought* to know him, just as you ought to know the American people and the Golden Rule and the lesson of the French Revolution."

"I don't suppose any of us," said Amidon, conciliatingly, before Lowry could retort, "can see a contemporary in the proper historical perspective anyhow. For instance, can anybody really say whether he is a great man or not?"

"Oh, yes," said Lowry promptly, "he's great in egotism, in obstinacy, in demagoguery." He spoke very calmly to show how very impartial he was. "In a way, he is an able man. But I think that most of the good he has done is like Charles Lamb's Chinaman roasting pigs by burning down the house. You reformers pray for the end of a drought and along comes a tidal wave and you say, *Wasn't it lovely? We needed water so much and it did look so picturesque and thrilling!* But you didn't own any real estate in the vicinity. The blood-sucking bank was righteously washed away; the farmer's barn also went with it. Pshaw! Of course I know T. R. Hasn't he asked my advice time and again? When we have begged for a chance to present our side of the case, asked for a square deal, hasn't he given us a ticket to a monologue two hours long, every fifth phrase a variation on the dollar-value of the Golden Rule? But not for us the square deal. And not content with being a misdirected cyclone and dispenser of permits to exist, he sets a fashion for all popularity-hunting, pettifogging governors and attorneys-general until all over the land are passed laws, absurd, confiscatory, that are eventually re-

pealed, though not before damage has been done—for which there is no redress. T. R. can do no wrong. If you don't believe it, ask the writer, speaker, naturalist, statesman, law-giver, financial authority, hunter, sociologist, critic, theologian, self-appointed universal expert and sole judge and arbiter of everything and everybody."

Nobody answered. Mr. James Wilson Molyneux, corporation lawyer known in seven countries and the lobbies of three parliamentary bodies, ventured a smile gauged to the millimeter. Lowry continued:

"I tell you he is a politician, consummate and unscrupulous. He has the support of such people as are reached by appeals to the baser passions, to the envy and the instinct of destruction in men. When everything else fails he invents conspiracies of millionaires against him and discovers dastardly plots—anything to make the mob believe he and he alone stands between them and their despoilment, the Moral Policeman.

"There is surely no need to prove that his violent attacks on corporations were seldom justified and that they have hurt both capital and labor. He can't realize how delicate is the machinery of modern commerce and banking and the part credit plays in an everyday life. The frame of mind that causes the impairment of a purely intangible thing like credit can produce a very substantial shrinkage in our store of hard cash—your store as well as mine. He says he knows this. But in the same breath he urges harmful or to say the least unsettling legislation and browbeats honest opposition. Many of the faults he has found in our way of doing business would have corrected themselves automatically in time. Reform is really evolution; it should be slow in order to be permanent, it should be sane in order to be beneficial. As Mr. Morgan said to him: 'Go ahead and prosecute the railroads. But don't *talk* about it.' That's the keynote of his administration—*talk*! Has his talk done good? Yes, some. Has it done harm? Yes, much. Has he not aroused class hatred? What about the spread of half-baked socialism? The spirit of lawlessness is rampant. How can John Smith respect court decisions when T. R. calls the judges names? Who says we are unfit to run our own business? Who has a monopoly of honesty and veracity and square-dealing? Who assumes that every man is guilty until proven innocent and then he's guilty anyhow—if he's got over a million? Popular? Of course T. R. is popular. So would Judas Iscariot be if he promised to divide my money among my enemies. Unfit

as a President, what is he as a man? He is the finger in every pie—the Ubiquitous Egotist on the Universal Job. Know him? Oh, hell!"

Lowry made an end of speaking, and to show that he was unexcited, lit his cigar with a hand that shook slightly.

Mr. Molyneux broke the silence by saying with the air not of a lawyer but of a philosopher: "Given the limitations of human nature, no civilization can flourish without the Law. It is imperative that the Executive of this Nation should be not necessarily a Lawyer but decidedly a man who grasps the vital importance of law and order, and we all admit that T. R. is *not* the Ideal Magistrate, for we cannot dissociate the individual from the official. Granting that he means well and that he is a monument of wisdom, the ultimate expression of accurate intuition, there is scarcely an action of his that doesn't betray impatience of restraint of the law—or the law's delay, if you will. It is temperamental. We have good laws; let them be enforced, let them be interpreted according to justice and reason and not according to prejudice and passion. T. R. was elected President, to do as he is told not by this or that man, this or that desire, but by the Constitution, by the Law of the Land. His preaching, his theories on art, literature, religion, finance, fakers, rabbits and labor leaders he should expound as a private citizen—after he's ceased to be President."

"May I say something?" pleaded Clayton. Then, without waiting, he went on: "I know what you are going to say. So do these gentlemen. We know your point of view. There is"—he said this with a great effort—"much in what you say. The trouble with you and with Mr. Lowry—and with most people"—with a generous, self-excluding wave of the hand—is that your premises are all wrong. The Constitution does not say we must elect figureheads, nor Republicans or Democrats blondes nor brunettes. We have a *man* for President. You talk of the rights of the minority. But what if the minority insists on its right to defraud you? The minority became bolder and bolder, until having attempted to control the interpreters of the law, and the makers of the law, and the enforcers of the law, the majority was helpless because unorganized. Cannot a thousand trained soldiers defeat by force five thousand husky stevedores, untrained? I guess! In this country our best brains go into business. In business, success is measured by dollars. Mr. Lowry builds a railroad. Why? To develop our great and glorious country? Yes, sir. Because such development means dividends. Wherever there

is worthy work to do and it doesn't pay to do it, if it is to be done at all it must be done by the Government. We'd all take the job to run the Post Office as a stock corporation. But what corporation president, thinking of dividends, would continue rural free delivery or would give second-class-matter rates on a ton of paper from St. Augustine, Florida, to Sitka, Alaska? You call it Socialism, non-profitable, etc. But will it not pay in dollars and cents to have a better educated population? Won't it mean eventually a more intelligent and, still later, a more efficient population? Don't you build lines which don't pay now but will pay later, Mr. Lowry? That's the whole thing: the undue importance given to profitable business interests. This business shibboleth has influenced us in everything. We've heard it so long that we believe it, especially the business men. We are honest enough but competition is too keen, the pace so hot, etc., that little by little abuses spring up. The manifest economic tendency of the times is toward concentration, specialization of effort, etc. Trusts are evolved; and trust magnates with them. If a vicious system grew up it was not because business men were crooks but because human nature is what it is. At all events we began to perceive not only the abuses but whither the abuses were carrying us. We were being pushed toward anarchism and lawlessness, Mr. Molyneux, because the minority—your clients—began to think themselves superior to the law of the land. You yourselves were helpless victims of your own inexorable system. You became creatures of your own environment. Should the rule of law and order really mean the rule of corporation lawyers and venal court orders? Nay, nay! What words can arouse class hatred so quickly and strongly as the effrontery, the brazen openness of dishonest and dishonorable fortune-making? Class distinctions? Why not, if Mammon-worship became the cult of the American and if the voice of the arch-priests was merely the jingle of arrogant dollars? You go to see T. R. and you say: 'If you don't do thus and so we won't support you!' 'The more fool you,' he answers; 'the people will.' You consider expediency and he considers what is wiser—not nobler, or better, but merely wiser—to wit, the truth. You've all made the mistake of trying to intimidate a fearless man; you've called the most practical man in the world a theorist. He has spoken of honesty in politics and the bosses have laughed—their last laugh before plunging into oblivion. You've said: 'You'll ruin us!' and you've grown richer. You've had him ruining himself' y

bringing on this panic—which was a lie—so that starving workmen would vote for Bryan. And exit William Jennings by the Undesirable Citizen. You've called him a Kaiser, an Absolutist at heart, and he has helped to elect the most judicial-minded man that has ever run for the office. Egotist, violator of the Constitution, man-on-horseback! And he refused—do you hear me?—he refused to be President again. It's the way he does things that we object to? Yes, sir. Presidents have said: 'Please stop removing those dollars. It is contrary to paragraph 3, page 167.' The removers have thereupon stopped; that is, they have stopped using fingers and taken to shovels. Along comes T. R. and says: 'Stop or I'll break your damned necks.' And you lecture him on his impiety, vulgarity and lack of dignity. But you've stopped; or, at all events, you are watched more closely by more people. And the worst thing is that he wasn't the inevitable result of conditions or environment, but that he just happened to be the sort of President that we needed to bring about a moral reawakening. I don't want to defend T. R.'s brains; I want to show your lack of them. He hit on the only way to reach a newspaper-influenced people. It's only the utter fool that doesn't make mistakes. What do you expect T. R. to do when he's made one—mope about it the rest of his life? He does what any sensible man does—forgets it and goes on. Supposing the Standard Oil fine was not sustained; did not the Supreme Court sustain the dissolution of the Northern Securities Company—and stop that game, that tendency? He encouraged the terrible miners by the anthracite commission; has there been a strike ever since? I tell you the people know him, they believe in him, they follow him because he is honest. A Great Man, that's what he will be called by posterity."

"Do you think so, Dr. Frauenthal?" asked Eversley, the novelist, more to relieve the tension than anything else.

"I suppose," replied Dr. Frauenthal calmly, "that it would please some to have me say that T. R.'s career shows the apotheosis of a neurotic by a nation of hysterics. But beyond question he is a Leader. No other President of late years has been so talked about, has so filled the popular imagination. He sees the crowd; he sees his goal, he moves and the crowd with him. We are a nation of optimists because of our political history, our natural resources, our ethnogenic antecedents. As a type of leader he does not belong to us exclusively. He has been, at various times in

history. Of course, he has ridden on the crest of a wave of hysteria. Social discontent, revolts against corruption in politics and in business, the oppression of the poor by the rich, etc., are phenomena present in all industrial democracies. In all waves of national hysteria there is mental contagion, a process whose workings Mr. Lowry has seen in Wall Street panics, Mr. Clayton at revival meetings, all of us in schoolrooms. To be sure, quick mental contagion does not signify great susceptibility to truth or wisdom. My eminent colleague, Dr. Pearce Bailey, has pointed out that the multitude has never gone mad over the binomial theorem. But the latest psychopathic epidemics are, I may put it, more ethical. We don't believe we'll go to Heaven by killing fellow-men who disagree with us; we don't burn witches, etc. In hysteria we find spontaneity, lack of caution, obstinacy, wilfulness; and, as my friend Bailey has also pointed out, popular expressions on public questions reproduce the quality of the mob. I need not cite examples. And so when a hysteric rises and leads the hysteric mob you are apt to find in him the neuropathic constitution that men had when men were less civilized. In such a man you probably find rapid *association*, speaking psychologically. Also a memory apt to be deceptive, because the mind acts too quickly and cannot always get the true representation of a given situation. The quick working of the mind generates a feeling of well-being; it makes him oblivious of whether he offends others or not. But, of course, I can't tell you about T. R. I've never examined him. I—I should like to. Then I'd tell you!" he finished regretfully.

"Then I take it I am the one to enlighten Mr. Amidon about T. R., after all," said Eversley.

"Unanimously chosen," smiled Molyneux.

"The best way," said the novelist meditatively, "would be to tell you about my first visit to T. R. A member of his Cabinet told me that the President had spoken to him about one of my books. I said I'd like to meet T. R. The next day I was informed that on Wednesday at 11 A. M. T. R. would be delighted to see me. Friends to whom I spoke about it promptly agreed that T. R. would impress me with his *remarkableness*. One predicted that T. R. would quote from memory the entire seventh chapter of my justly celebrated novel, the greatest piece of American fiction since *The Scarlet Letter*. Another said T. R. would read to me, confidentially, part of his next message to Congress and anything I said would be a bully suggestion, by George!

"Before going to the White House, I prudently called on my friends among the news-

paper correspondents in Washington. They could mimic T. R.'s gestures, take off his speech, imitate his mannerisms and accentuate his peculiarities. Result: A blur or a caricature. The more they saw of him the less they understood him, they all said. They did not know how he won his popularity nor how he kept it. He had violated every rule of the political game. Like most journalists these really brilliant chaps were *inventive* but not *imaginative*.

"At the White House the doorkeeper ushered me, at 10.59 A. M., into the Cabinet room. Long table in the center; chairs about it; on the backs of the chairs little brass plates lettered *Secretary of State, Secretary of the Navy*, etc. Other chairs ranged along the wall. The workshops of the Republic in the distance, but this, the Head Office; a great sense of being at the end of the wires furthest from the dancing puppets. No glamour destroyed; the simplicity of greatness.

"Seated on the chairs about me were the Great American Novel's list of characters, showing on their faces all the human desires: Office-seekers, power-seekers, privilege-seekers; the ambition-ridden and the hope-to-exist; the would-be Ambassador; the Senator from New England; the Congressman from the Middle West; the Prominent Man from the Pacific Slope; also the Latest Scientist; the Wonderful Photographer of flying pigeons; the Percheron expert; the Richer Than manufacturer from Pittsburg just returned from Japan; to say nothing of the Greatest Since Hawthorne warming Elihu Root's chair for him—all *America*, I tell you, drawn to this place, to see and be seen by, talk and listen to ONE MAN—the American of 1908! Not all these men wished to see the President, but all were to be seen by T. R., *the man*. Catch the point?

"A big opening led into another room. Sounds of human voices came therefrom, one a mumble or whisper, the other clear, intelligible. It was the office. Behold T. R. doing business *in the open*. Natural inference: nothing to hide. Theatrical; possibly fallacious; but effective.

"A wood-fire blazed in the Colonial fireplace in T. R.'s office. Not so in our room; January; windows wide open; temperature, 18 above or thereabouts. Lesson of same: the Athlete and Anti-Mollycoddle. Also the fire in his own office and glimpses of T. R. himself poking the logs vigorously from time to time; behold T. R. the inconsiderate; also the do-it-myself American.

"I wiped off this impression from my semi-congealed brain, turned up my coat collar and

waited. French Ambassador ushered into the Presence; sounds of French from office. Willy bird, Jusserand! Also, the vanity of T. R., polyglot. I also wiped off that impression. Time went by slowly, all the clocks being frozen. At length, at 12.15, a man emerges from the office. Thick-chested, not very tall, light mustache, eye-glasses, low collar, the neck of a third-rate pugilist and the forehead of a man whose ancestors had known how to read and write since 1600. No striking features; no cranial eccentricities; no personal magnetism; no repellent personality; no impressiveness—a pink-skinned, healthy-looking man, whose eyes, full of little smile-wrinkles, squinted as though the sun shone a little too brightly. He never looked to see who was in the room but tackled the experienced chap who had taken the chair nearest to T. R.'s office. First point: T. R. shows no sense of political expediency or differentiation between his callers; merely justice; all men looked alike to him, in this room.

"Congressman Winter, I am GLAD to see you, sir!" An emphatic nod, with head bent to one side, the GLAD expelled as by a blast from a mine-ventilating pump; the *see* also expelled as by a reserve force you felt to be inexhaustible.

"Mr. President, I wish to present to you Mr. Jabez Kent, the leading hardware merchant of Squeedonk who wished to pay his respects."

"Mr. Kent, very GLAD, sir; VERY glad!"

"Mr. President, this is Mr. Brownnell of New Media. Mr. Brownnell was a Presidential elector—"

"Mr. Brownnell, I'm VERY glad to see you, sir, VERY GLAD!!!! Congressman, I *thank* you for bringing these gentlemen to see me."

"I subdue my hot indignation, being aided by the temperature of the room, and with another look at T. R. calmly think as follows: The President can't be glad to see leading hardware merchants of Squeedonk or Brownells from New Media. He says he is very glad; since he can't be very glad he must be acting; but he is not acting; there is no insincerity visible to me, who am looking for it, on his face. Is T. R. a cheap politician? If not how explain his gladness?"

"Ah, yes. I see before me not the President of the United States, but T. R., the Liverless Wonder! Health radiates in visible waves. Heart, lungs, liver, viscera, all fit to go into a museum to illustrate perfect condition. Eyes, clean and clear, not expressive but by judicious manipulation of smile-wrinkles, now quizzical, now earnest; always healthy looking. Teeth,

the most wonderful any human being ever had since Adam, white, glistening and serviceable; a vision of dentists starving to death in the middle distance. I recall how every two or three years, of a clear autumn morning, I am *glad* to see Bill, my hired man, and I tell him so and I am really glad to see Bill because I am so glad of being alive. I'm glad to see everybody who is alive. Dr. Frauenthal says this comes from a mental condition rather than from merely physical well-being. I thought it showed T. R.'s perfect health. Nevertheless, we are now able to see scientifically that T. R.'s gladness is temperamental and genuine, and we know that his is an abounding vitality. No inconsistency; glad to be alive. People see it. They get the suggestion of honesty. He drives it home with grimaces and jerky nods of the head.

"My turn comes. I get ready to squelch him. He says: 'Mr. Eversley, I am going to ask you to wait until I see these gentlemen. But I'm *not* going to wait to tell you that you have a *bully* chap for a brother! I met him in Louisiana. He is a FINE fellow, by George!'"

"My brother runs a paper in New Orleans. He saw T. R. the week of the bear hunt. T. R. passes on. I gather this: If he meant what he said he's a bully fellow himself, by George; if he didn't he's highly intelligent, subtle, tactful, a veritable genius in his flattery. It shows a good heart or a good brain; either is admirable. T. R. went on and disposed of the other visitors, as far as I could see and hear, not so much as a tactful man but as a business man speaking the truth in order to save both time and heart-pangs. Kindly bear this in mind.

"At last he was alone with me. 'Now we'll have a talk,' he said. 'You won't mind, will you, if I ask you if you'll let me talk to you while I'm getting shaved? I'm very late to-day.' And we go into another room where he sits down. The barber begins to shave T. R.; you can see the Royalist in the barber's look. T. R. must get this adulation on all sides, besides the applause of the mob and the untold miles of press notices. Suppose it *has* affected him; it would not make him less human but more. However, my business is to paint his portrait. I say to him: 'I'm not interested in the President of the United States in the slightest. But very much so in T. R. I've talked with hundreds of your friends and enemies; your intimates say you are a great man; but I close my eyes and listen and I see no picture. I get adjectives but no human being. They lack the power to visualize.

Now, I'd like to ask *you*: Are you a great man?'

"Neither mirth nor anger, merely earnestness. 'Now I am not going to deny that I am a great man because the mere denial would raise the question—'

"I interrupt his staccato words—he emits them like the puffs of a tug boat—'Yes,' I say, 'I know all that. But I can't be Boswell to your Johnson. I haven't the opportunity nor the time. But I *can* listen to you talking aloud to yourself about yourself, can't I? Do you know yourself? What do *you* think is the psychology of T. R.?' I could see that he was interested.

"My psychology? It is very simple. I can tell it to you in a minute. Now I am *not* a great man. I have never done anything that somebody else could not have done. I have never had a flash of inspiration. Others have thought the same things that I have but I not only have thought them but I've *done* them. Now, let me illustrate by an incident in Cuba. It is a military axiom that an Army marches on its belly. No genius to realize *that!* My regiment had been marching all day; the men were hungry; we ought to be ready to fight at any time. It's only common sense to see that the men must be well fed. Now, beans are easy to cook, palatable, filling. I didn't send my aide to the commissary with my compliments and please would he send some supplies for my regiment. No; I took twenty men, gave each a bag and we went out after the supplies; and I got six hundred pounds of beans; and the boys ate them that night; and there was a fight the next day and the boys fought like fury. That's all I did; *I—got—the—BEANS!*'

"I may tell you right here that I quote from memory and, incidentally, that T. R.'s conversation shows a great deal more of the literary quality we call distinction than his writings do. Also that T. R.'s own conception of himself—for he spoke a long time—can be summed up as: Common-sense *plus* action. I remember my own impression that he thought like an editorial writer and acted like a cyclone; also that his was not so much loquacity as a knack of thinking aloud; that too with the *naïveté* of a child who, if he is interested, sees no necessity for reticence. When he philosophizes he merely generalizes. He couldn't coin a proverb if you gave him ten seconds. If you gave him a month he'd write an encyclopaedia. I think he knows himself to the extent of having neither illusions nor delusions about himself. But he wants to have ideals; and he always gets what he wants. I recall his telling me how he sometimes did certain things

which laid him open to the charge of recklessness, deliberately, from a sense of duty, in order to produce certain effects which common sense told him should be produced. He was after results. For instance, he told me that when he was a cowboy he, of course, did not let the cowboys think he thought he was any better than they, but at the same time he didn't let them think he thought he was any *worse* than they. If he ever does things from motives of expediency he chooses the higher expedient, as it were.

"It became evident, as he talked impulsively to me, that he was impulsive premeditatively, as it were. He thinks very quickly. He is very well-read. He has a good memory. It is not that he jumps at conclusions but that he forms conclusions in the twinkling of an eye. And my conviction is that whenever he is wrong in his conclusions it is because he has not had sufficient data. And his belief in himself wins for him. It is why his mistakes haven't killed him politically. The people think they are incidental.

"He has a theory about himself that he is what in all probability the average American will be. There are not only several generations of Americans back of him but several strains in his blood—Dutch, English, Scotch, Irish, French, German—the roll-call of Castle Garden. The racial traits of his ancestors are blended. T. R. is the highly Americanized type of the active, practical, cultured, athletic, well-read, common-sensible, square-dealing man. Let me put it this way: Theodore Roosevelt is the American Superman.

"I remember he told me that he didn't feel *for* so much as *with* the mass of the people. There are students who see in T. R.'s siding with the people as against the Richer Class the most striking episode of his career. But T. R. is not against his own class; he doesn't believe in class. He is against the crooks in any walk of life. For money as such he never felt any awe; he never could understand, even as a child, he said, why people should think a banker was different from any other human being nor why he should receive different treatment. He cannot be greatly impressed by the dollars-and-cents arguments of those who urge leisureliness in the correction of certain abuses. He probably thinks that the unsettling of business, though it may work hardships on wage-earners for a time, is infinitely preferable to doing business dishonestly, or prosperity paid for unrighteously. Moreover, he is sure that it will pay everybody in dollars and cents to base their business operations on the square deal, for that will stave off a plutocracy and a

bloody revolution. He is equally against the labor demagogues, the trades-union oligarchs. He thinks there are many millions of typical Americans who think as he does. When the bosses spoké about political expediency, lessons of the past, the machine, etc., he was more concerned with the platform, with moral issues. They laughed at him and he did not accuse them of being crooks; he told them that they were stupid, that they did not know the people. He applies to everything he does the principles that govern an ordinary man's everyday life. There is no reason to doubt his own words when he said he never considered himself a great man or a great thinker, but an average man and an average thinker. Indeed, from T. R.'s own words you conclude that he is the Sublimation of the Average. And the average man isn't judicial and does not often have an accurate sense of proportion.

"It was very interesting to talk to a man in whom the Presidency never obtruded itself—an active-minded, active-bodied man with much of the egotism and tendencies of the strong man—who sees what he wants and reaches for it—tempered by some generations of education and culture. He talked like a man who has read widely, but is not a pedant; like an American with an insatiable thirst of knowledge; and there was in his talk always the busy American's love of the illuminating phrase, the descriptive headline, the right label; the imaginative man's fondness of the suggestive characterization. If the suggestion came from you he pounced on it like a flash and in a jiffy had made it his own—as one who understood the phrase to its last subtle shade of meaning. For him not the abstract truth in a framework of cloud but the abstract truth full of red-blood and wearing trousers; the truth shaking hands

with you. There was always in him the thinker and the hustler, the engineer who designs the engine on paper and the machinist who runs it efficiently.

"It was easy to see that he knew Americans; and even if I often disagreed with him I was obliged to confess that he could prove his case by results, whereas I could only theorize and split psychological hairs. Here was a man whose father was a merchant, who was himself born to wealth, a college man, a cowboy in the plains, dealing with Westerners, with men of the plains, of the open life and the elemental psychology, and the police commissioner of New York City, studying the thousand problems of the complex life of a metropolis, criminals, politicians, social equals, bankers, writers, artists. As a man who has read books and written many he has the literary point of view; as a man who has lived many American lives he knows his compatriots. Suppose he does talk too much? It is temperamental with him and you might as well find fault with the color of his hair.

"He told me many stories, and they bore out his own analysis of T. R. Of course, there were many inconsistencies. But who isn't inconsistent? His faults are the faults of all men who are like him. Know him? Of course we don't. There doesn't exist the definitive portrait of any human being. If we knew the soul absolutely what would we not know? What mystery would Life have left? But don't look at T. R. from a point-of-view; look at him as he is; not as you should like him to be or fear him to be. That's all."

"Thank you, Mr. Eversley," said Mr. Amidon, heartfully. But T. T. Lowry and James Wilson Molyneux and William Clayton shook their heads—and were silent.



Yamazaki



No hair splitting was
too fine for his contract

By Octavia Roberts

AUTHOR OF "IN A FAR COUNTRY" AND "A MINOR CHORD"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK VERBECK

THE waiting-room in the Japanese Employment Bureau was suggestive of mystery. The shades, half drawn, left the office in a dim twilight while the room beyond was in a still more uncertain gloom. Unfamiliar odors, pungent and faintly sweet, permeated the close air. In the hall beyond and up the stairs of the old house dark-haired little men rustled and pattered. A Japanese child in native costume blinked solemnly for a moment in the doorway, his oriental glance, slanting and veiled, resting on young Mrs. Weston as she trembled on the edge of a bamboo chair, aghast at the audacity of her purpose.

This purpose was nothing less than to engage a Japanese boy as waiter and fancy cook, thereby risking the offense of old Nora Sheehan, her nurse in childhood, her fond maid-of-all-work as a bride. The offense, Mrs. Weston quakingly reflected as she waited, might even go deeper and include her own mother, who had only relinquished her to Trevor Weston on the condition that Nora should take charge of them both. In the first flush of her unaccustomed duties Ethel Weston had indeed willingly leaned on Nora's experience, but in the light of a growing social knowledge the old nurse's ways had revealed themselves to her as hopelessly old fashioned. Remon-

stances proving useless, under advice of a fashionable neighbor, she had applied to the Bureau, where she momentarily awaited a reply to her inquiry.

This reply showed itself presently in the form of the agent, Mr. Tsuda, accompanied by about four feet ten inches of Japanese house man.

"This," said Mr. Tsuda, in his best High School English, "is good Japanese boy, thoroughly experienced all around the family work, who is anxious to give farewell to the city; so he is looking the place in the out of Chicago, if he can find family who has a morality and sympathy to him and not put work too heavy on his shoulder. If you adopt him he will give satisfaction." He withdrew with his profound, flattering salaam.

Perched on the edge of a stool the Japanese boy, to Mrs. Weston's relief, took the initiative:

"What you pa-a-y, pleez? How many member in your family?" The voice was flat and metallic, the yellow face, pricked with glittering slits of eyes, an inexpressive blank. Mrs. Weston was not sure he had spoken.

"What you pa-a-y?" he repeated.

She hesitated in unknown waters. "What do you usually get?"

"Japanese boy wants high wage, feefy, seexty, sometams seventy-five dollar a month; because they work better and much than any other girls and also keep all t'ings cleanly and nicely."

The little bride gasped her dismay, "Oh I can't begin to pay that. Why Nora does all the washing and only gets—" She paused abashed to mention Nora's wage to his oriental magnificence. "Why I thought Japanese boys were cheap. In your country don't you work for almost nothing?"

He blinked in wilful or uncomprehending silence. She raised her voice to a sweet, shrill shout: "I can't begin to pay that, not anywhere near as much. Not sixty, not fifty dollars." She shook her head vigorously from side to side at each figure, in the universal sign of negation.

Except for a slight narrowing of his long eyes, his yellow disk was unmoved. "What you goin' pa-a-y then?"

She fenced for time: "You wouldn't have much to do. My house is new and small. I keep one maid who does the plain cooking and cleaning and washing. You would wait on the table and answer the door and cook fancy things that Nora doesn't understand, and oh yes, I have just a scrap of a little yard which you would have time to look after. I do so want a little garden, we have a dear

little fountain and a bit of stone wall. Don't the Japanese know all about gardens? I want you to show me how to arrange flowers, too. I know you laugh at the way we stick them in vases," she fluttered on searching for some human meeting ground. After the quick sympathy of old Nora, the oriental reserve was disconcerting, but she might have been sweetly shouting at the face of the clock, for all that he melted.

"Can't you arrange flowers?" she coaxed.

"My fadder he all tams arrange. My sister she learn, all Japanese gells learn—before marry."

"How long does it take?" she wondered.

"T'ree year," said he quietly.

With a blush Mrs. Weston thought of the dahlia she had that morning thrust into a rose jar. A nation that took such time to learn the art of floral decoration must excel still more in the important science of cooking. Her desire for the Japanese increased.

"Couldn't you come for much less, say thirty dollars?" she ventured wondering what her mother would say to her extravagance.

"How much tam you give Japanese boy?"

"Time? Why, all you want after your work is finished."

But this vague generalization he set aside. For forty minutes he rained questions at inexperienced, frightened Mrs. Weston. What kind of a room did she offer? Was there a desk? Light for reading? How many sheets a week? What facility for bathing at his disposal? Who put his own food on the dish, "Melican gell" or he himself? No hair splitting was too fine for his contract. At the conclusion Mrs. Weston staggered to her feet, her brain in an unaccustomed whirl of pots, pans, dishcloths and entrees. She could not remember whether she had promised the new servant Nora's room or only her services as dish washer and scullery maid. She only knew that he would arrive the following day and that twenty-four hours was all too short to explain to Nora the depths of her perfidy.

Once on the steps she drew a long breath of the soft autumnal air, but the voice of the Japanese recalled her as he leaned anxiously from the doorway. His head of straight, stiff, black hair so near the ground was amusingly reminiscent of one of the dolls of her childhood.

"One t'ing more I want ask. You have prim lunch?"

"What?"

"Prim lunch. You not say. Prim dinner you say. All tams prim lunch?"

"No, no," she bubbled in recognition.

"Not a formal luncheon, just informal, for me alone. Unless I have a party, and that's not often." Then without waiting for further probings Mrs. Weston fled down the steps to the car.

Once in the pretty suburb where her new home stood on its square of lawn behind a trim hedge, her heart grew heavier each instant at the thought of Nora. As she passed slowly up the walk, the old woman met her solicitously at the door.

"Why, pet, you must be worn out, wherever have you been? I've saved some dinner for you in the oven and got sixteen jars of quince put up."

"Quince? Why, Nora, I told you I didn't like quince and not to put up any. Trevor can't bear them either. Why don't you do as I say?"

The old woman's face flushed to her ears, for a moment her lips quivered, then she tossed her head with stern determination. "Yer ma always put up quince preserve."

"I know she did and I couldn't bear them then. I asked you to practise on the aspic, Nora, you know I did."

"I can't make no such nonsense." Nora put her arms akimbo and sternly surveyed her little mistress, twirling girlishly on the piano stool. "Yer ma never had nothin' like that, just good nourishin' food and she raised six of you to health."

"But times have changed, Nora. Trevor and I both like things served in a little different way. Now the other night when the Van Vorsts were here——"

"Well?" Old Nora's flush was defiant. "Didn't I give 'm a good dinner? I can tell you she never saw as good until she married him. I remember her when her family lived over the meat market, so poor they al'ays had to have a bed in the parlor and rent it out."

Mrs. Weston hastily checked further disclosures of Mrs. Van Vorst's lowly past with her, "Yes, Nora, it was a good meal but not up to date. Nobody has oyster soup any more for dinner."

"They et it, I notice. What other kind could we have?"

"I'm not going to ask you to make any other kind, Nora, dear, but I've engaged a butler to wait on table and do the fancy cooking, just so that you won't be worried."

The old woman did not melt. "A butler! A man to sit around here with nothing to do; and you and him just startin' out? You'd much better lay by money for a rainy day. I promised your ma I wouldn't let you run into debt."

Little Mrs. Weston shook her shoulders impatiently at such supervision and ran her hands over the piano keys in dismissal. "He'll be here to-morrow, Nora; he's to have the little north room."

"What's the man's name?"

Mrs. Weston pulled out a card. "J. Yamazaki," she read.

"Fer the love of heaven, where's he from?"

"He's a Japanese." The worst was out.

"A Japanese! A little haythin to be bossin' me around in my old age. Couldn't ye get no decent white man, if a man ye must have?"

"I wanted a Japanese. Nora, you sometimes seem to forget I'm a grown woman and know my mind."

"I guess it's that Mrs. Van Vorst that knows it fer you," Nora chided. "Ye were



"Well, I'll arrange you, pullin' all m pans and kittles about"

always wan to be easy led. I'll tell ye this: the first to be takin' up stylish notions they can't afford, is them that's been raised with beds in the parlor; but I never thought it of your mother's child," and so saying she retired indignantly to the kitchen, and the jars of despised quince, cooling in the window in amber innocence.

The following day Trevor Weston brought out J. Yamazaki on the last afternoon train. As the other suburbanites glanced curiously or enviously at the little man, Mr. Weston was conscious of a feeling of pleasant importance. On the strength of Yamazaki's appearance he asked a party of friends to dine the ensuing night.

From the first, Yamazaki was a joy. A pearl above price, the Westons congratulated themselves. In his soft shoes and little black clothes he flew about the table, magically divining their wishes. After old Nora's lumbering, rheumatic tread, his quick patter was like tinkling music. At each meal the young people smiled at each other over the fernery in happy importance.

On the first evening the new man servant assumed control and stamped the dinner of Nora's preparation with his decorative genius, the homely, wholesome food she cooked to perfection was barely recognizable in amazing garnishes. Their youthful delight reached its climax when the Van Vorsts dropped in upon them before the dinner's conclusion.

The Van Vorsts, young married people on the block below, exercised, as Nora had recognized, a peculiar fascination and influence over the simpler Westons. Weston generously acknowledged that Van Vorst, a wiry, brilliant young fellow, had been born to luck and fame. At twenty-five he had patented inventions that gave him a small income. With this income he dabbled in stocks, and according to their rise or fall, his wife's glory increased or waned. Van Vorst's spectacular success discouraged Weston's plodding. Kitty Van Vorst's motor coat, vermilion machine (these glories were at present in the ascendant) filled Ethel Weston with an eager desire for a more ambitious establishment.

To-night for the first time she felt, in their presence, a pride and satisfaction in her new home. The evening was marked for her with a sense of pleasant importance. She referred three times to "my butler."

It was perhaps ten o'clock just as their neighbors were about to depart that sounds of dragging weights, falling metal and angry voices caught their attention. With one ac-

cord the little group rushed to the kitchen, unexpectedly gay with lights.

In a high white cap and an immense white apron that covered his diminutive frame, J. Yamazaki stood amid a scene of indescribable confusion. Pots and pans lay upon tables and chairs in piles, boxes freshly labeled stood upon a new shelf he had nailed at an unaccustomed point. The kitchen floor was still wet from his scrubbing. In the doorway Nora loomed majestically in a wonderful spotted wrapper, her hair in curlers sprang fearfully from her brow. She brandished her fist in his face. "Ye wretched little haythin, w'at ye doin' to my kitchen, w'at ye doin', answer me that?"

She seized him by the shoulders, but with a deft twist he glided under her arm and lightly sprang upon the table. "All tams I arrange keetchen. Japanese boy am not work lak Melican gell, all tams arrange."

"Well, I'll arrange you, pullin' all m' pans and kittles about. Where ye goin' with that basket full of tins?"

"I put him down cellar. No good, no good for use, I s'all cook without him."

"You'll cook without me then. Look-at-there! takin' off my old cook book! I never seen the beat! What's these haythin signs on my jars? There'll no luck come to a Christian house with them around."

At this point Trevor Weston burst in through the outer door. He glowered indignantly at old Nora. "Go to bed at once, Nora; Yamazaki is systemizing the kitchen. I'm glad to have it done." He turned to the little man in approval. "The blacking materials are in the hall. I'll leave my boots there for you to polish."

The little man stopped short: "Gells work," he struggled with his English. "Melican gells work, not buttle. Japanese boy? No. Melican gell? Yes. She black boots, 'es mam."

At this decision Nora burst into a loud wail and covered her head with her apron.

"To think I should see the day," she sobbed, "that my pretty lamb would set me to black the shoes of a haythin Chinee," and in spite of the explanations and denials of the entire assembly, she plodded desolately to bed, turning a deaf ear to the little bride's excited apology.

Yamazaki meanwhile in his high white cap blinked unmoved in the center of the demolished kitchen. "Melican gells black boots, all tams do that," he persisted, "gells wait on buttle, t'ings he say do, she do. Tams he says, she do, lak dat. 'Es mam."

With a whistle of dismay from Weston, the party withdrew, leaving Yamazaki the floor.

The battle in the kitchen was but a mild foreshadowing of the conflicts that were to follow. When Nora appeared the following morning red-eyed and sullen, it was to find breakfast well under way, the house in order and Yamazaki in complete charge. If she, jealous of her usefulness, prepared some special dainty for her young mistress, he seized it from her unwilling hands and bore it in triumph for her approval. Moreover he adapted himself to the little household in a hundred ways beyond her powers; he fixed the sewing machine, repaired the electric lights, clambered like a cat to the roof and untangled the wires of the telephone. He was up with the lark, on duty at midnight. He answered the bells so fleetly that he might well have been a sailor responding to "Man overboard." He was never ill, he had no friends with whom to gossip. In idle moments he flew to his room and plunged into his studies. Naturally he was the envy of the neighborhood.

At the end of a fortnight, Mrs. Weston, overborne by these demonstrations of ability, yielded to his entreaties to undertake all of the work. To her relief old Nora spared her the pains of a formal dismissal by one evening giving notice.

The following day, under faint protest, she drove away to the country in her brother's old buggy. At parting Yamazaki, in the magnanimity of his victory, seized her trunk, balanced it on his black head and whirled it into the back of the buggy. His flat expressionless face, under his high white cap, was the last old Nora saw of the little household. Thereafter Yamazaki on double pay ran the house.

To the Westons the change was at first a relief. Nora's grieved, jealous old face had been a constant reproach. They were frankly glad to be spared her advice to economize and her criticism of their new friends. The Van

Vorsts, whose fortunes were in a temporary eclipse, now dropped in repeatedly. They were even graciously inclined to introduce other friends to the gay open house where the butler apparently never slept.

The one critic of the new arrangement was the bride's mother, Mrs. Fletcher. Upon her return from the South she did not scruple to censure the new order.

"How any girl as young and inexperienced as you are," she criticized, "could feel justified in dispensing with a woman like Nora, whose interest was your interest, whose wage was within your means, is beyond my comprehension."

"But mother," the little bride objected, "you don't know anything of Yamazaki. His interest is mine also—mine because we pay him well for his work and that after all is the only interest to count upon. He's much cleverer than Nora too, there's no comparison. Why, he amuses himself in his leisure with books upon chemistry."

"Why does such a man stay here?" asked Mrs. Fletcher.

"I suppose he likes domestic work. You

know many people think it would give us a permanent servant class to open our gates to them. They are content with household work. He'll do anything."

"And studies chemistry for pleasure?"

"Yes, indeed, and mechanical drawing, too. I wouldn't take anything for Yamazaki. I hope he stays forever and becomes the kind of old family servant the colored people used to be."

Mrs. Fletcher was silent but unconvinced, and in an effort at her complete subjection, Ethel Weston persuaded her to come to dinner the coming Sunday. This dinner she ordered for seven o'clock in the proud consciousness that at that hour every other family in the suburb was forced to sit down to bleak teas.

The next evening Mrs. Fletcher, a practical middle-aged woman in the perpetual widow's



Yamazaki, in the magnanimity of his victory, seized her trunk and balanced it on his black head

weeds she had adopted years before, arrived. She kissed her daughter grimly, unmelted by all the pretty display in her honor, unawed by the ever present Van Vorsts.

Her first remark ignored their presence. "Why do you do your washing on the Sabbath Day? In my time I would have expected a rain of brimstone."

"Washing! we don't, what can you mean?"

Mrs. Fletcher pointed to the window where a long line of clothes dangled conspicuously across the garden, still visible by the street lamps.

Her daughter laughed uneasily. "I suppose Yamazaki forgot it was Sunday. He never can remember, he always bakes then, too."

Yamazaki's dinner was an artistic triumph. The Westons were radiant behind their pretty glass and china and candlesticks. The Van Vorsts were in high spirits too, and kept the ball of conversation rolling briskly. Van Vorst electrified the company by asking them to celebrate with him the completion of an automatic car coupler upon which he had worked in leisure moments for five years. Once patented, he had no doubt but that it would have an easy market. In his triumph he sprang from the table, brought his miniature device from his overcoat pocket and spread it before them. His scientific explanation left them blank but sympathetic. Suddenly in the midst of further elucidation, Van Vorst began a horrified search for an important part. Only when his anxiety had increased to frenzy was it discovered that Yamazaki had gathered it up with the coffee cups at the dinner's conclusion.

He was profuse in his apology. "Excuse," said J. Yamazaki, "I t'ought him no good. You want for t'row away. I am very pitty. Excuse."

The little company smiled. "There's a treasure for you," said Van Vorst; "that fellow knows his place." He drew a troubled sigh, his mind for an instant on his present run of luck. "Never mind, Kitty, we'll have a Japanese boy again when the coupler is on the market."

The praise of Yamazaki, partly for Mrs. Fletcher's benefit, broke out at intervals during the evening. The weather though late in October was unseasonably mild. In the moonlight the little fountain dripped and shimmered and the Westons eagerly told of the Japanese boy's contrivance of a decorative border of moss and stone. Before the little group dispersed, they led the way over the lawn to exhibit his handiwork.

Once beside the fountain Mrs. Fletcher was the first to speak. "What do you keep in the basin?"

"Keep? Nothing."

"Something moved, I could wager."

They all drew nearer.

Suddenly from the water's depths a voice floated, a metallic voice raised in confused apology.

"Pleez excuze. I lak if you excuze. Japanese boy all tams must have bath."

The young people fled laughing across the lawn, Mrs. Fletcher following in dignified haste, her prejudice unabated. At the gate they all parted for the night, Van Vorst apologizing for the lateness of the hour. "I never know where time goes when I get on my coupler," he smiled. At the corner lamp he called in light mockery of Yamazaki: "Twelve o'clock; I lak if you excuze. I lak ver' much if you pleez excuze."

The beginning of the winter months brought to the Westons a deluge of bills the result of a too extensive hospitality. Moreover the excitement and late hours attendant upon these occasions had told upon them both to such an extent that quarrels were becoming frequent, ending often in unjust accusations on one hand, tears and headaches on the other. One day after one of these stormy disputes, this time centering on the necessity of borrowing money for their more pressing debts from Mrs. Fletcher, Ethel, miserably musing on Trevor's foolish pride, after his departure, had turned faint and giddy and fallen in a heavy swoon. From this she was half aroused by Yamazaki who lent his low shoulder to her aid. As he helped her to a couch his flat face was lighted neither by interest nor alarm.

"You will have to go for the doctor or for mother," Ethel gasped weakly, once in a recumbent position. "It's my heart, I think. I don't know where Nora put the medicine."

The little man turned a blank face to hers.

"Go, Yamazaki, go at once," and she gave careful directions between shuddering breaths.

The yellow face wore its usual unreadable mask.

"You hear me, Yamazaki?"

"You not say first tam go errands." He struggled with his r's.

"You mean it wasn't in our contract?"

"'Es mam."

"And after all these months in this house you won't go for the doctor for me?"

"You have not say first tams. All tams I am do lak I say. I no lak go on errands, pleez excuze."

But Mrs. Weston had swooned again.

Upon her husband's return he found her very ill indeed, quite beyond revealing Yamazaki's heartlessness, while the blur of nurse and doctor and her own agitated family that shadowed the next few days apparently blotted the incident from her memory entirely, for she retained but a confused impression after her recovery that Yamazaki had somehow failed her. The doctor's verdict that for weeks she had overexerted left her in a state of semi-invalidness where she longed to lay her head on some comforting shoulder and cry. She planned when she was stronger to hunt up old Nora for a complete reconciliation. Life without her had been disastrous.

One afternoon as she drooped in the window, awaiting her mother's daily call, Mrs. Weston saw a small trunk borne from the rear of her house by a drayman to a waiting wagon. With trepidation she summoned Yamazaki.

"You are surely not leaving me, Yamazaki? You wouldn't go without notice when I am so ill?"

He laughed in depreciation of her alarm.

"Tlunk, he full of ole books, no good. I no want him. Send away for sell. Tams go away when I want," and he retired to his quarters.

Later in the day Mrs. Fletcher had come and gone, dinner was over and Trevor Weston had not come home. A telegram had explained his absence and promised his presence before midnight so that his wife, curled on her couch before the fire, though lonely, was not alarmed. The dying flame roused her to summon the Japanese, but to her surprise there was no response to her bell. In some alarm she made her way to the kitchen and there, satchel packed, hat and outer coat by his side, sat J. Yamazaki, bending over the table in the act of writing, a dictionary by his side.

Mrs. Weston braced herself by holding to

the back of a chair, staring in reproachful silence at the little man who had leaped to his feet in polite attention.

"Yamazaki, you are not *going*?"

"'Es mam, pleez excuze."

She sank into a seat. "Now, at night! and leave me alone! Why what's the trouble? Have you any complaint? Why didn't you tell me when I asked you this afternoon?"

"I can't axpress in English language. I write for you." He held up a few sentences laboriously written. "All tams I say I have regrets."

She could only repeat the unfamiliar sound. "Reggets!"

"'Es mam," said J. Yamazaki. He added in a final effort, "Reggets, English word, he means sorry. I have regrets to go."

"Why *do* you go then?"

"My wish of leaving is not I do not like, but I am wish go back Japan."

"Have you made enough money to retire?"

"'Es mam," said Yamazaki modestly.

"But what am I to do here alone without anyone?"

"Melican gell come again. I send to him."

"Send to him? Who's he?"

"Melican gell. 'Es mam."

She gave up the riddle. Weak as she was her anger spurred her to a splendid rebuke. In a torrent of words she poured out her wrath, lectured him on the sacredness of the contract, the heartlessness of his conduct.

"'Es mam," vaguely agreed the little man at the conclusion. He picked up his coat and hat in final withdrawal.

"I thank you to your kind attentions. You will excuze my such leaving as I have in a hurry."

She faced the empty kitchen. J. Yamazaki had vanished.

An hour later Trevor Weston burst into the house, his eyes wide and staring, his glance not lingering even on his pale little wife as she crept to meet him.



Safe in the shelter of the arms
that had rocked her as a child

"Where's that Jap?"

"Gone," she started to give him the details.

"Gone! I'd like to get my hands on him. He's stolen Van Vorst's car coupler. No! no! not the model, the idea itself, filed application for a patent and arranged to sell it to McFarland and Company. He's likely to make a fortune. Little yellow imp. I'd like to get my hands on him. Where's he gone?"

"To Japan."

"Well, a pretty kettle of fish he's left behind, that's all I can say." He turned to her at last. "Why, Ethel, how white you are and the fire all out. I oughtn't to have excited you so. We seem to have had nothing but trouble lately. Never mind, dear, we'll have to take a fresh start. I'll get breakfast in the morning and then we'll throw ourselves on your mother's mercy."

Next morning when they stole down together in the early light to the kitchen, to their surprise the aroma of coffee permeated the house.

"He's come back!" Weston gasped. "But he'll have to go, little monkey." He strode toward the door, pausing on the threshold in delighted amazement.

"Nora! Upon my soul."

The little bride with one cry of relief buried her head on the old woman's shoulder, safe in the shelter of the arms that had rocked her as a child.

"Nora, Nora, where did you come from?"

The old woman stared. "And didn't ye send for me, darlin'?"

"No! no!"

From a pocket Nora pulled a twisted telegram. "'Come to-morrow,'" she read, "'am granting Yamazaki leaving.' Did the little yellow haythin send it himself?"

At the breakfast table the young people, shadowed only by poor Van Vorst's calamity, followed lumbering old Nora with tender eyes. Under her rule their debts would gradually vanish, her broad shoulders would assume the household burdens, her love surround them both, warm and comforting.

Of Yamazaki's reign already there remained no sign except for the slip of paper that had fallen under the kitchen table, whereon in cramped characters he had there inscribed:

"I have regrets to go. Japanese boy not cook for all times."



Everyday

By

James Oppenheim



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

A WILD wind banged the windows and wailed down the street. The East Broadway office was snug and cozy and warm. In its deep silence and intense white light, Dr. Rast nestled in his armchair, smoking slowly on his pipe. Nell leaned forward in a rocker and sewed. They were talking quietly and sweetly.

"Hear that wind!" murmured the Doctor. His dark smooth face turned toward his wife. His brown eyes glistened with serene happiness. He watched her busy fingers—their intricate skill and sureness. He noted the soft fall of her hair round her calm, contented, absorbed face. "Who!" he went on, "the world's blowing away!"

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Nell smiled at him—a wife smiling at her husband because she was glad to have him near and at home.

"It's autumny, isn't it?" she said softly. "It's homey."

He puffed a long white cloud of smoke and watched it glow and spread and thin out in the gas-light.

"Great, here!" he murmured, "great! A man could sit here for a thousand nights! Really, kid, sometimes it's just good to be alive—to feel alive—to be aware of oneself and the world—and do nothing—just *be!*"

He heard the little stitches as she worked on in silence.

"I wonder," she sighed at last, "if all people aren't happy, after all. We're pretty happy, aren't we?"

"Happy?" he cried. "Yes! It's good to work hard and be tired at night—it's good to eat one's supper at one's own table—it's good to suffer and then be free of pain—it's a rich big thick warm life, this human life, even at the worst!"

A great wind knocked the windows in and out and burst roaring down the airshaft, bearing with it the mingled voices of many people in the flats above.

"Who!" the Doctor whistled. "It's good to curl up in here to-night, to sit in the warmth and light—with you, Nell!"

She looked up tenderly, sweetly, her eyes dim.

"With me! You love me—as much as ever?"

She put out a soft warm little hand and he grasped and patted it.

"Doesn't the little wife know?" he whispered.

"But—say it anyway,"—she laughed sadly—"every now and then, Morris, you must tell me. I like to hear you say it!"

"Ach, *das ewige Weiblich!* (the eternal feminine)," he smiled. "Kid!" He pressed her hand, and touched it to his lips, "*Ich liebe Dich, mit Herzen, mit Schmerzen, über alle Masse,—ein wenig—gar nicht!*" (A German game of counting off—"I love you—with heart—with pain—beyond all measure—a little—not at all!")

She drew back her hand.

"Aren't you mean, Morris!" she cried.

He looked at her, wondering if she were not a trifle hurt.

"Poor, poor little wife!" he exclaimed. "Of course I love you! Love you?" He suddenly spoke deeply, almost brokenly, his words tense and taut and hot, "Good God, Nell, how I do love you—it frightens me at times!"

She drew a sharp breath of exquisite tingling happiness.

"Then you really do—don't you? My Doctor-man!"

She secured one of his hands, and laid her cheek upon it, and they were like one happy throbbing human heart, warmly pulsing in the thick of the wild night.

Whereupon the inevitable telephone bell shrilly rasped out with its quick b-r-r-r-r-r-r—The two looked at each other in vexation and laughed. It was so inevitable.

"The old story!" cried Nell. "Just when we're saying: 'and they got married and lived happily ever after'—oh, the dickens!"

B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—went the impatient far-hidden human being.

Dr. Rast swung the instrument over to his lap.

"Um—hello!"

"Iss diss Doktor Rass?"

"Yes."

"Goot! Could you come a little by six—und-seventy Henry Street—just a little, please, Doktor!"

"What's the name?"

"Sinn."

"Sinn?"

"Sinn."

"What is the matter?"

"Ach, just a little, Doktor! Just a little!"

"I'll be over!"

"Güte Doktor!"

Nell and Morris looked at each other again. He grinned and she puckered up her nose.

"Well!" he sighed, "it's out I go! A doctor's a slave! But I'll hurry back, dear!"

He arose, sighing, knocked his pipe clean and laid it down, got his coat and grip and hat. The wind labored again at the windows and Nell shivered. She put down her sewing and arose.

"Morris," she cried, "it's such a wild night, I'm going with you!"

He frowned, and she hurried to him and put her hands on his coat. "Please, Mister!" she coaxed. "I'll be good—I'll be good!"

He kissed her lips.

"Nell! be a good girl—stay home!"

"Morris—I couldn't! I couldn't sit still with you out and that wind howling. It's full of wolves. Ah, Morris, I won't be in the way. I'll wait for you in a corner drugstore!"

Her face was childish in its sweet appeal. First his heart laughed, then his lips.

"You rogue!" he cried. "Put on your duds—come along! Oh, such a wife!"

She laughed gaily and jiggled out of the room. He heard her singing wildly as she put on her

coat and her hat and her torn gloves. She came out rosy with happiness.

"I love to go with my man!" she cried.

He turned the light low and they stepped out into the dim hall and sought the empty street. And then suddenly they were blown away and over the world. The heavens were slashed by flying clouds, tinged a dull red by the great lights of the huge city beneath, and now and

She shrieked again:

"And it's birth-time, too—Morris—something—the whole world—seems at the moment of birth!"

"That's it!" he cried. "That's the magic of it—it's the time of death-birth!"

They swung into a side-street, and the big walls made a sudden lull that astounded them. They heard themselves thumping along in the silence. They laughed. And they could talk at last.

"Who are these people you are going to?" asked Nell.

"Oh! I had almost forgotten them!" The Doctor was suddenly sober and serious. He sighed. "It's a rough case, Nell!"

"Rough? Who are they?"

"It's the Sinns. You know old Sinn, don't you—the organ-grinder? He and Tiffy?"

"Not," she cried sharply, "my old organ-grinders?"

The two old men who come around every Friday? The two I've known since I was that high?"

"That's the two!" said the Doctor.

"Oh, the poor old men!" cried Nell.

"I'm always so sorry for them—they always bow so—so like old gentlemen—and thank me for my nickel! Is he sick, Morris?" she asked sharply.

"I don't know!" said the Doctor.

"The poor old man!" cried Nell vehemently. "Do you know, Morris, sometimes I think it's a crime to be happy while there are such people in the world. Think of an old man having to tramp the streets and grind an organ! It's too horrible! He's all weather-beaten and bowed and grizzled. Morris, it makes my heart ache!"

He sighed again, deeply.

"It's pretty hard, Nell! Yes," he said in a puzzled tone, "I can't see much good in such a thing. He hasn't gotten much out of life, except—move on! And now I suppose it's all over—a long hard grind of a life, and then—sleep!"

The thought saddened them; they walked on in silence.

"It's tragic," murmured Nell, infinite womanly pity in her voice, "the poor, poor old man, stooping over his organ, holding out his hat—and yet so mild, so sweet-tempered, such an old gentleman. I love old men!"

The Doctor smiled and squeezed her hand



"I just wanted to wait for my husband," Nell explained

then there was a tattered break and a wild brilliance of moon momentarily poured out. Wailing gales tore about them, wrapping their coats close. Nell took his arm and they plunged along. Windows on every street were golden patches.

Nell tried to speak, but her words blew wild, and all he heard was "lights—lonesome—home."

"What is it?" he shouted.

She drew up close and shrieked in his ear.

"The windows—the lights—Morris—each one is a home. It makes me lonesome—heart-sick!"

He roared back:

"Earth's dying, Nell—I can feel the leaves being stripped from trees—everything's going to wreck. It's home-time—*home-time*," he yelled to make her hear. "This weather drives men home. It's the greatest time of the year!"

"Well—" he sighed—"it's a real world and a hard one—and some are happy and some are not! What can we do?"

Nell almost sobbed.

"Really, Morris—I—I can't stand the thought of his not coming around on Fridays! I'm so used to him! And that old broken-down organ—just like himself! And the tunes!" She half-laughed, "'The Bowery'—'Sweet Rosie O'Grady'—'Mother, Dear, Come Bathe My Forehead!'" They paused to laugh, tears in their eyes. "And all out of tune!—But really, really, Morris!" she added sharply, "my world has a warm place in it for my organ-grinder!"

They came to a corner, blotched green and red with the lighted jars of a drugstore. And then at once they were caught up in the wild wind and whirled into Henry Street. The Doctor clutched Nell by the arm, pushed back the spring-door of the pharmacy and helped her in on to the tiled floor.

"I'll hurry!" he exclaimed, and disappeared.

Nell was in a curious little place, almost too dim for a drugstore, and warm with the mingled smells of many drugs and the peculiar odor of the tiny dull soda-fountain. She stepped to the counter where a pale insomniac clerk, with black rings under his eyes, was rubbing his hands.

"Yes, ma'am?" His voice was flat. He talked and looked as if he had not slept for several nights.

"I just wanted to wait for my husband," Nell explained, "if you don't mind!"

"Yes, ma'am!"

He seemed a trifle annoyed and stepped back behind the prescription partition. Nell idly sauntered about the hushed shop, glancing now at a counter full of toilet articles, and now at the little cigar stand, and now at the rubber goods—and now at the shelves on the walls which were lined with labeled jars. A woman came in, coughing and shuffling, and left a prescription. A boy hurried in for a bottle of castor oil. Otherwise there was an intense stillness, streaked with weirdness, uncanniness, by the roaring streets. Nell, however, noticed very little. She felt unutterably sad—her heart went out to the lonely world-broken organ-grinder—the old bit of human wreckage. It was blessed to have a husband who could step in and lend a hand. She loved Morris dearly.

And then suddenly the door opened, letting in a whirl of wind that dimmed the dim lights still further, and the Doctor stepped in breathlessly. His face was animated and sparkling.

"Nell—they want you to come up and see them!"

"Me?" she cried, "I?"

"Yes, you—come on!"

"But it's impossible!"

"And why, little obstinate?"

She looked at him, horror-stricken.

"Dressed as I am, Morris? No, never!"

He laughed.

"I knew you'd say that! But, really, dear——"

She shook her head.

"Now don't argue, Morris! It's just impossible!"

"But listen!" he whirled on. "They're not used to people dressed up. You'd be out of place there dressed up. So you'll come—old Sinn asked especially. He's very fond of you; you won't deny him!"

She faltered.

"He asked—you're sure?"

"Honest!"

"Remember, I didn't want to, Morris!"

The insomniac clerk came out and frowned upon them; but they stepped gaily into the wild night and went blowing across the street. They could say nothing until they were safe in the haven of a reeking hall.

"Is he sick?" asked Nell.

The Doctor laughed.

"Oh, come up, and see! It's mountain-climbing!"

"Ah, tell me, Morris!"

"Not a word!" he laughed.

"Aren't you mean!"

But she followed him up the carpet-worn stairs, through dim thick-smelling halls, past tiny flickering lights, past the sounds on each floor of human beings busily talking, playing and moving about. They were in a man-hive swarming with life. The climb seemed endless—flight after steep flight. Nell panted and puffed and laughed and scolded. And then at last they landed on the top floor. A great gust of loud mirth blew over them—a great clattering and wrangling and roar of laughter. Nell drew back.

"Here?" she cried. "The organ-grinder? I don't want to go, Morris! I don't know these people!"

He took her arm firmly, urged her a step and knocked on the thin rear door. There was a sudden hush within, and whispers. Someone pushed back a chair. There were a few steps, and the door swung wide. A brilliant hot glow poured into the hall—golden and dazzling. A young man, a sleek well-fed smooth-shaved Jew, extended his hand.

"Mrs. Dr. Rast!" he exclaimed. "Welcome! Come in!"

They stepped into the quieted room. Nell stood for a moment, dazed and embarrassed.

In one quick glance she saw the lay-out. The small room, with its paper ornaments on the mantel and its old crayons on the ghastly-papered walls, was empty of all furniture save a long table that filled it from end to end. This table bore a gorgeous load of fruits and cakes and sliced cold meats, candy and flowers. At the upper end stood an enormous layer-cake, and on it flamed a small army of candles. The four gas jets above were lit.

Around the table sat a dozen glowing human beings, their faces red and golden in the lights, and to Nell's amazement, at the layer-cake end of the table sat the old organ-grinder and an old woman. He looked the same as ever in back of the blazing candles—the red weather-beaten wrinkled face, the shrewd kindly blood-shot eyes, the big human lips, the gray frazzled hair on either side of a central baldness. The rest of the people there were either middle-aged or children—a sleek, happy, prosperous lot of Jewish people—save that old Tiffy, the other organ-grinder, sat next to old Sinn.

As Nell stood dazed and bewildered and unable to believe her eyes, the dozen at the table stared at her in equal embarrassment. Then finally the sleek young man spoke:

"Just in time!" he cried, rubbing his hands. "There are your seats. Make yourselves one of the family. The seats of honor!"

Two young men had to rise, that they might pass. The two seats at the window end of the table had been saved for them. The Doctor helped Nell out of her coat and she and he sat down in silence. For a moment they felt as if they had spoiled the family feast. The natural, unconscious stream of family wit and mirth was turned off. But the sleek young man was evidently toast-master. He stood at his seat, next the door, and waved his hand.

"Pardon me," he said pompously, showing the generous girth of his sporty vest, "if I seem to do the whole spiel—but you see, I'm a traveling salesman. I've got the gift of the gab, and the others ain't!"

Old Sinn muttered his approval and Dr. Rast nodded.

The young man drank a swallow of water to clear his throat.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he burst out, "this is a glad occasion! None other than the GOLDEN WEDDING of our Mother and our Father—the happy Sinns! A toast!"

"Prosit! prosit!" the cry ran around the table, and all save old Sinn and his wife rose, held high tiny glasses of red wine, and sang:

*"Hoch sollen Sie leben,
Hoch sollen Sie leben,
Drei mal hoch!"*

(Literally: "May they live high! May they live high! Three times high!")

The warm fire of the German home-song poured through the room like the warming wine. It broke the gap between the family and the outsiders. Nell and the Doctor felt a burst of glow in their hearts that seldom came to them—the warm flame that has come steadily up the ages in the warm nests of the Ghettoes—the tremendous hearth-flame of the Jewish home. They were swept into this one atom of family life; they were made one with these human beings; they felt that this people was their people; they felt as if, by birth-right, they belonged here. They felt the hotness of the human, here, massed thick in a tenement room.

All sat down laughing and happy again. A buzz of talk arose, a jabbering, needling, flashing talk, a chaos of happy little things that make up the family literature and life. Then suddenly the sleek young man pounded the table and raised his voice.

"Hear! hear!" he cried, and as the silence succeeded, he continued, "We have with us to-night our beloved Dr. Rast and his beloved wife!"

A burst of hand-clapping and thumping on the floor. The Doctor nodded, Nell flushed and smiled.

"Perhaps," the young man continued, "the Doc would like to know *why* he was invited. I will tell him. It's because we asked the Rabbi, and he said he was busy!" He shrugged his shoulders and added in a delightfully Yiddish way, motioning with his hands, "Why, says I, should I ask some *goniff* (thief) of a stranger, some old *schnorrer* (sponger) to eat up our good delicatessens? No, I said, there is Doctor Rast—we all love him—he, too, has the gift of the gab—he is no *schnorrer*—him will I invite! And besides—" he laughed explosively at his own forthcoming joke to prepare the table, "the poor old Doc looks as if he never had anything good to eat!" There was a great roar, and then the young man noticed Nell, and rushed on awkwardly. "I mean, outside of his home and away from his wife, Mrs. Dr. Rast!—A speech from the Doctor!"

"Speech! speech!" they all cried, clapping their hands, and then in the silence Dr. Rast arose. His eyes were full of happy mist. His heart was full to overflowing. He looked down, fumbled with his chair, and then looked up—gazing deeply from face to face. He tried hard to speak as man to man, as human being to human being.

"Really," he began in a low deep intense tone, his voice breaking, "this is—*tremendous*."



"Ladies and Gentlemen," he burst out, "this is a glad occasion! None other than the Golden Wedding of our Mother and our Father—the happy Sinns! A toast!"

It is so *real*—it is so good to sit down with *you*—and *you*—and *you*—all of you—and be one with you—he one—" he smiled, "of the family! *This* family, in *this* room, *this* night! I thought I was coming as a Doctor. My! you don't know how good it is to come to you as a man—to come here with my wife, and just be an ordinary common everyday human being—that is, a gloriously happy human being. I'm in Earth's best place *here*," he went on very deeply, "because *I'm home here!*"

He paused: he could see how deeply they were affected by his simple words: one could have heard a pin drop. His heart stirred with a passion like pain. He spoke straight from it.

"A Golden Wedding! I don't mind—" he smiled queerly, and they too all smiled, "I don't mind telling the family a secret. *I love my wife dearly!*" He smiled again, but they did not answer; their eyes were large and glistening. "If I could dream that in forty-six years from now she and I could sit like you two at the end of a table like this, and have about us our children and our grandchildren, all so radiantly happy, here, in a real *home*—do you know, there is nothing, nothing else I could ask! It would round out a human life! There is nothing on Earth so deeply human—so glorious—so full of—God! God bless you all!"

As he sat down, there was a deep intense

throbbing pause. A Rabbi would have spoken for an hour and left them weary and thankful—because he was finished. These man-to-man words played upon their very deeps—it touched the sacred—it revealed the meaning of their home to themselves. Then suddenly the toastmaster noticed, and began to clap. There was a thunder of glad applause and a wild laughter of relief. A busy glad tearful talk ensued, and soon the company was hard at work winding up the feast. A little later it broke up, and went into a front room. A phonograph was set to work, and Dr. Rast and Nell sought out old Sinn, who sat awkwardly at the edge of a chair, his hands on his knees, nodding his head rapidly, his lips working, his eyes dim with happy tears.

He arose quickly and bowed, and shuffled—still the organ-grinder. He smiled awkwardly on Nell, nodding his head to show that he knew her.

"Ya," he muttered in Yiddish, "since you were five years old, Miss!"

The Doctor could not help but ask a question.

"We were surprised to find you here—with such a family—in such a home!"

The old man nodded rapidly, and bowed.

"Yes, yes, yes,—surely—everybody is surprised!" He struck out both his hands. "Why

not? I—I am the old organ-grinder—ah!" he exclaimed, with a sudden straightening up of pride, "but my *sons*—one has a delicatessen store—" he leaned and whispered in confidence, "he brought us all the good things to-night—and the other—he is a salesman. They are good boys!"

He scraped and bowed again, and was suddenly awkward and wanted to escape.

"But surely," cried Nell, "you don't have to be an—an——"

"Organ-grinder?" he whispered. He smiled his old smile upon her, and nodded his head. "How you have grown," he murmured, "since you were five years old! Ah, but you have a fine husband! Organ-grinder? Yes, yes, yes! Everybody says so too, and my sons; well, they think they can stop it. Last winter they make me stop; they were a little ashamed!" He laughed, and bowed and rubbed his hands. "A little ashamed! But I made money—much money—I send them to school—I give them a start—ach," he sighed, "it was once a good business—in the old times! The old times—then when Jews were in it. You never hear of Yiddish organ-grinders now." He winked slyly. "The Jews are too smart: they would make money."

"So—your sons tried to make you stop?" asked Nell.

He seemed to awake from a reverie.

"They? Yes, yes. Of course. And I stopped—one week! And then—" he suddenly tapped the Doctor on the shoulder, "I found out the dear God made me an organ-grinder. I could not stay home. The streets called me. My hand itched to turn the handle. I missed the old music—it is like my breathing now, it is a part of me. I missed all the people I know, the little children that dance and sing and gather around me, the Mothers with babies at the windows, the



"I went back, because, Doktor—" he put a hand on the Doctor's shoulder and looked at him with flawless pride. "I am an Organ-Grinder!"

sights, the noise, the people,—I missed being tired and hungry and glad to get home at night and sit down and smoke and get sleepy. A man gets used to anything, *güte Doktor*, and when he gets used to it, he does not want to give it up—even being sick, *nicht wahr?*"

The Doctor laughed.

"So," the old man shuffled and bowed again. "I went back, because, Doktor—" he put a hand on the Doctor's shoulder and looked at him with flawless pride, "I AM AN ORGAN-GRINDER!"

The Doctor took a deep breath.

"That's fine!" he cried, "that's splendid!"

Old Mrs. Sinn came trudging up, smiling sweetly. She touched Nell on the arm.

"Young wife!" she spoke in a softened Yid-

dish, "come—I must show you—" then came fifty years of pride to her voice, "our household!"

Nell with gleaming eyes followed her.

Old Sinn bowed again and shuffled off across the crowded floor to where old Tiffy stood alone in a corner, blinking with dazed eyes on the hilarious roomful. The two old men, in their wonderful old clothes—the heavy handmade shoes, the baggy shiny trousers, the long tattered weathered coats—put their old heads together, and the Doctor, from the center of a group of young men who taught him politics, noticed that old Sinn kept pointing out to old Tiffy the girl he had known since she was five. They nodded and motioned and grinned and jabbered, proud to have the Doctor and his wife in their home.

And when finally the Doctor and Nell said goodby, old Sinn whispered:

"God send you children—God give you a Golden Wedding!"

And old Mrs. Sinn added:

"Ah, what a beautiful young couple!"

And the Rasts went down the stairs laughing and tearful.

A moment later they swung out into the black and blowing night. Their burning cheeks took the cool gale; their hearts were brimful; they went laughing along like two children, hand in hand. Every patch of golden window in the tenements about them sent out the fires of home to warm the empty street.

"Nell! Nell!" cried the Doctor, drawing her close to his side, "there's your poor, poor old organ-grinder! We never can tell, Nell! It's a pretty happy world, after all!"

Nell laughed queerly.

"To think of him being a grandfather and having a Golden Wedding! And I was so sorry for him!"

"Nell!" cried the Doctor, "we're all here after a swarming million years of struggle—and yet we are alive and toiling and getting on. The race must have been—must be—rather happy to keep it all up! I guess it's a thick rich warm life, this human life, even at the worst! These tragedies that come to the surface—they are tidal waves—the rest of life flows busily, happily—common and human and everyday!"

They were wildly blown along. The flying clouds above were swelling red with the city lights; the glimpses of the moon came eerie and weird—a passing glamour. They walked in step, taking long strides, their hearts beating together, their blood pulsing warm.

"The air is full of Autumn," Nell sighed. "Autumn and home."

"It's a happy Earth!" added the Doctor, "it's a happy human race!"

"A Golden Wedding!" breathed Nell, clinging close to him. "Will we have one too, Morris—will we?"

And the years stretched before them, rich with human possibilities.





The Old Order Changeth



By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

III

Certain Definite Tendencies

THERE is danger always when man makes a thing—whether it be a king, a constitution, a city, a democracy, or what not in the way of a human institution—of his mistaking the thing for an end, when it should be merely a means of human usefulness. The real danger from democracy is that we will get drunk on it. Government of the many by the many is not necessarily more desirable than government of the many by the few, or than the government of all by one. The tyranny of the mob was known of old to be as cruel as the tyranny of a king. And there is grave danger that the rise of democracy may not be accompanied by wisdom and self-restraint. There must be a check on the power of the masses; and the veto of the courts on legislation is not only beneficent, but absolutely necessary, if the masses are not checked in their use of power by their own broad charity, their own wide intelligence, and their own unselfish courage to do the right even against their immediate material interests. The success or failure of democracy depends entirely upon that working common sense of impersonal justice in the average man which is best termed righteousness. And as the essence of what preachers call sin is mere selfishness, it follows if we are to use our reformed ballots, or cleansed party-system, our direct primary nominations or our direct legislation to any good end in this world, it will depend upon the breadth of view of the average man, and the amount of righteous unselfish common sense that men put into our ballot boxes.

It will be interesting therefore in considering this new democracy now growing into power at the beginning of this century, to observe what things attract its attention. For as a man thinketh in his heart so is he. And consequently it is fair to take a man off his guard to get at

his real convictions. If ever democracy is off its guard it is during a presidential campaign. So that the platforms, pronouncements, and propaganda of the campaign, represent what America really believes and secretly hopes for.

Several Fish—All on One String

Now the campaign of 1908 was a radical campaign. The differences between the parties were not differences of creed, but differences of degree in the acceptance of a common creed. Both parties, for instance, declared in favor of an immediate revision of the tariff; both parties declared in favor of controlling combinations of capital called the trusts; both parties declared strongly for public control of the transportation systems of the country; both parties pledged themselves to guarantee depositors in banks against loss—the Democrats promising a bank guarantee law for all banks, the Republicans promising to establish postal savings banks; both party platforms strongly advocated the restriction of capitalization in public utilities corporations; and both party leaders expressed in their official letters of acceptance a belief in the income tax, the inheritance tax, and the enactment of a law which would consider the physical valuation of railroads as a part of the cost of service upon which estimated rates should be made by commissions. Now all those fish will go on one string: the restriction of capital. The tariff issue restricts capital by removing the public bonus which enables it to meet competition; the transportation question stated in the terms of the Roosevelt policies over which the only dispute between the two parties was one of priority of discovery—restricts capital by requiring improved service and controlled rates; the bank guarantee law, whether by postal sav-

ings banks or by the depositors guarantee, restricts banking capital in a large area of its operations; the control of trusts and monopolies—whether on a basis of the size of the trust or its iniquities—restricts capital in its tendency to form large aggregates, which then by their very size feel that they must move in a domain of their own uncontrolled by common morality. The income and inheritance tax restricts capital by the oldest form of restriction in the world, simple subtraction.

Mr. Bryan differed entirely with Mr. Taft as to the methods to be used in restricting the operations of capital, but Mr. Taft was as emphatic as Mr. Bryan in declaring that the restrictions should be made. And it was because the people believed that on the whole they could trust the efficiency of Mr. Taft that they chose him in preference to Mr. Bryan. The victory of Mr. Taft indicated a deep-seated conviction in the minds of the people that their widening moral sense should change the fundamental legal view of the nation upon the subject of property.

The Fight Against Greed

The popular belief in the public interest and control of what hitherto has been considered private property is expressed best by an opinion of the United States Supreme Court which holds that "when the owner of a property devotes it to a use in which the public has an interest, he in effect grants to the public an interest in such use; and must to the extent of that interest submit to be controlled by the public for the common good, as long as he maintains the use." So here we have the problem of democracy restated: To fetter greed by the common good. It is the old conflict between egoism and altruism, between the centripetal and centrifugal forces of nature, of life, of society. To define the limited rights of private property within the meets and bounds of the common good, to express in terms not only of statute but of law and custom, the creed of a people moved in some small measure away from the selfishness of other generations—that is the mission of our twentieth century democracy. And to set out on that mission the people have been fighting themselves free.

A government dominated by the aristocracy of politicians would naturally be a government for the friends of the politicians. The politicians were financed by owners of property affected by its public use and naturally this government, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, expressed the protest against recognizing the rights of that partnership in

property formed by the public use of the property and limited by the common good. It was a gorgeously simple machine. Property furnished money which gave the politicians power. They returned political power to property which made it more important in the government than the people. So for twenty years we find democracy struggling with some subconscious prescience to throw off her shackles. First came the fight for the secret ballot, which freed democracy from crass bribery; then came the fight for party reform—a fight to make men and not money count in election returns. The fight began in a demand that campaign contributions be publicly accounted for. Then the people prohibited corporation contributions, thereby taking refined bribery from politics. This drove money from the ballot box and made men in majorities masters of elections. Simultaneous with this movement came another for party nominations directly from the people; for it was still necessary to smash to utter debris the party machine financed by the holders of special privileges: i. e. those owning property affected by its public use, who vehemently protested against a public accounting of the profits of the public partnership and regarded a distribution of the common profits as public plunder. And following the direct primary, which made the people and not the aristocracy of politics the direct masters of the public servants, is coming direct legislation from the people, with legislatures acting as mere registering agents of the popular will and this direct legislation is accomplished in a majority of the American states either through a well-defined habit of amending state constitutions or through the establishment of a movement rather new to America called the Initiative and Referendum.

With the breaking of these shackles upon democracy—direct bribery, party bribery, machine rule and unresponsive legislative control of the states—democracy is now setting out on her real mission, to define the rights of the owner and the user of private property according to the dictates of an enlightened public conscience. Now the shackle smashing has been done and is being done by the states. But the broader work done by the people following their freedom in the states has been done not only in states but in cities and in the federal government. The work done in the states probably is most fundamental—it affects more people than the work either in the cities or in the federal government. Property as it comes under state control is largely capital. And the activities of capital are practically all affected by its public use. So virtually all capital in-

vested in any state is rapidly coming under that state's supervision, protection, and control.

Three Plans

The methods of state control of capital so far as they have been evolved by the uses of necessity, speaking broadly are three: first, restriction, as in the case of capital invested in industries, public utilities, and banks; second, division, by means of taxation as in the case of franchises, licenses, real estate, legacies and (in rare cases) incomes above a certain sum from any source; and third, prohibition as in the case of capital invested in the sale and manufacture of liquor as a beverage, capital invested in the manufacture of impure food, and capital invested in race track gambling or in any business wherein the common good demands that the business stop. That the movement is not socialistic is shown by the fact that state ownership is rarely if indeed ever resorted to in the control of capital. Municipal ownership of commodities and of utilities is common. Federal ownership as in the case of postoffices, is accepted, and it is promised in the case of postal savings banks, and is to be tried in the case of coal and oil and mineral lands reserved from segregation and private ownership; but state ownership except in rare instances is exceptional. The present movement of democracy is toward regulation and control—not toward ownership. This movement is distinctly not socialistic in America at least. Democracy is trying to give the individual the widest latitude commensurate with the common good. And control is only imposed upon capital when its activities affront the awakening conscience of the people. The whole movement is moral rather than economic. And rigorous as are the iron laws of trade, the moral law will bend them. For as economic laws bend mere statutes, so do spiritual laws change economic reckonings.

The Right to Inquire is Granted

So far as statutes are concerned the states of the American union seem to be unanimous in agreeing that those combinations of capital "in restraint of trade" called trusts shall be controlled, and the states are almost unanimous in the belief as expressed in statutes that the railroads shall be controlled. And while there are more laws concerning trusts, there is more effective enforcement of the laws controlling railroads. For excepting West Virginia, Delaware, Wyoming, Idaho and Maryland, every American state now has a railroad commission.

Typically these railroad commissions are made up of three men, appointed by the governor—though a few states, notably Kansas and Missouri, elect them. The powers of the commission typically are to hear complaints of shippers, and others, and to "fix and adjust rates," thereafter, and to demand (with varying grades of authority back of its demand) changes in service. Typically the powers of the state railroad commission to enforce its demands, are shading from suggestion and advice to considerable legal authority to insist backed up by penalties to be imposed upon disobedient railroads. But the real powers of the typical state commission are not tested under the state courts, but in the federal courts where they are frequently curtailed.

Yet in spite of the fact that the railroads, as well as other corporations generally take serious litigation to the federal courts, the state commissions are doing a real service to the people, secondary service of course as compared with the important necessary work of the Interstate Commerce Commission, but still real service. It may be well to consider these state commissions in some detail. Of recent years there has been a growth in two directions as regards laws controlling railroads by the state: one tendency is to give state commissioners the right to adjust rates upon their own motion—without waiting for formal complaints from shippers. This power is given to the commissions of Mississippi, Virginia—where the commission is called the "corporation commission"—Indiana, Nebraska, Kentucky, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Illinois, Minnesota, Ohio, Missouri, Michigan, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Oregon, Washington, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Georgia, New York, Florida, Montana and Iowa. This right to take up cases without waiting for shippers to complain formally, enables the commission to equalize rates in making changes so that by creating a new rate they do not treat another community or shipper unfairly. It is an important power, and one which railroads through their lobbyists in legislatures always resist.

The second marked tendency in state railroad legislation is to give state railroad commissioners the power to ascertain the actual physical valuation of railroads, and from that actual physical valuation in some measure to determine the cost of service, and establish reasonable rates on the cost of service as well as its value. Practically all the state railroad commissions provide that a report of the annual business of each railroad in a state be filed with a commission, and nearly all the states prescribe the detailed form in which the report shall be

made. Texas requires the railroads in that state to keep books in a certain way, and these books must be open to the railroad commission at all times. Thus with the physical valuation and the gross business of a given company before it, with its labor account, its interest account, its betterment account and its various fixed charges segregated, a state commission can get about as close to what is indeed and in fact a reasonable rate, as the rate-making expert, who too frequently bases rates upon the value more than upon the cost of service.

The states which have empowered their railroad commissions to ascertain the physical value of railroads are Mississippi, Virginia—through a corporations commission, which also looks after assessments—Nebraska, Kentucky, Wisconsin—through its tax commission—Arkansas, Minnesota, Michigan—through its tax-gathering machinery—North Carolina, Alabama, Oregon, Washington, Texas, Montana, Kansas, Oklahoma and Florida. And the states which have made an adequate appropriation for the work of valuation are Virginia, Kentucky, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Michigan—which is a model of its kind—North Carolina, Alabama, Oklahoma, Florida, Montana and Texas. In many of these states the tax commissioners appraise the railroads. And the railroad commissioners use the appraisal and it forms a basis for getting at the truth about many rate controversies.

Probably as a result of this information in the hands of the commissions, and because of the knowledge that it may be accurately obtained, the movement for the two-cent fare has not been checked by the railroads. For now the two-cent fare prevails in Missouri, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Ohio, Georgia, Connecticut, West Virginia and Alabama; and reduced fares prevail in North Carolina, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Iowa and Wisconsin. In some of the states, notably New York, the reduction has been voluntary; but it has been voluntary because in adjacent states the fares had been reduced by law. The people have been reasonable in this demand for the two-cent fare. They have rarely asked for it except in prairie states, where grades are easy, and maintenance is not excessively high, or if they have asked it in mountainous regions, the regions have been thickly settled and local traffic has been profitable. The two-cent fare legislation has not been either selfish or visionary. And while the railroads are resisting it in the courts, they are resisting the principle of state rate regulation, rather than the amount of the rate. Generally speaking the lower fares

remain while the litigation goes on, though in Arkansas, where the reduction was of doubtful equity, owing to the light travel and the high cost of maintenance, the railroads have re-established their three-cent fares.

No More Free Rides

Contemporary with the two-cent fare movement came the anti-pass movement, and the two movements were co-ordinated in this: That the abolition of the pass enabled the railroads to collect additional fares and thus recover in a small measure their loss—occasioned by the reduced rate. But the anti-pass movement was based not on economics, but upon politics. The movement was really connected with the growth of fundamental democracy. For the pass of the politician gave him power. He could run on errands against free government, and he became by reason of his pass the political agent not merely of the railroad, but of all the foes of progress in the community. Railroad passes packed conventions, corrupted legislatures, colored the view of administrative officers and biased courts. The pass was one of the most formidable weapons of the aristocracy of politics against the democracy. But by the quickening conscience of the nation the pass has been either restricted or entirely abolished save to actual employees of railroads, in twenty-five states. The total abolition of the pass, however, has only been accomplished in those states which have the direct primary law. In the other states it is merely restricted. And the measure of control the people have in a given state, may be taken by looking at its primary and anti-pass laws. For the abolition of the pass and the convention, puts the public service corporation politician out of business, and permits the people to conduct their own affairs.

These four broad expressions of the popular movement to control railroads come from so many states that they may be called typical of the minor activities of democracy. Indeed all but the two-cent fare movement are national in their scope, for one of the national parties and both of the candidates of the two great parties have endorsed federal legislation which will give the Interstate Commerce Commission power to adjust rates upon its own motion, and which will also give the Interstate Commerce Commission an appropriation adequate to make an appraisal of American railroads and use the appraisal as part of the data necessary for establishing equitable rates. And the anti-pass law is national. So those attempts of democracy to control railroad capital by re-

stricting it to reasonable rates, and to prohibit it from political activity, may be called national movements expressed both in the state and federal governments.

Holding a Tight Rein

But in addition to these national movements there are local movements of importance. For instance the New England states wherein hauls are short and rates small if not low are not so concerned about rates as they are about service. And in the smaller states the commissions in New England are not empowered to adjust rates, but instead to recommend to the legislature for enactment, such rates as the commission thinks reasonable. Much space is given in the New England statutes to the regulation of grade crossings; much space is given to the relations between the railroads and their employees; much attention is paid to the matter of stations, switches and terminals. Massachusetts, which is the model for New England, contains a most radical as well as socialistic provision in the railroad law. In the "Massachusetts Railroad and Railway Laws of 1908" we read:

"The provisions of this act shall not impair the rights of the commonwealth, as asserted or reserved in previous statutes; and the commonwealth may at any time during the continuance of the charter of a railroad corporation, after the expiration of twenty years from the opening of its railroad for use, purchase of the corporation, its railroad and all its franchise, property, rights and privileges, by paying therefor such amount as will reimburse to it the amount of capital paid in, with a net profit thereon of ten per cent. a year, from the time of the payment thereof by the stockholders, to the time of the purchase. (Section 7) The commonwealth may at any time after one year's notice, in writing to a railroad corporation, take and possess its railroad franchise and other property and shall pay therefor such compensation as may be awarded by three commissioners, who shall be appointed by the supreme judicial court who shall be sworn to appraise the same justly and fairly, and who shall estimate and determine all damages sustained by it, by such taking. A corporation which is aggrieved by their determination, may have its damages assessed by a jury in the superior court, for the county of Suffolk, in the manner provided in section 90 chapter 48 of the revised laws."

When one considers that this statute is reinforced by a statute common to the Eastern states which limits the stock or bond issues of railroads to such as meet the approval of the commissioners, and further considers that the method of sale and all the receipts of the sale of stocks and bonds are controlled by the commission, one sees the extent to which the people are going in their restrictions of capi-

tal. Also—and this is important—it should be remembered that this law is not a wildcat statute of a sage brush state, passed in a corporation-baiting craze; it is a statute upon the books of the most conservative American state, and most of the drastic provisions of that statute are duplicated where they are not excelled in severity by the statutes of the state of New York. If such laws as those on the books of New York and the New England states were on the books of Nebraska, Kansas or Iowa, there would be much talk on the Atlantic seaboard about the tendency to socialism in the prairie states. But Massachusetts can and does legislate upon the badges, caps and uniforms of railroad employees, their hours of service every week, their employers' liability, the assumption of risks they take, the condition of their eyes, and the character of their mutual insurance, and no one thinks of calling Massachusetts a breeding place of socialism. Legislation for the benefit of employees is growing in popularity. The fellow servant is not a superior servant in a score of American states now; the hours of service of railroad employees are considered by law in the Southern states, in the Dakotas, North Carolina, Minnesota, New York, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Montana and Missouri; while all over the nation the trend of legislation is to adjust if not to curtail rates and to protect employees, thus enlarging the wage fund. There seems to be a feeling, as strong and sure in New York and New England, as in the South and the West, and in the far Northwest—a national feeling—that too large a share of the gross earnings of American railroads goes into interest charges and dividends. Much of these interest charges and dividends are paid upon what looks like "fictitious capitalization" in the light of such information as the people have been able to secure. That phrase "fictitious capitalization" was coined by the Supreme Court of the United States, and, therefore, is not so dangerous as it sounds. And so we find in the statutes of Wisconsin, Texas, Oklahoma, Massachusetts, New York, Virginia, Georgia and Nebraska provision made for regulating or restricting the stock and bond issues of railroads.

Cracking a Hard Nut

Among the other activities of the people in the several states looking toward the restriction of capital invested in railroads is one found specifically in the statutes of Massachusetts, Michigan, Kentucky, Florida, Ohio, Minnesota, Nevada, Mississippi, Washington, Indiana,

Missouri, Virginia, Louisiana, Oklahoma, South Dakota, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, New York, Texas, Montana, Georgia, Nebraska, Illinois and Iowa, which prohibits railroads from charging more for a short haul than for a long haul. In all these statutes there are reasonable exceptions and reservations to the rule, but the fact that the statutes of other states by implication if not specifically make provision for the same rule, indicates rather a widespread belief in conservative states that there is some justice in a rate per ton per hundred miles (subject of course to differences in classification), and Michigan in enacting her maximum freight law has all but stated the principle, as also have two of the states in the far South. And when the railroads and the people settle their controversy in the federal courts if it is settled in favor of the people—as it must be settled inevitably in a democracy—then it is not unlikely that democracy may solve the railroad problem equitably upon some such basis as the rate per ton per mile. For it is admitted that complaints of discrimination between individual shippers, now are practically remedied; and with the complaint as to relative rates for the same commodity between different points settled, the only open question will be the one of classification.

Now when we turn to the other wide field of democratic activity in which capital is being restricted by the several states—the field occupied by the control and regulation of combinations in restraint of trade, we find that the people of the several states acting independently have come to a common agreement. The anti-trust laws of the states are as nearly alike as the railroad laws, and these state anti-trust laws, in many cases preceded the national law, and inspired it, just as the railroad commission idea was a state idea before it became national. But for nearly a decade after its enactment the anti-trust law remained to all practical ends a dormant idea both nationally and in the states; and the federal railroad laws remained almost dormant after enactment, but the anti-trust laws and the railroad laws woke up and became active together. Then it was found that all the state and federal railroad laws and anti-trust laws required amendment and that aroused combat from the owners of private property in public use. So that everywhere in the United States at about the same time the struggle to restrict capital in public use, whether that use was in railroads or in industries, became one struggle in two parts and the story of the struggle to define the boundaries of public use of capital

engaged in operating railroads is the more interesting story.

As we have already said there are, however, two other methods of controlling the profits of capital in public use—one by division through taxation, and the other through prohibition. And the endeavor of the people to make capital in the public use pay its full share for public protection and for the benefits of civilization makes an interesting record of achievement by the people through their states.

Tax-Dodgers

Thirty years ago we were a nation of tax-dodgers. To-day the inequities of taxation are shameful in American states, but not so shameful as they were in the old days. During the past ten years the tax-laws of over half the American states have been changed, in the hope that they would be improved. The full rendition law has come into a large number of the states. And with it the state tax commission has been established in a wide group of the more progressive American states. These states are Pennsylvania, New York, Indiana, Kansas, Wisconsin, Michigan, Virginia, through her corporation commission; Maryland and West Virginia through a board of public works; Alabama, Washington, Oklahoma, New Mexico, North and South Carolina and Nebraska through a state board of equalization. New Jersey has an effective system of county boards working together, and tax commissions have been appointed by the legislature or by the governor to codify and revise and improve the tax-laws in Maine, Missouri, Vermont, Ohio and New Hampshire. In nearly every state during the past five years there has been a serious attempt in the legislature redeeming the pledge of a dominant party to do something to improve the tax system. The people have grown intolerant of its injustices. They are willing whenever a full rendition law is enacted to give in their property at its full value, and where the taxes increase there is not as much complaint as there would have been twenty years ago. The people earnestly desire to reform themselves. And they are working naturally to whatever end they may attain. For the state tax commission is an evolutionary product. Typically it merely binds the local state tax system into a state unit. For half a century the growth of railroads, telegraph, telephone, express, and sleeping-car companies has made it more and more imperative to have something more than the county or township unit to govern taxation; for properties extending

over a score of units were subject to a score of different valuations. Corruption followed naturally in the days when bribery began at the ballot box, and extended to public servants. So in most of the states there grew up a loose-jointed state system; generally it was called the state board of railway assessors, and in many states there was also a state board of equalization. But the members of these boards generally were state officers who had other duties and little responsibility for the work of assessment, and it was badly done, and favoritism to the public service corporations was inevitable. For the corporations contributed heavily to the campaign funds of the parties and the party management saw to it that for every dollar given to the party, the corporations got hundreds of dollars in reduced taxes.

But this system is disappearing before the stronger system as exemplified in the tax commission. For the tax commission is absolutely responsible for its work; and it is sometimes elective. It has authority to put the valuation of land, of all kinds of personal property, and of railroad property upon exactly the same basis all over the state. Under the tax commission the county assessors are organized and directed. And the county assessors have direct charge and authority over the township assessors, who in turn have charge of their deputies. Thus the system has an authoritative head. And although only a third of the states have adopted this system, practically all of them are working toward it. For the movement is new, but it is growing rapidly. Variations of the system are found in the different states. In South Carolina, for instance, the insurance department has been taken from the state comptroller, and he has been made in effect a tax-commissioner. In West Virginia the board of public works is the tax commission. In Virginia and a few other Southern states, the evolution of the tax commission has progressed with the railroad commission, and the body that makes rates for certain public service corporations knows exactly what they are worth. This system is found in a modified form in Oklahoma. In Nebraska real tax reform has been accomplished by the state board of equalization, and the next step will be the commission.

The Fly in the Inheritance Ointment

While the people are working out their tax system, they have decided in nearly two thirds of the states that wealth does not pay its adequate share of the taxes under the present system. So the states have begun to tax inheri-

ances. Some of these inheritance-tax laws are a generation old, but most of them are new laws. The inheritance tax now is established in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Missouri, Michigan, Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Colorado, Iowa, Idaho, Illinois, Connecticut, Wyoming, Kentucky, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Arkansas, West Virginia, Oregon, Washington, Oklahoma, Utah, North Dakota, Montana and Texas, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Louisiana, California, Maine, Delaware, South Dakota. Generally these inheritance tax laws are graduated, and do not seriously affect small legacies or direct heirs. But they fall heavily on large fortunes going to collateral heirs.

The franchise tax is also coming into the American system of direct taxation. It is generally a tax on the gross receipts of public utilities corporations, and as the states have provided for a system of bookkeeping for these corporations the tax is easily assessable and collected. Twenty-five states have a franchise tax. And in addition to this North Carolina, Wisconsin, Virginia and Oklahoma are taxing personal incomes above a certain sum.

Saloons are "On the Run"

The third method which states are using in the control of capital is prohibition. In spite of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, persons and corporations having millions of dollars invested in many of the states, are being deprived of their property "without due process of law." The closing of the race tracks in Missouri and New York, which has been followed by a slump in race-track gambling all over the country, has deprived thousands of people of property which they considered just as sacred as do the railroad holders of coal mines in Pennsylvania, and probably with about as much equity. And when one estimates the amount of property destroyed by the growing sentiment against gambling in every American state during the ten years now passing, it is hard to realize that the Fourteenth Amendment should stand idly by and see all this wrong done, while it is so active in behalf of the public service corporations! But the greatest destruction of property in the country without due process of law has been done in the brewery and saloon business.

The anti-saloon sentiment of the nation seems to have gone to work about ten years ago, and worked without much result for half a decade. But since 1904 results have been coming regularly. State-wide prohibition now

prevails in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma. Kansas adopted prohibition in 1880 but did not enforce it rigidly in the larger cities until 1906, and Maine has galvanized her old law into new efficiency. Prohibition now has abolished the saloon in a majority of the counties in Arkansas, Missouri, Texas, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. And in every one of these states excepting New Hampshire and Iowa, where prohibitory laws were repealed in 1903, there is a strong movement for state-wide prohibition, endorsed more or less definitely by one of the two ruling parties. In the election of 1908 the Anti-Saloon League made gains in New York, Illinois, South Carolina, Washington, Idaho and Ohio. The movement is strong in southern California, and is moving rapidly up the coast. In Colorado the saloon has been abolished from 93 towns within the past two years. In Massachusetts in five years there has been a gain of 110 towns for the anti-saloon territory, and Worcester is said to be the largest prohibition town in the world. In Michigan there are now 11 prohibition counties and 700 prohibition towns, as against 2 counties and 400 towns five years ago. In Minnesota five years have seen the prohibition towns grow from 400 to 1,611. In New Jersey, where there has been a warm contest for four years, the temperance people have secured Sunday closing. And a state-wide campaign for county prohibition is waging in Pennsylvania.

The movement against the saloon is gaining headway in every American state. And sentiment now differs from sentiment thirty years ago; there is little emotionalism in this movement. It is subject to no reactions. The people seem to feel that the saloon is a law-breaker; that it is a business extravagance, and that it corrupts politics, and keeps the people from accomplishing their ends. Hence capital invested in the liquor business is not restricted, as capital invested in public service corporations, not divided as all capital is divided through the tax-laws of the state, but destroyed without due process of law, and without recourse or damages from the state. And as the railroad laws of the states have been epitomized in the national laws, and as the growing conviction of the states that property should be further taxed, has found a national voice in the declarations of President Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, and Mr. Bryan for income taxes and inheritance taxes on the federal statutes,

so the revolt against the saloon has found its echo in the demand for a national law restricting the interstate shipments of liquor.

The Opposition Will Cave In

Now all of these activities of democracy through the several states are met with opposition from the federal courts excepting those activities reflected in taxation. If the unanimity of the people in the states indicate that they are acting under a common impulse, drawing them to a common goal, the remarkable similarity of opinion against these democratic reforms from certain federal courts widely separated geographically and found here and there all over the nation, proves that the aristocracy is as strongly united by instinct as the democracy. To one who has little faith in American institutions, the situation is critical. But those who have faith in our institutions see no real cause for alarm. They do not believe that the liberties of the people will suffer. Property in public use "must to the extent of that interest submit to be controlled by the public for the common good," and taxed "for the common good and prohibited" for the common good.

"In the threatened clash between democracy and the courts, there is but one outcome. Of course for the moment, the courts stand as the national champions of individual and property rights. But it should never be forgotten that in truly democratic countries, the judges are chosen by the people directly, or through the medium of selected executives; so that this condition is not necessarily an enduring one. The popular will when persistently bent upon a definite goal, is bound to prevail in the end. In the best interests of conservatism, therefore, the safest course for the judiciary, will be not flatly to dam the course of public opinion, when once clearly defined, lest a flood sweeping all before it result. That happened in the case of our Civil War. The true function of the courts should be to hold back the impending waters until the issue is clear, and thenceforth to so shape or divert the current of affairs that both the individual and the public welfare may interact upon one another, to the good of both."

Now these words however radical they may seem are not from a rabble rouser. They are from Mr. William Z. Ripley, professor of economics at Harvard University. And the exhortation of these words to patience, under which the nation may grow in grace as it submits for a time to palpable injustice, is not the best authority we have for hope that in the end democracy will triumph. For is it not written "Blessed be the meek, for they shall inherit the earth"?



Letters from

G. G.

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IV

G. G., Broadway, New York, to E. R. at Home

WINTER.

I 'VE been looking over bundles of old letters, and I'm struck with a distressing point in common among most of my correspondents.

What is *your* idea of the kingdom of heaven on earth? Mine—I'll tell you now—is the time when no one shall have any pet dislikes, when every one shall like everything and everybody.

I will, in my earthly paradise, generously permit people to have preferences—I'll stretch the point so far as to let them express a slight, but only a slight, leaning toward hearing the heavenly choir sing the Hallelujah Chorus rather than "No Wedding Bells for Me." But they mustn't be too emphatic about it. They must have room for "No Wedding Bells" and "Mah Coal Black Lady," too, or it won't be heaven.

There shall be no looking down on a neigh-



bor's delight in Sousa Marches, done by talking machines.

I'll have no such speeches as: "Oh! You like Tschaikowsky's *Pathétique*? Seems to me so sensational"; or, "Yes; I do like Beethoven, but Mozart? Sugar and water!" What's the matter with liking them all? They must all be likable—since *somebody* likes them.

Doesn't it make you sick, the thread of pride people manage to wind into their voices when they say: "I like big dogs, but not little dogs"; or, "I love horses and dogs, but I can't abide cats." When, after all, "we are of one blood—thou and I, brother."

They seem to feel there is something very precious about being precious. They accumulate and hoard their dislikes, and hug them to their hearts. They are the joy and pride of their lives.

This one admires Gothic architecture, but the Baroque style is nothing but ostentatious bad taste—and he likes blue, but pink is weak and bad and cheap. Well, certainly, sky and sea are of a lovely color, but what about day-break carnations and palms of babies' hands?

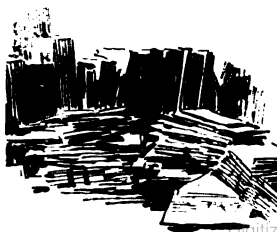
One adores Fra Angelico, and wouldn't give Mr. Sargent houseroom. He dotes on Swinburne, and calls Wordsworth an old bore. He thinks Italy the last word in all that is beautiful, but Switzerland is a hideous hole,—likes travel by water but not by land,—loves Stevenson, damns Henry James,—finally, seems to think that the point in giving attention to anything in any line is to compare and criticize, and not to squeeze out of it the very last drop of pleasure it affords.

It doesn't in the least follow because one loves the best that there is no room for the rest.

Why, what is the ultimate end in looking on at and taking part in this varied, glittering, gorgeous pageant, anyway? It seems not only so much saner, but so much easier to like things. I'm not saying but that murder is reprehensible

and theft not to be encouraged. But *like* things. Like 'em all! Occupations, conditions, and moods and people and works!

At all events it strikes me it would



pay to try to travel in that direction at least, and not be forever propping up and adding to prejudices and antipathies.

You know about that old French lady and the spinach. She was so glad she didn't like spinach, because if she liked it she supposed she should eat it, and she loathed it! Well, there it is.

I don't pretend I haven't any dislikes, but I chalk myself a good mark just as often as I get rid of one. I've learned to like milk, and I've stopped dreading to ride in an elevator, and I'm *getting* to like Bach. Oh, yes! I'm getting there.

I knew a man once who said that his prayer was: "Lord, give me this day my daily opinion, and forgive me the one I had yesterday."

I think I shall make mine: "Give me my daily liking, and strengthen those I've already got."

Of course you will throw at me that it would be a deadly dull world in which every one agreed on every point. Well, perhaps; only, remember, this is my idea of heaven I'm talking about, not of a spicy world, and I don't know that any one ever pretended that heaven would be an exciting place. Every one would be busy singing pæans in praise of God's works. I suppose the only line in which one could look for variety would be the millions of things to sing about.

I've a few more or less rabid dislikes left of my own, but I'm looking to the time when I can declare myself really catholic in taste, and let me tell you, I pray the Lord to hasten the day when I can truthfully say that I have any use for Palestina and parsnips, whist, rum, spiders and golf.

G. G., Broadway, New York, to E. R. at Home

SPRING.

Guinea, dear, you are a great comfort. I believe you are, like Jean, the only one of your kind. One can say what one likes to you, and it is like dropping a pebble into a bottomless pit, one never hears from it again. I mean by that,

that there are no consequences; that you never pull one up short and make one argue or give account of what one says or means. You understand. You accept it with a smile for what it is worth, and send one back your smiling reply, and give your own experiences and opinions which may or may not equally agreeably not agree with one's own.

Are you keeping tab? *It's two years, Guinea!* And don't you love to think it will go on forever? *Let's keep it up forever.* Let's just sit like two demure China mandarins, nodding and smiling at one another at our thousand miles' distance, on and on and on, down through the long perspective of the years, on to the vanishing point.

But all things come to an end, you say. Yes, I suppose so! and I dare say the end of you, as far as I am concerned, will be that some fine day you'll up and get engaged to some girl or other. And then—she won't

let you take the time to write me delightful, fat bundles of stuff—and then—you'll lock me up in a quiet little ornamental niche in your heart (for I don't *believe* you'd throw me out altogether), and then—in time, you'll softly and silently forget me!

Well, please *tell* me when that girl appears, won't you? for she's *bound* to come, you know, though I hope she may be 'way off in the hazy, misty distance. I hope she's still in swaddling clothes; or, at worst, running around in sandals and frocks 'way above her knees.

G. G., Broadway, New York, to E. R. at Home

SPRING.

Guinea!

Really! for an intelligent member of society



you *do* occasionally say the most impossible things.

I rubbed my eyes and looked again at your letter, with its two astounding statements. I held it near, and then I held it off at arm's length, and couldn't make it look other than *queer*.

How will they look to you, your words, when I quote them, and you see them with a fresh eye in bald black and white, after a fairish number of days?

First: "I have always lived among those who looked up to me in one way or another. Do you know that you are the only woman I ever knew whom I respected intellectually? That's enough for autobiography. Is it too ugly?"

Ugly? Oh, you poor dear! God ha' mercy on you! I can just imagine the sort of fool women you've had to do with. Rich as mud, and as dull; or, no, not dull, for Americans are all more or less bright. But footless, maybe? inconsequent? And oh, how bad for you, my child, to have 'em all gazing up at you, and burning frankincense under your nose! You are to be wept over if your lot has been cast among women whom you so scorned as to make you respect my poor headpiece by comparison, for, Guinea, frankly, you know, as from one man to another, the head ain't where I come out strong. You, maybe, haven't yet got on to how many kinds of a goose I can be, but it is only a question of time. That is a thing no amount of good will or modesty can conceal.

And now, second: "One of the ways I amuse myself is gambling. Are you addicted to the vice, or can't you afford it? I don't mean gambling in its grosser forms, but simply poker or bridge, among one's friends. Why is it that gambling and love-making are the only pastimes that have a permanent fascination for adults of civilized races?"

Guinea Golden! Honey Boy! What things to say!

No; I don't gamble. Not that I'm a bit too good to. I should, I dare say, gamble if I wanted to. I do plenty of other things I can't afford to, only it would bore me to death.

But to look upon love-making as a "pastime"! just another form of amusement!

Oh, very well! make love to me, then. Splendid practice against the day that girl or other comes along. And it would, besides, be a nice *tour de force*, you know, something worthy of a Cyrano, to make love to a myth half a continent away. Something exquisitely dainty in appealing to her heart through the brain alone, without aid of look, or touch, or speech, with neither the remembrance nor the anticipation of the common modes of campaign.

Oh, go on, Guinea, do! I'm wild to see how you'd come out of it. You epicure! You lover of subtleties! There's a dish.

Usher in the lover! What shall his name be? Not Eric, for it is not Eric Rich who is to be my love, not the man I knew in Paris. I've clean forgotten him. Nor yet Guinea Golden, he's my best friend—my mental scrap-basket.

I know. His name, drawn from the same poem as Guinea's, shall be Pleiad.

"I had a star in heaven,
One Pleiad was his name."

Of course, the lost Pleiad was a gentleman! And, being of a roving disposition, he strayed away from his bunch of lady sisters and—I've found him!

How shall I wake him up, this star of a lover? In fairy tales and Wagner operas they awaken them with a kiss a yard or more long, don't they?

Well, then, herewith I send you a kiss. A kiss, let me see—

A kiss as sweet as the breath of pines.

As long as remorse.

As deep as the flood of the stars.

As elusive as the scent of violets.

As gay as a hollyhock.

As sad as twilight.

As fragrant as a bed of ferns.

As burning as the unexpected touch of ice.

As pure as the wind on the mountain top.

As tender as the song of days.

As fresh as the young sense of sweet.

As perfect as a pearl.

As never-to-be-forgotten as the first sight of the sea.

Now, is that a starter?

Are you off?

It has taken me full half an hour to improvise the above.

I don't know what to sign myself. Find me a name, please, a Greek one, to match Pleiad's.

THE NIGHT AFTER.

Oh, Guinea!!

I had no sooner posted that wretched letter this morning than I realized that I ought never to have written, much less *sent* it.

Why, *why* I couldn't have stopped and questioned the wisdom of it before the mouth of the letter-box snapped at me, I don't know. The click of it seemed to do something to my head, and I stood stupidly at the street-corner, saying to myself:

"You idiot! *What* will Eric Rich think of you and your audacious invitation?"

What devil ever prompted it?

Please, dear boy, don't think ill of me that I

should, for a fantastic hour, have offered to exchange my good friend for a spurious lover. Don't think that I don't appreciate the value of a real friend.

(Doesn't Olendorff, the infallible, assure us that "*Un ami sincère et vertueux est un trésor!*")

You'll wonder what in the world my object could have been. Heavens! one doesn't have to look very far for an object to almost anything I do or say. *Curiosity*, my dear. Incurable daughter-of-Eve curiosity! Just the fun of seeing what the other fellow will do.

We are told that there are three games at which man may not play—life, love and death. Ah! but man does play at love. We all do; though perhaps not in cold blood. It is so hard to tell where the play leaves off and the earnest begins.

And we all love love and lovers, and we do believe them for the nonce, though we know they lie when they do swear that they are made of truth!

Please, please, please! destroy that horrid letter, and forget all about it.

And that reminds me. I don't believe I've ever told you my feeling about old letters. I mean those that *I* have written. I simply can't stand the thought of their accumulating and piling up, each a little piece of *me*, lying about at the mercy of chance. You never can tell who may some time misread them. Female relatives, future sweethearts, lady slaves, executors.

No letter has a right to live after it has served its term, and the term of a letter lasts until the following one has been received—no longer. So, if you've not already bravely killed mine after answering them, won't you please light a little bonfire?

I've had occasion to see old letters of mine. It was like seeing my own ghost. It frightened and sickened me.

Didn't I *tell* you I was all sorts of a fool? Well, I'm crawling humbly enough about it. That ought to disarm you.

Meekly, oh, meekly!

G. G.

G. G., Broadway, New York, to E. R. at Home

SPRING.

Just in time? Or too soon? Or too late? I can't tell which.

Ought my last letter to have gone soon enough to dam the flood of letters that Pleiad was sending, or should it not have gone at all, but let them flood?

Three letters from Pleiad! I read them over

and over, and don't know whether to be sorry I have them, or sorry I wrote to stop more of them. Help me, Guinea, to decide. Had I waited twelve hours longer, I never in this world should have found the courage to write, countermanding the "audacious invitation"; for, nice as you are, Guinea, you know Pleiad is awful fetching, and I might have thrown you over for him. I might not have been able to bring myself to stick to you quite so faithfully and unfalteringly as I did—as I do!

You see, after all, my virtue was rewarded. I sent my penitent letter, spite of certain regretful twinges at surrendering the lover, and then, next morning, I awoke to have my curiosity satisfied when Pleiad's first note was brought me with my breakfast. Two others followed in the course of the next day.

I *am* satisfied, Guinea. My curiosity as to just how cleverly you would carry on the game is appeased. I don't think you need any course of study against the day of writing to that "girl or other." I think, you know, that girl is going to be in luck, for Pleiad will write her sweet things which his true heart shall dictate—not faked up out of the back of his head, and if he is able to put such a prettily sincere ring into the fascinating lies he tells me, how delicious he'll be when he is in earnest. Happy girl!

I quite hate to brush Pleiad aside, even though I like you best, Guinea, since you are real and he is imitation, and so I'm going to ask you to give him some messages from me, will you? Tell him, in the first place, that he is very dear, and then tell him that I love him, (he wished to be reassured as to that, you know,



and I know you won't be jealous). Then tell him that he must never, *never*, NEVER attempt to see me face to face. Can't he see, can't *you* see, that that would end everything, spoil everything? Why, it wouldn't do at *all*! Tell him to continue to think of me as his "Lady o' Dreams," and then—tell him—to write me again—some time—some day—LONG hence! I would not exchange him for you, but—he might, just once in a way, send word; for love is so good—even the most shadowy semblance of it. Do you remember Marguerite in "*La Dame aux Camélias*," when she speaks to Gustave, who has just told her that he is about to marry Nichette: "*Aime la bien—mon bon Gustave—c'est si bon d'être aimé!*" It is good to be loved, and it is best to love.

Tell him that I shall think of him whenever I see "lilacs glimmering white in the moonlight, or burning with mysterious red glow under the lamps," that I shall think of him whenever I am arrested by that annual "intense, instantaneous, penetrating sense of other springs gone by."

Tell him that I shall be with him whenever I see, or hear, or feel anything beautiful and sacred, and so shall, in a way, share it with him.

And that is enough of messages for Pleiad—and that last *is* rather a large order!

And did *you* think the kiss theatrical? It hadn't struck me. I should call it rhetorical rather than dramatic, wouldn't you? It seemed to trouble Pleiad, and he wished to be reassured about that, too, but I don't see how I can reassure him, for I don't believe he would have considered a literary kiss any improvement whatever on a theatrical one, do you?

And about that kiss! What amusing discoveries editors of collected letters must often make! Were any one to attempt that sort of thing with mine, after I am long dead, he would chuckle as he ran across that kiss in its various stages of evolution. It started out in life a modest little thing of only three attributes; it swelled to five—and see to what proportions Pleiad's had jumped. And that *may* not be



the end of it! You never can tell. Pen kisses are most serviceable assets.

Well, good-night, Guinea, Golden Friend, for whom I resigned the lover who was not.

What a pretty name he found me! I hate to resign that, too.

It is a bit difficult to write it in its Greek lettering. So I sign

PHILOTA.

G. G., Broadway, New York, to E. R. at Home

SPRING.

(G. G. speaks very loud):

Make him stop, Guinea! Make him stop! or soon I shall have no voice, but an exasperated squeal in which to bid you tell him to stop. Who *is* he? What *is* this Pleiad of the entrancing verses and the darling letters? What is this spirit I have conjured up? Who is it that has power to make me dream for three whole days and nights, and long to come from "my far castle in the sky" and confess,

"While cheeks flush red and hearts beat fast,
It is so fair, the Earth!"

My castle isn't in the sky (shades of Broadway)! Nor are mine "star flowers," but oh, how prettily he put it, Guinea!

Tell him to stop! Make him stop! He has nothing to do with you or me or the case. He is a myth—a fabrication. He has nothing to do with my friend of the frank and truthful temper, and comfortable understanding, my *amico simpatico*, even less with that shadowier personage of years ago, the big, imposing, something chill neighbor-at-table, whose eyes I never remember to have seen smile.

Good gracious! No! He is so far from you both, he belongs to another race.

(G. G. whispers very low):

Lordy! How I should love to think that I should wake up to find another long letter in the morning, and the next morning, and the next, and the next—and *all* mornings!

(G. G. shouts):

BUT IT MUST NOT, SHALL NOT BE! for *what*, oh *who* is Pleiad?



Taft

By
George Fitch

AUTHOR OF "A SURVEY AND A DIAGNOSIS OF UNCLE JOE CANNON" AND "SEEING ROOSEVELT"

WITH CARTOONS BY
JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



ONE cannot cord up too much information about the president of the United States. The common citizens who have hired a president "sight unseen" and have turned the welfare of the country over to him for a period of four years may be pardoned for an omnivorous hunger for details concerning the history, character, habits, dimensions, disposition, beliefs and relatives of their new employee.

Summing up in brief the architect's figures on William Howard Taft who is having his clothes made preparatory to being inaugurated president of the United States we find the following:

Dimensions: Height—six feet; Frontage—enough to allow seven watch pockets in a row across his vest; Depth—about four times that of William J. Bryan; Capacity—16 hours work a day.

Foundations: Clear down to bed rock. College education, law school education, newspaper education, seven years in Cincinnati politics without settling an inch.

Ground Plan: A ground plan of the president elect covers practically all of the planet. He was born at Cincinnati but his large and rather deep foot tracks have been found in almost every civilized country. He is the first president who has taken his office after having circumnavigated the

globe and played hop-sotch across its various zones.

Material: Adamant and sand most peculiarly mixed with a fine brand of taffy guaranteed under the government pure food law. Very little precious metal about the premises. Is said that on Taft's return from the Philippines he did not have more than \$5,000. He has held some government position or other for twenty years and has always regarded a public office as an all day job instead of a money bin) with a "Welcome" sign on it.

Finish: Extremely plain. He wears clothes because that was the way he was brought up. His trousers are a vast bad land of hills and valleys and his coat finding itself suddenly without backing and support down near the pockets droops away dejectedly at the front. In ducks he looks like an animated circus tent. In a frock coat he is, however, imposing—as imposing as four or five ordinary men.)

Color Scheme: Mr. Taft is a white man with a strong sympathy for men of a darker color.

The most patient and painstaking analysis fails to disclose any yellow in his make up, or any evidence of greenness in his past record. Being temperate he knows nothing about Mr. Ade's celebrated pale gray dawn. Being by nature sunny he is never blue. His clothes are black, his record is white and he himself especially after a



He has traveled over 50,000 miles

Digitized by Google



Mr. Taft at home
 "The first traveling man
 to be elected President"

hard day's golfing, is a beautiful rose pink.

Perspective: Not classic. Beginning generously at the bottom Mr. Taft swells noticeably upward to a point just above the belt and then fades away radically to the chin, his vest being about as steep as an old fashioned mansard roof. Separated from that vest only by a collar about as wide as a piece of baby ribbon rises the Taft head—a truly noble piece of architecture, built to fit the man. One does not wonder how Mr. Taft manages to store away all his knowledge but rather thinks with awe of the amount of labor required to fill such a cranial storehouse. Without any particular preliminaries in the way of neck it rises straight from the collar to the temples and then sweeps away in a beautiful oriental dome to the summit buttressed by a forehead as substantial as the turret of a battleship. In all the vast expanse of face there are but three landmarks aside from eyes, nose and mustache. Two of these are deep furrows on the side of the nose which when curved upward and outward help make the Taft smile. The other is a dimple which shows where his chin used to be.

Specifications: One steam heated glad hand; one large, wide meaty laugh; one reinforced concrete back bone; one slow-firing temper with check valve and automatic thermostat; one extra capacity non-capsizable digestive system; one poorly fastened head of hair, rather light, slightly grayed; one light brown extra width mustache, undomesticated; two blond eyes between narrow lids; two chins; one extra width 64-candle power smile all day schedule; one hot air plant, very moderate size.

Mr. Taft is fifty-one years old and has held office almost continuously since he was twenty-four years of age. For the first few years he sought office; after that offices were fighting over him. Early in life Opportunity coming to knock at the Taft door found that the gentleman had already gone out and gotten a job. Never being able to find him at home thereafter Opportunity went home himself, grabbed Taft as he came past and held on with firm determination.

Mr. Taft started in life as a rich man's son. Taking up the somewhat unusual fad of studying during his college course he became a scholar. Believing that in time he could become a better jurist by knowing life he became a reporter and then for one brief period in his life a politician. He was elected prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio, at the age of twenty-four. From this position he relapsed into that of office holder, being collector of internal revenue for a year; then he became a lawyer. At the age of thirty he became a judge. Ten years later for a short time he became a law professor in the Cincinnati Law School. Then he took a job as nation builder in the Philippines after which he came home and became a traveling man from which position he has stepped into a good job as custodian of the national veto.

Mr. Taft is the first traveling man to be elected president. For the last eight years he has been traveling out of Washington for the government and so large has been his territory that he has frequently failed to spend Sunday at home for as much as six months at a time. He has been official trouble shooter for the Roosevelt administration. Let a stiff joint



develop in the entente cordiale between Madagascar and the United States, Bill is sent over on the next boat to talk it into good working order again. Let there be a strong smoke suggestive of a hot box in the Philippines; there never was such a man for cooling hot boxes as Bill. In his official capacity as salve slinger and wheel greaser for the administration, he has visited Japan, China, the Philippines, Russia, Rome, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Panama Canal. He has traveled over 50,000 miles and this in spite of the fact that a Pullman berth fits him as snugly as a shoe box would fit a bull calf and that only one steamer berth in nine is built to take all of him in at one time. Yet he has cheerfully wedged himself into impossible quarters for his country's sake and has endured the torments of traveling in countries built for men nine sizes smaller without a complaint. For this alone, he deserves the presidency.

Mr. Taft will be the twenty-seventh president of the United States. He will be the fifth president to be elected from Ohio and the sixth president produced in that State.

Mr. Taft is the fifth president to wear a mustache and is the seventh president who has found time to use a middle name in his busy career. He wears a larger chair than any other executive and his collar has been excelled in circumference only by that of the late Grover Cleveland. His majority when elected was next to the largest ever received by a president. He is the third member of the Bill club to land the job.

By being elected, Mr. Taft also becomes one of the few men who—according to the Yale belief—have honored Yale instead of being honored by it. His election last fall dispelled the Stygian gloom resulting from two defeats in one year by Harvard. In displacing a Harvard man in the White House, Yale is not recompensed for the late football defeat but is reasonably comforted. Moreover, Mr. Taft



Pacifying the unruly Filipinos

is the first man to get there Eli, presidentially speaking, while Harvard has had three—that is counting Roosevelt as only one man.

It is always a pleasure to chronicle the success of the town fat boy, who deserves all that can come to him later in life because of the nicknames which he endures in his youth. Taft was one of these. His pictorial record discloses him at the age of eleven as a slim young thing in long trousers. Six years later, he weighed 225 pounds. What happened in the interim staggers the imagination. The fact remains that at the age of seventeen when he landed at Yale he was the biggest freshman who had ever entered college. The students gazed at him with awe and admiration, for he was large all over, not globular. They paced off his width, ran lines around his calves, estimated his height by triangulation and immediately made him leader of the freshman squad in the class rush. All the next day, the saddened sophomores were busy digging their unfortunate brethren out of Taft's foot tracks. Thus the Taft steam roller had its humble beginnings.

When Taft left Yale four years later, he was still the largest student who had been enrolled in college. In a quiet steady way he has been merging and annexing the outlying provinces of space ever since. He now weighs about 325 pounds and wears trousers whose legs might do as temporary funnels for the *Lusitania*. He is of the consolidated mogul type and is built to fit a canal boat. Still he is not fat. He is merely expansive. He is like Chicago—he covers a lot of ground but he is not unduly swelled in any one part. He is built to fit his body in temperament, sympathies and understanding, in everything in fact but voice. He has a 34 inch voice which sounds a trifle peculiar in a man wearing a 48 coat.

In discussing a newly made president, it is



At Panama



always interesting to learn how he got there. Nothing illustrates Mr. Taft's sagacity and unfathomable understanding so vividly as his method of landing the presidency. The general plan of becoming a president has been to wish for the office when a boy and to grow up with both eyes firmly fixed on the place. This is not infallible, having failed in per-

haps 100,000,000 instances, but it is an almost universal plan among American boys.

As for results, both seem to acquire practically the same brand. Both of them raise Hades but with entirely different seed. Roosevelt talks dynamite, sulphur, perdition, brimstone, shot guns and bowie knives, while Taft talks axle grease, ball bearings and lubricating oil. Taft calls a spade an excavator while Roosevelt calls it an absolute, uncontrovertible, deliberate and atrocious spade. Summing it all up, they are both the same kind of motor but Roosevelt runs with his muffler cut out.

Disclosures may be made in the life of almost every great man. Taft is no exception. He is rated as an enemy of trusts and combines and as a discourager of the predatory magnate as well as the commercial hog who believes in living and letting others live providing they pay him roundly for the privilege. Yet it is on record that before Taft was eighteen years of age, he was conducting a trust of his own. The dark story is spread out upon the books of the college at Yale. It cannot be controverted. We diverge a minute to muck-rake.

He saw at once on entering Yale that the business of winning prizes could be greatly systematized to the great benefit of all. If one man were to win all the prizes, the economic results would be most praiseworthy. Vicious and wasteful competition could thus be regulated—perhaps even eliminated to a healthy extent. Disappointments and heart-burnings could be avoided. A healthful and beneficial combination would be effected and several hundred students who had hitherto wasted health, kerosene and eyes upon their books would be free to carry Yale to greater glory upon the athletic field.

Young Taft lost no time in carrying out his ideas. In four years, he had effected the most gigantic merger of prizes ever seen in Yale. He had annexed the Latin scholarship prize, the English scholarship prize, the prize for



happens 100,000,000 instances, but it is an almost universal plan among American boys.

Taft alone was too wise to wish for the presidency. He reasoned that he would have a better chance if he wished for something else. Accordingly, he wished to become a supreme justice of the United States. He set his heart upon it when a boy and thought of nothing else. He prepared himself to be a supreme justice and went after the job in dead earnest.

Just as Taft had figured, Fate was too contrary to let him have it. Every time he had a chance to become chief justice she interfered. Once she sent him to Manila. He had another chance. She made him take a cabinet position. Taft stood pat and waited. Sure enough when the third chance for the bench hove in sight there was nothing big enough to keep it away but the presidency. The expected happened. He smiled and accepted. Any man who is wise enough to make a monkey out of Fate in this manner is big enough to run this country with his feet on the desk.

A comparison of the incoming with the outgoing president is interesting. They are as like each other as a trade wind and a Kansas tornado. Taft, unlike Roosevelt, is chronically and not sporadically good natured. His smile does not have the brilliance of the present executive because his teeth do not reflect so much sunlight.

Taft is a bigger man than Roosevelt and is not so active. Either "and" or "because" is the proper word there, no one knows which. Taft does not chop trees, wade rivers, play tennis, ride bareback, punch pugilists, launch battleships, choke mountain lions or abuse traction engines. He merely plays golf and hunts a little. He has surrendered. He was made to be a large man and realizes it. Roosevelt still has strong suspicions to the contrary, and dares Providence to make him fat.

In temperament Taft is a steam heater and Roosevelt is a prairie fire; in conversation, a college professor beside a D. A. R. convention;

complicated mathematical problems; the class oratorship and the class salutatory besides a host of smaller spoils.

The result of the merger was beneficial in the extreme. The young men of Yale, released from the necessity of competing for prizes, went forth and attained such prowess in the athletic field that they out-rowed Harvard, trampled on Princeton and ran away from Pennsylvania. At the end of his college course, Taft had all of the scholarship prizes in his trunk while the Yale gymnasium had been enlarged three times and was once more overflowing with athletic trophies. To this day, Taft is hailed as the athletic genius of Yale. He was one of the first men to prove the great benefits arising from the elimination of competition.

In one way the glory of being elected president is dimmed for Mr. Taft. In becoming president he is simply "making good" with the friends of his youth and with his family. Being born practically at the top it has become necessary for him to erect a few extra rungs to the ladder. He belongs to the Taft family which has always had things pretty much its own way. His father Judge Alphonso Taft was a rich man and was Secretary of War himself in 1876. He had been a Yale man and had been a famous student. Young Bill Taft began life with the task of anchoring those shaking heads whose owners are always ready to say "He's a good boy but an awful come down from his dad." Paced by his brother Charles who has acquired a newspaper, several millions and a senatorial hanker he has succeeded in doing so. It is not of course likely that he would have been regarded as a total failure if

he finished his life as a mere cabinet officer but there would have been a great deal of disappointment at Yale and elsewhere. It must be a satisfaction for a man of this kind to get so high that his aspiring friends cannot chalk out new marks to be attained.

Mr. Taft comes to the White House a tried and proven athlete and a man whose nerve and staying qualities cannot longer be doubted. They were established in the recent campaign. A presidential election is no longer a mere discussion of issue. It has become an endurance contest. When Mr. Bryan, the tired veteran of two presidential campaigns and seventeen lecture tours, read of the nomination of Taft last June he smiled with satisfaction. Taft was a good man but unknown personally to the people and could not with his build be expected to make one night stands over the country. With quiet glee Bryan planned a campaign which called for an average of seventeen speeches with a traveling schedule that would lay a private car up for repairs after a week.

It was an awful challenge but Taft was game. Laying out a schedule that went the peerless leader one speech better per day he went pluckily forth. Inexperienced in the task of making a cyclone swath of oratory over half a continent he suffered untold miseries. His throat which is as unreliable as a cheap automobile, developed hoarseness, air bubbles, heated bearings, short circuits, season cracks, and water blisters. His voice fogged up and died away, it kept three physicians busy for days at a time coaxing it to come out between stations. But Taft hung on. He followed the pace and improved on it. The farther he went



A comparison of the incoming with the outgoing President

"They are as like each other as a trade wind and a Kansas tornado"



"The Heir to the Hurrah!"

the better he got. By September on a standing start five hundred mile dash through thirty-five towns, catch as catch can dinners and sleep, and speeches at every water tank, he could more than hold his own with his opponent. His tin throat was no match for his iron will. It was the greatest political Marathon in history that he won.

There are those who think that Taft will not be as firm in his administration as Roosevelt has been in his. They are probably mistaken. Mr. Taft has a good deal of obstinacy. It isn't the obstinacy of the mule but of the stone wall. He is a good deal of a stand patter himself. To the great grief of the rest of the clan, however, he insists on standing pat in front and no amount of tugging at his coat tails can haul him back to the rear.

It would be monotonous if every man was firm in the same way. Certainly the Roosevelt

and the Taft ways differ. The comparison at first will be detrimental to Taft. He is not firm with the full organ on and he is the most steadfast when he is wearing out the fewest typewriters. Taft can be expected to be as firm as a stone wall in defense of his principles—but there again we have a difference between Taft and Roosevelt. For who ever heard of a stone wall chasing its opponent around the block in its determination to be firm?

The Big Stick will probably not have many notches cut in it in the Taft administration. Taft will set his foot down hard on a good many things but it is not likely that he will thump any heads while doing it. Perhaps the big stick will be retired in favor of the big boot—an equally effective but less spectacular weapon. The whole world waits to see it in operation.

The Pilgrim's Scrip

Letters, Comments and Confessions from Readers of the Magazine

OUR CIVIC TRIALS

We have a country town which within a few years has been taking on the airs of a city. That is, we have industriously torn up our streets and put in sewer pipes and water pipes, and torn them up again and laid pavements, and then torn up the pavements to lay pipes for a central heating plant, and are now constantly making grand upheavals of pavements and six feet of earth below to stop leaks, clean pipes, and examine into the condition of our subterranean affairs.

Naturally extensive work of this sort must have supervision and direction, and quite as a matter of course there has been a clash between us who are served and our dictators, misnamed our servants. Our town officials have been men of integrity and ability having the welfare of the community at heart. But when a man has the charge of a public improvement, his own particular work becomes of more importance in his eyes than any other popular interest. Hence, the laying of pavements and improving of streets have been accompanied by an amount of devastation and interference with property owners which has called forth rage, lamentation, and bad language.

Beginning on one of our oldest streets whose chief beauty was in the fine old shade trees with which it was bordered, the arbiter of our ways decided that before laying a new pavement the street must be straightened. It was not crooked to the eye, but a survey revealed the fact that the sidewalks laid in careless old days had been allowed to meander comfortably down the street instead of following a mathematical line throughout its length. This reprehensible habit had rendered the space between the sidewalk and the curb of slightly varying width in different places. Such shiftless courses met with no tolerance and the street was rigorously straightened; in which process the trees were cut down, leaving the old fashioned houses pathetic in their exposure. The street now flaunts in the glory of a red brick pavement, flanked with curb stones set with rigid exactness and with a line of young trees like bean poles planted with precision on each side. In the course of fifty years the shade may be restored, but that is small consolation to the present generation.

Similar trials have been in store for all of us. On the street by which I commonly go to town the attempt to set sidewalks back five or six feet, cutting off the front yards of the residents and making the usual havoc with trees and shrubbery met with resistance. A suit, at length dropped for lack of funds with which to carry it on, was brought against the town by property owners, most of whom were women. While it was in progress operations in that quarter were suspended, and for

a year or two the sidewalks furnished conspicuous evidence of the attitudes of the different families concerned, the walks of the supporters of the administration being set in several feet, while when you passed from these to the premises of a non-conformist, you found his walk six feet nearer the middle of the street. So your progress in that part of town was made by a succession of zigzags, which when viewed from a distance would place your sobriety under strong suspicion.

My own particular grievance grew out of the theory that all sidewalks must be brought down to a level. My landlord some years ago laid a fine new stone sidewalk in front of the premises he rents to me, from which the water ran off quickly, leaving it clean and dry soon after a storm. After a year or two the street commissioner decided that our walk was too high and must be brought down to grade. Consequently, it was taken up and laid several inches lower, bringing it well below the surface of the surrounding soil. Ever since, so long as any moisture remains in the ground, our walk is always wet and covered with mud washed down from the surface above. This condition prevails generally on our best residence streets. Strangers visiting us say, "How bad your walks are!" But we really have good walks. The only trouble is that they are laid under ground.

The trees of course suffered in this lowering of the grade of sidewalks. The roots were lopped off and often, as in the case of a maple before my door, the trunks of trees were either cut into or shaved off on one side to make room for laying the adjacent sidewalk snugly below ground. It is not particularly surprising, therefore, that the maple and many of its companions have dead branches and show every indication of being about to succumb.

A new municipal administration cannot restore the trees ruined by its predecessors, but there is hope that some of our grievances may be remedied in time. My friend, the councilman, recently stopped before my door on a rainy day and said, "Why, your walk is too low. It must be raised." So in respect to our sidewalks we may soon come to the surface again.

The experience of this community is, of course, by no means unique. All towns complain of ills of some sort at the hands of their municipal government, and it is a question whether it is worse to endure the evils of a corrupt administration or to suffer from the mistaken zeal of honest men.

EDITH DICKSON.

WE APOLOGIZE

Here is a slight joke on your revered publication. Peoria was very indignant at that exclamation point after the kind bunch of words which you handed me in the following sentence: "Every little while a

humorist turns up in the most unexpected place—this one from Peoria!" You see the reason in the clipping I am sending you. G. F.

"THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE takes occasion to advertise a Peoria writer as follows:

"Every little while a funny man bursts upon the horizon from the most unexpected places—this one, is from Peoria, Ill!"

"With all due gratitude to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for the compliment which it intends to pay it must remove that exclamation point or stand proven guilty of not knowing where Robert J. Burdette was born, where Robert G. Ingersoll rose to fame, where Edwin L. Sabin got his start, where Charles W. Taylor won the notice of the Chicago *Tribune* and where Elbert Hubbard earned his first honest dollar.

"Unexpected place indeed! Do we hear anything like an apology from this well-meaning magazine?"

A WORD FROM A CATHOLIC

(A Letter by a Member of the Medical Faculty of Georgetown University.)

I wish to join the chorus of praise of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and to tell you how much I have enjoyed the humorous scientific articles of Professor Thomas. Yet, I hope you will pardon me for calling your attention to an error into which he has fallen in his last article on "The Mind of Woman." Professor Thomas boldly states: "The whole of Christendom was barred from this (i.e., the scientific) world because of the conception that scientific interest conflicted with the scheme of things as revealed by God and was impious. Even today the Greek and Roman churches are almost hostile to inquiry and their adherents make only sporadic contributions to knowledge."

This is all very astonishing from a man who claims to have knowledge enough to understand even woman herself. The Protestant Church cannot be said to have opposed science because Servetus was burned by Calvinists; nor was the Catholic Church opposed to it because it held up Galileo's rather too enthusiastic dogmatism.

Catholic churchmen, however at all periods, have made epochal, and startling contributions to knowledge, meanwhile retaining their priestly office, and remaining in entire accord with ecclesiastical authorities.

Copernicus, who wrote on the Revolution of the Planets, was a physician and a religious of minor orders. He lived in the 15th century. The scientific world did not fully accept his doctrines till over a century later (see Bacon) but with a few, and a very few, corrections the church authorized their publication. In chemistry, Basil Valentine, the father of modern chemistry,—who followed Friar Bacon, Albertus Magnus and Arnold of Villanova, the chemists of the "dark" ages,—was a monk. His enthusiasm over antimony, and over his discovery of hydrochloric acid is curiously mingled with philosophical cogitations on love and other strange things.

Father Kircher, S.J., orientalist and scientist was a professor at Wurzburg, during the Thirty Years War and left there for Avignon and Rome. Two years after the alleged persecution of Galileo, we find him devoting himself to astronomy, geology, mathematics and oriental languages and founding a museum under Papal patronage. Besides these things he advocated the germ theory of disease, wrote illuminatingly on magnetism, made important and pregnant studies in regard to light, was the first to find a clew to the Egyptian hieroglyphics and besides did work in geography. He also wrote a pamphlet on the plague. Nicholas Steno, or Stensen, who discovered the muscular nature of the heart, made other valuable physiological observations, discovered Steno's duct in the parotid gland and founded the basic principles of the science of geology, was in later life Bishop of Hanover. Steno was born in 1638 in Copenhagen. In the eighteenth century Procopius Dirusch, a monk in Prenditz, Bohemia, demonstrated the identity of lightning with electricity, antedating Franklin's work, December 31st, 1800. Father Piazzi in the Papal Observatory after cataloguing over 7,000 stars, discovered the planet Ceres. And towards the second half of this century, Abbe Haüy an obscure French priest discovered the now well known principles of crystallography.

In the nineteenth century, before Darwin wrote his "Origin of Species," Gregor Mendel, an Austrian monk discovered a law of heredity, which if he had known it, probably would have made Darwin recast his theory.

Of the Catholic laymen—what of Galvani in electricity, Morganzi in pathology, Bernard in physiology (who left and then returned to the Church), Müller and Schwann in biology, Pasteur in bacteriology, Auenbrugger and Laemec in physical medicine—are there any greater names than these? Surely their contributions were neither few nor sporadic.

A year or so ago Dr. James J. Walsh, of New York, who loves to grub in thirteenth century Latin folios had a little tilt along these lines with Professor Andrew D. White of Cornell. Dr. White said the Popes forbade dissection and that Pope John restricted the study of chemistry. Dr. Walsh found an authentic copy of both bulls. The first, supposedly forbidding dissecting, was aimed at the unhygienic practice of boiling bodies of Crusaders who had died abroad and bringing their bones to Europe. Pope John, Dr. Walsh showed to have been a patron of chemistry. His bull was a civil order punishing alchemists who defrauded the public—the gold-brick men of the middle ages. But misinformation dies hard—and slowly.

JOHN A. FOOTE.

A CORRECTION

The photograph of Walter L. Fisher used as frontispiece in the December number and one of Charles R. Crane in the same number were taken by Dana Hull, one of the leading photographers of Chicago. Through an oversight, the photographer's name was not credited in the reproduction.



IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress

WHAT are we going to do for political excitement during the next four years? —asked the Observer. What will we do without Teddy? In a few days he will carry his little guns to the jungle to shoot or shoot at the leading representatives of the vested interests that abound there.

*It Will
Be Dull
Without
Teddy*

Some of them he will cripple and some put out of business for a time. He won't change the jungle much. It will continue to be the jungle. But he will have a lot of fun and he will amuse the representatives of the divested interests. Let

us hope that he will not be hooked by the elephant or the rhinoceros, or chewed up by the lion or the tiger or stung into somnolency by the fly that causes the sleeping sickness. Of this last contingency I have small fear. There is more danger that the flies which bite him will spread St. Vitus's dance among the population of Africa.

But what are we going to do while he is gone? Have any opinion you like about the wisdom or unwisdom of his acts, about their permanency or their impermanency, as to whether he has slowed down or made to spin faster the wheels of progress, you cannot deny that he has contributed very much to the entertainment of mankind. To most of us the Government at Washington in the past has been a dull business. Having had our election-day spree we have paid little attention to the shuffling of cards and dealing of hands in the capital. Unless it concerned the actual clawing of one Senator by another or some other

item of an eternally interesting character, the news from Washington was as uninviting to most of us as the reports of the wholesale butter market or any of the other esoteric "specialties" on the back pages of the newspapers. We skipped it on our way from the front-page murder or divorce to the third-page baseball game.

But T. R. benignly changed that. He hadn't been in office a month before he made the Washington despatches the best sporting news of the day. You couldn't afford

*Sporting
News
from the
White House*

to miss them. As he would say, he put ginger into the government. He elevated it as a matter of public interest from chess to football. He introduced the element of human combat into such subhuman questions as railway rates and combinations in restraint of

trade. The interstate commerce law, which formerly did not much beguile me, became at once a matter of interest because it was a means toward a personal encounter between T. R. and Mr. Hill or Mr. Harriman. The President humanized the situation. He brought things to a human plane. Up to his time the talk of the people who pretended to run the government was stage talk, and the talk of the people who ran them was lawyers' talk, both carefully cultivated for the bewilderment of the public. He made them all talk like human beings. You can't take refuge behind "this glorious republic" or "said" or "aforesaid" when somebody comes up to you and wrings your nose and calls you a "crook." He made

financiers, newspaper editors, professors, he has even made judges come out and talk to the public like human beings, in some cases for their own destruction. A civilized person, like, let us say, Dr. Eliot, can now understand what Judge Grosscup of Chicago means, what he really means.

The Llama of Thibet was a great terror like Mr. Rockefeller when no one saw his face except a few priests who communicated his wishes to a few lawyers who passed them on to be translated into a cabalistic judicial decision. When the British Government determined to abolish the mystery and set up another equally hard on the believers in it, the judges pocketed their injunctions and mandamuses and asked not to be jabbed with bayonets, the lawyers said, "This way, gents," the priests pointed to the door and a stupid little soldier very excellently representative of the intellect of Britain, turned the knob and found a small Chinaman praying for his life. And that was the end of the Llama of Thibet.

Mr. Roosevelt's great success has come from dealing with political problems as human problems. We hear people talk about overcoming "superhuman difficulties." My idea is when a difficulty becomes superhuman it is well to leave it alone unless you are superhuman yourself, and if you are, you are dead or you are crazy. When Mr. Roosevelt went into the presidency he was well instructed

by books and by practice in politics. In a word, he knew the game and he knew the players or their kind. He is a born politician, and he is an educated politician as well. Among the many things true and untrue, good and bad that his frantic and bewildered enemies say about him, the thing most frequently heard is that he is a "—— politician." Omitting the qualifying adjective he wouldn't think of denying the description. Last winter he was talking with a visitor at the White House about a group of highly efficient young and middle-aged men he had gathered around him. "They seem to be pretty good politicians as well," said the visitor.

"Of course they are," said T. R. "Of course they are. If they weren't I wouldn't have them about me."

His idea—the correct one—is that no one can be, not to say a successful, but a competent public man unless he understands, likes and practises the game of politics. A man is a politician because he possesses certain qualities that are essential to a proper conduct of public

affairs and without these qualities he will fall short of the highest efficiency if chance should put him into an important administrative position. Every politician is not a good administrator, but every good administrator is a politician. But there are politicians and politicians and Mr. Roosevelt's way of playing the game was different from the way of Platt and it was a long time before the old fellows could make up their minds that he was anything more than an amateur. The highest appraisal they made of him at the time he was nominated for vice-president was that he had a "nuisance value." They know otherwise now. He has "sat in against them" at their own game, played card for card and bagged about all the tricks. And most of the time, it is only fair to him to say, most of the time although not always, his purpose in playing politics was to advance some public measure. This was a new thing in Washington—playing stiff personal politics to carry forward matters of public policy.

The thoroughness of the beating he gave his enemies is best evidenced by their recent furious attack on him. All the pent-up humiliations of eight years of defeat broke out at the close of his administration. He was going out of office. He had no more collectors or postmasters to appoint and nobody to turn loose on rebellious Congressmen in conventions or district organizations. It was ludicrous to see Congressmen who, a few months ago, wouldn't have dared to resent any statement from the White House plucking up a kind of Falstaffian courage and hotly defending their honor and the honor of the House. But even in the end with his grip on his machine relaxing, Politician Roosevelt managed to give a pretty good account of himself.

I have never been a thick-and-thin Roosevelt supporter. I have been against him in about fifty per cent. of the things he has done, and his manner of doing the other fifty per cent. has usually been highly objectionable. In

intercourse between civilized human beings it ought to be possible to get along without calling even all the liars liars. I think the Storer episode was utterly unnecessary and in wretched bad taste. The President of the United States ought to be able to keep his

temper and Mr. Roosevelt as a trained writer ought to be able to express himself even when in anger without disfiguring written speech with epithets and coarse abuse. His style is too Johnsonian—Andy Johnsonian. (It is too

*Playing
a Game
and Beating
Old Players*

*Calling
All the
Liars
Liars*

bad that mixed in with his fine achievements are found such acts of impulsive rage as his quarrel with Admiral Brownson. But allowances have to be made for individual characteristics even in a president, and Mr. Roosevelt is by nature violent, explosive and quick to wrath, and he has never had much sense of proportion. It is very curious to see how intensely angry he can be over some small enemy who is no more worth thinking about than a boy who throws a snowball at you in the street. On the other hand lots of things have happened down in Washington since his term commenced that would justify any tempest of hatred and indignation. When the greatest of the "moneyed interests" and their friends in Congress found, as they soon found, that they had mistranslated Roosevelt's promise to carry on "McKinley's policies," they began a very well organized system of blocking his moves and from that time on it has been a case of hammering by the executive against Congress to get through the policies of the administration.

The opposition was none the less formidable because it was generally secret. For example, Speaker Cannon—"Honest old Uncle Joe"—while preserving the demeanor of homely sympathy that has endeared him to the farmers of his district, who know and are tickled to know, that it conceals a heart as full of guile as a horse trader's, "Uncle Joe" has been, as everybody knows, a persistent and most ingenious enemy of the administration and its policies. Incalculable was the amount of work required to raze the barricades and fill up the pit-falls arranged by this cunning old man, whose power in Washington, great as it is, is not at all out of proportion to his ability and his wide cynical knowledge of life. A man, possessed of millions of dollars in the stocks of banks and public service corporations, who

*The Cunning
of
"Uncle Joe"
Cannon*

can go on posing as a bucolic patriarch, is a great artist as well as a great statesman. "Uncle Joe" and "Uncle Joe's" relations with the gentlemen in Wall Street, where at times he is a familiar figure, have always had to be considered in the making out of the executive programme.

In the Senate the President had to play a keen hand of politics always against Senator Aldrich, a man of great ability, a connection both personally and through business of the "Standard Oil Interests," who is not a very dangerous man, merely because he is a very lazy man. Another Senator of an entirely different character is Hale of Maine, an honest,

able, obstinate old gentleman, with a good deal "too much ego in his Cosmos," who has taken for his use the rather large hobby of the American Navy. It might be tiresome to recount Mr. Hale's peevish activities, but among his great public services was opposition to the Pacific cruise of the fleet! Think of that as the crown of a long and brilliant career in public life. The President, advised by men in the navy, says the cruise has doubled the efficiency of the fleet. It has given our navy such a severe, practical training as no other navy in recent times has had. The ships are better for the problems for which it has demanded solution. Officers and men are infinitely better for the discipline and practice of this arduous adventure. And the world is better and has a reason to feel more at ease because of the polite but weighty hint conveyed in a display of naval strength that has caused a very distinct subsidence of jingoism and break-neck statesmanship abroad.

Still if the President talked about the matter, you wouldn't find that he was much bothered by the opposition in Congress. And he

*Criticism
That Has
Cut
Roosevelt*

oughtn't to be, for in mostly every instance where anything really important was at stake he has had his way. But outside opposition and criticism have hurt him. He was deeply and personally indignant (and justly so) at the charges against one of his relations in the Pana-

ma Canal affair. He might have taken it easier, for no one except himself ever regarded the attack seriously. But it was too close to an assault on his personal honor to fail to provoke his personal wrath. Again I imagine he has been made angry by certain mean and, of course, utterly unfounded insinuations against his personal habits. One of the most abstemious of men, whose pride in his physical condition if nothing else, would hold him to the greatest care in his habits, he could afford to laugh at these fictions.

He hasn't at all liked the hostile attitude of members of the judiciary and their volunteer defenders toward him. His view is if a judge is a "crook," somebody should say it about him and an attack on a corrupt judge doesn't constitute an attack on the judiciary or our judicial system. And what answer is there to that? If you know the influences that have brought about the appointment of certain judges and then can trace an unbroken line of decisions by these judges, favorable to those and allied interests, you, anybody has a right to an opinion, and I know of no good reason why he shouldn't express it. For example there is a judge in one

of the Eastern districts—a very distinguished judge—whose appointment was procured by the owners of public service corporations. It isn't strange to find him frequently standing between legislatures or Congress and these corporations but it would be a fine state of things if everybody was denied the right to remark these facts. In a word, it isn't necessary to stop criticism of the judges; but it is necessary, and highly necessary that the judges should give less ground for criticism. The occasional haranguing at the judiciary from Washington has been a good thing. It hasn't lowered popular respect for the judiciary. And I haven't noticed that newspapers and lawyers who were much troubled by the President's heart-to-heart talks about the courts, thought of being tender in their treatment of Judge Landis when he imposed his preposterous fine on the Standard Oil Company. It is a very good thing for judges as well as everybody else to know that there is such a thing as public opinion in this country and that it has a way of making itself felt soon or late.

I INTENDED to talk about the administration itself, as an impersonal thing but here my time is nearly up and nearly everything I have said has been about Teddy himself. It is extraordinary how large

**Roosevelt
Compared
with
Blaine**

a part the personal element has played in his success. People personally don't think of what he has done so much, as of the man himself and the way he has done things. There is more personal devotion to him among the people, than there ever has been to any other President. It is extraordinary the hold he has on the young people of the country. We older and more judicious men may grieve, but it is the young fellows that ensure the success of public men.

He is the first Republican since Blaine who has broken the allegiance of young Americans of Irish parentage to the Democratic party. Some people are foolish enough to believe that his treatment of the Catholic church's interests in the Philippines has brought about this singular political change. But they don't know the habits of political thinking that prevail in this element. The Tammany Hall politicians

who tried last year to coax back to the party the young men who had been their chief mainstay were met with: "No, we're for Teddy." "But why? What's he done for you?"

"Nothing. But he's a good fellow, and he's on the square and we like him."

Perhaps this feeling, so widespread among the young people of all creeds, is a reflection of his own unceasing youth of spirits, his physical vigor and his unqualified optimism. He is the youngest man of fifty I have ever seen. The half-century hasn't slowed him down since I first saw him, twenty-eight years ago, in the national convention with his "fighting face" turned suddenly toward a delegate from

**The Youngest
Man of
Fifty Ever
Seen**

the District of Columbia who had had the temerity to dispute him. He is young himself and he likes young men "or middle-aged men with steam in them," around him. It is a safe bet that he had rather spend an evening with a lot of boys in an athletic club discussing the relative merits of the straight left and the right swing, than chatting with somebody from the Smithsonian Institution on the paleontological evidences of evolution. And, funny thing about it, he does both. But he likes the first best. And so do I.

I think he goes out of office with mixed feelings. It is not all regret, nor all elation. But it is largely regret. In his own phrase, he has had a good time in the White House. But it hasn't all been pleasant. It hasn't been easy to attack in messages and sue in the courts men with whom he had been brought up as a boy in New York. In one case he had to urge the criminal prosecution of a man for whose political support he was deeply grateful, and who had dined at his table.

**"Good-by,
Teddy, Take
Keer of
Yourself"**

But on the whole he has had fun, and certainly he has made fun for most of us, and a whole lot of nervous excitement for the rest. I don't want to Jakeris him, but I feel that he will be missed, and I am quite sure that when he takes his gun in his hand and dives into the forest there will be an almost universal shout of: "Good-by, Teddy, take keer of yourself."

UNIV. OF MICH.
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The American MAGAZINE

April+



HOWARD
MCCORDICK

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Fate and I

Harold S. Symmes

"Thine the fault, not mine!" I cried,
Brooding bitterly,
And Fate looked grim and once again
Closed in and grappled me.

"Mine, not thine, the fault," I said,
Discerning verity,
And Fate arose and clasped my hand
And made a man of me.



"Sometimes he (Mr. Cleveland) would spend a whole day gravely mending toys."

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Grover Cleveland

Stories by him—Stories about him

By Jesse Lynch Williams

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. GRUGER

Seldom has a great man who has retired from an active life come into such perfectly natural and intimate relations with his fellow-men as Mr. Cleveland did in Princeton. He had really a genius for friendship in the simple disclosure of himself in the ordinary relations of life—to his friends, neighbors and fellow-citizens.

The following stories have been gathered in the course of a long acquaintanceship. They are the very materials of personal history; true in detail, they have been authenticated by Mr. Cleveland's family and friends. Any biographer of the future can rely on them—they are from private records and unrecorded personal recollections. Mr. Williams, who, so long as Mr. Cleveland lived, refused to write anything about him, has now gathered together these stories in his desire to make a real contribution to the memory of the great man who honored him by his friendship.—The Editor.

I

GREAT men are so often great bores; admirable, but interesting chiefly as curiosities. Friendship seldom thrives on greatness. It takes two to make a quarrel or a friendship. It requires giving as well as receiving. Greatness is apt to consume the capacity for real friendship. Mr. Cleveland, however, was one of those who made and kept real friends. He set great store by them. He liked to be with them. Naturally, they liked to be with him—not, however, because it was an honor and a privilege and a liberal education, merely, but because he was such good company. His humor, sympathy and simple friendliness, which the world at large had little chance to see, were the most characteristic things about him to those who saw him most.

He was not a great talker. Once in a while something would start him going, and he would run on for half an evening with reminiscences and comments on men and events—wonderful talk which ought to have been recorded even if never printed—but for the most part he let others do the talking; he listened. Like many men of attainment, though not all, he was a most inspiring listener,

with a flattering manner of regarding you while talking as if your views upon the topic of conversation were quite as worthy of attention as his own. He really believed so. He knew that he was not brilliant, and thought that he had no extraordinary "gifts"—and he was right. There was nothing extraordinary about his qualities—except the degree to which he had developed them.

His grave quietness, however, was not of the heavy, crushing kind which renders conversation painful, or impossible; it was thoughtful, suggestive, often stimulating. He had a real gift of silence. It expressed comment, approbation, reproof, applause.

As an illustration of this striking trait and incidentally of how the public often misunderstood him, the following incident of an historic day will serve. On the afternoon that President McKinley was shot at Buffalo, Mr. Cleveland was fishing with a friend in a small lake in the Berkshires. At about sunset a man was seen rowing rapidly out toward the ex-President's boat. "Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Cleveland," he shouted as he drew within call, "President McKinley has been assassinated!"

The ex-President did not start. He simply



Mr. Cleveland was fishing when he heard of President McKinley's assassination.

looked at the stranger, too much amazed by this bolt out of the blue to say anything.

The man came nearer. "I tell you," he repeated, panting from his rapid rowing, "President McKinley has been shot—killed!"

Mr. Cleveland scrutinized the stranger a moment in grave silence betraying nothing of what he thought or felt. Then making a sign to show that he had heard and appreciated what the man wished to say, his gaze dropped to his line again, though of course he was not thinking of fishing now.

The bearer of bad tidings looked at the apparently stolid figure of the silent fisherman. "You don't seem to be much excited about it," he muttered, and, putting about, rowed slowly to shore.

Mr. Cleveland waited a little while, still in profound silence, then thoughtfully reeling in his line he merely said to his friend, "Well, I guess we may as well go." On the way to shore he disjoined his rod in his careful, deliberate manner, put it in the case, saying nothing.

At the landing he was met by the nearest local correspondent for a certain New York newspaper, also quite excited and not a little embarrassed by his unwelcome assignment. "I'm sorry to trouble you, sir," he said, "but my paper wants me to get two hundred words

from you on the assassination of the President."

Mr. Cleveland at first shook his head. "Say this," he finally answered, "that in common with all decent, patriotic American citizens I am so horrified by this *report* that I am unable to say anything." Then turning hastily away he drove off with his friend, and for some time said nothing even to him as the carriage jolted over the hilly roads and the sunset faded. Then suddenly, as if they had been talking all the time, he said aloud, "Well, it may not be true." Presently he added, "It may be true that he has been shot, it may not be true that he has been killed." After that there was still a longer silence until finally just before the end of the drive—it was now quite dark—he began to talk (and rote the extraordinary prescience of the conclusion he reached as a result of his slow, silent brooding upon the momentous tidings): First of all, he said, if the report were true, the thing could hardly have been done by a disappointed office-seeker as in the case of "poor Garfield," for the circumstances at the time were not such as to make that very probable. Nor, he explained, was it very likely that labor troubles could have been the immediate cause; there were no strikes of importance on at the time. Other possible agencies were passed in review

and cast aside as possible but hardly probable. "So," he added quietly but with the divination of a seer of old, "if McKinley has been shot there is no other explanation than that it has been by the hand of some *foreign anarchist*." And within a few hours he was reliably informed that this precisely was the case!

Later when Mr. McKinley died the whole world, including, no doubt, the stranger in the rowboat, was surprised and touched at the depth of feeling shown by this rugged old statesman in his public utterance concerning the nation's great calamity.

Another example of his unconscious "trick of silence" in a different mood may suggest a little of the quiet, pervasive humor his friends knew and liked so well. One of his neighbors, who dropped in to smoke with him one evening, said, "By the way, Mr. Cleveland, let me show you a new way to cut your cigar, a more hygienic way," and he illustrated it. "First you start as if you were going to cut the tip off in the usual manner, but stop half-way through, like this. Then begin at the very tip, you see, and cut straight in, so, until you strike the other cut; remove the segment thus formed and now you have not only a greater drawing area but also by holding the cigar in your mouth this side up, there is formed a sort of cup which catches all the nicotine." Mr. Cleveland listened with grave interest un-

til his good friend had quite finished, then without a word or a smile he picked up a cigar, snipped off the entire end in the old accustomed manner and set to smoking with great satisfaction and no audible comment.

Once these two were angling for a very large bass which had been seen several times lurking near a certain rock. The Professor suddenly got him on his hook but lost him. "Naturally," said the other fisherman, addressing the bass, "you didn't care to be caught by a mere amateur, you were just waiting for the master hand," and presently, sure enough, the same big fellow got on Mr. Cleveland's hook. "What did I tell you?" he remarked, carefully playing the fish. "He was just waiting for the master—" but at that point the bass wriggled off again. Mr. Cleveland gazed thoughtfully at the water for a moment, then shot a twinkling glance at his companion, straightway turned his face away again and proceeded to fish in silence.

In a copy of his "Shooting and Fishing Sketches," which he presented to a young friend whose profession was writing, he penned this inscription: "To ————, with apologies from Grover Cleveland." The young man's delight, by the way, at possessing an autograph copy was almost equalled by his perplexity in acknowledging it. He could not ignore the inscription and it seemed impossible to answer it. "Write a note saying



Mr. Cleveland and his son off for a rabbit shoot at Rocky Hill.

'Your apologies are accepted!'" suggested a friend.

One of his favorite stories was of the farmer who wanted so much to commit suicide that in order to make sure of it he loaded a revolver, tied a rope to the limb of a tree overhanging a deep river, slipped a noose around his neck, and pushed out into the middle of the stream. But when he kicked the boat out from under him the jar discharged the revolver, the shot cut the rope, he was dumped into the water—"and if I hadn't been able to swim," said the farmer, "I might have drowned."

At the formal opening of the St. Louis



T. R. BAKER

"Well," he answered, still within hearing of the plumbers, "they're around here all the time, so they might as well sleep here."

Exposition in 1903, where the ex-President and the President made addresses, they were both guests at a dinner given by Governor Francis to twenty-four distinguished personages. The President sat on the host's right and the ex-President on his left. The one talked interestingly and the other listened interestedly and for the most part in silence, until toward the

end of the dinner, turning to the vigorous young President for whom he cherished a considerate regard, despite radical differences in temperament and opinion, he remarked, "Young man, do you realize that I'm old enough to be your father?" and he added in the same quietly jocose manner, "Do you realize that after you get through being president you've got to come back and take your place in the ranks with the rest of us?"

The President's attitude toward his predecessor, it should be added, was always that of filial respect. "You know I always feel toward your husband," he once whispered to Mrs. Cleveland when they met at a football game, "as a freshman toward a senior."

One more instance of his latent humor and of the unexpected way it was always cropping out: One day as he and a neighbor were starting off for an afternoon stroll, the ex-President

stopped a moment to glance at some plumbers at work on the leaders of a wing of his house, for it is a sad thought, or, if you choose, a comforting one, that even former presidents are not exempt from plumbers. Turning to his friend he remarked gravely, "I wonder how it would look to put another story on this wing."

"Oh, were you thinking of doing that?" asked his companion with innocent surprise. "Why?"

"We could have more bedrooms," Mr. Cleveland replied reflectively.

"Do you really want more bedrooms?"

"Well, you see," he answered, still within hearing of the plumbers now working industriously, "they're around here all the time, so they might as well sleep here. It would save them the walk." Then talking of other matters he went on with his stroll.

II

After the first surprise at finding him genial and approachable, the abiding impression of this man's personality was his plain honesty. Of this trait, to be sure, everyone was aware, but the degree to which his sense of truth was developed seems abnormal.

"He was the honestest man I ever knew," as a certain distinguished lawyer said who had known Mr. Cleveland long and intimately. It seemed to be an innate quality and manifested itself early in life, not an acquired characteristic as with many children who turn out to be good men after all. It was the only precocious thing about him as a child. He could hardly have been more than four or five years old when one day he was found crying bitterly because a peddler who had visited the house had accidentally dropped a pair of suspenders and was now too far down the road for the little fellow to catch up with him and return them.

The story of the neighborly hen who persisted in laying eggs in the Rev. Mr. Cleveland's yard has already been told. The boy Grover soberly carried them back to the neighbor's house each day, and finally made such a fuss about it that the hen had to be suppressed.

Truth was a passion with him, almost a mania. One of his friends tells a story to the point. Mr. Cleveland had been relating his first experience in killing a salmon; the guide had given him the usual admonition that when a fish struck he must keep his thumb off the reel until the fish swallowed the hook. Presently a beautiful fish struck, and struck hard, but flopped off.

"I told you to keep your thumb off the reel," said the guide.

"I didn't have my thumb on the reel," was the reply.

"But," he added in relating the story, "I oughtn't to have said that; I'm afraid my thumb grazed the reel. I've thought of it again and again; it wasn't right for me to contradict him. The guide couldn't answer back," and he actually looked as troubled about it as if it had happened that morning instead of years ago. No further reference was made to the story by either of them until suddenly a couple of days later Mr. Cleveland said, "I'd like to show you just how my thumb was with reference to that reel," and he illustrated with his rod.

"Well, if that was the position," said his friend, "it didn't tighten the line in the least and you were all right."

The other thought it over a moment. "Well, I hope so," he said, "I hope so."

To the last, even after he was obliged to give up shooting and fishing himself, he was fond of talking about it with others. He would tell of the time he was persuaded to try a big eight-bore gun for brant, and was almost kicked out of the blind by the recoil. "I don't know what happened to the brant but I found myself in a heap at the bottom of the blind." And of the time he shot a certain rare bird under unusual conditions. "Well, I got that bird, but it wasn't fair, it wasn't fair." He manifested interest for the first time in a young caller when the latter happened to remark that in his opinion the Black duck was not generally appreciated. "That's right," declared Mr. Cleveland warmly, "one of the finest birds that fly. They are not appreciated because they haven't a fine sounding name like 'canvasback.' But they taste as good and are a great deal smarter. I tell you, when a fellow gets a right and left on Black ducks, he's doing about as good shooting as anyone can ask. Aren't they great fellows for towering up in the air just as you rise to shoot?"

Though he did not say so he had made more than one such double himself. He was a fine duck shot. He was not so good at quail. "They're too quick for me," he would say. For though ducks fly faster, the sportsman can generally see them coming. The great temptation is to shoot before they are within range. "Good waiting" is a prime requisite of the art. But with quail whirring up in the thick woods there is no time to wait. Duck shooting requires deliberation and calm



Mr. Cleveland used to tell how "up there at Tamworth that boy will lie on the bridge half a day to catch one or two small trout."

judgment; quail shooting dash and instinctive action. President Roosevelt, if he shot small game, ought to be better at quail than was Mr. Cleveland, while the latter should be better at ducks than Mr. Roosevelt. . . . The symbolism may be taken for what it is worth. Every temperament has the defects of his qualities.

Once "while in Washington," to use the ex-President's phrase for being President, he brought home a number of wild swans he had shot down South, and sent one as a compliment to each member of his cabinet and to some of his other associates. "Well, all the boys thanked me politely for remembering them, but none of them seemed to have much to say about how they enjoyed the birds. Carlisle, I found, had his cooked on a night when he was dining out. Another, when I asked him, said he hoped I wouldn't mind but he had sent it home to his old mother. Thurber didn't mention his bird at all for two days. Finally I asked him about it. 'Thurber, did you get that swan all right?'

"'Yes, sir, oh, yes, I got the swan all right, thank you,' and he bent over his desk and seemed very busy.

"'Fine bird,' I said.

"'Yes, sir, fine bird,' and went on working.

"'Enjoy eating him, Thurber?'

"He waited a minute, then he said, 'Well, sir, I guess they didn't cook him right at my

house. They only cooked him two days,' and he went on working without cracking a smile."

Mr. Cleveland resented the lies about the enormous bags he brought home from shooting, even more, apparently, than misrepresentations of his political acts. At least, he seemed to cherish the resentment longer. The other lies ceased to be believed. "I'm no pot-hunter," he used to say with spirit, "and I never was."

In his strolls about Princeton he always took appreciative note of the points of any bird-dog that he might happen to see; and once when a caller was followed into the library at "Westland" by a too devoted Irish setter the hospitable master of the house protested against the efforts of the owner to put the dog out. "No, no, he doesn't want to wait out in the cold while we are in here enjoying ourselves. Let him stay, let him stay. I always like a good dog," and the setter seeming to understand, as setters often do, walked across the room with considerable dignity, settled himself comfortably at the feet of the master of Westland, and with his muzzle on the floor looked up and blinked jeeringly at his owner.

Mr. Cleveland watched with fond pride the budding of the sportsman's instinct in his son, and he used to tell how "up there at Tamworth that boy will lie on the bridge half a day to catch one or two small trout," patience

and carefulness, as he often said, being the supreme qualities for the true fisherman.

On the opening of the rabbit season these two would make an expedition to a friend's farm at Rocky Hill, three miles from Princeton, and there the boy had his first real shooting, coached and encouraged by his father. It was all very simple and informal, like a rabbit shoot by any other American father and son, quite different from a "drive" in the royal preserves abroad. And it was hard for the other children in the family to understand the elaborate descriptions of the day's sport in some of the city papers. They tried their best, however. "The hounds from the Cleveland kennels," one of them read aloud, and then after a moment's thought exclaimed: "Why, that must mean old Brownie!"

III

One thing which helped to mislead the outside world as to the essential simplicity of Mr. Cleveland's nature was the heavy, laborious style of many, though not all, of his writings and public utterances. It was so different from the easy idiomatic colloquialism of his conversation. In his writings he invented several famous phrases such as "innocuous desuetude" and "the restless rich." In conversation he was given to more homely expressions. He was fond of old saws, such as "There!" (when playing cribbage) "I knew I'd get my head into a bag," or, when something of a confidential nature was related to him, "Well, I'll put that in the back of my head where there isn't any mouth." This apparent incongruity can of course be partly explained by the simple fact that when expressing himself formally he was writing in obedience to the instinct of a trained lawyer and with a view to his official responsibility as a statesman. Moreover, the influence of the sonorous English of the Bible and his father's sermons doubtless had their effect when he approached the task of writing; whereas when engaged in informal conversation he was a man merely talking to other humans, most of whom he had to put at ease. There may, however, be another reason which helps to explain this and many other things about Mr. Cleveland not generally understood. That was his innate shyness. Though entirely free from nervousness when delivering a public address, no public character ever disliked publicity more. Writing is essentially a public performance. Unconsciously, perhaps, he hid behind his style. This may help to account for the fact that when under stress of deep feeling he forgot all

this, and his style was more direct and clear, his sentences more terse and simple.

As in everything he undertook, Mr. Cleveland was a most careful worker when he wrote. Whether it was a public address, a political essay, or a shooting sketch, he never began the actual, painful process of writing until after a period of careful brooding on the subject. Then came a mood, known to most writers, of strong aversion to the task. He hated to write it out. "I was a fool to undertake this. I might have known I'd get my head in a bag. I haven't time to do these things. I don't *know* enough!" and so on until he finally made himself get at it, saying, "Well, this is the last time I'll ever do anything of *this* sort." Then when at last the plunge was made, cheerfully and patiently he forged each sentence through to the end. And when the end was reached, his revisions, though careful and numerous, were almost never structural; merely verbal and phrasal. He often amplified a little, but the framework invariably remained as was first planned.

"I'm afraid it's pretty bad," he used to say dejectedly to Mrs. Cleveland or any other he might chance to consult when the work in hand was finished.

"Why don't you read it aloud?" would be suggested.

"No, I don't want to take your time."

"At least won't you read the introduction?"

And then when that was read he would go on to the end. He felt much better about it after that.

He once spoke of the care with which he prepared his messages at Washington. Usually he was days doing them. He kept them by him in a convenient drawer of his desk at the White House, would take them out from time to time to make annotations, to show them to Mr. Carlisle. He never did anything hastily if he could help it. To be sure, the celebrated Venezuelan message was written at one sitting, from half-past ten o'clock, on the evening he returned from his fishing trip, to half-past four in the morning; was sent to his stenographer before breakfast and despatched in its final form to the Capitol at ten—but he had been thinking about it all through his fishing trip. That was why he took the trip, to get away from the turmoil and see things clearly, in perspective. He was certainly one of the hardest toiling Presidents we have ever had work for us. From nine in the morning to two at night were his regular working hours, but many a time he was still at his desk working his way painstakingly through a mass of papers when the rising sun

looked in through the windows of the East Room.

IV

One day when Mr. Cleveland and a small party of friends were traveling home in a private car—it was on the return trip from the opening ceremonies of the St. Louis Exposition—he looked up from his game of cribbage, his favorite game, and said as the train slowed down, "What place is this?"

"This," smiled one of his companions, an old and intimate friend, "is a place called Washington," and just then the dome of the Capitol swung into view, looking its best in the opalescent light of the dying day. The ex-President gazed at it with interest, thinking no doubt of many things.

"How would you like to stop off here for four years more?" asked his old comrade.

"You'd have to drag me back with a rope," he said, and he went on with his game.

There was just once, according to a friend who related this incident, that he felt otherwise about the matter, and that was during the street railway riots out there in St. Louis, and the only reason he wanted to be President then was to help in putting a quick end to the ill-treatment of the women and children. The cry of a child always distressed him. It made him quite miserable sometimes when he was walking through the village. He always wanted to stop and find out what was the matter. He looked pained and puzzled as if wondering why such things had to be.

He was easily moved in other ways. At the annual commencement exercises at Princeton when the carefully prepared valedictory oration was pronounced to the graduating class by one of its members, the tears always came to his eyes. He loved youth, he enjoyed having so much of it around him. That was one motive, perhaps, in his choice of a college town for his retiring years. He liked young people of all ages. He was much pleased when they manifested their liking for him. There is no reason why this feeling should not be shown in his own words, addressed to a fifteen-year-old schoolboy at Lawrenceville:

PRINCETON, Jan. 8, 1906.

DEAR —: I want to thank you for the beautiful inkstand you gave me on Christmas and to tell you how much I appreciated your remembrance of me. I like the inkstand better than any I have ever had before; and when you are as old as I am you will know I am sure, how gratifying it is to feel that there are boys and girls who think the old are worth remembering.

With every good holiday wish I am,

Sincerely your friend,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

His love of children was not merely an abstract tenderness for the inherent beauty and pathos of new life; he liked to have them around; he enjoyed watching them. And they, with the instinctive trust shown by children and animals toward those who really appreciate them, enjoyed being with him, liked having him around. Sometimes he would spend a whole day gravely mending toys, making wooden blocks for paper soldiers, constructing water-wheels. The story has already been told of how "The Princeton Bird Club," composed of professors' children and others, decided that he was worthy of honorary membership to their body. So one day they assembled especially for the purpose, and solemnly read an address of welcome to "the Hon. G. Cleveland," who bowed and accepted the honor in a speech which won for him their unqualified approbation.

Callers who came quaking into the presence, thinking, perhaps, "So this is the man who guided the ship of state," must have been surprised when, for instance, Francis, the youngest, a handsome boy of three or four, came romping in, never dreaming of fear, and remarked to the former President of the United States, "Hello! You've got on a new suit—are those shoes new, too?"

When Mr. Cleveland accepted the trusteeship of the reorganized Equitable Life Assurance Society, and later became chairman of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, there was considerable misunderstanding, as was bound to be the case with a man not given to explaining himself. He knew perfectly well that he would be criticized. But he did it not for the benefit of the insurers, but the insured. He knew that the great bulk of the money invested in insurance by the fifteen million policy-holders was the hard-earned savings of the common people. He knew that where once they believed everything those in control told them, now with faith shaken by the scandalous revelations they were inclined to believe nothing. The very existence of insurance as an institution was threatened. The important loss would be to the people, the loss of money and the irreparable damage to the spirit of thrift. He believed he could help reestablish confidence. He knew that he could see to it that that confidence was not misplaced. And the broad view of this was service to the country at large whether certain wealthy men also benefited by it or not. It was one of the few opportunities left him for further active usefulness to his fellow citizens, and he embraced

it, despite the adverse advice of some of his friends.

And having taken it, he pitched in and worked hard. He had always been interested in the insurance idea, and he became more interested as he studied up the matter in his thorough, painstaking way—just as, when he became trustee of Princeton, he studied the problem of higher education in America from the ground up. "And now," one of the young insurance presidents used to say, "the old man knows more about insurance than any of us."

Moreover, he was glad of the opportunity to earn by hard work a good salary. He had use for it. Like the absurd lies about his home life, the stories about his private fortune have since been seen—even by those who told them—to be merely imaginary. Surprise was expressed all over the country at the small amount of his estate when his will was probated. By thrift and simple living throughout a long, arduous career he had accumulated enough to leave his family comfortably off, but by no means rich. The lies were probably started and fed by the imagination of those who look upon everything in life, even the presidency, as a money-making proposition, and who could not quite see themselves resisting the opportunity, for instance, of going short of the market on the day before issuing the Venezuelan message, and thus cleaning up a fortune overnight.

There was still another reason why he was glad to do this work—it was because it was work. He believed in wholesome activity, exerting one's God-given faculties; in work for work's sake, aside from the other normal satisfaction of profiting by one's own labor—not that of others.

That was why he felt so strongly about the anomalous position of "these poor ex-presidents of ours," men trained and habituated for energizing, fitted by remarkable experience for great usefulness, suddenly cast to one side. Long before he was persuaded to sum up his views formally upon the question he used often to talk about it informally. "Some-

thing ought to be done," he would say plaintively shaking his head. "As it is now, nothing seems to be *dignified* enough for them. Now there was Harrison; he went into law. The first time he got up to argue a case in court everybody laughed; it seemed so queer. I know how it is. I went back into law myself between the two terms at Washington. Well, the first time I went into court, the supreme court, there on the bench sat two judges I had appointed myself. No, it doesn't do. . . . So a fellow has to remain a loafer all the rest of his life simply because he happened to be President. It isn't right. It isn't fair."

"Why don't you write about this subject?" was suggested.

"I'd like to, I'd like to very well—only they'd say I was trying to feather my own nest."

When finally he wrote his paper on this important subject he prefaced his discussion by stating that he had enough for his own needs, and that no one should take what he said as a plea in his own behalf. As if anyone would.

Cicero in "De Senectute" tells of the pleasures and satisfactions of old age, but his own latter years, saddened with family troubles and embittered by political strife, were ended at the hands of paid assassins, who found him an unresisting victim, alone at his country seat.

It is rare that we find in history a great public leader whose life was more completely rounded or whose death was more beautiful than that of our late President. Full of years, mellow, serene, loved by his friends, revered by his country and admired by the whole world, he died as ordinary people die, in his own home, surrounded by those he loved most. His death, like his chief characteristics in life, was normal. But for the very reason that he was "a man of common qualities raised to the *n*th power," his example in history should be the more useful to the sons of men.



"Good-by, Elie. Good-by!"

The One with the Red Brown Hair

By Richard Washburn Child

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR LITTLE

THE story of Elaine Quinn was told in the tea room of the Red Hotel on the Avenue late one winter afternoon. The architect thought it unpleasant and afterward commented upon the listless way in which Mrs. Colvin-Everhard placed it before us. The other man was a lawyer and a professional cynic and yet he believed the story and it awoke something new in him that put fire in his eyes for a moment and made him clench the hand that held his cigarette. Miss Gaylord, the second woman, saw that he was momentarily stirred for some other than a selfish reason and she afterward said that it furnished her the real reason for marrying him. But of course Elaine Quinn will never know it. She will never even know that the lawyer believes the story about her is all true.

She, on one hand, and Mrs. Everhard and Miss Gaylord, who married the lawyer, on the other, were totally different kinds of women. This Elaine, so Mrs. Everhard said, began by being a rather awkward country girl. She would have furnished an extraordinary contrast to these smart women with their penciled eyebrows.

When she was eighteen and her mother had taken all that remained of the money to be buried, Elaine found herself, as the neighbors said, "all out of folks." She had to seek great opportunities: she had to go to New York, where there was plenty of employment for women.

Elaine went. May we suppose that two or three second cousins and a feeble-minded old grand aunt came down to the station to say good-by to her? They saw that her cheap trunk, bought at the Emporium, was put on

the train, they noted the flush of youth in her cheeks. Indeed she was so healthy and strong and pretty! She kissed them all. They were relieved that she was going to shift for herself. "Good-by, Elie. Good-by!" None of them would have believed that her career would be what it turned out to be. "Be a good girl," said the feeble-minded old aunt, sniffing. And so the puffing train left the junction station and started onward to the city.

Some would think Elaine Quinn's story was a very conventional story indeed. Others think it very astonishing and shocking. It all depends on the listener. Except for the fact that she was so perfect a specimen of young girl and wore about her, like invisible mantles, so much simple truth and modesty, she was a good deal like the regular country girls who come down to the city from the story books. And her entry into New York was like the others.

It was the same uninteresting story of finding a furnished room and then counting the fifty-seven saved dollars to be sure they had not been vanished by some of the dangerous magic of the city, about which the uninitiated "up state" have such vague ideas. Elaine did not know how little money this really was.

She knew no one in New York except a girl named Paula Van Reuter—who had been a waitress at the Pine Knoll summer hotel—and she had lost the address. There was nothing to do that evening or all day Sunday unless she sat down to cry. But Elaine was not of the tearful sort and so she went about the task of trying to make her dingy room look homelike. She had photographs of four girl friends in her cheap trunk, and she rearranged them on the walls an unbelievable number of times. There was one picture already hanging above the head of the bed—an ideal photographic study of Priscilla at a spinning wheel, with an elaborate gilt frame that unmistakably would have suggested to some of us either trading stamps or five-and-ten-cent stores. To Elaine it was pretty. And besides she had a picture of her own, framed in passe-partout style—a delineation of a young woman and a young man sitting close, close together on a moonlit beach, gazing off across a pen-and-ink ocean. It would have been hard for Elaine to explain why she bought this picture of a peddler a year before. She merely realized that there was a subtle suggestion of almost unbelievable happiness in the picture. That was all. No such young man had ever sat with her gazing out across the sea. In fact no young man— The pic-

ture was a beautiful mystery. She hung it over the gas jet.

She went on rearranging things—the fancy quilt her mother had made and the pictures and the two books on the table, and she went down to the clattering restaurant in the basement next door for her three meals, so that it was not until Sunday, as dusk was falling and the lights on the street below poked out foggily through the mist-laden air, that the first touch of the urban drunkenness came upon her. She realized, with a little audible gasp, that she was without responsibility.

No one was anywhere about to question her. She was free! She could go forth, as she had not yet done, to sway through the thoroughfares with the flow of the rest of the hordes of unknown, unrecognized and terribly free pedestrians. She might make faces at people who went by on the back platforms of cars and they would never see her again. She might stay out until any time and no one would ever whisper about her. She had now become her own government, and in her power to direct herself she had endless and simple faith. Now she could see, hear, smell and touch what she chose, and every nerve in her body sang of freedom. Who could say nay?

To-morrow she would find employment. The landlady, who apparently was a person eternally cooking cauliflower in the dark kitchen down-stairs, had said there was only one thing an untrained girl could do—work in a department store.

"Will ye keep the room you've got or take the little one onto the top floor?" she asked, being familiar with the situation.

Elaine laughed wholesomely and ignorantly. She assured the stout keeper of the furnished-room house that she had just "got fixed" and she would not move for some time.

"Oh, well, it's none of my business," said the other. "You know your own affairs." But when Elaine started out in pursuit of work on Monday morning, she took another searching look at her from behind the starched lace curtains of the parlor room.

It goes on being a commonplace story in a way. For Elaine could not find work on Monday. One said that only skilled saleswomen were employed; another promised a place when the holiday season was on. An employment agent of a store on Sixth Avenue asked her if she lived at home. "No?" He was a little pudgy man with grotesquely fat fingers. "Have an income of your own?" Elaine almost laughed. The little beady eyes shone an honest, kindly light suddenly as he

said: "Why not go back—away from New York altogether?" She remembered, several years later, how he had dismissed her, and then she understood him better.

Tuesday it was the same. In the afternoon she was tempted beyond resistance by the phonograph in front of a moving-picture show. She went in and the time flew by. A week later she had a brave record of the places she had visited. It was written on the bottom of her box of stationery, though she might as well have used a sheet of paper itself inasmuch as she had no one to whom she could write. By this time the freedom of herself had become a strangely fearful thing—a thing of unknown terrors. She was even innocent of any knowledge of the fear itself. She only knew that up and down, up and down went the emotions and the pictures before the mind—the joy of irresponsibility and then the horror of it and of loneliness, the picture of a gorgeous drama and pageant, the picture of a hopeless swirl of nameless humanity. The money had shrunk to forty-two dollars and some change. It was easy to see the end of it.

A very, very wise person would have gone back to Pinetop village. Elaine was eighteen and not among the very wise persons. She was not even a sociologist. She found that she could get several places in stores which would pay her four or five dollars a week, but she had assumed that this amount, no doubt enough in Pinetop, would not keep her alone in New York. Her room cost two dollars and seventy-five cents and her meals a little more than that. Perhaps other girls could manage better. Think of the number of them whom she had seen behind the rows and

rows of counters! She looked at her money again and found there was twenty-four dollars and a five-cent piece. She needed a new pair of shoes.

New York was lonely, in spite of all its liberty. Somehow there was a suspicion that liberty meant slavery. She rearranged the photographs of the four homely girl friends. The red-striped wall paper had become tiresome now; it had been exciting at first. Elaine thought of the feeble-minded old grand aunt back home and laughed at the idea that she wanted to cry. The cars clanged along down at the corner. She looked at herself in the mirror. And then she glanced up at the girl in the pen-and-ink drawing, and in a moment



Tempted beyond resistance by the phonograph in front of a moving-picture show

more, awaking suddenly, she realized that it was now time to go out again to look for a place.

She tried Deering and Co.—that tremendous emporium! They had advertised in the paper in the want column, and the size of type they used, in contrast to the other advertisements, suggested their dire need of employees. Elaine had to look in a telephone book to see where the store was, because, although she had been there once, it had now become lost in the mighty nightmare of store memories.

This was a wonderful day of clear cold sunlight. Her eyes shone with vitality as she walked along the street; her cheeks were red with the wind, her step was as full of innocent strength as the step of Diana.

Mrs. Colvin-Everhard, going on with her story, said that Elaine had to see an assistant employment agent at so large an establishment. Apparently the employment agent merely was under a duty to employ employ-

ment agents and to draw up charts with curves and diagrams to show the wages paid by departments and the relation of these figures to the sales and the comparative efficiency of men and women per unit of cost per hour and other things of the sort which business men call "system."

It was the assistant employment agent, therefore, who looked at Elaine with frank admiration. His eye detected no powder or other beautifiers; his nose caught no whiff of perfumery. He was an intensely selfish young man who improved his mind and body every evening at a Young Man's Christian Something and had absurdly sloping shoulders, fifteen-inch biceps, completely muscle-bound, watery blue eyes and a pale yellow round of hair outside of a pink bald spot. He was a selfish, model young man, but he was discriminating. He liked Elaine because her beauty was honest. He offered her a "position."

He had spoken to other applicants of "jobs," but the higher-sounding word seemed more fitting when connected with an actual opening.

Now he rapped with his pencil on his teeth and said, "I think I will put you on work at the notion counter."

"Excuse me," said Elaine with her pretty mouth, "what will I get a week?"

He put his long, bony forefinger upon a printed sheet which lay before him on his desk and with it found a figure. He tapped on this figure as if to emphasize the fact that some immutable determination had fixed it there forever.

"Five," said he.

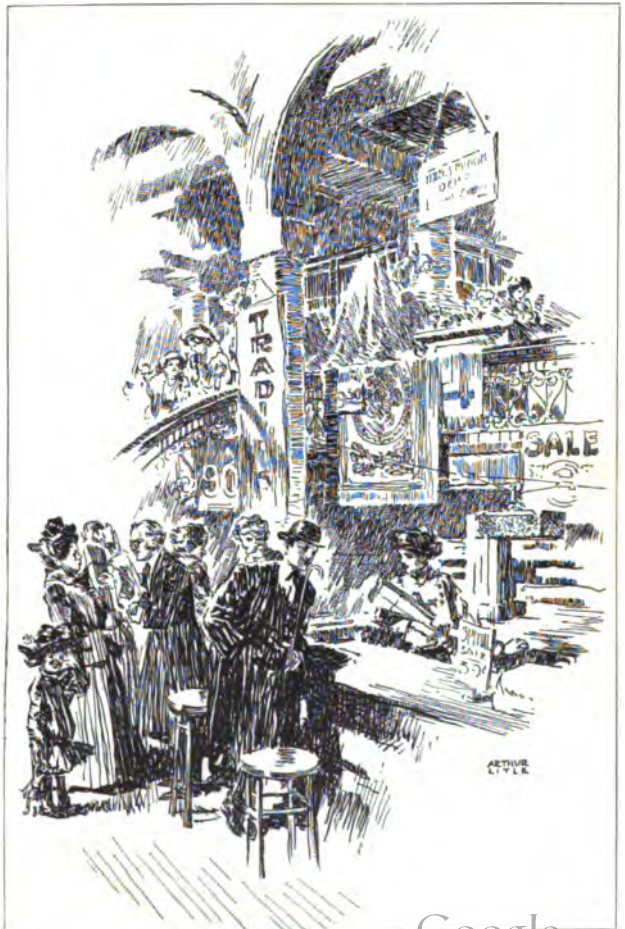
Elaine's blue eyes sought his. "I am new here," she said. "It doesn't seem as if I could get along—I mean, live—on that. You know better than I do about what the girls without homes have to have here. Can I live on five?"

Fate played a trick then. For it was a part of Carleton D. Deering's personal "system" to be at the store for two hours every morning and with a swift but regal step walk about, visiting the departments. And now here he was. He had made a sudden appearance, standing at the shoulder of this young man, who did not see him because he was

gazing back into Elaine's eyes, trying to frame an answer to her question.

Deering was a vigorous, well-fed looking individual, not beyond middle age, who was as pink and fresh as if he had just come from a cold bath and a rub-down. He wore a little orchid in his buttonhole. Elaine knew instinctively that it was he. And besides she had seen in one of the Sunday papers a picture of him and a picture of his estate on Long Island and one of his New York house and one of his greenhouses and another of his kennels and a sixth of his steam yacht. She wished that she had read the article about how he had made his fortune. But here he was—the great C. D. Deering himself.

Somehow the question "Can I live on five?" still seemed to reverberate on the air about the employment desk. The young man still was hesitating for his answer when he saw his chief out of the corner of his eye, and jumped to his feet.



"Mr. Deering!" he said with a respectful exclamation.

The mighty proprietor beamed upon him with a sort of desperate kindness. "Good morning," he said. "Go right ahead with the young lady."

He had spoken; but at this moment it occurred to Elaine that, as she was about to take so important a step, she had better consult an eminent authority which chance had placed before her. She looked squarely at Deering, who had heard her question, and said, "Can I?"

"This gentleman will give you all information," returned the great one.

"But I wanted to ask you," she said quickly.

"Me!" exclaimed Deering. With a covert glance he discovered that the employment agent now had drawn up his selfish face into a dry, cynical and irritating smile, as if delighted that the burden of an answer had been shifted.

Deering beamed upon Elaine as he had beamed upon the young man. He thought it best.

"You have not been here long?" he inquired.

"No," said Elaine. "I have no folks and I don't know much about cities and stores. I thought you'd tell me."

Deering seemed to reflect a moment. Then he threw his head up impatiently and snorted.

"Try it!" he said.

When he had gone the young man gave Elaine a card to fill out.

"Profits in this store are not economic—they are social," he said, as if to himself.

"What?" said Elaine.

"You have beautiful red-brown hair," said the cold young man.

Elaine was very angry with him for saying it.

No one can tell very much about Elaine's story during the months that followed. It is only useful to know, as Mrs. Colvin-Everhard said, that it was not until the selfish young man, by two or three slow promotions, had become the glove buyer, that her existence ever entered the mind of that Napoleon of Emporiums, C. D. Deering.

"John," said he one morning to the glove buyer, beaming upon him, "I notice on the curve sheet that we are not doing as usual with the cheaper long-length suèdes. And, now that I think of it, that imported line that came in yesterday"—he paused to allow his employee to be impressed with his personal knowledge of the details of his business—"I say that imported line is a beautiful color—an odd color. I never saw any color like

it— Huh! Yes. Do you remember a girl that was in your office two years ago looking for a job—with reddish-brown hair? Where did she go?"

The buyer's mouth was full of two words which he felt devilishly inclined to say, but he only said, "She went."

"Home?"

"Hardly."

It seems too bad to break the story up, but it must be done because between times no one but Elaine knows. Then too the break has another disadvantage, as the architect said who listened to the story, for it makes the ending perfectly obvious. This is a crime in fiction but not in a chronicle.

Anyway it was not so very long after Mr. Deering had the conversation with the former employment agent, whose pink bald spot had by that time grown larger, when, one morning as the dry-goods prince was sitting at the massive mahogany desk in his richly furnished and wainscoted holy of holies, his son came in.

This was his only boy—a healthy, fine-looking young man almost through college, enthusiastic about life, unrestrained, and Deering loved him much. His own hair was getting gray and the unsophisticated, now serious, now irresponsible nature of the son rejoiced the life of the older man. He did not care much whether the youngster, now already twenty-one, turned out to be a good executive of department stores or not, if by being the dreamer that he was he would go on ever perpetuating the glad nature of his dead mother.

"For heaven's sake, boy, when did you get home and why?" cried old Deering with new vitality in his voice.

"I came over this morning," said the younger man. His upper lip quivered a little. He seemed to be excited and half-frightened.

"Well—" said his father a little anxiously.

"Do you know?"

"What? I know nothing. What?"

Out burst the story then—a cornucopia of words and ideas, all the doubts and all the assurance in the young fellow's nature. "I should have told you, I know. It was awful to do it that way—you'll see what I mean. Don't jump to any conclusions. You'll be awfully angry at first. You won't like her. But you will! You must! She's had such an awfully hard time!"

Deering turned white. He sat down at his desk. His voice was dead.

"Tell me what you have to tell. Put it so I can understand what you're driving at."

"Yes, sir. You see she is an actress. She is an actress with a fearfully cheap burlesque show. It was awful to have a girl like that in such a position—awful! Because she is simply *great* herself—you know what I mean—anybody would love her! And she wanted to know if I could forgive everything about her and I told her yes and she told me and my God, I would too! She said I was the only one she'd ever known that could love unselfishly. She said that I was a little fool. But she told me something else. These were her words: 'In all my life since I left home, when I worked and afterward, you are the only real man and Christian I ever met, and when I find you you are such a goose!'"

The boy stopped. His voice had broken. He stood with clenched hands before his father's desk, behind which the elder Deering sat, his head held up by conscious effort, his lips caught between his teeth.

"But you don't know!" exclaimed the boy, the words rushing forth again. "You don't know how lonely she is and poor and terribly, terribly out of the place where she belongs. It was awful. And even then when I offered her everything, she tried to send me away—she tried—oh, Dad!—she tried to kill herself. She loved me! Can't you see? She knew I had money and everything too. I told her. She knew. But I'd lied to her about my name. I just met her by chance at first and

I was afraid. Don't you understand, I had lied to her—lied to her like a cur—to her who wouldn't marry me—who wouldn't marry me because she loved me too well."

"She wouldn't marry you?" said the older man, clawing at his desk top. "Then——"

"Wait," cried the son. "It was that lie. I believe it. Money and position didn't tempt her. She was too noble. But when that lie was wiped away—oh! it was different! I told everything, my name and who I was. And then she prayed to know what to do. I overheard her praying, I tell you! And I think something none of us know must have spoken to her. For she said 'Yes.' And, Dad, we were married yesterday!"

The elder Deering pressed both of his hands upon his chest and his head bent forward as if his neck had lost its power. Walking to the door the young man flung it open. With a look of utmost respect he said, "Elaine, dear," and she came in.

She had changed, of course. A dullness had settled all over her. There were puffs of skin beneath her eyes. On the whole she was not at all the same.

But when Deering raised his eyes, he cried out, in instant recognition, "The red brown hair!"

"Yes, sir," said Elaine in a thick voice. "I was one of the profits of the business. And now," her voice had become seemingly gay, "I'm back in the store!"



"Yes, sir," said Elaine in a thick voice. "I was one of the profits of the business"

The Older and Newer Ideals of Marriage

By

W. I. Thomas

AUTHOR OF "THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WOMAN'S DRESS," "THE MIND OF WOMAN," ETC.

THERE are two errors concerning marriage deeply rooted in the popular mind and feeling: that monogamy is itself something which if consistently practiced will settle all the troubles attaching to the state of matrimony, and that the participation of woman in activities or interests outside the home will lead to the destruction of the family.

The historical church has stood conspicuously for the first of these ideas. Recognizing the importance of permanence in family life, it worked out the view that marriage was not merely a human arrangement, but a divine institution, a sacrament, and a sanctity which when entered upon was indissoluble under all circumstances. This at once opened up to inventive minds a rich field for graft. The infant heiress could be sold to the decayed roué, or even kidnapped by him, and the youth with prospects of a rich patrimony could be drugged or intoxicated and married in Fleet Street by a dissolute priest to a dissolute woman, thus endowing her with all his worldly goods. A long line of abuses of this character, culminating in the eighteenth century, finally led to the better view that marriage is a contract to be undertaken or annulled with reference to the

welfare of the state and of the individuals concerned.

The Church and Matrimony

Curiously combined with the view that marriage was a sacrament, the church has held another view which has been of equal disservice to society—the view that marriage was something vile, a concession, indeed, to the carnal nature of man, but not to be undertaken if man had the character to hold out against it. This classing of marriage at once with the obscenities and the sacraments has much, though not everything, to do with the fact that marriage and sex remain among the questions which it is not safe or polite to handle. The whole question of sex is of profound interest to society, but by its historical contiguity with the disreputable on the one hand and the sacred on the other it has been placed to a large extent outside the region of frank examination and scientific control.

Properly speaking monogamy claims our respect because it is more valuable to society than any other form of sexual relation. But it is not even a distinctively human institution. In some animal societies indeed it is more consistently practiced than by ourselves. In the

lowest forms of life reproduction takes place by division of the parent form or by budding, without resort to the fact of sex at all. In the first stage of sexual reproduction the mother expends a prodigious amount of physiological energy, on the chance that one in a million or even one in a hundred million eggs will by hook or by crook reach maturity, but otherwise she gives relatively little attention to the matter. And, finally, in the mammalian forms the development of the young takes place within the mother, and after birth the father assists in caring for them. This is the form of reproduction of which the lioness boasted, in the fable of Æsop, that it produced only one at a birth, "but—a lion."

The Chief Advantage of Monogamy

The admirable point about monogamy, as practiced both by animals and by mankind, is that it assures the offspring unremitting attention from both parents until the period of puberty, when the new generation is prepared to take up life on its own account. And the longer the period of immaturity in the offspring the more important is monogamy. But it is only an admirable form within which, as we have seen, the most serious abuses may exist, and marriage is in its present shaky condition precisely because we have failed to fill the form with more intelligence and with more good will.

Of the other argument that if the woman extends her interests beyond the home she will break up the home, that the home to remain a home at all must be a "warm and intimate nest," safely screened from the world and from which the mother bird makes only very short flights indeed; or, more bluntly expressed, the view that the sphere of woman is comprehended by what the Germans call the four K's—Kinder, Kirche, Kleider, Küche (children, church, clothing, cooking)—of this view it must be said that modern ethical theory regards it as irrational, anti-social and immoral.

As historically constituted the family represents the power and ownership of man. Originally he had the power of life and death over his wife and children, and until the past century woman was not a person in the eyes of the law. But in the meantime the idea of personality has successfully invaded every part of society except marriage and the home. The home in so far as it represents the superiority of man is the survival of a system which is outworn and abandoned. If the family is to continue, woman must be recognized fully as a personality, and the home must become a part

of society, while preserving its integrity. It must work out on society and be worked back upon by society, and the two must permeate each other. The home is the point where society begins and where youth gets its first training in mind and character, and the home can certainly not afford to be less intelligent than society at large. Otherwise society will eventually take charge of the child, and very properly. The preservation of the home in fact depends on woman's possession of an intelligence worthy of her influence and her responsibility, and this she can secure only by being of the outer world as well as of the home.

The Impressionable Age of Childhood

Psychologists are now well aware of the overwhelming importance of early influences on the life-direction of the child, and criminologists recognize that if you wish to get a child away from criminal surroundings before it is too late you must take him, not when he is ten years old, nor even five, but when he is three months, or better still, when he is two weeks old. The social surrounding is soaked up by the child with the mother's milk. Without any particular instruction you find him beginning to use speech at the age of two—and speech is the most wonderful instrument we handle; and at the age of six or seven he has tucked away in his little head two-thirds of all the words he will ever use. This is a fair indication of the rate at which consciousness and character in general are being built up at a tender and impressionable period which we have been apt to regard as of no particular importance. The schools supply special information, but that part of the general structure of mind and the ground-patterns of character which is not fixed by heredity is well under way before the child reaches the teacher.

The early years of the child are thus of even more importance than the later, and it is evident that the home contains a momentous responsibility for the mother. And mothers are naturally well endowed for this situation. They are fortunately very talkative, because speech is the medium through which the mind is mainly built up, and they have the patience and warmth of heart and emotional glow to make the copies of life and character presented to the young mind very vivid and very contagious. Mrs. Browning has expressed the temperamental side of woman very touchingly:

Women know the way to rear up children, to be
just;
They have a simple, merry, tender knack of tying
sashes, fitting baby shoes;

Of stringing pretty words that make no sense, and kissing full sense into empty words,
Which things are corals to cut life upon, although such trifles.

The Education of Mothers

But the mind cannot be shaped on baby talk alone, especially in this era of science. To handle the child wisely the mother should be as wise as society can make her. She should be educated both in life and in the schools, and the solicitude and provision for her education should certainly not be less than for that of the scientific specialist. Intelligence is the result of a memory acting on a varied experience, and in the case of what we call a high order of intelligence, the memory acts not only on a varied individual experience but on the experience of the race as preserved in records and presented in selected copies. And this knowledge is more complete if the individual has been supplied with a discriminative technique in the way of logical analysis, constructive thinking, and experimental method. Knowledge is now a highly specialized process, and to educate the child means to put him in possession of the accumulated knowledge of the race. It is therefore a proposition which "leaps to the eyes" that if the racial knowledge and ideals begin to be fixed at an early age in the child the mind of the mother must not be neglected. At the age of perhaps eight the child's brain is practically all in; he is short only in experience and practice. He can understand any abstract principle and any piece of literature, from the theory of evolution to the Hamlet of Shakespeare, but when he spends his time with an uneducated nurse or an unideaed mother he goes to school and even to college with a mind so barren that one of our great colleges has actually introduced a tutorial system by which an intelligent instructor practically lives with the boy and attempts the reparation of a misspent childhood.

It is also true that there never was a time in the history of the family when it stood so much in need of an intelligent mother. Formerly life as a whole was largely comprehended within the family. The industries and arts, education and religion were carried on there. But these interests have now been abstracted from the home to such a degree that the family situation is left rather empty. Business pursuits keep the father away from home most of the time, and even set very narrow limits to his intelligence, and it is therefore peculiarly important that the mother should be fit to represent the interests of life during

that prolonged period before the child makes his connections with the outer world.

Morality is with reference to the welfare of society, not the appetites of the individual, and a theory or practice which restricts the interests of the mother and thereby stunts the life of the child is, in the profoundest sense of the word, immoral.

Two Types of Marriage Relationship

I am aware that any view of marriage which would make the home a part of public life and the woman a separate personality is distasteful to many persons. It is especially urged that such a change would destroy the romantic element in marriage and make women unattractive to men. Now the romantic affection which springs up between young people is very sincere and very beautiful, and the proper beginning of a life in common. But it is an infatuation in its nature, dependent on appetite and to some extent on inaccessibility, and consequently tends to be impermanent and discontinuous. The two types of relation which tend to become settled and permanent are the one of friendship and mutual activity and interest, based on like-mindedness, and the one of superiority and subordination, as in the relation of master and slave or man and dog. Docility and submission are very sweet to the disposition of man. He is a dominant and pugnacious creature and loves the feeling of his own power. This accounts for the fact that even in the time of the cave men he had made one of his happiest relations with the dog. The dog may be regarded as a "candidate for humanity," who failed to enter but who still implores the society of man. He possesses a grade of intelligence approaching that of man, but not dangerously near it. He is the most comfortable of friends, never attempting to manage, asking no questions and passing no criticisms, always interested in his master's movements but never meddling, sensitive to neglect but never sulking. Now this is also essentially the type of relation with woman which man has historically preferred, rather than a relation of friendship and like-mindedness. Especially as he has accumulated property and through this the means of controlling woman more completely he has shown a preference for the docile and even the frail type rather than the sturdy, child-bearing and functionally admirable types of womanhood designed by nature to feed a new generation and bear the strain of life. Female beauty is a worthy object, but it is a bad outlook for society when we confuse beauty with the signs of ill health.

On the sentimental side much can be said for the dominance of man and the docility of woman, just as much can be said for the relation of master and slave and for the old political doctrine that the best form of government is a benevolent despotism. But if we admire this type of marriage we must at the same time recognize that it is even more consistently worked out in the Orient than among ourselves. "The Egyptian wife," says Lane, "who is attached to her husband, is apt to think, if he allows her unusual liberty, that he neglects her, and does not sufficiently love her, and to envy those wives who are kept and watched with greater strictness. . . . They look on the restraint with a degree of pride, as evincing the husband's care for them, and value themselves as hidden treasures." But even in Egypt a violent "woman's movement" is going on since Lane wrote, and how far the Oriental situation is from satisfying Western theory is indicated by Mill's famous dictum that "the only school of genuine moral sentiment is society between equals."

Romantic Sentiment in Art

What the romantic view has done for women and for society is very well represented in art. Our literature of the imagination, which is so important in forming the images of life in the mind of the young, is very largely a literature of sexual infatuation. Our novels and dramas almost always terminate when the marriage is arranged. The lovers embrace and the curtain falls. Even in our most conventional English stories, the story and the sexual quest end with marriage, while in the French novels, which do not follow Puritanical lines so closely, such a degree of sexual complaisance is demanded from the heroine that a prominent French *féministe* recently declared it was difficult to tell from French fiction whether men demanded of women that they should stand or fall. Fortunately or unfortunately art is not at present an adequate representation of life—fortunately, because life is on the whole of a better quality than the artistic representations of it, and unfortunately because art is capable of exerting a profound influence on our sentiments—but the treatment in art of the relation of the two sexes before marriage as largely a matter of appetite, and after marriage as mainly a subject of jest, is significant of the incomplete and immoral condition of marriage and of its artistic presentation under the dominance of romantic ideals.

As I have pointed out in earlier papers, the persistence in man of the animal instincts and

the romantic attitude has had a demoralizing effect on the mind and character of woman. Now no injury to woman can fail to work an injury to society. At present women as a class have not only not an intelligence equal to the proper rearing of children, but they have so completely accepted marriage as a means of luxury or at least as a mode of livelihood that they are apt to end with being contented to have nothing to do with children at all. The substitution of artificial interests has so enfeebled the interest in children that the irresponsible classes—the insane, the idiotic and mentally defective, the diseased from birth and from excess and the habitual criminal—are in some sections increasing at a more rapid rate than the normal population. In parts of England the increase in the insane and idiotic is 150 per cent. where the increase in the population as a whole is only 50 per cent., while in France the birth rate has for some years fallen very near the death rate.

Among the rich especially, the woman who marries does so with the expectation of luxury and finery, and the husband expects to provide them. They are a part of the system and the system breaks down without them. And after marriage, the department stores, the milliner's, the massage parlor, the silent sacrament of bridge whist, and the struggle for social preeminence almost drive the family and family life from her mind. Unfortunately these standards not only prevail among the rich but they are penetrating all classes until the young man in moderate circumstances can hardly undertake marriage at all. I recently heard a lady reproaching two well-to-do bachelors and asking them what stood in the way of their marrying. They replied that silk petticoats stood in the way; and when pressed for a more general formulation of the obstacles to marriage, they said they were not able to offer any girl in their set the standard of living to which she was accustomed.

To the extent, indeed, that women make finery and luxury dominant ideals and provide themselves with no charms of mind and character they are putting themselves, and marriage as well, in competition with the prostitute class, in which these are the dominant and sole ideals. Irreproachable conduct is the grand stock in trade of the respectable woman, and marriage is often an arrangement by which she trades her irreproachable conduct in perpetuity for irreproachable gowns. But a woman of irreproachable conduct is too often like the temperance hotel of which the commercial traveler said that it had no other quality to recommend it.

A Science of Conscious Race Culture

Up to the present time man has shown a very lively interest and ingenuity in improving his breeds of stock and dogs but has shown no systematic interest in the improvement of the quality of his own offspring. Indeed the degree of intelligence which he has shown in this connection has been in the way of checking the production of children rather than improving their quality. But there has recently been founded in England a society and a science of eugenics, or conscious race-culture, whose object is "the study of those social agencies that influence, mentally or physically, the racial qualities of future generations."

The advocates of this science entertain the hope that "to produce a nation healthy alike in mind and body may become a fixed idea—one of almost religious intensity." Without discounting the importance of hygiene, education and general environment they hold that the only fundamental method of race purification and race improvement is selection of the germ. In this connection Professor Karl Pearson said recently in an address at Oxford: "I have often heard false pride of ancestry condemned, but I have not seen the true pride of ancestry explained and commended. Surely the man who is conscious that he comes of a stock sound in body, able in mind, tested in achievement, and who knows that, mating with like stock and maintaining himself in health, he will hand down that heritage to his children, surely such a man may have legitimate pride in ancestry. . . . It seems to me that those who have the welfare of the nation and our racial fitness for the world struggle at heart, must recognize that this is the ideal which the racial conscience demands of its saner members."

In tribal society there was, indeed, a very definite interest in having a large number of children, because the preservation of the group depended on numbers. And among the Greeks the idea of eugenics in the modern sense—the interest in the quality and the breeding of children as distinguished from the number of them—had a very definite development. But like our other legacies from the Greeks this one was lost during our chaotic feudal welter, and marriage degenerated into something very near a play interest.

A science for the production of human thoroughbreds seems at first a startling proposition, but the idea is so important that its late appearance is to be accounted for only by the action of the church and society in placing a

taboo on questions of marriage and sex. And it is fortunate that, in spite of the prejudice and conservatism of the social mind, society is capable of being revolutionized by the operation of ideas. The state is of no effect in this connection, except as an executive. We are distinguished from the Orientals, for instance, by less profound differences than we are in the habit of thinking, and our distinction lies in the possession and operation of such ideas as political and religious liberty, free thought and free speech, scientific research, free schools, civic integrity and responsibility, and the like. An idea is also capable of becoming so saturated with feeling that it spreads through the population like a contagion. And certainly the idea of children well born and well nurtured, and marriage as a means of adding health and sanity and beauty and meaning and perpetuity to the racial life, is one capable of carrying the maximum amount of sentiment. Following the fashion, wearing ornament, attending and engineering social functions, religious seclusion, missionary effort, the cutting and painting of human figures, "the counterfeit presentments" of the stage, and other like enterprises in which men engage with passion, become pale or trivial when compared with the passion for creating, nourishing and training untainted types of flesh and blood—if only this idea can once possess and dominate the imagination.

A Chance for Woman

Woman's present share in social activity is confessedly not satisfactory to her, and if she is really looking for a new interest, here she has one—for eugenics does not have to do with bearing children alone but with their whole nurture, and the nurture of the child is the most precious interest of society. Man has given the idea of eugenics, because the formation of general ideas is at present in his line of work, and he will doubtless be largely concerned with working out the method and direction of its application. It is also evident that a movement of this kind implies the participation of man and that it will bring him more completely into the family, but it is a movement which concerns woman more intimately than man, because it is so close to her natural disposition. And if women will interest themselves in the reconstitution of the family on the basis of eugenics, and will develop their minds and modify their habits sufficiently to bring this about they will have for the first time in history the distinction of meditating a great social change.



Jim Crow Car

Rosalie M. Jonas

Hey! stop dat Cyar! I's boun' ter cotch her!
I done waited on dis track,
Wid de mis'ry in ma back,
Till I's mighty nigh ter drop:—
An, dey aint er one'll stop!

Say! mister, please ter "slow up," won't yer?
An' I'll "ketch on" bes' I can.
Reckon dese ole laigs done ran
Dey las' race:—but dey aint los'!—
Yass, I got ma nickel, Boss.

Whew! hyar he! knot all up an' twis'ed:
Scuse me, I done los' ma haid
Wid ma bref—I'm beat plum daid!
Lemme sot down, mister,—what?
"Aint no seats?" Dey is, er lot.

Eh! "Niggers aint 'lowed in de trolleys,
Cep'n da, behin' dat bar?"
Fence' off lak de beas'es are!
Even shet off fum de po'
Dutty "white trash," nex de do'!

Stop! mister, lemme git off, please sir:
"Walk?" Yass, ef I's blin' an' lame!
Ruther den sot *da*, an' shame
Wid sech low *onnatchel* sight
White folks what aint actin'—white?

The Marshes

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM

REAL fall weather," that season of 1879, seemed to delay long beyond the appointed time. During each night, to be sure, it grew cold. The leaves, after their blaze and riot of color, turned crisp and crackly and brown. Some of the little still puddles were filmed with what was almost, but not quite, ice. A sheen of frost whitened the house roofs and silvered each separate blade of grass on the lawns. But by noon the sun, rising red in the veil of smoke that hung low in the snappy air, had mellowed the atmosphere until it lay on the cheek like a caress. No breath of air stirred. Sounds came clearly from a distance. Long, V-shaped flights of geese swept athwart the sky very high up, but their honking descended faintly to the ear. Time seemed to have run down. And yet when the sun, swollen to the great dimensions of the rising moon, dipped blood-red through the haze, the first faint premonitory tingle of cold warned one that the tepid, grateful warmth of the day had been but an illusion of a season that had gone. This was not summer, but, in the quaint old phrase, Indian summer. And its end would be as though the necromancer had waved his wand.

Bobby Orde, awaking early, heard the rising and falling moan of wind past the eave's corner outside his room. He hopped out of bed, thrust his feet in a pair of knit socks, and ran to the window. The sun was not yet up, but the wild, barbaric gold of it was flung abroad over flat, hard-looking clouds.

"Bright sunrise at morning,
The sailor takes warning,"

murmured Bobby.

In the yard below, the brown leaves were chasing themselves madly around and about, back and forth, like restless sprites. Others slanted down from the trees in continuous flocks. The maples tossed restlessly. In the air was a deep, bitter chill, which sent Bobby scurrying back to his warm nest in a hurry.

After breakfast he was glad of his heavier suit. The sun rose and shone, it is true; but its rays possessed no warmth. The light of it appeared to be a cold silver, like the sheen on stubble. All the landscape seemed to have paled. Gone were the rich, glowing reds, the warm browns. A gray cast hung over the land.

From school Bobby hurried home to be in time for an early lunch: Mr. Orde wanted to go up river. He found *Bucephalus* in front, and Mr. Kincaid about to sit down to the lunch table. The latter had on his old gray suit and cardigan jacket.

"Hullo, youngster!" he greeted Bobby. "Looks like pretty good weather for ducks. Want to go for a shoot?"

That settled lunch for Bobby. He could hardly stay at table until the others had finished, and heard with enraptured joy his mother's voice, as she rose from the table, asking Mr. Kincaid about provisions.

"I have all that," replied Mr. Kincaid, "and there's lots of bedding and such things."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Orde slipped away after a moment to wrap up a loaf of "salt-rising bread" and one of "Dutch bread." The two-wheeled cart Bobby found, when finally he and Mr. Kincaid emerged from the house carrying his valise, to be well packed with the shell-box, gun, bag, and a lunch-basket. Mr. Kincaid's duck dog, named *Curly*, lay crouched in the bottom like a soft, warm mat. Bobby had met *Curly* before. He was a comical, seal-brown dog, covered with compact, tight curls all over his body. When Bobby petted him they felt springy. His face, head, and ears, however, were smooth and silky. He had yellow eyes and an engaging disposition. To the touch his body, even through the tight curls, felt unusually warm. Though *Curly's* tail was a mere stump, he wagged it energetically when his master appeared, but without raising his nose from between his fore paws.

Bucephalus made surprising time. His gait on the open road was a long, awkward shamble,

but it seemed to cover the ground. Mr. Kincaid humped his shoulders and drove in a sociable silence, his short pipe empty between his teeth. Bobby hugged the cold barrel of his little rifle between his knees. Curly retained his flattened attitude on the bottom of the cart, only occasionally rolling up his yellow eyes, but without moving his head. The wind tore by them madly.

About half a mile beyond the last mill Mr. Kincaid left the main road to turn sharp to the right directly across the broad marshes. Here a make-shift road had been constructed of poles laid in the corduroy fashion. Their cart pitched and bounced along at a foot pace. Bobby had no chance to look about him, and could see only that on both sides stretched the cat-tails and rush-flats, that near them was water. The sun was setting cold and black in hard, greasy-looking clouds.

By and by the cart gave one last bump and rose to a little dry knoll like an island in the marshes. Bobby saw that on it grew two elm trees, beneath which stood a rough shed. Beyond a fringe of bushes he could make out the roof of another small structure. Mr. Kincaid stopped at the shed, and began to unharness Bucephalus. Bobby descended very stiffly. Curly hopped out and expressed delight over his arrival by wagging himself from the fifth rib back. Mr. Kincaid explained that he had not tail enough for the job, so he had to wag part of his body, too. In a moment or so Bucephalus was tied in the shed and supplied with oats from a bag.

"Well, we're here," said Mr. Kincaid, picking up one of the valises and the lunch-basket. "Bobby, you carry the guns."

He led the way through the bushes to the other structure.

It was a cabin of boards, long and narrow, about the size and shape of a freight-car. The upper end of it rested on dry land, but the lower end gave out on a floating platform. A single window in the side and a stovepipe through the roof completed the external features.



"Bright sunrise at morning.
The sailor takes warning"

"Door's around in front," explained Mr. Kincaid.

They descended to the float. The door was fastened by a padlock. When it was opened Bobby saw at first nothing but blackness, and the flat, broad prow of a duck-boat which seemed to occupy all available space. Mr. Kincaid, however, lifted this bodily to the float, and, entering, drew aside the curtain to the little window.

Bobby stood in the middle of the floor and gazed about him with unbounded delight. The place contained two bunks, one over the other, a small round iron stove, a shelf-table against one wall, and two folding-stools. From nails hung a frying-pan, a coffee-pot, and two kettles. Shelves supported a number of cans, while two or three small bags depended from the ceiling. These were its main furnishings. But beneath the bunks and piled in one corner were many painted wooden ducks. Around the neck of each was wound a long white cord, to the end of which was attached a lead or iron weight. In the bunks themselves lay powder-canisters, shot-bags, wad-boxes. At one end of the table was fastened a crimper and a loading-block. Several old pipes lay about. Burned matches strewed the floor.

"Well, here we are, Bobby," repeated Mr. Kincaid, dropping the valises in the corner, "and it's pretty near sunset; so I guess we'll organize our boat first, while it's daylight."

He descended to the float.

"Now, you hand me down the decoys," said he.

Bobby passed out the wooden ducks two by two, and Mr. Kincaid stowed them carefully amidships.

Bobby worked eagerly. Soon he was in a warm glow, the cold wind forgotten, his cheeks like snow-apples, his eyes like stars.

"That's just a hundred," counted Mr. Kincaid, "and it's a humming good boatload. It'll do. Now you take this demijohn and fill it from the spring-hole you'll find back of the house, and I'll get the shell-box."

The equipment was finally completed by two

wooden shell-boxes to sit on, a short, broad paddle, and a long punting-pole.

By now the sun had slipped below the horizon, leaving nothing of its glory in the low-hung, hard clouds. The wind came now in heavy gusts, succeeded by intervals of comparative calm. During these intervals could be heard the cries of innumerable wild fowl. Bobby stood at the end of the float motionless, taking it in. He had forgotten that he was cold, that he was alone, that he had come on an exciting and novel expedition. Mr. Kincaid had disappeared within the cabin.

A whistle of wings rushed in on the boy's consciousness with startling suddenness. Across the face of the evening, indeterminate dark bodies darted low. A prolonged swish of water sounded, and the placid faint light on the lagoon, fifty yards away, was broken and troubled. For a moment it shimmered, and was still. Absolute darkness seemed abruptly to descend on all the world. From the blackness Bobby heard the low conversational sounds of ducks newly alit.

"Ca-chuck!" said they, "ca-tu-kuk!" and then an old drake lifted up his voice.

"Mark!" said he, "mark-quok, quok, quok!"

"Oh, Mr. Kincaid!" whispered Bobby, sneaking quietly through the door. "There's a great big flock of ducks lit just outside."

"That so?" queried Mr. Kincaid cheerfully, in his natural voice. "Well, we'll get after 'em in the morning. Don't you want any supper?"

Mr. Kincaid had a fire going in the little round stove. The light that leaked from it wavered and flickered over the bunks and the table-shelves and the diminished pile of decoys. Curly was asleep in the corner. Every few moments Mr. Kincaid removed the frying-pan from the top of the stove, and turned over its contents with a fork. At such times the light flared up brilliantly, illuminating the whole upper part of the cabin. A lively sizzling arose from the frying-pan, and a delicious smell filled the air. Bobby made out a tea-kettle at the back, and the phantom of light steam issuing from its spout.

In a little while Mr. Kincaid straightened up and with a clatter slid an iron stove-cover over the opening. He lit a candle, stuck it in the mouth of a bottle, and moved down on the table-shelf, carrying the frying-pan. Bobby then saw that the table-shelf had been set with two heavy plates, cutlery, and two granite-ware cups. The salt-rising bread and Dutch bread were laid out with a knife beside them. A saucer contained a pat of butter; a bottle, milk; and a plate was heaped with doughnuts.

"Supper's ready," announced Mr. Kincaid cheerfully. "Sit up, Bobby."

The frying-pan proved to contain two generous slices of ham and four eggs fried crisp.

"What's the matter with this for a feast?" cried Mr. Kincaid. "Sail in."

The man and the boy ate, the flickering light between them. Outside howled the wind. Curly slumbered peacefully in the corner.

"This," proffered Mr. Kincaid after an interval, as he reached toward the basket, "is what my grandfather used to call a 'good, competent pie.' Like pie, Bobby?"

"Yes, sir," replied Bobby, "but I mustn't eat the under crust."

"Right you are. Well, there's somebody here who'll eat it for you."

"Do you want it?" asked Bobby, wondering.

Mr. Kincaid laughed. "No; I mean Curly," he explained.

"Will Curly eat pie?" marveled Bobby.

"Curly," said Mr. Kincaid impressively, "will eat anything you can throw down a hole."

It was a good pie, with lots of room between the crusts, and cinnamon on the apples, and sugar and nutmeg on top. When finally Mr. Kincaid pushed back his stool, Curly gravely arose and came forward to get his share of whatever had not been eaten.

"Now, dishes!" said Mr. Kincaid. "Will you wash or wipe, Bobby?"

"My! I'm full," said Bobby, in the way of indirect expostulation against immediate activity.

"The time to wash dishes is right away," said Mr. Kincaid briskly. "They wash easier, and when they're done you have a comfortable feeling that there's nothing more to be done—and a clear conscience. Did you ever wash dishes?"

"No, sir."

"Well, it's time you learned. Come on."

Bobby learned to manipulate hot water, soap, and a dish-rag. Also how difficult it is to remove some sorts of grease.

"Condemned!" pronounced Mr. Kincaid severely, returning him the frying-pan.

But when the simple task was done Bobby felt an unusual glow of competence and experience. He was really "camping out." A new-ambition to learn came to him, an ambition to do his share and to understand other people's share. Naturally his mind turned first to accustomed things.

"Where's the wood-pile?" he asked Mr. Kincaid. "Can't I fill the wood-box?"

"It's just behind the house," approved Mr. Kincaid.



"Condemned!" pronounced Mr. Kincaid severely, returning him the frying-pan

WORTH BRYAN

Bobby turned the wooden "button" that fastened the door from the inside. At once it was snatched from his hand and flung open. A burst of wind rioted in, extinguished the candle, flared up the fire in the stove, and hurled a loose paper against the roof.

"Whew!" cried Mr. Kincaid, coming to Bobby's assistance, "she's blowing some. When you come back, just kick on the door and I'll open it for you."

Bobby stood still a moment until his eyes should expand to the darkness. He heard the

repeated and rapid *swish* of wavelets driven against the float, which rose and fell gently beneath his feet. A roar of wind filled the night. Occasionally it lulled. Then quite distinctly he could make out a faint grumbling diapason, which he knew to be the surges beating against the distant coast.

The armful of wood he brought in was not very large, but Mr. Kincaid pronounced it enough.

"And now, youngster," said he, "you'd better turn in. We're going to get up very early in the morning."

For as long as five minutes Bobby lay awake between the soft woolen blankets. This was his first experience without sheets. Mr. Kincaid had blown out the candle and was sitting back smoking a last pipe. Light from the dying fire in the stove threw his shadow gigantic behind him. As the flames rose or died this shadow advanced or receded, leaped or fell, swelled or diminished; and all the other shadows did likewise. In the entire room Mr. Kincaid's figure was the only motionless object. Soon Bobby's vision blurred. The dancing shadows became unreal, changed to dream creatures. Twice a realization, a delicious, poignant realization of the morrow, brought him back to consciousness, and the dream creatures to the shadows. Then finally he drifted away with only the feeling of something pleasant about to happen lying as a back-ground to sleep.

He awoke in what seemed to him the middle of the night, after an absolutely *black* sleep. His first thought was that the broad of his back was shivering; his next that the tip of his nose was marvelously cold; his last that he was curled up in a ball like a furry raccoon. Then he heard the scratch of a match. A light immediately flickered. In two minutes the little stove was roaring, and Mr. Kincaid was exhorting him to arise.

"Come on, now!" he called. "Due time!"

Bobby dressed in his thickest winter clothes, which he had brought for the occasion. When, after breakfast, he put on his reefer and over that the canvas coat, he looked and felt like a cocoon.

"That's all right," Mr. Kincaid reassured him. "It's going to be cold, and you'll be mighty glad of them."

They stepped out on the float, and Mr. Kincaid thrust the duck-boat into the water.

Bobby had never seen so many stars. The heavens were full of them, and the still water had its share. Not a breath of wind was stirring. Through the silence could be heard more plainly the roar of the surf far away. The quacking of ducks came from near and far. Nothing of the marsh was visible.

Bobby took his place on the shell-box in the bow, his rifle between his knees. Curly, without awaiting command, jumped in and lay at his feet. Mr. Kincaid stepped in aft. Bobby could feel the quiver of the boat as it took the weight, but having been instructed to sit quiet, he did not look around. The craft received an impetus and moved forward. Immediately the breaking of thin scum ice set up a crackling.

"Pretty cold!" said Bobby.

"Don't talk," replied Mr. Kincaid in a guarded voice.

For a long time, and for a tremendous distance as it seemed to Bobby, they crept along through the lagoons and channels of the marshes. Mr. Kincaid had now put aside his paddle in favor of the punting-pole. Bobby, stealing a glance over his shoulder, saw him standing against the sky. The dawn had not yet come, but the air was getting grayer in anticipation of it, and the wind began to blow faintly from the direction of the lake.

And then, deliberately, the whole universe turned faintly gray, and the smaller



The armful of wood he brought in was not very large

stars faded in the lucence of dawn, and the brief, weird world of half-light came into being. At the same moment Mr. Kincaid turned the boat to the left, forced it by main strength through a thick fringe of reeds, and debouched on a little round pond silvering in the dawn.

The crackling of the duck-boat through the reeds was answered by a roar like the breaking of a great wave. Bobby saw very dimly the rise of hundreds of ducks straight up into the air. The roar of the first leap was immediately succeeded by the whistling of flight.

"My!" breathed Bobby to Curly. "My! My! My!"

But a second roar thundered, as a second and larger flight took wing; and then, after an interval, a third. The air all around seemed full of ducks circling in and out the limited range of vision before finally taking their departure.

Mr. Kincaid, however, pushed forward without paying the slightest attention to this abundance. Fifteen or twenty yards out in the pond he brought the boat to a standstill by thrusting his punting-pole far down into the mud.

"We're here, Bobby," he said in a guarded tone. "Turn around very carefully, take off your mittens, and help me put out the decoys."

"My! there's a lot of 'em," ventured Bobby in a whisper.

"Yes; this is called the Mud-hen Hole. It's the best place in the marshes. Quick! Get to work! It's getting near daylight!"

Mr. Kincaid moved the boat here and there, scattering the flock in a lifelike manner. When the last decoy was out, he thrust the boat hastily into the thick reeds, where already a blind had been constructed quite simply by thickening the natural growth. "Crouch down!" he whispered, "and don't move a muscle."

Bobby crouched, drawing his head between his shoulders like a mud-turtle. Curly crouched, too. Above and around was the continued whistle of wings as the wild fowl with their strange, early-morning persistence, insisted on returning to the spot whence they had been so lately disturbed. A movement shook the boat as Mr. Kincaid arose to his feet.

Bang! bang! spoke both barrels of the ten-gauge.

"Two," said Mr. Kincaid in his natural voice.

"Kneel around to face the decoys, Bobby, and you can see. But when I say 'mark,' don't move by a hair's breadth."

Bobby shifted position, and found that he could see quite easily through the interstices of the reeds. On the pond, silvered bright by the increasing day, the decoys floated snugly.

Even at close range Bobby was surprised at their lifelike appearance. Among them floated two ducks, white bellies to the sky. This was all Bobby had time to observe for the moment.

"Mark!" warned Mr. Kincaid behind him.

A tremendous tenseness fell on the world. Bobby's muscles stiffened to the point of aching. The limited vista, bounded on right and left by the sidewise movement of his eyeballs and above by the brim of his cap, contained nothing. He did not dare extend this vista by so much as one inch. But in the air sounded that magic, soul-stirring whistle of wings, now gaining in volume until it seemed overhead, now fading until Bobby thought surely the ducks must have become suspicious and left. And then, low to the reeds across the pond, a long, deliberate flight of black bodies against the sky came into sight at the left, slanted across the field of his vision, and disappeared to the right. Their wings were set, and every instant Bobby expected to hear the splash of water that should indicate their alighting. But Mr. Kincaid's figure held its immobility. He knew that the wily old mallards were not yet satisfied. Indeed, at the last moment, instead of swinging in, they arose with a sudden swift effort, and resumed the slow scrutinizing circle about the pond.

Bobby lived an eternity in the next few moments. His neck muscles grew stiff; his eyeballs strained from a constant attempt to see farther to one side than nature had intended him to see. Each circle he followed visually as far as he could, and then aurally, his hopes rising and falling as the whistling of the wings sounded near or far. And each circle was lower than its predecessor, until at last the flight swung scarcely twenty feet above the tops of the reeds.

Then, quite unexpectedly to Bobby, and when at its farthest from the blind, the flock turned in and headed directly for him, its wings set.

Bobby caught his breath, and his heart commenced to thump violently. Not a bird of them all seemed to move, and yet, with the rush of a railroad train, each individual grew in size like magic. It was just like coasting—the same breathless, headlong feeling—that quivering avalanche of ducks projected at his head so abruptly and so swiftly that he hardly had time to wink. Nearer and nearer they came; larger and larger they grew. Something inside him seemed to expand like a bubble with their approach—like a bubble too rapidly blown, so that at once, without warning, the bursting point seemed to be reached. Instinctively Bobby shrank back. The moment of collision was

imminent. Nothing could stop this headlong flight of living arrows launched against his very face. And then, in a flash, the appearance of the flock changed. As though at a preconcerted signal, each duck dropped his legs, threw back his head, opposed to momentum the breadth of his wings and tail. An indescribable and sudden rushing sound smote the air. The flock, its course arrested, hung motionless above the decoys in the attitude of alighting.

At this precise instant Mr. Kincaid, without haste, smoothly got to his feet. Involuntarily Bobby arose also. Curly, who up to this instant had even kept his yellow eyes closed, put his fore paws on the gunwale and craned his neck upward the better to see.

Immediately, with a mighty beating of wings, the ducks "towered." It was almost incredible, the rapidity with which, from a dead stand, they broke into the swiftest flight—and straight up. Bobby could see them plainly, in every detail—the beautiful iridescent green heads of the drakes stretched eagerly upward, the dove and the cinnamon of the breasts, the white bellies snowy against the sky. The gun spoke twice. Instantly three of the outstretched necks seemed to wilt. For a brief moment the bodies hung in the air, then plunged downward with increasing speed until they hit, with an inspiring *splash, splash, splash!* that threw the water high. There they floated, belly up. The orange-colored leg of one kicked slowly twice.

"Mallard," said Mr. Kincaid with satisfaction.

Curly looked inquiringly at his master, then dropped back to his former position in the bottom of the boat. Bobby settled himself on his shell-box.

Swish!

He peered out startled, and there among the decoys swam a dozen little ducks, their heads up, their bright eyes glancing suspiciously from one to another of their solid wooden relations. Before Bobby could realize that they were there, they had made up their minds, and, with the same abruptness that had characterized their arrival, sprang into the air and departed. Not, however, before Mr. Kincaid had shot.

"Only one," said he. "They're a lively proposition."

"What are they?" asked Bobby.

"Teal. They often fly low just over the marsh, and drop in unexpectedly like that."

Daylight was full and broad now, and the sun was rising. With it came the first signs of wind. Ducks filled the air in all directions, some circling about other ponds, others winging their way in long flights toward distant feeding grounds. Every few moments Mr.

Kincaid had a shot as some of these dropped to the decoys. Sometimes they came down boldly in an attempt to light; at others they merely stooped, and flew by. These offered difficult side shots at long range. Always the mallards made their wide circles of inspection; but always Mr. Kincaid waited patiently for them, ignoring absolutely other ducks that, in the meantime, lit among the decoys. Big flocks of teal maneuvered back and forth erratically, like blackbirds, wheeling, turning, rising, and darting without apparent reason, but as though at the word of command. The high buzz of their wings was quite different from the whistling flight of the larger ducks. One of these bands came within range, but without attempting to alight. Into the compact formation Mr. Kincaid emptied both barrels. Instantly the air seemed to Bobby full of ducks falling. They hit the water like huge raindrops. Bobby could not begin to keep count, but Mr. Kincaid said nine. Among them was a broken-winged cripple, which at once began to swim toward the rushes at the other side the pond.

"Fetch, Curly!" commanded Mr. Kincaid.

Curly, with a whimper of delight, plunged into the icy water, and with astonishing speed overtook and seized the wounded duck. He returned, proudly carrying his prize; was handed in over the gunwale; shook himself like a lawn-sprinkler, and resettled himself in the bottom of the boat. Curly was a quiet and reserved character. His specialty was lying still, and swimming after ducks. The rest of life did not interest him.

Presently, as the sun mounted higher and higher, Mr. Kincaid lit his pipe. Curly made trip after trip, carrying in the game.

"Fun?" inquired Mr. Kincaid succinctly.

"I should think so!" breathed Bobby with rapture.

Though the wind had increased to a gale, the duck-boat was so snugly hidden that hardly a breath reached its occupants. The warm rays of the sun now shone full down upon them, first driving the early chill from Bobby's bones, then making him sleepy. He fell into a delicious lethargy, running over drowsily the small details of his immediate surroundings. In the course of a few hours Bobby slipped still further into the warm, bright land of laziness, abandoned even the effort of observation, and amused himself by sifting rainbows through his eyelashes.

"Bobby!" whispered Mr. Kincaid sharply.

He came to with a start, rapping his knee against the gunwale of the boat. Mr. Kincaid held his hand up warningly, then pointed toward the decoys. Bobby looked, and saw,



"I got him! I got him! Oh, he'll get away!" screeched Bobby in a breath

preening its feathers calmly, a live duck rising to the wavelets. Mr. Kincaid handed over two 22 short cartridges.

Bobby's breath caught with a gasp. His fingers trembling, he opened the breach of the Flobert and loaded; then, cautiously thrusting the muzzle through an opening in the reeds, tried to aim. But his heart was thumping like a hammer, and do his best he could not hold the wavering sights in alignment. In vain he recalled all the many principles of accurate shooting he had so laboriously acquired in his target practice. Finally, in desperation, he pulled the trigger. The duck, with a startled quack, sprang into the air.

"Got one!" chuckled Mr. Kincaid. "That furthest decoy," he replied to Bobby's unspoken question. "Saw the splinters fly. Must have overshot three feet."

Bobby, carrying with him the bitterest possible cud of failure, retired within himself, and gloomed angrily at the situation from all points of view. He was completely out of conceit with himself. After he had finished his performance, he naturally took to reviewing it and recasting it in terms of success. If he'd only shot at first, before he lost his breath! If he'd

only remembered to get his hand away around the grip of the rifle. If he'd only——

As though to test these theories, the Red Gods at this moment vouchsafed him a wonderful favor. As he frowned steadily between the reeds, his attention was dragged from its abstractions by a moving object.

He came to alertness with a snap. A duck, flying not a foot above the water, swung in an awkward circle and lit with a long, furrowing splash, not forty feet away.

Bobby glanced toward Mr. Kincaid. The latter was gazing at the sky, his hands clasped behind his head. Cautiously Bobby reloaded with the other cartridge, and again thrust the rifle-muzzle between the reeds. His entire mind was now occupied by a vengeful spirit against himself because of his first miss. Therefore he had no room for self-consciousness or nervousness. The sights aligned with precision, and held rigidly on the mark. His teeth set, Bobby pulled the trigger.

Instantly the duck fell on its side, and, beating the water frantically with its wings, began to kick around in a circle.

"I got him! I got him! Oh, he'll get away!" screeched Bobby in a breath.

At the crack of the rifle Mr. Kincaid had leaped to his feet with surprising agility.

"Well, good boy!" he exclaimed. "I should say you did get him. He won't get away; he's hit in the head."

"Is that the way they act when they're hit in the head?" asked Bobby, still doubtful.

"Yes. Fetch him, Curly."

Bobby took the duck from Curly's mouth and held him up by the bill to drain the water, just as he had seen Mr. Kincaid do. Then he laid his prize across the bow and gloated.

It was a very beautiful duck, with an erect topknot of white edged with black running over the top of its head like the plume of a Grecian helmet. The sides of its white breast were covered with feathers of a bright cinnamon tipped with gray; its back was black and gray, with fine black edgings; and its wings were dark with a white and iridescent band on each. But what interested Bobby especially was its bill. This differed entirely from the bills of all the other ducks. It was very long and very slender, and had teeth.

"What kind is it?" asked Bobby, looking up to encounter Mr. Kincaid's amused gaze.

"Well—it's called a merganser in the books," said Mr. Kincaid.

"I'm going to have mama cook it," announced Bobby, and returned to his blissful contemplation.

Mr. Kincaid grinned quietly to himself. He would not spoil the little boy's pleasure by telling him that his first trophy was a fish-duck, and, beautiful as it was, utterly useless.

No more ducks came for a long time after that. The wind continued to increase, blowing from a clear sky, without scuds. By and by Mr. Kincaid produced a package of lunch, and they ate, drinking in turn from the demijohn that Bobby had filled the night before. The sun swung up overhead, and down the westward slope. With the advance of afternoon came more but scattered ducks, rushing down the wind at railroad speed, to wheel sometimes into the teeth of it like yachts rounding to as they caught sight of the decoys.

Now the evening flight of ducks was on in earnest, and the warm excitement of decoy-shooting again gripped hard all three occupants of the boat. Over the wide marshes spread the brief crimson of evening. The sun set and dusk came on. It was first indicated, even before a perceptible diminution of daylight, by the vivid flashes from the gun. Then the low western horizon turned to a dark band between sky and water, and the heavens immediately above took on a pale green lucence of infinite depth.

"More wind," said Mr. Kincaid, glancing at it.

Finally, although it was still possible plainly to see the incoming ducks against the sky, Mr. Kincaid laid aside his gun and picked up the punt-pole.

"Mustn't shoot much after sundown," he told Bobby; "if we do, there won't be any here in the morning. Nothing drives the duck off the marshes quicker than evening shooting."

He pushed the duck-boat out into the open. Instantly the weight of the wind became evident. Although on the lee side of the pond, the light boat drifted forward rapidly, and Bobby had to snatch suddenly for his cap. Mr. Kincaid snubbed her at the edge of the flock of decoys.

"Pick 'em up," said he. "You'll have to do it, while I hold the boat."

Bobby lifted the nearest decoy out of the water, and, under direction, wound the anchor-line around its neck, and stowed it away. This was easy. Also the next and the next.

But by the time he had lifted the tenth he had discovered a number of things: that a wooden decoy is heavy to lift at arm's length over the gunwale; that it brings with it considerable water; that the anchor-lines carry with them a surprisingly greater quantity of water; that the water is very cold; that said cold water causes the flesh to puff up, the hands to turn numb, and the fingers to ache. This was disagreeable; and Bobby had not been in the habit of continuing to do things after they had become disagreeable.

"My! but this is awful cold work," said he.

Mr. Kincaid looked at him.

"You aren't going to quit, are you?" he asked.

Bobby had not thought of it with this definiteness.

When the issue was thus squarely presented to him, his reply, of course, was in the negative. But the night got darker and darker; the decoys heavier and heavier; the water colder and colder. Little by little the glory of the day was draining away. Mr. Kincaid, leaning strongly against the punt-pole, watched him for some time in silence.

"Pretty hard work?" he inquired at last.

"Yes, sir," said Bobby miserably.

"Why is it hard?"

Bobby looked up in surprise.

"Because the water is so cold, and the decoys are hard to lift over the edge," he answered presently.

"No, it's not that," said Mr. Kincaid. "It's because you're thinking about how many more there are to do."

Bobby stopped work in the interest of this idea.

"If you're going to be a hunter—or anything else," went on Mr. Kincaid after a moment, "you're going to have lots of cold work, and hard work, and disagreeable work to do—things that you can't finish in a minute, either, but that may last all day—or all the week. And you'll have to do it. If you get to thinking of how long it's going to take, you'll find that you will have a tough time, and that probably it won't be done very well, either. Don't think of how much there is still to do; think of how much you have done. Then it'll surprise you how soon it will be finished."

"Yes, sir," said Bobby.

"Now pick 'em up," said Mr. Kincaid, "one at a time. Don't begin to pick up the next one before you get this one out of the water."

Bobby went at it grimly, trying to keep in mind Mr. Kincaid's advice. The task was as disagreeable and apparently as interminable as ever, but Bobby had gained this: he had not now, even in the subconscious background of his mind, any desire to quit; and there no longer pressed upon him the weight and cold of the decoy he was at the moment handling, the useless and imaginary—but real—cold and weight of all the decoys yet to be lifted.

Nevertheless he was very glad when the last had found its place on the pile amidship.

"Good boy!" said Mr. Kincaid. "Now it's all over."

The homeward trip seemed to Bobby interminable. He was very cold; his fingers ached; the anticipations of the day had all been used. The sudden rise of water-fowl near at hand aroused in him no excitement; their presence was, just now, useless from the shooting standpoint.

"We might try the big slough to-morrow," said Mr. Kincaid, more as an audible thought than as a remark to Bobby.

"I don't want to go to-morrow," said Bobby.

In spite of Mr. Kincaid's advice, he could not prevent himself from anticipating the arrival at the cabin float. A dozen little bends he mentally designated as the last before the lagoon; and each disappointment came to him as a personal affront.

But finally, when he had fallen into the indifference of misery, the two elms loomed in silhouette against the skyline.

Mr. Kincaid held the boat while Bobby stepped ashore, then made it fast and, without

bothering with the game, opened the hut and lit the candle. Bobby sat down dully. He had no further interest in life. Mr. Kincaid glanced at his disconsolate little figure humped over on the stool, and smiled grimly beneath his mustache. But he made no comment, and set about immediate construction of a fire.

Bobby relapsed into a dull lethargy which took absolutely no account of space or time. The shadows danced and flickered against the wall; he saw them, but as something outside the real center of his consciousness. The wind howled by in gusts that shook the structure; Bobby did not care if it blew the whole thing over.

"Come, Bobby, supper," Mr. Kincaid broke in on his black mood.

"I don't believe I want any supper," mumbled Bobby.

Mr. Kincaid took two long steps across to him, picked him and the stool up bodily, and set him against the table.

"Now get at it," said he.

Bobby languidly tasted a piece of bread and butter.

In five minutes he was at his fifth slice, and had had four eggs and three pieces of bacon. In ten the world had brightened marvelously. In fifteen Bobby was chattering eagerly between mouthfuls, rehearsing with some excitement the different events of the day.

"To-morrow," said he, "I'm going to shoot a lot."

"Thought you weren't going to-morrow," suggested Mr. Kincaid.

Bobby smiled shamedfacedly.

"That's all right, Bobby," said Mr. Kincaid kindly. "Supper makes a big difference to any of us, especially after a long day."

Curly received with gratitude the few scraps and three dog-biscuits. The guns were cleaned and oiled. All the ducks were tied in bunches by their necks, and hung from hooks on the north side of the hut. Bobby held the heads together while Mr. Kincaid slipped the loops over them. Both counted. Bobby made it eighty-four, while Mr. Kincaid's tally was only eighty-three.

"Enough, anyway," said the latter.

Then Bobby suddenly found himself so extraordinarily drowsy that he actually fell asleep while taking off his shoes. Mr. Kincaid put him to bed. Outside the wind howled, the water lapped against the float; inside the shadows leaped and fell. But Bobby did not dream even of ducks.



They Who Strike in the Dark

True Stories of Plots, Abductions, Dynamiting and Attempted Murder that Have Been Undertaken Against Those Concerned as Witnesses, Lawyers or Supporters of the San Francisco Graft Prosecution

By Will Irwin

By way of information to the gentle reader and warning to others, we wish to say that if all available stories were set down, and all accessible details of those here printed fully narrated, this collection of veritable histories would fill an entire number of the magazine. The condensations and omissions have been made on account of space, and for other good reasons.—*The Editor.*

The Necessary Prologue

COMPLICATED beyond all understanding, the graft prosecutions in San Francisco drag along. In the first moment of the attack on municipal corruption, when it was simply a case of putting into jail Abe Ruef, the boss at the head of the system of robbery, Eugene E. Schmitz, [the Mayor who played figure-head for Ruef, and, perhaps, some of the Supervisors who took bribes to give away public utilities, Spreckels, the financier, Heney, the prosecutor and Burns, the detective had

the "united Decency" of the city behind them. From the time when they went beyond these smaller fry and reached up, not for the men who took the bribes but for the pillars of finance who gave them or sanctioned their giving, they faced a powerful opposition from the forces that govern business in San Francisco. In carrying his case into the offices of the United Railroads, Heney antagonized not only the "rapid transit interests" of San Francisco, but the "interest" behind all "interests" in the State of California

—the Southern Pacific Company, which has been the active corrupting force in California politics. He cut off from himself at one stroke the support of most of influential San Francisco; he drove into open alliance the criminals of the San Francisco water-front and the criminals of the Sacramento Lobbies; he made a string of enemies which ran higher and higher until it reached even to New York.

The crime of stealing means of production through corrupt legislatures and corrupt market manipulation is as great and heinous, doubtless, as the crime of stealing silver spoons from the safe of a wealthy burgher; but enlightened public conscience has not risen yet to appreciate the equality in offence. And because this is true, because highway robbery gives us horror and bribery only mild disapproval, I may best illustrate what Spreckels and Heney are facing by following one thread of the tangled web—the operations, criminal or verging on crime, of certain small powers which have been gathered under the great powers to fight justice.

Let me first arrange in order the people and the institutions which stand against Heney and Spreckels: At the bottom, Abe Ruef and



Francis J. Heney and William J. Burns

Heney was sitting in this position when shot. The bullet entered his cheek in front of his ear and passed right through his head, lodging finally in his left jaw

Eugene E. Schmitz, with their following of cheap, criminal politicians; above them, officials of the San Francisco Telephone Company and the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company; above these, officials of the United Railroads of San Francisco; beyond and above them all, too high, doubtless, for the law to reach, the Southern Pacific Railroad and its allied lines in general.

Detective Against Detective

This chain of circumstance begins when the United Railroads brought one Luther Brown to San Francisco as head of their detective bureau. Earl Rogers got him into the case first; Rogers is a lawyer of Los Angeles who was brought to San Francisco for the jury work of the United Railroads. He had defended Brown on a charge of attempted murder, and had secured his acquittal; therefore Brown owed him gratitude. Brown had been the lieutenant of Walter Parker, the Southern Pacific boss of Los Angeles County. By virtue of this position Brown was Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee in his district. He established the offices of the Sierra Power Company—a genuine corporation with a genuine power plant—in the same building with the detective agency of the prosecution. A smooth, suave man, this Brown, with a pair of keen eyes. From that time, the detective work in the graft cases was a duel between Brown and William J. Burns.

The Plot to Get Ruef Out of the Way

Ruef was then under arrest—the Court had appointed William J. Biggy elisor to guard him. Ruef needed exercise, he said; and he took a fancy for riding in a gasoline launch. Rain or shine, he and Biggy, usually with a deputy, went out on the Bay. Burns, watching the smooth boss for every sign of treachery, noted this and was puzzled by it until he tapped the first in this series of plots.

Brown had in his string of friends a certain man, owner of a small business in the foothills of the Sierra. This man had already

been of use to the defence. It was he who, in the great street railroad strike, an early episode of the fight against decency, did the secret service work of the company among the strikers. He led a gang which threw chains across the live trolley wires, short-circuiting them and causing trouble in the powerhouses. This was an excellent way of casting discredit on the strikers, and it would have been an excellent way of killing engineers and electricians had not the power houses, in some mysterious manner, always received warning in advance to prepare for short circuits.

Ruef was pretending to be penitent and to play straight with the prosecution. Just then his evidence was of tremendous importance. Schmitz, the mayor, had been convicted on the testimony of Ruef only ten days before—much to the surprise and grief of the latter, who thought he had colored his testimony enough to enable his old pal to escape.

All the defendants were greatly alarmed. And so they plotted with this friend of Brown's to kidnap Ruef "against his will" on one of these daily motor-boat trips, run him up the Sacramento River, transfer him into a wagon, and hide him at an isolated mining claim until the use for his evidence should have passed. They perfected the plot and farmed it out to an ex-Deputy Sheriff, a man of proved nerve.

The deputy heard them through, thought it over, concluded that all persons connected with the plot stood a good chance of going to the penitentiary and that it was his duty to expose it in the interest of justice. Pretending to accept the offer, he immediately reported the whole deal to Burns. Under instructions from Burns he proceeded to complete the arrangements.

But Ruef became suspicious. Burns thinks that it was a case of physical cowardice. His enthusiasm for launch riding as a mode of exercise waned immediately, and he took to walking in the Park instead. Simultaneously, the deputy was informed that the plot had been abandoned; he was paid off and discharged. Doubtless Brown's detectives had seen him communicating with Burns.



Luther Brown, head of the United Railroads Detective Bureau, under indictment



Ruef and his attorney Murphy who was tried and acquitted on a charge of bribing a juror

Lonerger's Escape

Next comes the point in the complexities of the case—too long to relate here are those complexities—when it was convenient, in the scheme of the defence, to discredit Supervisor Lonerger. For his testimony, in the case against Tiley L. Ford, once attorney general of the state and then general counsel for the United Railroads, was vital and useful.

Lonerger, in the beginning, was called the "comedy relief" of the graft situation; but he became a tragic figure enough before the defence was done with him. He was driver for a pie-bakery, and he was elected by political accident to that Board of Supervisors of whom it is said in San Francisco, "the night of their election every burglar alarm in town rang of its own initiative." Of all that board, he was most greedy for bribes, and he was the first Supervisor trapped and "brought through" by Burns. But he was also the one who developed most shame over his downfall, and he died in the end with a broken heart. A curious circumstance helped to bring about his death. Subpoenaed by Luther Brown to Los Angeles as a witness in the Older "libel" suit, he drank with a chance acquaintance—and became violently sick. He never fully recovered from that sickness; Mrs. Lonerger believes that it brought on the heart trouble which killed him. A rough though shrewd man, with great flaws of character, he nevertheless had a conscience,

and after he "came through" he played fair with the prosecution.

Now years before his elevation, Lonerger had been accused of a serious offence against a woman. The charge was dismissed, however, and the newspapers had published nothing about it. But the *Examiner*, the Hearst paper which is fighting the prosecution, had the story locked away unpublished in its cabinet of silence. A few days before that first Ford trial in which Lonerger's testimony was so important, Heney called Lonerger in for a final talk.

"Lonerger," he said, "it is a common thing for the defence in a trial like this to interview a witness and trap him into making statements contrary to his testimony. Has anyone talked to you about this case?"

Lonerger flushed and said:

"Yes sir. A magazine writer named Dorland. He said he was writing something about the case. He has had me to dinner, and he and his wife have taken me and my wife automobile riding. He made out some kind of a statement for me to sign, something that would make me look better before the people than what I look now."

"Lonerger," said Heney, "I know Dorland. He is a detective for the United Railroads. The woman isn't his wife; she is a milliner whom he met on the train coming from Chicago."

"Well," said Lonerger, "I suspected he was not a magazine writer, because I noticed that his grammar wasn't much better than mine."

"You are to notify me at once," said Heney, "if Dorland comes after you again." So it rested, without further news from that quarter, until the jury was completed. Taking testimony was to begin next day.

That night, Lonerger telephoned to Burns that Dorland, with two women, was waiting at the corner of his house to take him out automobile riding. What was he to do about it?

"Don't leave your house for fifteen minutes," answered Burns, "then go out and tell him that Mrs. Lonerger objects to your going—take her out with you. And on no account get into that automobile."

Burns and two of his men jumped into their own automobile, went to a place near Lonerger's house, concealed themselves in a doorway, and watched the proceedings. They saw Lonerger and Mrs. Lonerger hold a parley with Dorland and the two women and return to their house. The Dorland party—Burns and his men following—rode to Uncle Tom's Cabin, a resort near Golden Gate Park, and staid there half an hour. When they came out, they had with them one J. C. Brown—keep

his name separate from that of Luther Brown, the distinction will be important later—a United Railroads detective who had part in the attempt to kidnap Ruef. Dorland and the milliner whom he was passing off as his wife went one way; J. C. Brown and the strange woman—it turned out that she was a stenographer brought from Los Angeles for this special bit of service—went another. But both parties finished the evening in resorts much lower than Uncle Tom's Cabin. Through the rest of that night, Burns's detectives followed them.

J. C. Brown afterwards deserted the United Railroads secret service, and the prosecution learned exactly what the events of that night meant. The stenographer was to make it appear that Lonergan had attacked her criminally; next morning, the *Examiner* was to spring that story, together with the story of his old offence, so making it appear that the vital witness of the prosecution was a monster. Had Lonergan got into the automobile, the plan must have succeeded.

The Abduction and Rescue of Fremont Older

The third plot, under the patronage of Luther Brown, grew out of that case. Burns reported the affair to Fremont Older, editor of the *Bulletin*. The reporter who wrote the story made one slip. He jumped to the conclusion that the United Railroads Brown in the case was, of course, Luther Brown. His account of J. C. Brown's adventures, after he left Uncle Tom's Cabin, was technically libelous when attributed to Luther Brown. This was in the fall of 1907.

It had long been the desire of the defence to get rid of Fremont Older—he is the militant journalist who opened fire on the Ruef government and who has led the fight, journalistically, ever since. There was in the city of Los Angeles a justice court district owing its existence to Luther Brown, who, with the aid of Walter Parker, had helped its creation through the legislature. In that tribunal Brown swore out a complaint charging Older with



Ruef while confined in Schmitz's house in custody of Elisor Biggy

criminal libel. With a justice's court warrant for the arrest of Older, he started for San Francisco.

Late the next afternoon, Older was sitting in Heney's office talking with Charles W. Cobb, Heney's law partner. It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Older were to give a dinner that night in the Café Francisco to some friends. Suddenly Older was called up on the telephone. The man at the other end, who refused to give his name, said that he had information of

interest to the *Bulletin*. "If you'll come down right away," said the voice, "I will meet you in the hotel at Van Ness Avenue and Ellis." Older repeated the conversation to Cobb. "It may be a job," he said. "If I am not back here in half an hour, you had better look me up." Actually—Burns has proved this since—that telephone message came from Luther Brown's office. The man at the other end of the telephone was a Tenderloin character, "Banjo-Eyed Kid."

As Older turned the corner of Geary Street into Van Ness Avenue, two automobiles drew



Patrick Calhoun, the great street railroad financier, leaving the courtroom



The Gallagher residence in East Oakland which was dynamited and Pete Claudianus, the man who was hired to do it

up beside him. From the foremost jumped two Los Angeles deputies, who presented a warrant for his arrest on the criminal libel charge. Issued in Los Angeles County, it was countersigned by Judge Carroll Cook of San Francisco.

Older had to accept service. But he remembered his legal rights. "Take me to Judge Cook then," he said. "I will give bail." The deputies, pretending to agree, took Older into their automobile, and started west. The other automobile led the way. It contained Luther Brown and Porter Ashe, an attorney employed by the United Railroads. Only an hour before these events, Ashe had rushed into court where the Ford case was in progress, and held a hurried whispered conference with Patrick Calhoun, the indicted president of the United Railroads.

When they had gone a few blocks, Older called forcible attention to the fact that they had passed Judge Cook's court. "Oh, we're taking you to his house," replied the deputies. Older did not know where Judge Cook lived; and he contented himself with that. Only when he saw that they had gone beyond the residence district and were entering Golden

Gate Park did he realize that this was an abduction. He jumped up and protested forcibly; the deputy who rode beside him thrust a revolver against his chest and ordered him to keep quiet.

The two automobiles turned into the Mission Road, which leads South from San Francisco, and ran at top speed to Redwood City, twenty-five miles south and a stopping station for the limited train to Los Angeles. There, they lay in a quiet country road and waited for the train. When it arrived, they hurried their man into a drawing-room compartment.

When Older failed to return within a half an hour, Cobb notified Heney and went up to the hotel on Van Ness Avenue. Older had not been there. Burns started out his detectives. Mr. and Mrs. Heney kept their appointment at the Café Francisco. They found Mrs. Older in a state of frightful anxiety. The dinner company tried to reassure her, while the detectives scoured the city for a trace of her husband.

The kidnapping of Older would have gone off according to program if Ashe, the blustering Railroads attorney whose specialty is investigating juries, had been able to refrain

The Dynamiting of Gallagher

James L. Gallagher, ex-supervisor, who has played fair with the prosecution and is a strong witness for them

from boasting. But after he and Luther Brown had Older and the deputies securely locked in the drawing-room, Ashe swaggered out into the body of the train and was overheard telling an acquaintance, with considerable gusto, of the job. A passenger who had overheard the boast dropped off at the next station and sent a telegram to the San Francisco *Call*.

At eleven o'clock that night the anxious party at the San Francisco café separated; and at midnight, Heney's office learned from Ernest S. Simpson, managing editor of the *Call*, where Older was. They worked the wires to Santa Barbara, half way down the coast to Los Angeles, got attorneys and judges out of bed and had them prepare *habeas corpus* papers. The police of Santa Barbara broke in the door of the compartment at seven o'clock next morning and rescued Older.

I have not the space here to tell in detail the charges and indictments which have grown out of this abduction. The two chauffeurs, whom Luther Brown had paid to get out of the way, were found and arrested. They lied at first; then they broke down and confessed. Luther Brown, they said, had given them stories to tell before the Grand Jury, had coached them in their false testimony. The "Banjo-Eyed Kid" had bargained with them to keep out of town for fifty dollars a day. Luther Brown, on the strength of this testimony, was indicted for subornation of perjury.

Then, rising toward that climax which came in the attempts on Heney's life, began the plots against ex-Supervisor James Gallagher.

Gallagher sat on the old, corrupt Board of Supervisors who "came through" for immunity and whose testimony is the backbone of the prosecution's case. He is a very important witness. For one thing, he was acting mayor in that period, just before the downfall, when Mayor Schmitz was in Europe. He has played fair with the prosecution—so fair that Heney, against the advice of his colleagues, has permitted him to make pleasure trips out of the state. Through a quirk of the strange purely criminal code which governs California, his permanent absence would have been mightily convenient for Ruef and the United Railroads. Only the testimony taken at a preliminary examination is valid in evidence at a Superior or Supreme Court trial. The men who stood in danger of Gallagher's testimony had been rushed, without preliminary examination, from indictment to trial. Should he be removed, his testimony, given before the Grand Jury and the Superior Courts, would have been valueless in new trials.

Already, Gallagher had escaped one hidden danger. Hardly was Luther Brown established in San Francisco before J. C. Brown came to Gallagher with an attractive offer—"attorney for the Sierra Power Company." Gallagher took the offer under advisement.

"What will I have to do?" he asked J. C. Brown, at their next meeting.

"Make a trip or two every year up to our plant, for one thing," said J. C. Brown. "And you may have to visit our new plant in Mexico."



Morris Haas, ex-convict and would-be juror who shot Heney and later killed himself

Gallagher sees a bug under a chip as quickly as the next man. He smiled and declined.

When, later, J. C. Brown went over to the prosecution, he spoke of this incident.

"If Gallagher had gone to Mexico, he'd never have come back," said Brown, laughing.

One of Ruef's political agents was a Greek, a dealer in the labor of his countrymen, named Pauduvaris. During the last year before the great downfall, he was on the salary list of the United Railroads, which also paid Ruef a salary. In a certain climax of the prosecution, Ruef and Tirey L. Ford, attorney for the United Railroads, were on trial in adjoining court rooms. The Ford court was packed with Greeks, whose business, it seemed, was to laugh and make a demonstration whenever Ford's attorney scored a point against the prosecution.

On the day when Gallagher gave his testimony in the Ford case, he stopped outside of the court room to talk with Heney. A former policeman named McCarthy was Heney's body guard at the time. Watching the crowd with a policeman's eye, McCarthy noticed a dirty, scrubby little Greek who kept his gaze fixed on Gallagher and Heney. This Greek was, in fact, Pete Claudianus, one of a pair of drunken and disreputable brothers in the string of Pauduvaris.

At that very time, Pete and his brother John were in process of laying dynamite for Gallagher. Pauduvaris had offered them a thousand dollars to "blow him to Hell."

On a Sunday night, Pete and John approached Gallagher's house through a vacant lot. Pete carried eighteen pounds of dynamite in a basket. A barking dog roused a neighbor, who challenged Pete. He dropped the dynamite in the tall grass, and John ran away.

Pete, seeing that the game was off for that

night, crawled back and rescued the dynamite. Then he made the fatal mistake of discharging his brother for cowardice.

He reported the next morning to Pauduvaris. The dealer in labor was very angry.

"My people are sore because nothing has been done," he said. "They're paying a lot

of money for this." That night, Pete, on the advice of Pauduvaris, tried to poison the dog, and failed.

When, the next morning—Tuesday—he reported another failure, Pauduvaris exploded.

"It got to be done by Wednesday night—understand!" he said.

Wednesday was a rainy evening. The dog was indoors. Pete watched the house until he saw Gallagher moving about in his bedroom, sneaked into the front vestibule, planted the dynamite, and lit the fuse with his cigar. He got sixteen blocks away before he heard the explosion.

Francis J. Heney, a man without much formal religion, holds, it is said, a belief that the Superior Power has been watching over the right in San Francisco, turning aside bullets and making plots vain. And certainly the Claudianus dynamite behaved as though be-

nevolently guided. Eight people were sitting in the family circle that night at the Gallagher house. The explosion blew out the whole front wall, left the staircase hanging without landing, and made a sixteen foot hole in the ceiling. Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher, roused but unharmed, crawled out of their bedroom on the second floor, and felt their way in the darkness down the staircase to the point where it broke short off. Gallagher dropped to the ruins of the hall, helped his wife down, and pushed through the wreckage, to find the rest of his household waiting for him outside—no one even scratched.

When Pete Claudianus applied for his money next day, he found Pauduvaris still angry.



Francis J. Heney leaving Lane Hospital with his face bandaged to protect his wounds

"You did a bad job," he said. "I'll give you only five hundred."

Pete Claudianus and Pauduvaris waited several weeks before they tried it again. Gallagher and his partner were building a row of houses in Oakland. Every Saturday afternoon Gallagher paid off his workmen in a small tool house. Under this house Claudianus laid his third blast and prepared to set it off on a Saturday afternoon, when it would have killed not only Gallagher but a score of disinterested workmen. That day it rained; and for the first time since he started the job, Gallagher paid off in his partner's office downtown.

Claudianus, spying out the land, found this; and he reported it to Pauduvaris. "Go ahead, anyhow," said Pauduvaris, "blow up the houses. It'll scare him, and it may break him." And so, on Sunday night, Pete Claudianus shifted his blast, set it off, and wrecked the uncompleted corner house.

The Capture of the Dynamiter

John Claudianus it was who betrayed the plotters—did it for money and, perhaps, for vengeance of being left out. Pete had gone to Reno, Nevada. The *Bulletin* offered a reward of \$1,000 for "information leading to the arrest." John applied for the reward. But he was so dark and mysterious, so hazy about details, that Older would have nothing to do with him. John followed this by writing a blackmailing letter to Pete in Reno. The letter was returned to John undelivered—and he lost it. A newsboy found it, and handed it over to the *Examiner*—the hostile Hearst newspaper. The *Examiner* sent for District Attorney Langdon and offered to get him the Gallagher dynamiter if he would keep the information from Burns. That night they arrested John Claudianus, and his "exclusive" confession appeared in the *Examiner* next morning. That night also, Pauduvaris disappeared. Probably he owes his present safety to that little "beat" of the *Examiner*.

Through a long, complicated series of clues the prosecution got Pete Claudianus at last. Detective McCarthy, of Burns's staff, caught his man—whom, police like, he had remembered perfectly through his fugitive glimpse outside the court room—at the General Delivery Window of the Chicago Postoffice. All through this chase the Burns men were hampered somewhat by the activity of the Hearst newspapers, which were trying to make the arrest themselves for their own glory and the confusion of the prosecution. On the way back, Pete

Claudianus confessed to Burns that Pauduvaris wanted him to kill not only Gallagher but Heney, Langdon, Burns and Spreckels. They had planned to "get" Heney, he said, by poisoning the milk at his house; but they had abandoned that for fear the milk might not get to Heney.

A week after the first attempt on Gallagher, Burns, who had been in Washington, returned to San Francisco to investigate the case. At the train gate four detectives met him—one a retired prizefighter. They belonged to a private agency of which the United Railroads was a client. For five weeks they followed him wherever he went—to church, to the theatre, to his office, to the doors of the District Attorney's office. They never missed a chance to insult Burns or to provoke a quarrel. Finally, Heney found a California statute which forbids anyone to hamper a police officer. He had Burns and his men created special officers, and arrested the four detectives next time they took the trail. An attorney in the pay of the United Railroads appeared for them in court.

The jury in the case of Pete Claudianus was out only six minutes; and he got imprisonment for life. Claudianus, through his attorney, waived time for sentence, steps for a new trial, appeal—everything. This is different from the ordinary action of a criminal facing life sentence. This has afforded grounds for much conjecture as to the expectation of the prisoner and his counsel concerning pardon or parole at some future day.

After this second attempt Heney insured Gallagher's life by putting him on the stand in a preliminary examination.

Why They "Wanted" Heney

All this time the prosecution had felt for a certainty that some one wanted Heney's life or absence and wanted it badly. Indeed the best conceived plan, verified with documents and perhaps the most interesting of all, is purposely reserved. This was the inner meaning of the revolver which Heney always carries, this the significance of the bodyguard at whom the opposition press has sneered so consistently, but whose necessity was proved last December, when the situation came to a climax in the Haas shooting.

That some one wanted Heney is a compliment to the man. There are other advocates as able, doubtless; others as pugnacious and brave; others as magnetic; others as devoted to the better cause of San Francisco. District Attorney Langdon is an able pleader and conscientious prosecutor, but Langdon him-

self has said that nowhere, were Heney gone, would the prosecution find in one man such a combination of ability, fighting force, personality and devotion. At times, when the consistent campaign of sophistry and newspaper misrepresentation has blinded the public of San Francisco to the truth and to the better interests of the city, it has seemed that a half dozen men were carrying the burden alone; but on Heney has rested the burden most of all. Notwithstanding the flash of public opinion which followed the affair of Haas, that bullet, had it gone a little higher and ended Heney then and there, would have ended also the hopes of the prosecution. Both sides know and have known for two years that the keystone is Heney.

The Story of Handy and Handy's Son

From the first, the opposition press made a great deal of that old affair in Arizona, when Heney killed his man. Lincoln Steffens has described it fully in this magazine; I will state it only briefly. Dr. Handy, local physician for the Southern Pacific Company in Tucson, was a violent and dangerous man. He had abused and deserted his wife, and she was suing him for divorce. Handy declared that he would kill any lawyer who took her case. Heney did take it. "I will shoot him with his own gun," said Handy. When the case was won, Handy, a man much larger than Heney, met the young attorney, backed him up against a wall, drew Heney's gun from its holster, and started to make good the threat. Heney, fighting desperately, managed to turn the revolver against Handy, and to shoot him dead. Heney, at his own request, went through a preliminary examination, and was discharged. Subsequently the grand jury, during Heney's absence in another county, heard the evidence of a dozen or more eyewitnesses and refused to indict.

Mrs. Handy died six months afterward, leaving five children. The eldest, a boy, was brought up by Dr. Handy's sister, a woman who had something of her brother's temper and persistence, and who has always denounced Heney as a murderer.

Twenty years later that oldest boy, a fine, upstanding young fellow with something of his father's mighty courage, was in San Francisco running an automobile for a city department. Ruef heard of him, sent for him, took him to luncheon and to his office.

"I want you to go down to Arizona and get that — Heney indicted for the murder of father," said Ruef. "I'll send you down

there. We will take care of you and prepare the way." As a matter of fact, Howard Haron, an assistant city and county attorney, who had been appointed to office through Ruef's influence, had already spent weeks in Arizona seeing what could be done to procure the indictment of Heney. Since no bail is given on a murder charge, this indictment would have put Heney out of the way for months. At this time the supervisors had not yet confessed, and Ruef was facing only the French Restaurant extortion charges.

Handy heard him through and asked for time to consider.

And the same day a voice over the telephone said to Heney: "I am the son of Dr. Handy, of Arizona, whom you may remember. I want to see you on particular business."

When, in the West, the son of a man whom you have killed sends word that he wants to see you, it is a time for shifting the gun. Heney did shift it; but he met Handy alone. And the young man, sitting down peaceably, told quite simply the story of his offer from Ruef.

"I thank you," said Heney when he had done. "But why do you tell this—to me?"

"Mr. Heney," replied Handy, "I was brought up to believe it was my duty to kill you—that I was no man unless I did. But after I grew up, I went down to Arizona. I talked with old friends of my father and old friends of yours, and finally I looked over the testimony at the preliminary examination. And I concluded not only that you were justified but that I owed you gratitude for what you did for my mother. I said then that if I ever saw a chance to help you out, I would do it. Here is where I make good. Shall I go down to Arizona and find what they are doing?"

Heney thanked him, but declined to accept such a sacrifice. Later, when an opposition newspaper got a statement out of the aunt calling Heney a murderer, young Handy gave a statement to the *Call*, in which he repeated what he had said to Heney. So that line failed.

"A Shot for a Now"

It is natural to expect angelic perfections in a reformer. When a man sets himself up to convict the guilty, the fact that he has human flaws becomes a terrible indictment against him in the popular mind. The forces of the defence, in their assault on public opinion, have not neglected this principle. Much friendship have they won by misrepresenting

everything said and done by Heney in reply to the abuse of the attorneys for the defence. As the plots grew to their climax, they who sit behind closed doors, directing these things, saw further uses for the combative spirit of Heney. In the first Ford trial, for example, the prosecution found the court room packed with United Railroads strike breakers, gun men all of them, armed with .45 calibre revolvers. It was the theory of the prosecution that these men were waiting until some one got Heney to resent with a blow some insult—the excuse to kill not only Heney but Spreckels and Langdon also. When, in one of the Ruef trials, Heney encountered a similar body of armed men, the prosecution brought into court its own guards. At the most tense moment of this situation, Heney walked across the room and spoke to Ruef.

"I know what you want," he said, "you want shooting. Let me tell you that my men have their instructions. When shooting opens, you are to get it first—you!"

Another illustration of the same point: Dave Nagle, who shot and killed Judge Terry in the eighties (he was acquitted on the plea of self defense) is a man with a quick and sensitive trigger finger. A minor action growing out of the larger situation was the charge of libel brought against Dargie, editor of the *Oakland Tribune*, by Rudolph Spreckels. The *Tribune* had been doing the work of the defence as stalwartly as the subsidized press of San Francisco; and Dargie himself held bitter enmity against Heney. Testimony was taken in Alameda County; it was necessary for Spreckels's attorney to attend. And some one on the side of Ruef and the powers, believing that Heney would be that attorney, called in Nagle and talked with him. "You go into court there," he said, "and call Heney a liar to his face. That ought to make him draw his gun. If it doesn't, slap his face. That will surely fetch him. Then fix him. We'll get you off, because we own the government over in Alameda County." Nagle refused to have anything to do with the commission. As it happened, Heney did not place himself in danger, for Charles S. Wheeler represented Spreckels in this suit.

The True Story of Morris Haas

Then Morris Haas, ex-convict, assassin and suicide, slipped quietly into the affair.

The "Parkside" bribery case against Abe Ruef was on the docket. The evidence of the prosecution, known to both sides in advance, was very clear—an unbroken chain. Ruef's

hope lay in a prejudiced jury. The fight then centered about the "box" of 200 men, from which, according to California practice, the jurors were selected. Haas was in that box. He owned a little saloon and "family liquor store" in the residence district. He returned satisfactory answers to all questions; he appeared neither over eager nor over reluctant to serve. So he took his place among the provisional jurors—"As harmless looking a little Hebrew as you'll find," says Heney, "until you caught his eye." Although Heney marked him for further questioning, he noticed Haas only casually.

He was hardly seated in the box, when Burns discovered that one Anixter, a juror who was under examination and who had passed provisionally, had served a term in the House of Correction. He was a milk dealer; and had been in trouble for watering milk. Ruef had been his friend and protector. The defence, fighting desperately to keep Anixter on the jury, contended that a term in the House of Correction did not disqualify a juror. Heney remembers now that Haas listened to the argument with great interest. The court decided against Anixter.

The day after Anixter retired, a Jewish tailor named Cohn telephoned to Heney:

"You have another ex-convict on the Ruef jury; come up and see me about it."

A Burns detective saw Cohn and learned all about the past of Haas. He had been in the San Quentin penitentiary for embezzlement. He had long been intimate with Cohn's wife. Cohn had heard him say to her:

"I am going on the jury to get Ruef off and make money and pay my debts." So intimate had this couple become that they talked as they pleased before Cohn; he was afraid of both of them. It appeared, also, that Haas had been drinking heavily and was in trouble with his creditors.

The name "Cohn," repeated to Heney, rang a bell in his memory. It sprang into his mind that Henry Achs, Ruef's counsel, had kept calling Haas "Cohn" during the examination of jurors.

The Burns detectives found in the Rogues' Gallery a photograph of Haas in his prison clothes. They brought it to Heney in Court; Heney slipped it into his inside pocket, and asked permission to put some questions to Haas. Among the Ruef counsel sat one Murphy. As Heney walked toward Haas, Murphy watched the movement narrowly.

Heney thrust his hand into the inside pocket of his coat and stepped toward the jury box.

The motion brought two men to their feet

simultaneously—Haas and Murphy. The latter sprang toward Heney.

"Hold on, don't do that, Mr. Heney!" he cried.

Heney turned on him: "Don't do what?"

"Don't do anything," answered Murphy weakly.

Heney wheeled toward Haas, his hand still in that pocket. Haas jumped to the rail.

"I want to get off the jury!" he said.

"I'm going to help you get off!" said Heney. And he held Haas until he had exposed his record—conviction of embezzlement, his change of name from Henley to Haas, his final pardon—everything. Mr. Achs of Ruef counsel, who had been calling him "Cohn," expressed deep regret that he had not known this before. Seven months later—the day after the tragedy—one Joe Brochman told a *Call* reporter that he had known Haas's record for years, and had told one of Ruef's lawyers about it before Haas was passed as a juror. "And Haas said to me after they copped him," continued Brochman, "'those attorneys knocked me out of four thousand dollars and I'm going to kill one of them!'"

Sentimentalists outside of San Francisco, forming their judgment on condensed newspaper reports, have said that Heney was too hard on this man Haas; that Heney might have got him off the jury without exposing an early slip which Haas was trying to live down. The answer lies not only in the actions of Haas and Murphy in Court, but in the circumstances surrounding that trial. The jury disagreed, six to six. Before the taking of testimony had even begun, one of the jurors, who had sworn that he had no feeling for or against any person connected with the prosecution, nudged a fellow juror as they sat in the box, and said: "Just listen to that ——— Heney!"—the insult which meant shooting in the old West. Two other jurors spoke that phrase of Heney in the course of the trial; and when the jury retired, two of these men sat apart and refused to consider any proposition but the utter acquittal of Ruef. Among the other jurors were three contractors, all of whom voted for conviction. None of them had ever done any business with the United Railroads. Yet, while the trial was on, the United Railroads invited them by letter to bid on certain contracts. They did bid, with the court's permission. All received the awards—the largest amounted to \$55,000.

For seven months, then, this little dark Haas, "harmless until you caught his eye," dropped out of the case. No one in the prosecution so much as thought of him until the time of the

next Ruef trial. Here, too, came a long fight over jurors. Four men have been indicted for attempting to "fix" jurors in that case. The climax was the struggle to disqualify a restaurant keeper named Cross, and it brought out a case of small heroism, which I must stop to record. A waiter in a restaurant had heard Cross admit that he had old political and business relations with Ruef. The waiter came to Burns and told him the story.

"I have a good job where I am working," he said, "regular customers and high tips. I'd lose it if they knew I'd told, and I'd never get another as good. Besides the Ruef crowd are a pretty tough lot. I live away out and go home every night very late; but I'll go on the stand if I have to." They had to put him on the stand, but he did not lose his job.

The day when Cross left the jury-box, a change seemed to come over the spirit of the defence. The counsel for Ruef sat back and made small objection to the remaining jurors. The prosecutors marked an altered demeanor in Ruef. His face showed nervousness. From calm and smiling, he became pale and distracted. And at that very time Haas began to appear in the court-room. Foley, Heney's body guard, noted him; and whenever Heney passed this little dark man, Foley got between them, ready for trouble. Had the detectives of the prosecution watched Haas then, as they were watching others, they would have found—so they know now—that persons not unconnected with the Ruef gang used to hang about his saloon.

Ten days of this, and then the final day when Foley dropped his vigilance. Judge Lawlor called the regular recess late that afternoon and asked counsel on both sides to go into his office that they might confer over the question of putting Ruef in custody. The conference was short and inconclusive. Heney returned to the court room. Abe Ruef himself was the only other person connected with the case who had yet arrived.

Heney sat at his table running over his papers. He happened to glance up; and he noticed how pale and nervous Ruef looked. An attaché of the District Attorney's office stepped up with a report; Heney received it with a smile. He was dimly aware that Ruef had risen and was walking toward the door. Foley, off his guard for an instant, turned to speak to a friend.

And immediately it seemed to Heney that the walls were falling in. There followed a moment of indrawn faintness like the first effect of laughing gas—the sensation of being engulfed. As he came back from the verge of unconsciousness, he felt dimly that some one

had smashed in the side of his face with a hammer. He was on his feet now.

"Who hit me?" he asked.

"Why, you're shot!" said some one.

"Who shot me?" "Haas! Haas!" from all sides. Over in the corner Foley and the court officers were wrenching a revolver from a little, struggling man.

"Where is Ruef?" gasped Heney.

Two physicians came. He was shot through the cheek and was bleeding from the mouth. "You cannot possibly live," said one of them. "If some one had sense enough to stop that bleeding, I think I might," said Heney. The physician found the artery, stopped the bleeding with his finger; and Heney calmly set about making his dying statement.

A man in Judge Lawlor's chambers heard the shot. Uncertain of its location, he looked out of the front window. The crowd was running into the court-room to see what was the matter—all but two. Ruef and his counsel stood in close conference on the sidewalk.

That night, while a silent, grim crowd was pushing up the hill the ambulance in which Heney lay with his head in the lap of his wife, while young citizens with Vigilante blood in them were plotting to revive in San Francisco the justice of '51, while a mob howled and surged before the *Examiner* building, a half dozen men skilled in searching criminals went through Haas to make sure that he had concealed nothing of value to the prosecution. They took him to a cell in the County Jail, where Ruef had lived for several months. The police force, in the days of Ruef rule, was a solid army of municipal corruption; many men of the old force still worked at that jail. Burns went down to talk to this murderer. The jailers refused to let him in, until Burns summoned District Attorney Langdon. Burns used at once the oldest bluff in the third degree. "They have peached," he said to Haas. "The people you talked to about your intentions of shooting Heney." "I talked to only one person," said Haas, "And *she* wouldn't peach on me." Afterwards he added, "But many people told me I ought to kill Heney."

That was on Saturday afternoon. Saturday night at nine o'clock, the jailers reported that Haas had shot himself in his cell. They had found him in bed, they said, with a bullet hole in the center of his forehead. A single barreled derringer, freshly discharged, lay on the blankets beside him. His forehead was not powder-burned, indicating that he had been shot from a distance beyond the range of his

own arm, or that the muzzle had been pressed tight to the skin. Burns and Langdon rushed to the jail and interviewed Captain Kelly, in command. Kelly reported that Haas must have concealed that derringer in his shoe. There was an abrasion of his right ankle, he said, and a corresponding "bulge" in the upper of the shoe. Burns did not see the body; but the inquest proved that, at the time when Captain Kelly spoke, Haas's shoes and stockings had not been removed!

However deep and twisted the plot back of the Haas affair may be, these facts are the only ones which have come to the top.

The surgeons found that Haas's bullet, like the dynamite under the Gallagher house, had behaved as though guided by a mysterious benevolence. It had entered the right cheek, and passed clear through the head, missing the brain, the main arteries, the larger bones. Heney has a trick of listening and smiling with his mouth open; and he was listening and smiling at the moment when Haas fired. So, when the bullet went through the right side of his face it did not break the jaw-bone. Never in his life had he been in better condition to face a physical crisis. Three months before, realizing the strain that was coming in the big trials, he had taken to regular hours and systematic exercise. He was firm, lean, pure of blood and normal of nerve when they put him on the operating table. And seven weeks later, he was addressing an audience in Philadelphia—talking with all his old power and fire. It is not wonderful, then, that Heney, living in the midst of these plots and alarms, has fitted this escape with the remarkable escapes which preceded it, and believes that the Unseen Forces are guarding the right.

A reversion—all this—toward barbarism? Yes, but not a single reversion—not alone in our history of the last decade. No more barbarous than the disgraces, the murders, the corruptions, which lay along the route of Clark and Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Company through Montana. No worse than the secret work of the Western Federation of Miners, nor the secret work in those associations of mine-owners who made the Western Federation what it was. Wherever greed sets itself above law, such things happen—the little crimes which we as a people can fully comprehend pointing the moral of the greater crimes which we as a people can only dimly comprehend, so confused are we by the complexities of our new-made civilization.

Looking for a Job

By Charles W. Wood

The writer of this essay is not an anarchist and not a crank. He is just what he pretends to be, an honest though not very capable working-man to whom a steady job at two dollars a day would seem like a gold mine. He has tried his best for the past six months to find one and if there is anything in this discussion which grates upon the reader's sensibilities as rather harsh irony, let him try to imagine his own feelings if he were in the writer's place. — THE EDITOR.

MY only excuse for tackling "The Unemployed, the Great Social Problem" is that I'm *in*. I am, therefore, one of the most interesting problems in the United States. All agree that the workingman who sticks to his job isn't a problem. There is no horse problem in the United States and no employed problem. If my horse is willing to pull me and I am willing to ride, what business is that of yours? And if one class of people are willing to do all the dirty work for another class who are willing to let them do it, the arrangement should be and is perfectly satisfactory. Socialists and amiable buttinskies may cry that such a system is unjust, but their cries are deservedly ignored. But when several million of us are looking for a job, the plot begins to thicken and there surely is a problem to unravel.

Let me confess, by way of explanation, that I am not looking for a job because of any inherent love of toil. I have been told that I don't want to work, and the criticism is measurably just. I have shovelled coal when I didn't just hanker after the exercise and I have carried brick when all my æsthetic instincts rebelled against such a pastime. Wherefore should I seek such grief again? Primarily because the climate is cold and my stomach is a discontented thing that won't stay fed. There may be other ways of obtaining food and shelter besides working for them but they are ways that I do not understand. Hence, I am "looking for a job."

I am not DEMANDING work. I have read too much about what has happened in the big cities when groups of the unemployed have demanded work. I had a theory once that a man possesses the *right to work*, but that theory has been exploded by the revolver, the big stick and other crushing arguments in the hands of our municipal police. To be sure

we cannot live long without a job but there is no law against starving to death and there is no reason, from the policeman's standpoint, why we shouldn't. I remember declaiming when I was a little boy about the "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" and, of course, I was duly thrilled. But after begging for a job for the last six months, that thrill has not been much in evidence. It is a confession of sordidness, I admit, but I can't get enthusiastic over a country that tells me I have a right to live and refuses me the right to earn a living.

But this isn't the problem. This country isn't afraid of me. If I starve to death, I shall not be seriously missed and Uncle Sam can go about his usual business. The problem arises when it is once suspected that I *may not starve*. There are millions of us looking for work because that is the only way it has ever occurred to us to pay expenses. Perhaps we may hit upon some other way—and there lies the problem. I am quite comfortable and amiable to-day and I wouldn't commit a crime for any money. But how about next week? I may be desperately hungry then: and I'm sure I wouldn't beg my dinner directly.

I am told that I am to blame for my condition: yes, I am. It is my fault that I am out of a job and I am willing that you should blame me to your heart's content. If I had spent my whole life fitting myself to be an expert sand-shoveller (instead of wasting my energies reading books and magazines) doubtless I should now be shovelling sand. But that does not alter the problem. The problem is that there are millions of us willing and anxious to work, even begging for jobs: and the jobs are not. I grant that we are a lot of culls and misfits, that we don't know how to save our money and that we are recklessly improvident when we get hold of a dollar, but that is all beside the point. The point is that "looking for a job" is one way of *fighting for life*, and if we get discouraged

and try some other way, it bodes danger for the rest of you.

Of course, this involves a very trying personal problem for each of us. We shall solve them in various ways. Some of us will roll over meekly and die without a struggle. Some of us will get nervous ahead of time and put a bullet through our brains, and some of us will succeed in bumming enough booze to make our passage fairly easy. Any of these solutions will be eminently satisfactory to society at large: but, unfortunately, some of us will do nothing of the sort. Instead, we are apt to do wild, unheard-of things. We are apt to meet men on the street who have money in their pockets, and we might leave them there for the police to find. We might even visit the haunts of the rich, those good, amiable, kindly millionaires who are no more responsible than we for the way our stomachs cry for food: and we might do horrible things. In fact, there is no telling what we might do. Our President was asked during his campaign, "What is a starving workingman who can't find a job going to do?" And he wisely answered, "God knows." You surely don't know, we don't know ourselves and the Omniscient won't tell. It is a problem over which you have a right to worry.

Now for the solution. It is evident that society must do something to ward off the possible and even probable results of keeping too many of us out of work. To the superficial thinker the simplest method would seem to be to shoot, hang or electrocute the unemployed. This would never do. Not only would it involve a tremendous expense but it would practically ruin business throughout the nation: for, nondescripts though we be, we are, nevertheless, almost indispensable to society.

Imprisonment is hardly less objectionable. It is being tried to-day in a number of states but the results are not encouraging. I have several friends in New York State who have been convicted of looking for a job (vagrancy, I believe, is the legal term) and the result of their incarceration, while it has been fairly satisfactory to the incarcerated, has been anything but satisfactory to the public. When a man has been locked out all his life, he rather enjoys being locked in; and the sweet security of the jail eventually becomes more attractive than the rigorous hardships of a job.

Understand I do not question the right of society to kill or imprison us. I merely point out the uselessness of such a course. The state owes protection to its citizens but no one but a fool would accuse us of citizenship. We may have votes but we don't know what they mean,

and not having the right to work, it follows that we haven't even the right to live. Crazy sentimentalists persist in saying that the man who wants clothes and is willing to make them should be allowed the opportunity, that he who wants food and is willing to raise it should have access to the land and that even he who wants luxuries and is willing to manufacture them should have access to the machinery. But these fools ignore the fundamental rights of property. We know it is far better that a few million of us should starve along looking for a job than that any citizen's rights should be impaired. Granting us the right to create wealth would be the next thing to giving us the wealth which we create, and we workingmen, employed and unemployed, are opposed to that. Unless one set of people does the manufacturing and an entirely different set the possessing, none of us could become millionaires and, deprived of that expectation, what would our lives amount to? Though we are not citizens now, we all hope to enjoy full citizenship sometime; and surely this would be a sorry honor if we could not see, by way of contrast, our half-starved subjects looking for a job. It stands to reason that any insane theory which proposes equal opportunities for all will not solve the problem of the jobless. President Eliot of Harvard has also demonstrated that socialism is incompatible with human nature, although his demonstration was neither so thorough nor so simple as my own.

To my mind there is only one solution to the problem and that solution is the religious one. In some way the Church must get hold of the workingman. He must be thoroughly impregnated with a spirit of non-resistance; a religious fear must be instilled into his mind that unthinkable penalties await him hereafter if he presumes to complain of his providential position; and above all, a hope must be extended that, if he meekly suffers everything in this world, he will be rewarded richly in the next. For years society has been carelessly drifting away from the old gospel; and if it does not return, society will inevitably pay the penalty. Let those who have been blessed with a large share of worldly goods remember this and give freely of their substance to spread the gospel of patience and forbearance, of contentment with the position in which Providence has placed them and of meek subjection to all the powers that be. Do this and great will be your reward. I speak from experience, for I am an unbeliever and I have already confessed that I may not decide to strive, while, if I still had the faith which I lost twenty years ago, I am sure that I would die submissively.

Juggling with the Tariff

A Sidelight on the Most Lively Question Now Before Congress

By

Ida M. Tarbell

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WHO makes a Tariff Bill? The question is pertinent in view of what is now going on in Washington. Busy and trustful citizens impressed by the bustle and clatter of long-continued hearings and debates and awed by the seeming authority and painstaking of the thousands of pages of reports issued, naturally conclude that it is Congress. Any member of that body asked the question would scout the very asking of it. Who, indeed, if not Congress? There is a body of citizens in the country, however, who think differently. They are those in whose interests the bill is principally made.

"I wrote the bill of 1870," the late Joseph Wharton, iron master, steel master and nickel king, once told the writer proudly. "Three men will make the next tariff bill, not one of them a member of Congress," Mr. Havemeyer told David A. Wells in 1894. He was right. That bill, like all its predecessors for nearly forty years, was made in practice by the representatives of wool and woolen, of iron and steel and sugar. And in spite of all the signs to the contrary, it is probable they will control the bill of 1909. We may say to ourselves this is impossible. This time the "voice of the people" is too clear, this time the game is too apparent. But the game is no more clear and "the voice of the people" no louder than in 1870—in 1882-'3—in 1886-'7—in 1892-'3. Just so long as the committees making tariff bills look to the manufacturers who profit by duties as the chief source of their information, just so long those manufacturers will practically frame the bill. They will frame it also—as they have always done—without respect for the protective principle itself. No one can study the drift of public opinion in each of the great agitations of the tariff question in the last fifty years without realizing that at least nine-

tenths of the people have stood only for such duties as would produce needed revenue and would give industries which were trying to prove their ability to exist in the United States, protection through a limited period. But when it came to the point the people have never had such duties, and on most articles they are farther from getting them to-day than they were at the close of the Civil War.

The Bewildering Wool Schedule

Take woolen garments, for instance, cheap American, ready-made clothing, dress goods, blankets. Fifty years ago the cheaper grades of wool came in free and there was a uniform 24 per cent. duty on all kinds of manufactured goods. But to-day wool bears a duty of 11 cents a pound, while wools and worsteds, blankets and clothing bear duties graded down from 134.97 per cent. on the cheap worsted the poor man buys to 94.32 per cent. on the superior article of the rich man. Woolen blankets bear a duty of 165.42 per cent. on those of the poor, 71.3 per cent. on those of the rich. There is the same startling advance in the amount of the tax, and the same wicked discrimination between rich and poor all through the long and complicated schedule which has taken the place of the simple and straightforward duties of fifty years ago. An ocular demonstration of the change in the character, the amount, and the intelligibility of wool duties, may be had by comparing the wool schedule of fifty years ago and that of to-day as printed in the official collection of United States tariff bills. Fifty years ago wool was disposed of in perhaps fifty words, which anybody could understand, to-day it takes some three thousand, and as for intelligibility, nobody but an expert versed in the different grades of wools, of yarns, and of

woolen articles could tell what the duty really is.

Read the following paragraph of the wool schedule and see if you can tell what tax we pay on our blankets and winter flannels:

On blankets and flannels for underwear, composed wholly or in part of wool, valued at not more than forty cents per pound, the duty per pound shall be the same as the duty imposed by this act on two pounds of unwashed wool of the first class, and in addition thereto thirty per cent. ad valorem; valued at more than forty cents and not more than fifty cents per pound, the duty per pound shall be three times the duty imposed by this act on one pound of unwashed wool of the first class, and in addition thereto thirty-five per cent. ad valorem, etc.

The whole schedule is as intricate, every item depends on some other item, and that in turn on something else. It takes a band of trained experts to interpret and apply the schedules and with all their skill, disputes over their decisions are endless. Our custom houses are haunted by lawyers ready to aid importers in contesting duties imposed. Long and tiresome suits are constantly engaging the courts. That is, we have built up a system of taxing articles of daily need which is so perplexing that it cannot be applied without a museum of samples and a force of experts aided by microscopes and without frequent appeals to higher tribunals than the regular custom house officials.

A Pyramidal Duty

Of course such a jungle of involved provisions as the wool schedule offers is the best of hiding-places for frauds. The recent tariff hearings unearthed one which is a fair sample of what honeycombs our tariff bills—the duty on wool tops as wool in its first stage after the raw wool is called. Wool tops is the raw material of the spinners of yarn, just as wool is raw material of the man who makes wool tops. The yarn in its turn becomes the raw material of the weaver of the cloth. Put a duty on cloth and the spinner of the yarn naturally demands that he, too, be protected, else the cloth maker will buy his yarn where it is cheapest, and that might not be at home—so he gets *his* protection. But if cloth and yarn are protected the wool tops man is aggrieved if he, too, is not taken care of—indeed, it is unfair not to protect him, for the spinner will not buy domestic tops if he can buy foreign tops cheaper. Protect him and the wool grower calls for like help. But each time you put a duty on a raw material the duty on the product above must be boosted

to compensate—that is, the top-maker must have enough to pay the wool duty, the spinner must have enough to cover the wool and the top duties, as well as his own product, the cloth must have enough to cover wool tops and yarn, besides what he claims on cloth. These duties must, of course, be exactly adjusted, for give one more than another and naturally you enable him to make more than his share of profits.

But the difficulty of telling just what is equivalent is great. Nobody but an expert can do it. If Congress was made up of disinterested experts or if it depended upon such for information the adjustment could be reached, but Congress consults the wool-grower, the top-maker, the spinner and the weaver, and these gentlemen, being particularly human, each asks for an amount which will give him the advantage in the business—and he who is cleverest gets it, as the present duty on tops shows. That duty came about in this way:

A Little Transaction in Tops

When the Dingley bill was under consideration, the most trusted and active clerk of the Senate committee of Finance was the present director of the census, Mr. S. N. D. North. Clerks of Congressional committees are popularly supposed to be confidential servants of the body paid by the government. But curiously enough Mr. North was not in the employ of the government. He was, and had been for several years, the paid secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers. He had been *lent* to the Senate Committee by his employers at the request of Senator Aldrich, who had learned how able and active Mr. North was on tariff matters during the making of the Wilson bill. Indeed, at that time Mr. North, although the paid representative of the woolen industry, occupied a desk in Senator Aldrich's committee room and served him in his efforts to rescue the schedules from the Democratic onslaught.

After the framing of the Dingley bill was fairly under way there seems to have been some senatorial uneasiness about the propriety of Mr. North's close relations with the committee, and he was warned that he must regard his position as confidential. Evidently this in turn worried Mr. North, for he wrote to the president of the association, Mr. William Whitman, of Boston (Mr. Whitman is also the head of the great Arlington Mills), that thereafter he would be unable to keep him posted as he would like to do.

This letter greatly disturbed Mr. Whitman. "I had supposed," he wrote back, "that you would be at liberty to communicate freely with your associates. It seems to me only reasonable that you should have this right." But if Mr. North could not "communicate," Mr. Whitman seems to have taken it for granted that he could look after the particular part of the schedule he was interested in, and that was "tops."* His letters to Mr. North were filled with reminders of what was expected. "Our special representative must see to it that our interest receives proper attention." "Bear in mind that I am depending upon you wholly to look after my interests in connection with the tariff bill." "I depend on you. Of course Messrs. Aldrich and Dingley will do all they can, but I depend upon you letting them know what I need. I depend upon you. *Dress goods, yarns and tops.*"

A Friend at Court

Mr. Whitman's reliance on Mr. North was not misplaced. He reassures his employer that he has an "understanding" with Mr. Aldrich "on the worsted yarn schedule," and later he writes jubilantly: "It is lucky I was here and just in the position I am. It has given me a whole day to work on the matter and get it right, and with Aldrich away there is no one on that committee who knows anything about it. But Allison and Platt trust me, and I expect they will both agree to what I have asked. I went all over the matter with them last evening."

The nature of Mr. North's understanding with Mr. Aldrich the published correspondence does not reveal. That it concerned tops, however, seems probable. And what did the Dingley bill do for tops? It fixed a rate on them so blindly stated that nobody but the expert in wools could understand it, but which in practice gave them higher protection than the product next above them—yarn. Tops, it is claimed, bears a prohibitive duty under the Dingley tariff law, while the yarn duty admits of competition. Now see what this does for the American top-maker, who, like Mr. Whitman, has also spinning plants. It enables him to hold the price of tops so high that the small spinner whose yarns are still subject to foreign competition frequently cannot afford to buy them and must shut down. It is a variation of a trick common to our trust-maker, this securing full or partial con-

trol of the price of a raw product in an industry, and holding it so high that the small concern has no chance except at periods when the finished product is held at abnormally high prices.

It is impossible to say from the published correspondence that Mr. North's understanding with Mr. Aldrich was that tops should have this advantage. It is impossible to say that Mr. North duped Messrs. Aldrich, Allison and Platt. All we know is the correspondence and the result. We also have the fact that Mr. North's work for the committee was highly satisfactory to Mr. Whitman and his associates, for when he went back to his desk in Boston with them they presented him, in addition to his salary, a gift of \$5,000, which Mr. North says, in explaining the above correspondence, was "in recognition of the arduous and responsible work" he had "performed for the committee."

Wool as a Permanent Dependent

It surprises no one, however, at all familiar with the campaign for protection, which wool growers and woolen manufacturers have carried on for years, to find this top duty in the wool schedule. For fifty years and more wool duties have been openly traded in, the woolen manufacturers holding up the wool growers, the wool growers organizing and fighting their opponents, the agreements between them a sort of armed neutrality, where it was well understood one would get the advantage of the other if he could. Between wool and iron and steel there has always existed an understanding that petitioners for government favors should not be supported if they did not support the duties those interests asked. In the '40's and '50's it was at the cost of voting for duties in which they did not believe that Western congressmen were able to put through the land grants their constituents were after. It was in return for a protectionist plank in the Republican platform that Pennsylvania, in 1860, supported the anti-slavery platform. This log-rolling has never ceased.

The industry has a record for lobbying which equals if not surpasses that of any other interest in the country. John L. Hayes, the head of the Woolen Association from 1866 to his death was one of the most finished products of his kind Washington has ever seen. It was under his direction that the Congress of the United States was held up in 1867 until it passed a special wool bill, giving the industry higher duties than those war itself had called

* At the time of this correspondence Mr. Whitman was building the largest or one of the largest top mills in the United States.

into being.* So powerful was wool fifteen years later, in 1882, when President Arthur appointed the Tariff Commission of that year that he gave the industry two representatives though the commission numbered but nine.† For organization, for brazen selfishness, for open trading, no organized industry, excepting iron and steel, has surpassed wool, and wool really taught iron and steel what could be done. Its activities have always made it the despair of decent and fair members of Congress. "Their evils somehow never disappear," groaned good Mr. Morrill in '66, when they were driving him frantic with their demands for more duty. Garfield declared that he had never known one of them not actuated by greed and selfishness—and he came from Ohio! Their whole record indeed justifies John Randolph's spiteful remark that he so hated woolen manufacturers that he *would walk a mile to kick a sheep!* With such a record, what is there surprising in the duty on tops?

Is Importation a Misdemeanor?

Not only are the schedules hiding-places for tricks, they are frequently so blind that they lend themselves to endless juggling by appraisers. The work of Wilbur F. Wakeman, while appraiser at the port of New York, is a familiar illustration. For many years Mr. Wakeman has been known to the public as the paid secretary of the American Protective Tariff League, an organization which may fairly be said to regard protection as the cause of prosperity and importation as a curse.

In 1897 Mr. McKinley appointed Mr. Wakeman appraiser at the port of New York. He seems to have taken this appointment as permission to carry out literally the professed object of the League "to limit the importation of the products of foreign labor." He did not attempt to do this by administering the law strictly and literally as he would have been justified in doing but juggled and twisted it in such a way as to cause the greatest possible annoyance and loss to importers. Under his administration the Civil Service law was disregarded until the port was burdened with inexperienced and incompetent men in positions requiring expert knowledge. Consignments were delayed until the Appraiser's Stores were hopelessly blockaded. The crowning act of the Wakeman administration was taking certain cotton

goods—Swisses, jaconets—etc., from the paragraphs of the cotton schedule under which they had been coming in for some years and placing them under another paragraph where the duty would be materially higher. Of course the domestic manufacturers supported the ruling, and a fine struggle between the two interests followed. Finally the Merchants Association of New York suggested that the importers and domestic manufacturers meet and try to arrange a compromise. This entirely extra official meeting of the interested parties was held, and in the course of the debate Mr. H. F. Lippitt, a cotton manufacturer of Rhode Island, said in substance: "When Congress adopted that paragraph it meant to put on these goods the duty which has been enforced until now. I know this to be so, for *I wrote the paragraph* but that does not matter. The appraiser has ruled otherwise, and *I stand by the appraiser.*"

A Vicious Tariff Bill

The result of the revolt against Mr. Wakeman was his removal by the secretary of the Treasury on his refusal to resign. Although still acting as secretary of the American Protective Tariff League Mr. Wakeman only recently announced his willingness to accept a reappointment as appraiser of the port of New York.

These are but trivial illustrations of the juggling of duties. Scores of similar tricks have found lodgment in successive tariff bills. Twenty-five years ago we had frank public exhibitions of an entire tariff bill made in the same way. At that time the demand for a revision of the tariff was as general and more emphatic than it is to-day. The Republican party pledged itself to lower the duties, and President Arthur appointed a commission to examine the condition of protected industries and report. The commission was protectionist in sympathy. It had representatives of four highly organized rich and politically powerful industries on it—wool, woolen manufacturers, sugar and iron and steel. These industries, it is not too much to say, were able to swing the elections of New England, of Pennsylvania, Ohio and New Jersey. In spite of the preponderance of protectionist sympathy the commission was driven by facts to declare for a general 20 per cent. reduction. It looked at the opening of Congress as if this might be granted, but it was not, for no sooner was Congress at work on the bill than Washington became the center of one of the most amazing lobbies the country has ever

* THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for January, 1907. "The Tariff in Our Times."—An Outbreak of Protectionism.

† See THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for April, 1907. p. 653.

seen. All of the great industries opened headquarters in the town. Many of them employing leading lawyers to represent them, thus, Roscoe Conkling represented *mineral water!* The making and adopting of the schedules became a terrific scramble to get for constituents what each demanded.* Not that the majority of Congressmen surrendered willingly in 1883 their idea of following what the country plainly desired—a reduction of 20 per cent. They only yielded when they found that they could not get what their own constituents demanded, unless they voted for the duties some other man asked and had the power to force. For illustration, Senator Sherman wanted an increase in the duty on pig iron. He knew he had to have it if he was to hold the party in Ohio. Morrill, Hoar, Hale, Dawes, Allison, Frye, all believed it an imposition on the country, but they finally yielded. And if the strongest element of the Senate must yield its conviction in a duty to a private interest, what can be expected from the ordinary Senator or member of the House?

The result of the raid of business men on Congress in 1883 was probably the worst tariff bill ever made—a conglomeration of unequal duties illustrating no principle but that of the manufacturers, "get all you can." Its chief service was to demonstrate beyond possibility of contradiction that it had come to a point where the amount of your protection depended upon your political strength. It showed conclusively that the business man, not the Congressman, was fixing duties. There has not been a more hateful piece of legislation in our times than the bill of 1883. But it had this merit—the cynical greed, the selfish politics of it, were plain to everybody, and it brought squarely the issue yet unsettled: who is going to tax our coats and fuel and food and shoes—the men who make the articles and reap the profits or men who study the question, decide from full expert knowledge what is right and under a principle which has been accepted by the country?

Who Gets the Duty?

The decision in 1884 was against the men who were getting the profits, and under this decision there began a scientific and disinterested effort to discover what amount each industry did need to protect its wages against foreign competition. The results were what the tariff commission had claimed. The duties were far higher than necessary to protect wages.

When manufacturers claimed that they needed them for the sake of labor they were either deluded or deluding. The investigation which counted most in establishing this point was published in the first report issued by the Bureau of Labor. This bureau was established in 1884, and its first commissioner was Carroll D. Wright. "Industrial Depressions" was the subject of Mr. Wright's inquiry, and in the course of it he made an exhaustive study of the cost of production. The labor, material and administration cost were shown in scores of manufactured articles. Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, was the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in 1886 when the report on the cost of production came out, and he was scathing in his analysis of its showings:

"I find in this report," said Mr. Mills, "one pair of 5-pound blankets. The whole cost as stated by the manufacturer is \$2.51. The labor cost is 35 cents. The tariff is \$1.90. Now here is \$1.55 in this tariff over and above the entire labor cost of these blankets. . . . Here is one yard of flannel weighing 4 ounces; it cost 18 cents, of which the laborer got 3 cents, the tariff on it is 8 cents. How is that the whole 8 cents did not get into the hands of the laborer? . . . One yard of cassimere, weighing 16 ounces, costs \$1.38. The labor cost is 29 cents; the tariff duty is 80 cents. One pound of sewing silk costs \$5.66; the cost for labor is 85 cents; the tariff is \$1.69. One gallon of linseed oil costs 46 cents; the labor cost is 2 cents; the tariff cost is 25 cents. One ton of bar iron costs \$31; the labor cost is \$10. The tariff fixes several rates for bar iron and gives the lowest rate \$17.92. One ton of foundry iron costs \$11; the labor costs \$1.64; the tariff is \$6.72. None of these tariffs go to the laborer. The road is blocked up. They cannot pass the pocket of the manufacturers. This 'great American' system that is intended to secure high wages for our laborers is so perverted that all its beneficence intended for the poor workingman stops in the pocket of his employer, and the laborer only gets what he can command in the open market for his work."

Mr. Mills may have been too sweeping in his conclusion that all these tariff duties went into the pockets of the manufacturers. It is certain the middleman got some of them, but it was right in claiming that the workmen got little or none of them, though he *paid them all!*

This demonstration of where duties were going was coupled with another impressive fact largely overlooked up to this time, and that was the comparatively small number of workmen whose wages were affected by pro-

*See THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for May, 1907, "The Great Fight of '83"

tection, Worthington Ford estimated that only 4.7 per cent. of American labor was affected by duties; E. B. Elliot, $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; Simon Newcomb, 5 2-10 per cent.—that is, fully 94 per cent. of the labor of the country was paying from 25 to 50 per cent. *more* for its coats than it would do without a duty, and only a small part of the extra amount which they paid went into the pockets of the laborers for whom they supposed themselves to be sacrificing!

Silencing the Consumer

There was no denying that these facts were damaging. Combined with the disgust of the public at the part "business men" had played in putting through the bill of 1883, it looked as if they might be fatal. They must be offset. A curious campaign was begun to develop a fresh tariff argument. High protectionists began to shift ground. If statistics proved labor did not need and did not get the high duty, labor must not be allowed to realize this; so the old interpretation of the protective principle was dropped and for it was substituted the idea of duties to protect prosperity—protection for protection's sake, which really meant protection that the manufacturer might keep up his prices. The man who came before the Ways and Means Committee to represent the consumer began to be treated with poorly concealed irritation. This gradually became open contempt. In 1897, when Mr. Louis Brandeis, of Boston, appeared before the committee to represent the 70,000,000 consumers in America, as he said, his announcement was greeted with an outburst of laughter. Mr. Brandeis persisted in making his plea, but he was interrupted repeatedly by "jeers and laughter" and by taunts of free trade. Every effort was made to bluff him into silence until Mr. Dalzell—"Iron and Steel Dalzell"—of Pittsburg, in fine toleration exclaimed, "Oh, let him run down." That is, the majority of the Ways and Means Committee in 1897 regarded no man worth listening to unless he wanted something for his personal business. The man who thought of the 70,000,000 who had to pay the something they jeered at.

It was the same in Congress—only that man was listened to willingly who represented a constituent who was in business. A Kansas member who ventured to object to the tariff on lumber because it was raising the price to his constituents was criticised for his remarks on the ground that he *did not represent a timber state*—only a state which used timber!

It was none of the consumer's business what a tax was, it was the affair of the producer.

The Tale of a \$10 Suit

There began, too, a general effort to take the mind off the fact that duties raised prices. Mr. McKinley made a naïve attempt at this in 1887—naïve, for it was entirely sincere. Mr. Mills had been arguing that if there was a tariff of 100 per cent. on a suit of clothes, a laborer on a dollar a day would be obliged to work twenty days to buy what would cost \$10 without the tariff; ten days' labor had been annihilated, he declared, by the tariff.

Mr. McKinley pooh-pooed the idea. "It is an old story," he said lightly. "It is found in Adam Smith, but it is not true," and to prove it was not true Mr. McKinley awakened the House by dragging from his desk a full suit of ready-made clothes. Holding them up triumphantly in one hand, he showed in the other the bill for them. They had cost just \$10. "So you see," said Mr. McKinley, "the poor fellow did not have to work ten days more to get that suit of clothes." There was "great applause and laughter" on the Republican side, and there was talk of having the suit photographed to show in the campaign.

Mr. Mills said nothing, but began an investigation. He sent to the shop, where, according to the bill produced by Mr. McKinley, and printed in the Congressional Record, the clothes had been bought, and secured a suit like it. He then traced it to the manufacturer, and from him secured an exact analysis of its cost. The result pleased him, for the suit had actually cost, save tariff, just \$4.98! The labor cost was \$1.65. The tariff on the wool used in the suit was \$1.70. Adding this to the \$4.98 gave \$6.68, and on this sum the manufacturer was allowed a duty of 40 per cent. to compensate for the wool tax and also one of 35 per cent. to protect him against the imported article. The whole cost, plus the three tariffs, was \$10.71. "Of course," said Mr. Mills, "the manufacturer has to undersell the foreign suit, and to do so he dropped under him seventy-one cents and sold his \$4.98 suit for \$10 with the help of the tariff."

As for Mr. McKinley's comment that the illustration came from Adam Smith, Mr. Mills had a story to tell. It reminded him, he said, of the small boy who was caught thieving and whose mother in chiding him, said, "Don't you know it is wrong to steal? Don't you know what the Bible says?" "Oh,

now, mother," the youngster replied, "that's an old story. Moses told it 4,000 years ago."

As a matter of fact Mr. McKinley's answer to Mr. Mills had been a trick. Mr. Mills had not said that a man could not buy a suit of clothes for \$10 in the United States; he said that if a tariff of 100 per cent. was put on a suit which could be sold for \$10 without the tariff, a man would pay \$20 for his suit. Mr. McKinley had diverted attention from the real point simply by holding up a ten-dollar suit in the Halls of Congress!

This incident is a good illustration of the concerted effort on the part of supporters of high duties to evade or deny that the tariff is a tax, the effect of which is to increase the cost of living. In all the early years this point had been met by fairness. The tariff was a tax consented to by a majority of the people for what they believed to be good and sufficient reasons. Henry Clay called it a tax—the protectionists who advocated raising the duties in the Civil War called them taxes. The Republican party as a whole admitted them taxes in 1872. The Tariff Commission of 1883 made up of protectionists, approved by a Republican administration, called them taxes—taxes which had become largely unnecessary for the purpose for which they were laid and therefore unjust. But when this entirely sound argument began to reach the people the high protectionists began a concerted effort to divert attention from it, even trying, as Mr. McKinley did, to silence the criticism that a suit of clothes *worth* \$10 cost under the tariff much more by holding up a suit and crying, but here *is* a \$10 suit. It is a method still much in use. Perhaps the lowest point this argument ever reached was in the campaign of 1888 in New York City, when parrots trained to cry, "The tariff is a tax," were actually carried in the Republican parades!

Juggling the Argument

If one would see where this juggling has led he should read the testimony of Mr. Theodore Justice, of Philadelphia, before the Ways and Means Committee last December. Mr. Justice is a familiar figure at tariff hearings, but one who did not know this fact would suppose that this was his first appearance as well as the first attention he had given to the subject. He had seen in a New York paper, he explained to the committee, a statement that wool duties were outrageously high and the consumer was oppressed. "That made a great impression on me," Mr. Justice said, and he started out to gather information

with which to defend the consumer. He now appeared in their interests; incidentally he stated that he also appeared for the Wool Growers' National Association and the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia! Mr. Justice was braver than Mr. McKinley, for he wore the fruit of his disinterested researches on his back. It was a suit of clothes bought in a Philadelphia shop for \$12.50. He had analyzed the cost of its production and had found these results: The raw materials which had gone into it were dearer here than abroad, the labor in it cost *two hundred times* as much as in Germany, a hundred times as much as in England, but the suit was *cheaper* than one of the same grade abroad. But if all this is true, asked a bewildered committeeman, why do we need protection? If we can pay higher prices for material and labor and sell the product cheaper than the foreigner can, why do we not keep our mills running full time and manufacture for the foreigner as well as ourselves? Why not take off the duties and prevent him retaliating, if we can undersell him as you say we do?

That would never do, said Mr. Justice. It would never do, because the Wilson bill, which made wool free and lowered duties on woollens, produced a panic, closed the mills, destroyed the market for wool and sent a "long line of gaunt men and women to the soup house." It would never do because protection prevented all these evils. Moreover, protection should not be tampered with because of its *moral* influence. To prove it exerted one, Mr. Justice told of the meeting of ministers reported to have taken place recently in Joplin, Missouri, the center of the zinc industry. These gentlemen met to pray that the Lord would open the eyes of their representatives in Congress to the necessity of a duty on zinc which duty was to prevent the workingmen of the vicinity from sinking to the level of the degraded labor of Mexico. "So you see," said Mr. Justice, "protection is a moral question—a question for the ministers of the Gospel."

There was much more of the same kind of logic and the same sort of "facts."

Mr. Justice and his kind have reached a point in their defense of their favorite doctrine where criticism of its worst abuses is sacrilege, and as a result we have the most irritating series of contradictory propositions ever derived to defend a position. They argue, in the same breath, that the tariff is a tax and that it is not a tax; that it causes high wages, and that we must have it in order to pay the high wages native to this country;

that it makes low prices, and that we must have it to charge high prices; that we can beat the world in manufacturing, but that we must have high tariff to save us from foreign competition. Some of the propositions that they gravely sustain are not less fantastic than these contradictions. For instance, the curious one that though the tariff is a tax, the foreigner pays it; and that other delusion, that protection produces prosperity.

Spending More in Order to Tax More

The effort to devise plausible reasons for letting the men who profited by the tariff write the schedules and to give new shift to the argument have led certain protectionists to evade at least two serious results of high duties which for years now have called for frank and disinterested treatment. The one is the revenue. Everyone remembers the gigantic and alarming surplus which piled up in the '80's. Mr. Cleveland's chief argument for drastic downward revision was that we were collecting far greater taxation than we needed. It was entirely consistent with the jugglery which had gone on over facts and logic that purely quack remedies should be suggested for dealing with the evil. The most eminent because of its source was that of James G. Blaine. In his reply to Grover Cleveland's tariff message in 1886, Mr. Blaine said substantially: "Do not attempt to reduce the surplus, use the money to *fortify the cities*, and when the cities are all fortified divide it among the states to reduce taxation!" A flood of suggestions for disposing of the money followed. Great educational and philanthropic schemes were proposed and some even embodied in bills for Congress to pass. The Chicago Convention of 1888 declared for "free whisky." Free whisky and free tobacco rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system, became the slogan. "I prefer free blankets," said Mr. Carlisle. Of course under this pressure to find means for spending money all idea of economy of administration was dismissed and has been ever since. The per capita expenses of the government of the United States in 1896 was \$6.18; in 1906 they were \$8.75. It amounts to this: we must spend lavishly to justify taxing lavishly.

The Mother of Trusts

Another serious effect of the high tariff and like special privileges, which for twenty-five years has disturbed everybody, has been the

multiplication of trusts. That the inevitable effect of a prohibitive or even partially prohibitive duty is monopoly, protectionists themselves recognized from the start. Their remedy for it was to remove the duty as soon as the industry was established—only the "infant" was to be fed! As industries grew to full strength and were able to keep their privilege monopolies began to develop. All through the '80's their numbers caused uneasiness. One of the noteworthy paragraphs of Mr. Cleveland's tariff message of 1887 dealt with their growing power. From that time on they have multiplied. But it is only since the Dingley tariff bill of 1897 that the brood has had its full growth. Moody's "Truth About the Trusts," issued in 1904, gives a list of eighty-six "lesser" industries which are working under trust agreements. Of these, *sixty-nine* have been formed since the Dingley bill went into operation. In a large number the chief element of monopoly noted by Mr. Moody is the tariff advantage. Now from first to last the protectionists have known and recognized this evil. They have inveighed against it. They have passed resolutions anathemizing the trust and bills to destroy it, and from first to last they have carefully nurtured the chief cause of it! And why? They were not personally interested in trusts. No, but the men who financed and managed their political campaigns were, and they found it possible to believe that it was proper and wise to give these men the duties they asked in return for political support.

But is it rational to expect anything but barter, trickery, log-rolling, quackery, juggling with the definition of protection, shifting of argument and evasion of facts so long as Congress makes its bills as it is doing now. Is the method employed anything but an invitation to these vicious practices? If the Senate committee allows the paid secretary of a great industry to serve it without salary, can it decently refuse so slight a return as fixing a duty in case he requests it? If Congress allows Mr. Lippit to write a paragraph of the cotton schedule, does it expect Mr. Lippit to look after himself or the 80,000,000 who buy cottons? If Congress seeks its information chiefly from the men who are to profit by what they can secure, can it expect disinterested information? Could anything be more fantastic than to summon men to Washington to fix the tax which the country shall pay to shield them from the ups and downs of business?

The absurdity of the present method of seeking "facts" on which to frame a bill would be obvious enough if the country had

not grown so accustomed to it that practically nobody pays attention to what is said to the committee. At this writing, January, the reports published of the hearings before the Ways and Means Committee in the last winter cover something over 7,000 pages, nearly *four and a half million words!* It is unbelievable that any serious body of men would consent to sit day after day to listen to such a conglomeration of narrow and selfish notions of what the witnesses' personal enterprises need to help them along—much less consent to print them at public expense.

Jargon, Not Facts

In these reports something like 80,000 words are given to Mr. Justice—the character of whose testimony we have seen—and his “exhibits.” Mr. William Whitman, whose correspondence with Mr. North has been referred to, was heard at great length. Mr. Whitman told the committee he had been concerned in “pretty much every” tariff bill since 1867. The gist of his argument was what it was forty years ago. Indeed, one of the most common things about the testimony of the last winter was its archaic sound. White-haired men came to repeat the pleas that we heard in war times—sons repeated the jargon they had learned from their fathers. And never has the “infant industry” argument been more alive. All sorts of little trades sought help; for instance, from New York State came a cry for duty on basket willows; the suppliant (a woman) complained that she was obliged to compete with foreign-grown willows sent into the country by the shipload and sold far below what willows can be grown for in this country. From Virginia came a cry that mountain ivy root for making pipes be protected from the competition of briar wood. There were many more industries like these which in the nature of the case could affect but a small number of people that asked that the whole country be taxed that they be taken care of. There has never been a completer demonstration of how general the notion has become that no matter how few are benefited by a duty, it is fair to ask the whole mass to subscribe to the fund.

Hundreds of pages of testimony are given to requests not to disturb the present schedules unless it be to *increase* the duty, and when sifted down the reason of the requests for an increase has been that of Mr. George R. Bower, of Philadelphia, in asking for an increase on a certain product handled by his firm—that it was not for protection, but for prohibition, to increase his profits by securing more of the market.

How ridiculously lacking the testimony was in anything like satisfactory proof of the cost of production here and abroad, one has only to read to see. It is evident that almost none of the manufacturers knew the facts the committee needed. All that the great majority could offer was the jargon they had learned in their youth or had been taught by their predecessors in business. They were men influenced by a superstition, and it is probable few if any of them will escape from its influence until, like Mr. Carnegie, they retire from business. Then we may expect some of them to come, as Mr. Carnegie has done, with ridicule and derision for the whole system—to say of those in whose ranks he once stood:

They are incapable of judging. No judge should be permitted to sit in a cause in which he is interested; you make the greatest mistake in your life if you attach importance to an interested witness.

The First Step

But it is not the character of the information presented which is the most serious part of the method; it is the pressure which the informers can exercise on Congress to give them what they ask at the hearings. These hundreds of witnesses organized or unorganized all possess more or less political importance. They have it in their power to upset local machines, displace local bosses, defeat Congressmen, hold back campaign contributions, make endless mischief. They have been trained for years to expect reward for political support in the shape of duties. They are not going to give up in a day. They have behind them bodies of favored workmen trained to believe that high wages depend on protection, and these favored workmen are not going to give up their creed in a night. Congressmen know this well enough. They are to-day in the position they have been for fifty years and more—forced to make a bill with a divided mind—to fix duties with an eye to what effect it is going to have on the fall election in their districts—on campaign funds for the next presidential election. It is an absurd and impossible practice. Our tariff schedules will never be worthy of respect as long as it is kept up. Mr. Taft is right. What is wanted in making the present bill is evidence—evidence of the cost of production here and abroad, gathered not by the interested, but the disinterested, not by clerks but by experts. When provision has been made for obtaining that, the first step toward putting an end to the present tariff juggling will have been taken.

The Playwright's Ghost

By
Edward Peple

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCE CHAP"



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
M. LEONE BRACKER

THE Playwright was dead. There was no doubt about it. He was dead professionally, physically, literally. In life he was the paternal sponsor for three dramas, one of which had been produced and was still running, though it never ran quite fast enough to reach the Great White Way.

Personally, the Playwright's final curtain had been rung down seven months previous to the opening of this narrative, owing to a broken heart and an anticlimax of tuberculosis, but mainly (according to his ante-mortem statement) to a broken heart. The production of his play had killed him.

He had no relatives, and therefore left behind him a letter "To whom it might concern," stating many sad facts, together with four hundred dollars in accumulated royalties. His friends held a friendly council. This said letter containing said sad facts was filed—somewhere. Twenty-five per cent. of the accumulated royalties was devoted to a modest funeral. The remaining seventy-five per cent. was devoted to a wake. It was a good wake. Then the Playwright's friends went home and forgot him.

The Manager, however, remembered the Playwright at certain regular intervals, namely, once a week for thirty consecutive weeks, at which times certain self-effacing royalties became due. As the Playwright had no heirs or assigns or legal representatives (as erroneously implied in original contract), the Manager placed these royalties where they would do the most good. Geographically, the spot was a secret. The Manager was modest.

He was a huge man—a powerful man—with a bristling mustache, a megaphone voice and a "scrappy" eye. He was not, in the accepted term, a representative manager, but gazed fervently toward that theatrical altitude with a confident, self-assertive sentiment which he called a "hunch." He dreamed of it! In fact he was dreaming now, for his scrappy eyes

were closed in peace, while his stentorian lungs did Press Agent's work through the medium of his nasal organ. A night lamp burned dimly in his handsome apartment, and the great man dreamed of a new production—great—artistic—from a box-office point of view.

Presently, however, he was disturbed by the subconscious sensation of a cold draft on the back of his fat neck. He snorted and turned over; but the sensation continued at dabby intervals. It was not like an ordinary draft of air, but suggested the uncertain touch of a clammy, vaporous hand—and the spinal cord is sometimes sensitive. Also, he became aware of a creepy sound of something unconventional that gritted its teeth and howled at the same time. Therefore, the Manager sat up in bed and grew interested.

Before him stood a ghost. It wasn't much of a ghost, being about four feet six in height, with long, dank hair and a pair of melancholy, soulful eyes. Moreover, it nibbled nervously at its finger-nails, and gazed appealingly at the Manager over its ghostly knuckles. It was pale and vague and shadowy, but the Manager recognized it instantly. It was the Playwright!

Now it cannot be truthfully said that the great man was terrified. He was not that kind. On the contrary, he pointed a fat finger at the nocturnal intruder, and demanded sharply:

"How'd you get in here?"

"I glided," began the Playwright, in complacent pride. "And as to my present ability to—"

"Cut it!" roared the Manager. "You know what I mean! Who *let* you in? That's what I want to know! I've given positive orders that anybody wanting to see me has got to do it at the office! Now, then! *Who—let—you—in?*"

"Well—er—no one," returned the specter, a trifle meekly. "I—I came of my own volition."

"Then get out of here!" retorted the great man, with a reasonable show of force and authority. Whereupon he resumed his former

recumbent position, and pulled the bedclothes about his official shoulders.

For a moment or so the Playwright's ghost stood in uncertainty, nibbling at his nails; then he glided to the bedside, and once more laid a vaporous hand on the fat neck.

"Stop that!" yelled the Manager, popping up suddenly and aiming a futile blow at the nose of his tiny guest. "What d'ye want, anyway?"

"I want to talk to you," said the Playwright, politely. "And I'm going to do it. Get up!"

The great man sat still and pondered. Sleep was out of the question with a fishy little thing like that hanging over him and caressing his spinal column; and besides—if handled diplomatically—this spectral ass might give up some inside information. He even might be put under contract (with a two-weeks' notice clause) and be utilized in gliding around after the other managers, with a view of accumulating interestingly intimate data. Therefore the Manager smiled genially upon the ghost, while he donned an embroidered dressing-gown and slipped his fat feet into a pair of fat velvet slippers.

"Sit down," he urged pleasantly, as he dropped into a chair himself and gnawed the tip from a long, black cigar. "Will you smoke, or"—he paused in slight confusion—"or *can* you?"

"Oh, yes," laughed the departed Playwright, "I still indulge at times—and the stimulant seems to steady me. Thanks."

It lit its cigar, and the Manager watched it in profound respect. The wraith would inhale the smoke quite naturally, but he never blew it out again; instead it remained on the inside of him, thus causing him to become bluer and bluer and more and more distinct at every draw.

"Geel!" said the Manager; then, in want of something more appropriate, he observed: "I didn't know before that you fellows ever came back. A little unusual, ain't it?"

"Well, yes," explained the Playwright; "that is to say, we seldom return unless we have an indisputable grievance against some one not yet gathered in. Now *I* have one. It may interest *you*—vastly."

"Um!" replied the Manager, and changed the subject abruptly. "Ever see anything of Dolphus?—my partner, I mean—the one that died last season at Hot Springs. Nice fellow, Dolphus—ever run across him?"

"Frequently," returned the ghost. "In fact——"

He paused and began chuckling softly to

"Well?" demanded the Manager. "What you laughing at?"

"Oh, nothing," giggled the ghost, though continuing his sepulchral amusement. "You may remember how that partner of yours used to go North every summer *because he couldn't stand the heat.*"

The Manager reached for the Scotch, but made no direct answer. After a painful pause he wiped his lips on a fold of his pajamas, then turned to the ethereal humorist with a winsome smile which bore the very essence of business pulchritude.

"Will you sign with me as a kind of—er—of secretary, at one hundred per?"

"Per what?" asked the phantom.

"Per month," said the Manager, cautiously, being a trifle uncertain as to the salary standards of the other world. "Railroad fare and hotel bills thrown in. What d'ye say?"

Now, this was extremely generous, especially so in view of the fact that the dear departed have as little use for hotel fare as they have for carfare, though the man of business hardly thought it necessary to agitate the question.

"Well?" he asked again. "Is it a go?"

The Playwright's ghost smiled grimly.

"No, you old bug, it isn't! I wouldn't sign with you for one hundred per *minute*, in any capacity whatever. I'm here to talk about my play."

The great man eyed his diminutive visitor earnestly, suspiciously.

"All right," he said at length, in a tone of noncommittal reservation; "go on. Get it off your chest."

The Playwright settled down comfortably in his chair, crossed his phantom legs, cleared what used to be his throat, and began:

"First I will cite a few hard, cold facts. You signed a contract with me in which you agreed to produce my play in a first-class manner, in first-class houses, with a company of competent actors and actresses. You said in the presence of nine witnesses that you considered my drama a knockout. You promised me a Broadway production. You promised me the best scenery to be procured. You promised me a great cast. You promised me everything under heaven you could think of, and you did absolutely *nothing* you could think of. You——"

"Say," cut in the Manager, employing a faint but pardonable dash of sarcasm, "I didn't agree to insure your life, did I?"

"No," returned the literary film, "you did not. Without overloading you with bouquets, I rather fancy you were too intelligent. But

let's get down to the main issue. After all your agreements, written and oral, what did you do? While I was off in the country, resting up on my advance royalties, you put on my play with a cheap, try-out company—and in *Plainfield, New Jersey!*"

There was a world of hopeless bitterness in the tone, and even the hardened Manager was forced to smile. That "first-night" recollection was what is known, colloquially, as a pippin. The Playwright groaned feebly and resumed:

"The Plainfield papers called it murder in the first degree."

"They were wrong," grinned the Manager, displaying a latent sense of humor. "It was justifiable drama-cide."

The Playwright looked reproachfully at the Manager, and passed the pleasantries without comment.

"Let us proceed," he said, with dignity. "Having on your hands a weird collection of junk-shop scenery, and a sweat-shop salary list, you deliberately sacrificed my play to popular priced houses, in one-night stands, and a kerosene circuit."

"But your play was a *frost!*" thundered the much-criticised Manager, bringing down his fat fist with such force that the Scotch turned over. "It was a thirty below *frost!*"

"Of course it was a frost with *that* company," agreed the Playwright, meeting the outburst in spooky asperity. "Under a similar handicap even Shakespeare would degenerate into glacial refrigeration!"

"He's that now," stated the Manager, grimly and in wisdom born of past experience. "Go ahead with your own troubles."

The remnant of literary vaporosity studied his shadowy toes in silence; then presently he went ahead:

"Your leading lady—Lord help the poor, benighted freak—she's an English joke!" The

Playwright stood up and clenched both hands. "And as for that semi-feminine, cologne-soaked leading man of yours, he's—he's a barbarous impossibility! Why, hang him! he can't even speak his own language. I heard him say the other day, '*I just taken a bath.*'"

"Well?" queried the Manager. "What of it?"

"What of it?" retorted the disgusted spirit. "Can't you see? Not only is the grammar un-

speakable, but—but I seriously doubt his material statement." The poor little Playwright sank down in his seat and began to cry. "And this is the kind of looby-headed moon-calf who is allowed to interpolate my lines at will—to cut out all of the beautiful human sentiment and substitute a mass of revolting drivel which—for some occult reason—he labels *humor!* It's brutal—merciless!"

"See here," broke in the Manager, "haven't you found out yet that the great American public wants to laugh? That's what they give up two dollars for—to *laugh!*—not to be sighing and sniveling all over the place. It's *fact* I'm telling you! Poke a man in the ribs, and he'll tell his friends. Poke him in the eye, and he won't. *You* haven't learned anything, even by dying."

"I have!" snapped the sensitive shade.

"I've learned that I was entirely right in each and all of my earthly opinions. The American public wants to be entertained, not degraded. It wants clean, wholesome, natural plays, *with* a purpose, and *without* slapstick comedy and other nauseous imbecilities!"

"Punk!" said the Manager. "*This* town isn't looking for dramatic epilepsy in three convulsions and a coroner's monologue. It's *wise!* Oh, you can hand 'em out your Ibsens and your Maeterlincks, and you can pull in a little bunch of ropy-haired, high-browed worms of litrytoor for three nights and a matinée; but





as for the long green—nix. Take it from *me*, son—nix!”

“Sir,” said the ghost sharply, sitting up straight in his chair, while the tobacco smoke began to ooze out of him in angry little puffs, “you are begging the question. I never wrote that kind of play, and you know it! *My play*—properly presented—was a happy medium, containing a balance of pathos and legitimate humor, calculated to draw from all classes. But as *you* put it on, it not only causes me to turn over in my grave, but to rise up *and kick!* Are you aware of the fact, my dear sir, that you and your atrocious company were the direct cause of my death?”

“Death nothing!” scoffed the Manager. “You committed suicide by having too high ideals. That’s just the trouble with ninety-seven per cent. of you fellows. The other three per cent., that do succeed, roost in the box-office instead of the Hall of Fame. You’re a dead one, bo—but what’s your proposition?”

The Playwright looked up hopefully.

“Carry out your original agreement—present my play properly—and on Broadway.”

“Say,” said the Manager, covering his mouth to hide an involuntary smile, “what do you want, anyway—a K & E booking, with a Frohman patronage and a Belasco atmosphere?”

“Yes,” affirmed the phantom author, brightening visibly, “that’s just what I do want, and it’s what you are going to give me.”

The Manager leaned far back in his chair and laughed. This was about the juiciest thing he had heard since entering the profession. In fact, the whole affair might be turned into a killing vaudeville sketch; and, if this batty little Playwright could be induced to play the part, it would be a scream. If—

“Oh, I mean it,” cut in the ghost, with a spirited snap of his fishy eyes; “take it as you like. If you can’t decide now, then I want you to talk it over with your associates and let me know.”

The Manager sat up rigidly, with his mouth wide open.

“What?” he gasped. “I tell my friends that I got up out of bed in the middle of the night to talk with a fool ghost that smoked one of my cigars till he got as blue as a gizzard? Not on your past *life*, my son. You’ve got another guess.”

Even a specter could appreciate the wisdom of silence on such a subject; but this particular specter was not to be pushed aside on the road to justice.

“Very well,” it answered, rising to its full, majestic height of four feet six, and casting



down its cigar butt defiantly; "then you must decide for yourself—here and now! *Will* you produce my play according to contract?"

"No," yawned the Manager, "I won't!"

"Then I will *make* you!" shrilled the furious little shade.

"How?" asked the managerial Autocrat, displaying every tooth in his fat head.

"By a process of law," declared the waspy mite; "a *new* process—and it's going to make your bank account look like *me*!"

The Manager tried to pat his visitor patronizingly on the shoulder, but failed. He then discarded his dressing-gown and crawled into bed, without apology.

"Now glide along back where you came from, Willie—and forget it. You give me a crick in the liver. Good night!"

"All right," wheezed the smoke-filled phantom; "but I warn you, I'm coming back."

"Fade away, fade away," said the great man, drowsily, as he pulled the bedclothes about his head and turned over on his fat side.

For a full minute the Playwright's ghost stood in exasperated irresolution, glaring at the heaving bulk beneath the blankets and nibbling at his nails; then he sighed and glided toward the door. He did not unlock this door. He simply went through it—that is to say—the spiritual part of him went through. The cigar smoke he had swallowed refused to defy the laws of nature. It spurted out of him in one big puff and went drifting toward the ceiling in writhing layers of inexpensive perfume. First curtain.

The Manager was busy. His entire staff of officers, press agents, clerks, typists and title-defying what-are-theys was busy. Even the little snub-nosed, freckle-cheeked imp of an office boy (seemingly employed for the soul-stirring, heart-rankling rage of inoffensive visitors) was as busy as a grasshopper on a hot brick.

The management was about to launch a production. It was a Broadway production. It was musical. It was great.

According to the management, the critics were whipped before they came. It was a walkover. There was nothing to it. The angle of the Manager's beaver hat attested his perfect satisfaction, not only with himself and his show, but with the great American Public who were about to become beneficiaries of his large philanthropy—at the modest rate of two dollars. Count 'em! Two!

And why shouldn't the Manager swell out a bit and be glad? Hadn't the dress rehearsal been horrible enough to justify a perfect per-



formance on the present evening? It had. Hadn't he a star that *was* a star—meaning *is*, of course—the most emotional and high-strung meteor that had ever flashed through histrionic ether to dissipate the surrounding chunks of theatric gloom? You could read it for yourself on the four-sheets—eight-sheets—twenty-sheets—and therefore it was truth. Was the leading man not an altar-god among the caramel-consuming devotees of Art? Were the rest of the company not likened unto variously assorted and expensive fruits? Yea, verily, they were. Would a Manager, equipped with gray-matter, soak nine-tenths of his roll in a production unless reasonably certain of success? Not so! Would a human being be cursing at (and at the same time winking at) a crew of despised speculators unless he had a mighty good reason for it? Work it out yourself. It was a solid section of lead pipe. "There was nothing to it!"

The Manager was posing gracefully in the door of the box-office. He exuded aromatic benevolence from every pore. He was "IT," and felt the divine responsibility. Suddenly, however, to his puffy and receptive ear, came a faint and feeble query:

"For one last time—*will* you put my play on properly?"

The Manager wheeled sharply and confronted a meek-eyed, wizened little whisp of departed hope. The great man's exact reply is not at all necessary to this narrative; besides, he will be judged for it later on. But, at any rate, the extinguished little Playwright faded slowly from view—and was gone.

Time waited not, but ticked relentlessly. It was eight-fifteen. The orchestra seats were filled from front to back with a gathering of white-shirted, pink-bosomed *élite*. The boxes bulged with an array of distracting "swagger-nacity." The galleries were full to overflowing—the standups craned their necks, perspiring freely, but caring naught—the firemen remonstrated with the House Manager—and the Production Manager fairly wriggled in anticipatory joy.

The curtain went up. It went up on an eleven-hundred-dollar scene, said to cost thirteen thousand, and the audience cheered it to the echo. The opening chorus received an encore. The comedian came on and scored an instantaneous and terrific hit. He said so himself at the Lambs Club—afterwards. The show progressed in hop-frog leaps of popularity. The highly emotional star swept out from her dressing-room and leaned gracefully against the scenery, while waiting for her cue. The psychological moment had arrived.

The Playwright's ghost gilded out from behind the wings and planted himself before the highly emotional star. He pointed one moist finger at her powdered nose, gritted his phantom teeth, and, at the same time, uttered a plaintive but telling howl.

From somewhere on the inside of the highly emotional star came a whistling sound resembling the exhaust of an emergency air-brake. She did not struggle against the fallacy of immaterialism; she merely went down in a writhing, beruffled heap, clawing at nothing in particular.

The stage director saw her go, and acted quickly. He rushed on the chorus and made them do it over twice. Then the comedian rushed on and comeded, spontaneously, effectively; but the only good it did was to get himself roasted next morning for his asinine loyalty to the management. This was hard. The curtain came down with a horrid thump.

The Manager came waddling behind the scenes. He hunted for the cause of trouble, but failed to find it, for the highly emotional one was in a trance; so he waddled before the curtain and apologized for a slight accident and his own apoplexy. He was cheered—externally.

Meanwhile the Playwright's ghost glided up two flights of iron stairs and called upon the *ingénue* in her dressing-room. She was a nice little *ingénue*, and was now engaged in putting on the finishing touches to her make-up. Her gown was cut low in the back, terminating in a rather immodest V. Upon this interesting spot—by way of attracting her attention—the Playwright placed a hand which vaguely suggested the sliminess and correct temperature of a Lynnhaven oyster. It attracted the lady's attention.

That this is true is attested by an ear-witness occupying orchestra seat number 29, row S—and through an asbestos curtain at that. That she remained for fifty-one minutes in a semi-aggressive state of mental coma, may be shown by a reputable physician's certificate. But let it pass. The Playwright consulted his visiting list and called upon the other female members of the cast. Strangely, they each and all expressed surprise at the unconventional courtesy.

When matters in general had reached an altruistic state of perfection, and when three scene-shifters had successfully started on their way to the Battery, then the Playwright's ghost borrowed a real cigarette from the property room, hung it carelessly between his lips and strolled out upon the stage. Here he came upon the Manager and the House Manager.

The House Manager's silk hat rose slowly to the full length of his poetic hair.

"Who—who—what is it?" he inquired, faintly.

The Playwright smiled and supplied the information:

"I'm a spiritual injunction. I've come to stop this play."

The House Manager leaned against a painted castle. The real Manager did not address the Playwright directly; instead he turned to several of his faithful stage hands.

"Open that scenery door!" he roared; and the order was obeyed.

Have you ever, gentle reader, endeavored to throw out a ghost? No? Then don't try it. Your manly hands, intended to clutch a spectral coat collar and the slack of phantom pantaloons, will only sink into a sort of elusive fog; while the fog in question will dance up and down and mock you in ghoulish, unutterable glee. You will find it much more attractive to watch somebody else try.

At the end of the first round the Manager's coat was split to its satin collar. The gentleman himself had lost seven pounds in weight, owing to a profligate expenditure of perspiration and profanity. He gasped for breath, then took up the contest orally. The Playwright was calm, collected, jubilant.

"Jim," asked the House Manager, during a lull in the torrid monologue, "what—what does the thing want?"

"It wants the earth," snarled the Manager, "that's what it wants—the earth!"

"I don't," returned the Playwright, suavely. "But what I do want is this. I want my play put on properly. I want it presented in this house. I want a first-class company—appropriate scenery and properties—a K & E booking, a Frohman patronage and a Belasco atmosphere. I want ten per cent. of the gross receipts conveyed weekly to the Actor's Home. Moreover, gentlemen, I want you to start at once."

The Manager and the House Manager sat

down—on the bare boards of the stage. They asked each other mutely if this were a hideous, pathetic dream. The Playwright assured them that it was not.

"Look here," said the House Manager, in the hope of compromise, "if we sign a contract with you to do all you say, will you let this show go on?"

"No," replied the ghost emphatically, "I will not. I've had enough of contracts—quite enough! You will produce my play immediately; and, after its legitimate run, I will then permit you to go on with this musical Irish stew with which you both seem so strangely infatuated. Play ball!"

"And if we refuse?" asked the House Manager, clutching at a final straw.

"In that case," dictated the defunct one, "you must take such medicine as I elect to mix. I shall visit this stage to-morrow evening at eight-fifteen. I have, concealed in my ethereal sleeve, a choice collection of persuasive stunts, known commonly as psychic phenomena. These stunts will be uncorked as occasion warrants. Some of them are personal. Also, I shall appoint myself as a sort of moral Censor, with reference to the future policy of this house. You follow me?"

The House Manager did.

"Jim," he said, with a mixture of sorrow and stoical resignation, "we're up against it. We got to do what It says."

The Manager protested. The protest was pyrotechnic, profuse. It was vain, but he did it well. The level-headed House Manager shook his level head.

"Jim, old man," he reasoned, laying a business hand on the limp shirt bosom of his friend, "I ain't a-going to have this house turned into a hoodoo; and I ain't a-going to have the ladies throwing fits every time this author dub—I mean this gentleman—feels like working off his grouch. You can fight the law, Jim, and beat it; but you can't fight his kind of law. It ain't got enough body to it. The Judge would say you was drunk—and so would I if I hadn't



been give the heart disease in front of my own eyes. Lay down, Jim—you're beat!"

The Manager declined to lay down. He showed seventeen good reasons why he should not do so, but none of them seemed to appeal to his two respectful listeners.

"All right," sighed the House Manager, rising and brushing the seat of his trousers contemplatively; "if you can't look at it in my way, you'll have to move your show to-morrow morning, and let some other house get haunted. From what I seen of it, I don't think so much of your show, anyhow. It ain't got the popular snap."

"Correct!" agreed the Playwright, cordially. "The book ought to be rewritten."

The Manager looked up sadly, and expressed a hope that the Playwright (together with all others of his species) might be secluded in perpetuity—without the solace of a Thermos bottle. He then arose ponderously and reeled toward the box-office. Here he caused good money to be refunded to the audience on presentation of coupons. Strangely, there was no paper in the house.

The Spiritual Injunction faded happily, to await developments. Second curtain.

Preparations for the production of the Playwright's play were begun next morning. The scenery (appropriate scenery) was designed and rushed. The paper was ordered—attractive paper, expressing dignity and style. The company was formed—a good company—the principals being loaned through the courtesy of other managements, said principals being under contract, but, at present, unemployed. Rehearsals began immediately.

At all such rehearsals the Playwright's spirit was on hand, though he remained—as

usual—in the background. To be exact, he sat in the last row of the darkened orchestra circle, lest his presence should awe certain members of the cast. They heard he was there, however, and made no attempt to alter his poetic lines. This pleased the Playwright vastly.

Affairs progressed. They came to a head in the manner of a large dramatic boil awaiting the lancet of the critics. The scenery and props were carted in and approved. The costumes were in order. Nine cubic yards of atmosphere were brought over from Forty-second Street, and were distributed with care. The Public was notified properly as to the advent of the literary brain-child. The Playwright's ghost itself agreed to call upon the critics, personally, in the sacred seclusion of their own homes, and persuade them to remain in the theater until the fall of the final curtain. If ever an author had a chance to win out, this particular spook had it. A failure would be his own fault—and his alone.

Last night they had a dress rehearsal. It went swimmingly—from the Playwright's point of view. The Manager was not so sanguine.

"It's going to be one grand, fierce *frost!*" he prophesied, from the depths of his rooted gloom.

"It's going to be a *Siroccol!*" declared the Playwright, happily. "You wait."

They waited. They are waiting still, for the drama in question has its *premier* to-night.

Now a question is apt to arise, as to which was right and which was wrong—the Playwright or the Manager. If you happen to be interested yourself, you had better go to see the play. You, my friend, are part of the great American Public, and therefore you are the best judge, anyway. Do it—and help the game along.



When Elise Came

By Olive Higgins Prouty

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN



I WAS in the butler's pantry putting away the family's napkin-rings. For of course I knew we had to have clean napkins for every meal as long as Elise stayed. And if she were with us a week that would make a hundred and sixty-eight napkins in all, counting three meals a day and eight people at the table. We owned just four dozen napkins, and that meant,—I figured it all out on a piece of paper,—that the whole four dozen would have to be washed every other day. I went out into the kitchen and explained it to Delia. She went awfully up into the air. It was enough, she said, all the extra style I was planning on, without piling on a week's washing for every other morning. She said she'd never heard of such tommyrot, and if a napkin was clean enough for Tom and Tom's family, she guessed it was clean enough for Tom's wife, whoever she was. I was simply incensed. "We won't discuss it," I said with much dignity. But I don't believe she heard me, she was slamming the kettles around so. But I held my head up high and left the room, and I guess she knew I didn't like her behavior very much. Of course, being housekeeper, I ought to have shown a little spunk, and not let a servant lie down and go to sleep on me. I would know enough now. But that was a year ago,

and I was only fifteen. Besides I was in holy terror that Delia might at any moment up and go. So I went straight to the telephone and called up the Boston Store and ordered ten dozen napkins to be sent up special, and all of the rest of the afternoon I sat at the sewing-machine hemming like mad, though of course I knew they should be done by hand.

Before I go any further I might as well explain who Elise is. She's Tom's young wife and up to this time we'd not one of us laid eyes on her. Tom is the oldest one in our big family and the first to be married.

So when he brought his young bride on East with him to see his family, I guess anybody can imagine the excitement we were all in. I'd been at work fixing up the old house for two weeks. Finally father had let me have the guest-room papered over especially, and for three days now I had had the satisfaction of knowing that every last touch had been completed, my best kimono freshly laundered in the closet, the four hand-embroidered towels that we own in place on the washstand, a brand-new cake of French soap, and in the top drawer a sealed prophylactic tooth-brush which, I read in *The Perfect Housekeeper*, should be found in every perfectly appointed guest-room. I wasn't going to have Tom ashamed of his old home, and I wasn't going to have Elise get the idea it was a case of "back to the farm."

They were due at eight o'clock that night. I had it all planned that father and Alec would meet them at the station, and I'd stay at the house and be ready to greet them there. I did wish we had a coachman then and some good horses. It does seem such a shame to have such a dandy big stable with all the stalls empty and the fine old carriages standing around all out of style, just gathering dust. They used to be great to play house in, but I do wish we could clear them out now and fill the place up with something new. Father keeps one horse out there, and takes care of him himself. But poor little Dixy can't give the big stable the proper air. I told father to bring them up in a hack and he promised he would. After he and Alec had left the house I started a fire in the fireplace, and walked through all the rooms for the hundredth time, trying to see how they'd appear to a person who hadn't lived in them forever.

The twins, Oliver and Malcolm, my younger brothers, were in the parlor in the dark, keeping watch, and when Oliver hollered out, "They're coming, Bob," I felt positively weak all over. However, I went out into the hall and pushed on the porch light that hadn't been working for a year, and waited with the door open.

"Go on down and help them with the bags," I said to the twins as soon as the carriage drew up to the curb, and then in a minute we were all in the narrow hall in a confused bunch, Oliver and Malcolm with the suit-cases, and Ruth (she's the youngest and only ten) and Alec and father, and same old Tom saying, "Hello, Bobbie, old girl," to me, and last of all, Elise, tall and quiet and pale, just as I knew she'd be, and exactly like her picture.

"Well, here they all are, Elise," I heard Tom say. "Malcolm and Oliver and Bobbie, who is the mother of us, and Toots, the baby." She came forward and shook hands with the boys, and when she got to me, she kissed me. I'd never been so near such a beautiful set of Russian sables before in my life, and somehow all her grace and composure seemed to swoop down upon me, and honestly, I never felt quite so awkward. After she kissed Ruth she turned around and said in the quietest, lowest voice I ever heard, "I know you all already, for Lester has told me all about you."

Lester! That sounded too absurd. No one ever called Tom anything but just plain Tom, although his middle name is Lester and he writes under the name of T. Lester Vars. The pause after her remark about Lester was simply deathly, but Alec, who always comes to the rescue said easily enough, "Let's come in, and sit down." But there was none of the Vars'

hail-fellows-well-met, slap-you-on-the-back air about it. We all distributed ourselves somehow about the sitting-room and began talking in the stiffest, most formal way imaginable about the trip, and the wedding which none of us could go to because Elise lived so far away. I don't know why we couldn't be natural, but Elise, sitting there so perfectly at ease and smiling and talking so gracefully, made us appear like great awkward creatures before a princess. I was simply furious at her for making us appear that way. Why in the world couldn't Tom have married some one like ourselves? Whenever he came home before we had such a ripping good time, all talking and laughing at once. But I knew if we acted in our usual hilarious way this delicate little flower would think we were perfect Indians.

I was very much surprised at Tom when he said just as if we were all alone, "Come on, Bobbie, bring on the apples." You see, it is one of our customs whenever Tom comes home to sit up awfully late and eat apples, father paring them with an old kitchen knife. But of course I wasn't going to have apples, to-night of all times, passed around in quarters on the end of a knife. So when Tom asked me that, I said as quietly as possible—for I really was catching Elise's manner—"Not apples to-night, Tom. I ordered a little chocolate. I'll speak to Nellie." I had got out our best chocolate cups and told Delia to make some cocoa and whipped cream, and had opened a package of champagne-wafers. Everything was all ready on a tray in the dining-room, so I went out and told Nellie to bring it in. When she appeared, holding the big tray out before her, I had to bite my tongue to keep from laughing. She looked terribly funny, for she had never worn a cap before and it didn't seem to go with her style. It was sticking straight up on the top of her gray pug of hair, like a bird on the tip end of a flagpole. I saw Malcolm and Oliver begin to giggle. I simply squelched them with a look, and began stirring my chocolate. When Nellie came to Tom he said to her, "Hello, Nellie," and though I'd told her to be sure and address him as *Mister* Tom, she got it mixed up somehow, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Vars," and father, who heard her come out with his name, said, "Did you speak to me, Nellie?" "No, Mr. Vars," she replied, "I didn't. I was speaking to Tom."

Nellie never would call us *Mister* and *Miss*. To this day she calls me plain Lucy. It's really awfully embarrassing. But it couldn't be helped and I thought Elise might as well have the shock over with first as last.

Late that night as I was turning out my



And then I wrapped myself up in a down comforter, and crawled up on the bed

light, and after I had set my alarm clock for quarter of six (for I thought I'd better get up early and see how things were running), Malcolm and Oliver pushed open my door and came in, and behind them Alec on his way up to bed.

"Hello, Bobbie," they said, grinning.

"Close the door," I whispered. And then I wrapped myself up in a down comforter, and crawled up on the bed. They came over and all sat down around me. "Well," I said, "what do you think of her?"

"Did you see the diamond pendant?" Malcolm began. "It was a ripper."

"Tom gave her that for a wedding present," Oliver explained.

"He did!" I was amazed. "Plain Tom slinging around diamond pendants like that!"

"He'll have to, to live up to being called Lester. Did you get on to that?"

"Did I? Isn't it too silly? I hate such airs! We stand for good, plain things, and why couldn't Tom get something plain?"

"It's probably rough on her," said Oliver, "coming here and finding us such a common lot."

I flared right up at that. "Don't you dare

talk like that, Oliver. Don't you dare humiliate yourself. We're just as good as she is. It's brains that count."

"She's not so bad on the looks," Malcolm went on, "but, golly, I'd like to see her pitch a baseball."

"Oh, come ahead, you young knockers," said Alec, who hadn't said a word and hardly ever does unless it's a good one, "come on to bed and let the general manager here get a little rest. Good night, Bobbie," he said, coming up to me and giving me a little good-natured shove so that I toppled over on the bed. Oliver and Malcolm each grabbed a pillow.

"Good night, angel," they sang out cheerfully as they lammed them at me hard. I heard them dash out of the room and slam the door with a bang. Nice old brothers! We Vars never waste much time in kissing but we understand all right.

In the morning before breakfast, about eight o'clock, when I was out in the kitchen supervising things, there suddenly broke out upon us a very queer noise. It sounded like a cat trying to meow when it had a fearful cold. It startled me awfully, and Delia gave a terrible jump.

"For the love of Mike, what's that?" said she. I investigated, and after a little I discovered the cause. Years ago we had some sort of a bell system that connected with all the rooms in the house with an indicator in the kitchen. We hadn't used it for a long time and I supposed the whole system was just as dilapidated as the stable, or the elevator father put in. Whenever we wanted Nellie for anything we found it easier to go to the back stairs and holler.

"Elise has rung for you," I said to Nellie, thankful with all my heart that the old thing had worked. I knew that Tom was already downstairs, so of course he wasn't there to tell Elise that the old bell didn't mean a thing. And I was glad for that. There was enough else to apologize for. When Nellie came back, I said,

"What did she want?"

"She wanted me to button up her waist, and also to give me her laundry."

"Laundry!" gasped Delia. I never could understand why Delia hated washing so.

"Yes," I said turning to her, "laundry. I told Mrs. Vars," I went on with much authority, "to put any soiled clothing she might have in a yellow bag which I made to match the guest-room, for this express purpose, for her to put her laundry in. That's only hospitality." I crossed the room. "And now you may put breakfast on, Delia," I finished, and went out.

After breakfast Nellie came to me and said, "Delia wishes to speak to you in the kitchen." My heart sank. I felt just as I do at school when the principal sends for me to come to his office. I left Elise in the library talking in her lovely soft way to father and Alec, and went quickly to the kitchen. I found Delia in the laundry surrounded with a pile of filmy lacey things. She was holding up the most superb lace skirt, rows upon rows of insertion, simply beautiful.

"I just wanted to say," she began, and her voice was terrible, "that I don't stay if I have to wash these. They aren't dirty in the first place and what's more I'm not hired to wash company's clothes, and what's more I won't. And what's more still, I think you better hunt for another girl." I couldn't have received more depressing news. I hated being ruled by a servant and I hated losing her. I didn't have a soul to ask about it and I was only fifteen then, and not so wise as now. I flared right up.

"The washing must be done," I said. "That's settled."

Delia dropped the skirt. "All right. I'll

do the washing to-day," she said ominously, "and I'll leave to-morrow night."

I just wanted to sit down and cry and cry and say, "Oh, please be nice about it, and help us out. Please stay, oh, please, please, please." But I didn't do any such thing. I bit my lip hard and said nothing. And when I joined the others in the library I was apparently as calm as a summer's breeze, though within I could feel a great disturbance.

Things got no better. I mean Elise didn't seem to fit in. Father didn't call for his slippers and lie in his big chair and smoke. The boys didn't rush in and fool and roughhouse with Ruth and me. Alec didn't go around whistling as he always does, way off the key. Ruth didn't do her practicing, and even Tom, who I could see was trying to whoop things up in the old natural way, didn't succeed very well. We just balked, all of us, and Elise just kept on being very sweet and charming, but oh, my! cold and far away. The first evening, about six, she came in from a drive that Tom had taken her to with Dixy.

"Lester has been showing me everything." That name was enough to dampen any ardor. "So I'm afraid I'm late for dinner," she went on. "But I'll hurry. It won't take me ten minutes to dress."

Dinner indeed! I wondered if she called the lay-out we had at noon just lunch. We've always had supper at night, and I hadn't intended changing for Elise. But if she'd gone upstairs to dress for it, I'd got to prepare something besides tea and sliced meat and toast, for all the trouble she was taking. I flew to the kitchen. We had a can of beef-extract and I told Delia to make soup out of that. Then I sent Ruth for some beefsteak, and hauled down a can of peas, for vegetables, and the sliced oranges which were already fixed would have to do for dessert. I rushed to my room and put on my light-blue cashmere, which I only wear Saturday nights to dancing-school.

An awful thing happened at dinner. In the first place, having dinner at night added to the strain the family were all under, and I think that's what made Nellie so stupid and careless. I don't know how it ever happened, but when she was passing the crackers to Elise during the soup course, her cap got loose some way, and I saw it with my own eyes fall ca-flook onto Elise's bread-and-butter plate. Oliver, who just at that moment had his mouth full of soup, exploded like a rubber ball with water in it, and, coughing and choking into his napkin, had to get up and leave the table. Of course that sent Malcolm off into an awful spasm, and little Ruth began to giggle too. I could feel myself



I stood there just helpless before her

growing red, but no one laughed outright.

Elise was the first one to break the awful pause. This is what she said: "I've had the loveliest drive this afternoon. Lester took me around the reservoir. How old are the ruins of that old mill on it?"

Perhaps that was the most graceful way to meet the situation, but I was longing to laugh, and so was everyone else. We couldn't think of old mills with that cap sticking onto Elise's butter. I heard father at the other end of the table answering her though, and we all of us somehow stuffed our emotions back into ourselves and put in the stopples, and went on with the meal. Nellie, red in the face, carried the bread-and-butter plate away, Oliver slinked back into his place, and not one word was said about the terrible accident. But of course it spoiled everything for me, and I knew Tom must be disappointed at the way I ran things.

When I got him alone I said, "I'm sorry, Tom. Everything seems to be going entirely wrong." It was the first time I'd been alone with him. He's the oldest, and though he'd gone away and got famous, he had always come home just the same old sort of person. But

this time we hadn't any of us seen him. He hadn't asked us how we liked Elise, and I understood it was because he didn't have to.

"It's all right, Bobbie," he said, "only I wish she could see us as we really are." I could have cried somehow. I did so want Tom's wife to be the same bully person Tom was.

The crisis came the next day. At eleven o'clock in the morning I found Delia putting on her coat and hat, actually preparing to go.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

"It means I'm going," she announced.

"But the washing. Have you——?"

"No, I haven't, and what's more I'm not going to." She was awfully mad.

I stood there just helpless before her. "I have telephoned to all the intelligence offices," I said, "and I can't get anyone to come until tomorrow night. I thought, to accommodate us, you might be willing——"

She cut me right off. "Well, I'm not. No one accommodates me here, and I'm not used to being treated like this. Two dinners a day, and up until all hours!"

It didn't seem to me then as if she had half so much to stand as I did. I wished I could up

and clear out too. I thought she was very small and mean to leave me in the lurch that way. I didn't have any words with her, but told her she might go as soon as she pleased. I hated the sight of her standing there in the kitchen, which she had left all spick and span, everything put away, not as a kitchen should look at eleven in the morning. I was on my way up-stairs to break the news to Nellie, when Elise called to me from the library.

"Oh, Lucy," she said in her musical voice, "will there be time for me to run down to the post-office with some letters before lunch?"

I stalked into the library. She was sitting at the desk, in her graceful, easy way, with a beautiful fine French-embroidered lingerie waist on that I'd be glad to own for very best, and gold beads about her neck, and her hair, even in the morning, so soft and pretty and wavy. She had her feet crossed, and I took in the silk stockings and the low dull leather pumps. I had a sudden desire to tear down all her beautiful appearance of ease and grace.

"We don't have lunch at noon," I said bluntly. "We have dinner, just dinner. We've always had dinner."

"Yes, I know," she began in her pleasant way. "People do very often in New England." I couldn't bear her unruffled composure.

"Oh," I said, bound to shock her, "it isn't because we're New England. It's because we're plain, plain people. The rich families in New England, as well as anywhere, have dinner at night. But we," I said, glorying in it, "are *not* one of the rich families. We have doughnuts for breakfast, and baked beans and brown bread Saturday nights, and Saturday noons a boiled dinner, and we love pie. We all just love it. Father came from a farm in Vermont. He was a good deal poorer than we are now when he started in. You see we're just common people. And so's Tom. Tom comes from just a common, common, common family," I said, loving to repeat the word.

She was sitting with her arm thrown carelessly over the back of the chair, and her gaze way out of the west window. When I stopped to see what effect my words had had, she just laughed a quiet, pleased laugh, and, mixed up with it, I heard her say, "Why, Lester's the most uncommon man I ever met." And she blushed like eighteen.

I went right on. "We don't call him Lester either," I said. "We cut off all such fringes. He's plain Tom to us. I know how the plain way we live must impress you, who have been used to French maids and push a button for everything you want, and I'm sorry for you. But you might as well wake up to the truth.

You see what a mess the house is in, and how Nellie won't call us Mister and Miss, and how, if I'm on the third floor and she wants me, she just yells. And," I said, pointing out of the window, "there goes Delia now, and there isn't a sign of a cook left in the house."

At that Elise sat up straight. "You mean the cook is leaving you alone?" she asked. "Why, how horrid of her!"

"Well, I think so too. But there she goes."

"What will you do?" Elise was really excited.

"Do?" I laughed. "Oh, I'll duff in and cook, I suppose."

Elise put down her pen. "I can make great desserts," she said. "Let's," her eyes fairly danced, "let's get din—supper ourselves. Telephone to the men not to come home this noon, and we'll be ready for them to-night. I know how to make delicious cake."

That's the way it came about. I took her out into the kitchen, and didn't try to cover up a thing. She could see everything just as it was. I tore down all I had put up for appearances and let her go to the bottom of the flour-barrel if she wanted to. And she did. Covered with an old apron and her sleeves rolled up, she was first in the kitchen-pantry looking into every cupboard and box for caraway seed and next in the fruit-closet feeling of all the paper bags in search of English walnuts, and then calling to me in her musical voice to come here and taste of some dough and see if I thought it needed more sugar, and in the butler's pantry choosing just the dish she wanted for cookies; and actually underneath the sink drawing out some old greasy spider for panouchie which she was going to make. I took a grim pleasure in having her see the very worst there was. I wondered if she could stand everything, even that we didn't own an ice-cream freezer, when she suggested making ice-cream for dessert. I didn't care. I liked telling her the things we didn't have. Tom was spending a day at the factory with father and Alec, so we weren't bothered by the men, and I telephoned to Malcolm and Oliver to get something to eat at school and not come home till night.

We had supper at half-past six as usual. I don't know what made everything so different. The awful strain that we'd all felt the same day at breakfast had suddenly disappeared. I didn't tell them Delia had gone, and apparently everything was just as it was in the morning.

"These biscuits are good, Lucy," father said suddenly. He generally speaks of the food, but he hadn't once since Elise had come.

"Oh, do you think so?" said Elise, all ex-



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"It's because we're plain, plain people"

citement. She'd made them. "I'm so glad you do." Then she stopped.

"There!" I said. "I knew you'd let it out. Elise made them," I announced.

"Delia's gone," Elise hurried to say.

"And we——" I put in.

"We got supper," she finished proudly.

"You and Bobbie?" gasped Alec.

"Bobbie and you?" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes, yes," she said. "Isn't it nice? Bobbie scalloped the oysters."

"Give me some more," said Malcolm.

"I'll take another biscuit," sang out Oliver.

"When do we get to the candy?" asked Tom, with his eye on the panouchie.

"Oh," said Ruth, "make Malcolm stop. He took a cookie, and it isn't time for them."

Father just chuckled and said, "Pretty good, pretty good!" and we all laughed—Elise too. I tell you it was good to be natural again.

"Don't eat too much," said Elise, "for dessert's coming, and it's awfully good."

"And chocolate layer cake with it," said I.

"Oh, bully!" shouted Malcolm and Oliver together.

"This is a good deal better than last night," said Alec, "when Nellie's cap fell into your butter."

We all just roared, and when Elise got her breath she gasped:

"Oh, I know—wasn't it funny? I was so frightened by you all then I didn't know what to say. But now—oh, dear!" she said, and suddenly she turned to Ruth, who sat next to her, and put her arms right around her and kissed her. "Oh, Ruthie," she said, "isn't it nice to know

them all," and I didn't know whether the tears in her eyes were from laughing or crying. We stayed up awfully late that night.

"Run and get my slippers," said father to Ruth, right after supper, and all the evening he lay back in his chair and smoked and watched us all, while we fooled around and sang old college songs and made fun of Malcolm and Oliver because they'd just bought their first derby hats. It was eleven-thirty when we went up to bed.

"Come here a minute, Bobbie," whispered Elise to me, and I went into the guest-room. "Do unbutton the back of this waist." When I had finished she said, "I'll be down at six-thirty" (we were going to get breakfast too), "and don't you dare to be late. I'm going to make the omelet. You can make johnny-cake. Bobbie, isn't it nice Delia left?" And she kissed *me* as well as Ruth.

That night the boys all came to my room again. I wrapped up in the down comforter, and we were just beginning to talk when Tom appeared. "Hello," he said, smiling all over.

He came in and closed the door. "Well," he said, "what do you think of her?" And I knew he asked us because he so well knew what we did think. But just the same I wanted to tell him.

I shot out my bare, skinny arm at him. "Tom," I said, "I think she's a corker."

He first took my hand and then suddenly, very unlike the Vars, he put both arms around me tight. "Bobbie," he said in a kind of choked voice, "you're a little brick." And, my goodness, I just had to kiss Tom then!



The Old Order Changeth

By

William Allen White

IV—Progress in American Cities

DURING the early years of this century two men living in a great city of the southwest epitomized so entirely much of the good and most of the bad in our municipal life that the story of these men, in so far as the story illustrates the parable of politics in the great cities of the land, should be set down here. One man was rich. He had family. His father was a personage in the state and in the nation forty years ago. The other man came up from the people. He was no one in particular. The rich man kept out of politics; he was in business, and in society. He was a pillar of society. The poor man went into politics, perhaps with the idea that some day he might become a pillar of society. He went to the common council for the glory of it. To go he went and asked the city boss to send him. A city boss always helps men who are in politics for the honor it brings. And after the poor man had been in the council for a time, he found—did this common councilman—that to get results, to get favors for his ward, he would have to tie up with the “combine.” And the boss cinched up the girth of his control on that common councilman two holes when the common councilman joined the gang. Then when the boss fixed it so that a little money might be distributed among the faithful, the common councilman accepted the common practice and took his share. And the other man, the pillar of society, the rich man, knew it. Also he knew that much money was distributed among the councilmen by the boss and his friends. For part of the money came from funds which the rich man was guarding. He knew how franchises

were bought, for his clients and friends were in the market.

But it came to pass when things reached their worst, that the pillar of society grew disgusted with the miserable business. And when the member of the common council heard a great orator tell of deeds upon the battlefield of Gettysburg, the councilman rose while the band played the Star-Spangled Banner, and said, as his eyes filled and his voice choked: “Oh, if I could only die for my country.” And then the crash came. Arrests for bribing and accepting bribes were made. Whereupon the prosecuting attorney began to get anonymous letters, faultlessly typed, telling him what witnesses to summon, what questions to ask them, and in general how to get at the truth. Every day came these letters, and the thieves in the city, big and little, were in consternation at the acumen of the district attorney. The district attorney never fathomed the mystery of his anonymous friend’s identity. But he found that the information was invariably accurate. So the district attorney followed the blind lead and got results. He knew that some one was aspiring beyond his courage, that some one saw the sin of bribery, that some man, apparently an educated man, obviously a man high in financial and social councils, was holding out a life line to the people. And then one day the man who had wept for a chance to die for his country fled from his country to a foreign land, in fear of a prison, and the pillar of society died by his own hand, an absconder of the funds of widows and orphans. And the day the rich man died the anonymous letters stopped.

And that was America in the three decades that followed the civil war: aspiration, ignor-

ance and greed. Aspiration which never saw that heroism means personal sacrifice; ignorance of the great truth that the sin of one brings suffering to all, and greed—common raw greed for wealth and power and position. And there we were in the seventies, eighties and nineties in our great cities, cheering the flag, robbing our neighbors, and selling our votes to mammon in the ballot box, in the common council and in the directorates of public service corporations. And whatever progress our American cities have made, has been made in giving our aspirations a practical turn, through the conquest of the common ignorance, and the common greed of the multitude. For the rich were as ignorant of duty to the city as the poor, and the poor were as greedy in their relation to the common city government as the rich. The pillar of society, a rich man, aspired to help the people reform their city; but he was not willing to reform himself. The member of the common council, a poor man, was willing to help the people upon the battlefield but was unwilling to restrain his own greed; each was dumb when his conscience called upon him to repent of his own shortcomings. And greed killed them both, and so "the dead steered by the dumb went upward with the flood." And a third of a century passed while we sighed at the iniquity of our municipal governments and went on plundering one another.

The Price of Good Government

Things began to grow better when in each city a group of men appeared, sufficiently large and sufficiently wise, who were willing to put into the various campaigns something that was evidently not self-seeking; and by their example the mass of the voters put something besides self-seeking into the ballot box. And in just such a per cent. as the people put in self-sacrifice have they taken out good government. For the ignorance and greed which corrupt our cities are complex and diversified. There is the ignorance of illiteracy—the smallest of the evils; there is the ignorance of misunderstanding of the weight and import of issues and of the major faults and virtues of men—a secondary evil, easily eradicated; and there is the big primal evil of ignorance as it exists in party bias, class consciousness and caste feeling. And as for the common greed, it is expressed in the greed of the voter for personal profit or personal power, whether that power or profit be manifest in the nod of the precinct policeman or the franchise for a lighting plant; the common greed is expressed in the greed of the politician, whether it is for jobs for his supporters, or

bribes for his vote; and the common greed is expressed by the capitalist, whether in his desire to build a coal cellar under his sidewalk or to steal a subway. That is the problem of municipal government in America, whether in New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, Cleveland, Chicago, Galveston or Portland, whether in the large cities or in the country towns—it is one problem, the task of clearing away ignorance and fettering greed.

And what has been done with the problem? To begin with, of course, there are the public schools. "We spend more money," writes the city clerk of Cleveland, "in educating our children than we spend in all the other departments of the city government combined." And the case of Cleveland, which spends more than half of its municipal income in paying for schools, is duplicated in the cities, big and little, all over America. Schools and playgrounds, and parks and libraries, which are found in more or less profusion now wherever ten thousand American people are congregated, must do their work of educating the masses in primary knowledge of the fundamental facts of municipal government before the higher classes in aesthetics may be profitably organized in civic beauty. It is self-evident that if America is to clear away ignorance in the cities, first the people must be taught to read and be given times and places for reflection upon what they read, and then they must have reliable facts.

Uniformity of Municipal Accounts

And reliable facts as to the cost of city government in America are just what the people have not had. Municipal bookkeeping has been miserably done. The blunders and the crimes of politicians have been hidden in ledgers and day books. Only an expert could get at the truth about the cost of administration in any one American city, and the truth about the comparative cost of municipal administration has been as little understood as the canals of Mars. But within the five years last past, a feeling, widespread and for the most part unrelated, has manifested itself in the country, that uniformity of municipal accounts was needed. New York, Boston, Baltimore and Chicago have adopted in part the schedules prepared by the National Municipal League for the keeping of municipal accounts, and the states of Ohio, Massachusetts, Iowa and Wyoming have passed laws requiring the cities in these states to adopt a uniform system of municipal accounts. The adoption of uniform accounting may not seem heroic. It is not a cause upon which to appeal to the passions of

the populace; and yet in New York City in July, 1908, the commissioners of accounts handed to the Mayor of New York their report of their findings. Before frost one borough president had fled under fire, one had been removed by the Governor, a third had resigned, a fourth had been accused of malfeasance in office more serious than is charged against the other four, and one of the five remains. And the office of borough president is one of as great dignity and power as is the office of governor in a considerable minority of our American states.

A research of municipal accounts similar to that in New York is under way in Boston. Already the accountant of the Good Government League has shown where the city is losing \$100,000 a year on coal contracts; where a loan of \$300,000 for the extension of water mains was unnecessary, that a loan bill of \$1,584,500 passed by the city council contained items amounting to \$536,000 that were not only unnecessary but were so objectionable that they should be repealed. The report showed that \$40,000 a year may be saved in one city department without loss of efficiency, and that contracts have been let and supplies purchased, without competitive bidding, at prices ranging from 25 per cent. to 100 per cent. more than the prices of the market. The Massachusetts Bureau of Municipal Accounts—the first of its kind in the United States—seems to be the forerunner of similar activities in many states, for the state leagues of cities, which are organizing all over the country, are demanding it, and their demands will not long go unheeded. No other single movement in America promises so much as this movement for uniform accounts. For with its promise it has brought the guarantee of accomplishment wherever it has been used. The ignorance of misinformation and misunderstanding, more than illiteracy, binds the ignorance of partisan prejudice and class or caste consciousness upon the people. Because ignorance is not the inability to read and write, so much as it is the want of information about waste and plunder in our cities. For there is one ignorance of the rich and another of the poor and still another ignorance of the average man. And while schools and playgrounds and swimming pools and libraries and parks and newspapers may do much to relieve the ignorance of the poor, and while perhaps colleges and books and indictments and presidents' messages and jury verdicts may do something to cure the profound ignorance of the rich, understandable municipal accounting must afford the most useful information to the average man who desires to act

for the good of all in his relation to his city.

Three National Leagues

Naturally enough we find the influences which have begun the work of securing uniform municipal accounting in American cities have not stopped there. These same influences have pushed the idea so far that among those interested in municipal government the idea of uniform accounts is becoming a national idea, and they have also been at work for ten or fifteen years trying to relieve the third and deepest form of ignorance in our cities—that of party bias and class consciousness. During the past five years, the heaven has been multiplying marvelously. There are three strong organizations devoted to the betterment of municipal affairs. There is the American Civic Association, the American Municipal League and the League of American Municipalities. Supplementary to these there are in half a dozen states, state municipal leagues. Wisconsin has one comprising over seventy of her cities and towns. Iowa has one of the strongest leagues in the country—the first league to ask the state legislature to establish a state system of accounting. Illinois has a league, and the municipal ownership idea which is just now particularly dominant in Indiana, finds its expression in a similar organization. Pennsylvania and Virginia cities are organized by states, and through their leagues know much of the comparative cost of municipal utilities and commodities. So the American cities though remote and though as different as New Orleans and Boston know of one another's progress, and through the adoption of uniform systems of accounting, the cities are acquiring valuable information as to comparative cost of light, water, transportation, power, wharf-rates, sewage and garbage disposal, paving, the care of the infirm—physically, mentally and morally—and by reason of the state leagues which are federated into the larger national leagues, there is a growing body of voters in every city that knows the truth about municipal government in so far as the truth may be known through actual practice under modern conditions in this American government. The National Municipal League, which has its headquarters in Philadelphia, was organized in 1894 with less than one hundred members. It now has over 1,500 individual members, and 150 affiliated organizations, which have about 150,000 members. As the League has grown in strength it has gathered to it commercial organizations. It now works with the Merchants' Association of San Francisco, with the Cleveland Chamber

of Commerce, with the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce and with the Indianapolis Merchants' Association. A typical case of the trend of the average citizen toward municipal reform is found in the Merchants' Association of Indianapolis. It was organized, as most such organizations are organized, to go junketing around its commercial territory with a baggage car, drumming up trade for Indianapolis. Then it took up the matter of organizing a credit system, and established local commercial ratings. Finding business injured by an epidemic of small pox, it took a hand in the suppression of small pox, which brought it into city affairs. Then it secured the elevation of railroad tracks, and with its own capital built a system of heating and lighting for the business portion of the town. Gradually it edged into municipal affairs, and last year it found that its city and county governments were so incompetently and scandalously managed that the grand jury was called, and the Merchants' Association today has a municipal program. Incidentally the usual list of indictments, fugitives from justice, and resignations from office have followed its summer's work. And the chief item on its program is a new system of city and county accounts—to be uniform all over Indiana. The path of glory leads but to the ledger—when one begins to reform a city whether in Indiana or Massachusetts or Iowa or California.

The League of American Municipalities is distinctly a different organization, with a membership generally confined to city officers. Its problems are problems of administration. It looks around at existing conditions, rather than ahead at probable conditions. In the League of Municipalities are 150 cities in the United States and Canada, among them being New York, Baltimore, Chicago, Buffalo, New Orleans, Cincinnati, St. Louis and San Francisco. Its work is intensely practical, and is needed to supplement the Municipal League. The two organizations work together without friction. And they have in common with all municipal organizations whether national or state, a broad non-partisan outlook upon their problems. For the strongest note in all of this movement toward better city government is for independent political action by citizens. The separation of municipal and federal elections or state elections was generally accomplished about the time that the nation acquired the secret ballot. And gradually the party organization in American cities is being overthrown, so far as municipal voting is concerned. If the boss and his financier can afford to operate in both parties in city administration, men who oppose the

boss and his master feel that they can afford to follow their example. So we have in Iowa a state law which prohibits placing the words Republican and Democrat or Prohibitionist or Socialist upon any primary ballot, or election ticket for any municipal election. Another feature of the Des Moines plan which has been adopted in Mississippi and which is even more strongly marked as an American tendency in the overthrow of ignorance in municipal government is the breaking down of ward lines. In Des Moines the men who govern the city are elected not by wards, but at large. This establishes a democratic responsibility in every public officer's consciousness. He is a servant not of his ward, but of all the wards. He is the officer of the blue stocking and the red leg as well. Every human unit in the city is his constituent. The governors of the city are called the commissioners. And the commission plan, which is adopted by the larger Texas cities and the Mississippi cities, is found in a score of states where cities have adopted the Des Moines plan in a more or less modified form.

The Commission Plan for Municipal Government

In this connection it is interesting to note that Boston, which is abreast with New York in the adopting of a municipal accounting system, is rather ahead of New York in considering the commission plan of government. For Boston has officially investigated the Des Moines plan with great care, and some of its essential features have been recommended. Buffalo, Haverhill, Mass., Sioux Falls, So. Dak., and Peoria and Springfield, Ill., are about to adopt the Des Moines idea. Two strong features of the Des Moines plan, which require intelligent action from the voter and hence bring him close to the real administration of his city, are the initiative and referendum, and the recall. Great responsibility is given to a few men, in the Des Moines plan, but the people have the right to recall unfaithful servants, and to undo their work through the referendum, or if the servants refuse to enact laws demanded by the people, the voters may petition for an election at which the desired laws are submitted directly to the people, without the intervention of their servants. The referendum, however, is not peculiar to the Des Moines plan. More than half the better class of American cities now have it in some form or other. Most franchises and bond issues in American cities are now submitted to the people before the franchises and bond issues become legal. The old days when the boss could sell a franchise are passing. And

where the people vote upon such matters they are not guided by parties. They are not blinded by ignorance. For the responsibility of power comes to them—even in the wards where illiteracy is the highest,—and the people act with good sense and a feeling of equity which is the endowment of the Teutonic man wherever he is found.

Now all this struggle with ignorance in its first phase through the school and playgrounds and libraries to reduce illiteracy, in its second phase through municipal administration to get the truth before the common people, and in its third phase widening the responsibility of the citizen to remove partisan bias and class consciousness has cost some one something. Some one has been taking time from his business, money from his purse and privileges from his ancient rights. Everywhere there has been surrender—sacrifice. And in so much as we have subdued ignorance we have been circumscribing greed in the government of our cities. The affairs of the folk-moot of old were simple affairs that any adult might understand. But the folk-moot of our great cities is complex. Justice is not obvious to the illiterate, the misinformed or the prejudiced, and yet until the folk-moot is able to establish justice—to deal fairly with the man who wrongs the city—the equilibrium will not be found and our modern problems of city administration will not be settled. For there is never a balance until it is the right balance; wrong, whether it is against the poor man or against the rich man, will keep jogging the scales. And so long as it is evident that Americans in their cities have put considerable self-sacrifice in the balance it is fair to ask what has been gained? What really has been accomplished? Wherein is the citizen better off than if he was ignorant, deluded and prejudiced? Wherein has greed been checked?

The Cost of Some of the Reforms

The census bulletins indicate that 148 American cities of over 30,000 having a population of nearly twenty-three millions, have a per capita debt of \$60.54, being an increase of debt of 23 per cent. in five years. Also the same sources show a total increase of from \$16.10, per capita, to \$17.93, in municipal receipts in those cities in five years, while the municipal expenditures in those cities increased in five years from \$13.36 to \$14.90. The debt is increasing, and the outgo for expenses is but slightly less than the income for receipts. If Mr. Gradgrind desires the facts, they are disconcerting. They indicate that as

municipal administrators we are tetering on the edge of failure with all our fine talk. Yet the facts are not the truth. For nearly 27 per cent. of the increase in the per capita expenses in those years has been for schools, and the increase of debt has been mainly the purchase price of public utilities. For instance: the census bulletin shows that less than one third of the electric light plants in the United States were municipally owned in 1902. That number has now increased to over two fifths, and in the municipal ownership of water works plants the increase is much larger. The extent to which municipal ownership of public utilities has gone in recent years is shown by the "Handbook of American Municipalities," a most accurate compilation of municipal statistics issued by the League of American Municipalities. This handbook prints the statistics of 208 cities—large and small, and all but 65 of them are owners of some public utility, and when one eliminates the smaller cities from the reckoning one finds that in cities of over 40,000 only 17 out of a hundred are under the old order. And the growing debt of our cities, which now exceeds in per capita the national debt, is an evidence of municipal prosperity, not of adversity. For the revenues from these municipal industries are in excess of the expenditures. They are helping to pay for the schools, the parks, the libraries, the playgrounds. Thus the sacrifice of those citizens who have worked to check the ignorance of the people of all grades of society in the city—the work of the underpaid school teacher, and the honest board member, the work of the politician who sold his soul for a park in his ward, the work of the reformers who demanded to see the books of the city, the work of the city politician who fought for separate elections for his city and for a non-partisan judgment from the people in city affairs, the work of the committees that toiled nights and days for nothing to get at the facts when the water works, or the electric light, or the docks and wharves were purchased—the work of these people has been justified, and the sacrifice of the few has been transformed into the blessing of the many.

And yet only as the many have been able to return to the city what it has given have they been really made the beneficiaries of the vicarious sacrifice. That is the real test of our cities. It is not important to know what our schools cost, but what they yield. It is not of significance to see the books, if we do not improve the conditions they show. It is nothing in the long run to break party caste, if we do not build something better. It is of no avail to put boodlers in jail and elect others to fill

their places. For boodling is the flower and not the root of evil. And the evil is ignorance manifested in selfishness among the voters, and if our citizens have not learned the common sense of kindness, they have learned nothing.

Growth of Municipal Ownership

During the past five years the American people in cities have been investing something like \$5,000,000 a year in public utilities. Some utilities they have bought. Some they have built. But in either sense they have taken business that was private and made it public. The movement toward municipal ownership is strong, definite, unwavering. It has been growing steadily since the first year of the new century. How has the transfer of business been conducted? Has any one been wronged? Have injustices to the former owners been done? Is it not a most remarkable testimony to the sense of justice and generosity of the American cities that in all this municipal trading, no one has been reported as having been seriously injured? The people must have been fair, or there would be now an accusing party to bear witness to their ruthlessness, and their greed. But they seem to have replaced private greed by public kindness. The people living in American cities have a billion and a third of debts. These debts represent largely their industrial activities. They represent subways constructed, lighting plants bought, docks and wharves acquired, parks laid out upon confiscated ground, schools established, market places located, hospitals built, equipped and operated, play-grounds and farms for boys and girls maintained, sewers and garbage desiccating plants constructed, water works and heat and power plants taken over or erected. Surely if the people were unfair some one would organize the complaint against their business methods. They have been extravagant, they have been even prodigal and foolish in some of their industrial ventures. But they have not been unjust. The public sense of American cities has justified in the kindness of the people whatever of unselfish effort has been devoted to them. And moreover, with the manifestation of the fairness of the people, a respect for them has grown up among politicians. There must always be a ruling class in America—the class that makes politics its business. And that class will not be reformed by putting its members in jail—not particularly. It is being reformed however in our American cities by the growing moral intelligence of the people. Our government is representative. Our ruling

classes will be of our own kind. And as the Municipal Researchers rise Tammany will fall, not because the researchers happen to be better men than Tammany men, but because the average man is better than Tammany. Hence in a score of our American cities the power of the local boss is waning. The whole tendency of municipal politics is away from the irresponsible boss to the responsible ruler, from the aristocracy of the machine to representative government. The meaning of the Des Moines plan, and the real significance of the movement for uniform municipal accounting, is to simplify responsibility in municipal affairs, and fix it definitely where it belongs. It is not a movement for cheap government, for lower taxes, for better service, so much as it is a tendency that must follow the enlightenment of the people—a tendency toward real self-government. It is the intelligent rise of the individual, and so far from being socialistic—in the sense that socialism is commonly supposed to be the submersion of the man in the mass—the modern movement in American politics is bristling with rampant militant unhampered men crowding out of the mass for individual elbow room!

The problems before American cities now are fundamentally problems arising from aspiration struggling with ignorance and greed. These problems manifest themselves in many forms. The gravest problems are those that come from the regulation and control of public utilities. For the boss gets his money from the man who is after a franchise, or has one to protect, and the evils of ballot box stuffing, of law-breaking, of vice, of petty grafting, follow in the train of the boss and the men whom he elevates with his tribute levied upon the public service corporation. Banish the boss and the protector of gambling and organized vice is gone. It is easy enough to say that when the source of the boss's supplies is cut off he will disappear. But that means the municipalization of all public utilities—light, water, heat, power, transportation and communication. The people have demonstrated that they are competent to operate their water supply. They are taking hold of light, heat and power with much sense and ability. They can sprinkle and clean their own streets, just as they drain them and remove sewage and garbage. These matters are comparatively simple. Cincinnati owns a railroad. Chicago is in partnership with the transportation companies. New York owns her subways. Most cities own their docks and wharves. But municipal ownership of street railways and telephones—there is the flag of truce. It is not peace, probably, but a protocol. In the meantime franchises

are expiring, and the grand jury is kept busy. It is likely that the people are not prepared for municipal ownership of street railways and telephones. They have come long distances in ten years. They have a firmer grip on their local governments than ever before. But the school houses and play grounds and parks and libraries are crowded, and there are crowds before the bulletin boards of the bureau of municipal research; also party control is distinctly loosening and inevitably the protocol with the transportation companies must end, and telephones as private enterprises may count their days after the street railways follow the water works and the lighting plants. For as the supreme court has indicated, capital in so far as it is invested in concerns having a public use is in that public use public capital, and must be subject to control for the common good. And in a city the common good requires the establishment of rates that will not yield large profits to capital invested in public service corporations. For the common good such capital must be transferred from those funds paying large profits in dividends to those funds that may pay merely interest; so public service corporations must submit to public ownership. Certainly it is a new tenet for America, but it seems to be inevitable, considering the direction that American democracy is taking, that as the people grow able to govern themselves, they are able to finance themselves, and thereby to overcome the evils of business impeding their progress by operating the irritating business impediment themselves. And the more tribute public service corporations pay to local bosses to protect special privileges the sooner will the holders of stock in private corporations find themselves holding municipal bonds in lieu thereof. The harder the pressure is from above, the stronger the rebound from below.

This rebound is not local and sporadic. It is not socialistic. For William M. Ivins, recent Republican candidate for mayor of New York, now attorney for the public utilities commission of New York City, by appointment from Governor Hughes, after two years of hard technical investigation of the subject, declares that the private operation of public utilities under franchises is a failure. He is for public ownership. Charles Francis Adams, at the head of a commission appointed in Massachusetts, after investigating public utilities all over America, reports the same conclusion. New Orleans and San Francisco are installing municipal water works. Los Angeles, under her new charter, is not only installing municipal water works, but electricity, and water for irrigation

and power for commercial purposes. Under her new charter Los Angeles is empowered to buy all of her public utilities, and Chicago has just granted a telephone ordinance with a right to purchase reserved in it. In Minneapolis the public ownership fight is the leading issue, just as it is in Detroit. In Galveston, where the taxes have been increased to nearly 60 mills, the leading citizens, having secured such good returns from their tax investment under the commission system of government, have signed a great petition asking the commissioners not to retrench but to keep on in the good work. The victories of Governor Hughes, of Governor Hadley, of County Prosecutor Hunt in Cincinnati over the Cox machine, the work of the Good Government League in Boston over Fitzgerald, the Reform Association's fight in Baltimore, the success of Mayor Malone in Memphis and Mayor Guthrie in Pittsburgh, the triumph of the anti-machine elements in Birmingham, Alabama—all these are municipal victories for free cities. The power of the public service corporation through the city boss is on the wane. Moreover those who are on the wrong side know that it is nothing but a masterly retreat. Said W. Carl Ely, president of the American Street and Interurban Railway Association, speaking of the movement to control public service corporations: "This movement is not confined to any state. It is sweeping over the whole world. The people are asserting themselves. We might as well seek to dam Niagara as to stop it. Deep down in our hearts we know it is right. Let us be men enough to recognize it; let us co-operate with the people and let them understand we are working together; be frank with them, and we shall find that they only want fair and square treatment. We have had trouble because there was capacious fighting against proper measures. Let us deal with the people in the most open way possible and fare trouble, and all other troubles will disappear." And more remarkable than the words themselves is the fact that these words were received by the association with "great applause and general approval."

Home Rule for Cities

Next in importance after local self-government, free from corporation domination, is the demand for home rule for cities.

For the one complaint universal to all American cities is against the interference of the state in local matters—chiefly local matters of finance. Write to any American mayor and he will tell you that if he could rub Aladdin's lamp he would ask for home rule. And he de-

sires home rule chiefly so that the city can increase its debt.

The people in our cities are restive. They wish to do more than they are doing. The feeling is universal. A letter from the bureau of information of the American League of Municipalities says:

"I have before me notes concerning three great cities, Chicago, Philadelphia and Cincinnati, each of which is preparing to make demands on their respective State Legislatures for RELIEF. They argue for large debt limit.

"Chicago asks for legislation that will permit an increase in its bonded indebtedness of about \$16,000,000. Philadelphia cries that it is unfairly handicapped by the present limitation of the municipality's bonded indebtedness to 7 per cent. of the realty assessments. Cincinnati has organized a committee to ask the legislature for an amendment to the so-called Longworth act. This committee will ask that the city may at any time issue bonds without limit for street and sewer improvements, the erection of viaducts and the construction of subways, the laying out of parks and boulevards, the establishment of public bath houses and municipal lodging houses, and the building of a new hospital and a new house of refuge."

As the forces of education turn out from the schools and their auxiliaries citizens who think, the field of municipal activities wherein these people live must broaden. They cannot remain stationary. We are in the youth of our race life. Yet we hold to the racial institutions that made us conquerors of the Mongol and the Semite: The home and the folk-moot. And the strong definite movement all over America for direct nominations by the people, for the referendum in the cities, for non-partisan city government, all these are the return to the rule of the people. What is this universal movement in our American cities for home rule but the old race call for the rule of the folk? It is set as firmly in our bones as the lust of land. And we are as ready as ever to fight for the rule of the people, whether the contest be set at arms, in politics or in business. When it was a question of self-government and municipal ownership or boss rule and private ownership of the municipal industries New York and Chicago have voted for municipal ownership. Our bourbon statesmen may talk themselves black in the face telling us that municipal ownership requires the abandonment of the traditions of the fathers; but when private ownership means injustice or the domination of bosses, something deeper than constitutions and traditions stirs in the blood. For we are a free born people. Moreover we are a young race. We still see visions.

And the genius of a people that can conceive and accomplish self-government under a king, and a monarch or a republic, will keep self-government pure and undefiled, under whatever scheme it works out for the control or ownership of its public utilities. So long as the utilities serve a home that is sound and wholesome and clean, that home will breed men and women with the clear strain of the blood that is not dismayed or vanquished by any broadening scheme of local self-government. What we have gained in three thousand years of pilgrimage we have kept, and we are stronger than ever before in our struggle for the retention of the home and the home rule. And the city, which seems to be in a fair way of becoming the prevailing type of local government on this continent, will be a free city.

The Miracle of City Life

A curious miracle—but how old—is this city life of ours. Here in these American cities, the race migrations of Europe are epitomized. The hand of fate seems spinning the ancient web, with the primeval woof. From the skein in the upland plains behind the Himalayas the moving hand scattered the threads through Europe from Asia Minor to Gibraltar and northward to the Baltic and the Arctic sea. Now the hand is gathering up the threads through our American cities, weaving the pied ravelings into the cloth for whatever wedding garments fate may be making for us in the fullness of time. And yet when the Celt and the German came and pushed the American out of the slums and up and on we feared for the nation: and when the Italians crowded in and pushed the Irish and the Germans up and on, again we were afraid, and when the Norsemen came charging through our cities to their homes on the prairies, and pushed onward, again we feared for our institutions. And now that the Greeks and the Slavs and the Armenians and the Huns and Poles are pushing the Latin races up from the slums and deeper into our civilization, we need not tremble for our institutions. For they are all of the old blood. They will emerge into the old blood again. The American is no sport, no chance child, no woods colt in the races of men. He is the flower of the purest blood on earth, the youngest blood on earth. And the unseen hand of fate that is weaving the garment will weave ignorance and greed out of its warp, and make it strong and fine and clean. And so these cities of ours—spindles in the hands of fate—dirty though they are, and befouled, must keep moving incessantly as they weave the garment.

Margarita's Soul

The Romantic Recollections of a Man of Fifty

By Ingraham Lovell

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS



He's left his socks, his gels, his kine,
He's left his folk and friends and all,
He's off to watch the cold sea shine,
To brew for aye the salt sea brine.
The mermaid hath Sir Hugh in thrall.
—Sir Hugh and the Mermaid.

Synopsis.—Margarita, a beautiful young girl, has been brought up in absolute seclusion and in ignorance of her father's name, in her out-of-the-way home on the coast not far from New York. Here she has lived alone with Hester Prynn, a relative of her father's, and a half-witted fellow called Caliban. On her father's death she comes to New York and her first encounter is with Roger Bradley, who accidentally jostles against her in the street. He is struck with her remarkable beauty and her naive manner. They dine together and Roger takes her back to her home. From there he wires his friend Jerry, who is writing these reminiscences, to come and bring "a sensible parson" with him. Jerry has now arrived at the beach and is about to meet Margarita.

Part III.—In which the stream joins with others and plunges down a cliff

I—Margarita Meets the Enemy and He is Hers

I FLUNG myself down on the beach behind a big rock, so that I was completely cut off from the cottage, and stared at the sun rising, though it might as well have been the moon for all my appreciation of it. So this was it! No wonder he wanted a parson—it was high time, I thought virtuously. It cut me that he had never hinted this to me; that we, who had had no secrets from each other for so many years (as I thought), had really been divided by this, for what I inferred had been a long time. And yet a moment's consideration brought home to me the almost certainty

that it couldn't have been so very long, after all. There had been, especially in the last year, weeks and even months when Roger and I had not been separated for eight hours at a stretch. He chose to work hard in the typical American fashion; I was obliged to. And I knew his attitude toward the sort of *liaison* we both despised. He had labored enough and disgustingly enough at dragging a weak-kneed cousin of his (the black sheep that few large families dispense with) out of a connection of that kind. And anyhow, I knew that people who wore when they were together the look I had seen on those two visions of the mist could never be contented apart!

Well, well, it was a bad quarter of an hour for me, and I had to get over it as best I could,

alone. Women are usually credited with a practical monopoly of jealousy of their own sex, but wrongly, I am sure. We learn earlier to conceal it and, better still, realize the necessity for keeping quiet about it and getting over it. The clock continues to strike, and one's friends continue to marry, and one continues to present silver mugs to one's god-children—*voilà tout!*

I suppose the worry and strain of it all, the hot, stuffy, sleepless night and the sudden shock at the last had tired me, for as I lay on the beach, sheltered by the rock, with just enough of the warm sun at my back for comfort, I went off into a doze and lost myself completely. I may have slept two hours, and woke with that perfectly definite sensation of some one's being by and staring at me that disturbs one's deepest dreams.

Sitting Turk fashion on the sand near me was a beautiful young woman with great deep-set gray eyes and two braids of long dark hair, one falling over either shoulder. Her skin was dark, nearly olive, and her mouth was of that deep, dark red that has always seemed to me so much more alluring than all the coral lips of poetry and convention. She was oddly attired in a short, faded blue serge skirt and a dull red jacket of the sort called at that sartorial epoch a "jersey." Tied around the neck of this was a black silk handkerchief. Black stockings, generously displayed, and worn white tennis shoes completed her costume—a trying one, certainly, and one would have supposed sufficiently prejudicial in my eyes, who have always had a confessed preference for the charm of well-selected clothes, and a certain critical judgment in that direction, I am told.

But Margarita would have molded a suit of chain-armor, I believe, to her personality. It was quite obvious that she wore no corset, for the tight jersey clung to her round, firm bust and long, supple waist like a glove. Her shoulders were, perhaps, a little shade squared, which only added to the boyishness of the enchanting pose of her head, and the loose handkerchief gave the last touch to the daintily hardy fisher girl she seemed to have chosen for her masquerade. For there was nothing of the peasant about her; race showed in every feature, and the dim, toned colors of her faded clothes appeared the last touch of realistic art.

"You must wake, now," she said gravely, "and tell me if you are Jerry—are you?"

"Yes," I said, "I am. And you are——?"

"I am Margarita," she said. "Did you bring some one who knows how to marry people? Roger said you would."

"I brought him—he's out there," I answered, pointing to the ocean generally.

She followed my arm with interest in her eyes. "Oh! Is that where he will do it?" she asked. "Roger did not tell me that. Is he swimming?"

"I think not," I answered seriously; "I think he is in a boat."

"I am glad of that," she remarked, "because I cannot swim myself. And I must be with Roger, you know, when we are being married."

"It is usual," I admitted. I was really only half aware of the extraordinary character of our conversation. Every one became primitive in talking with Margarita and fell, more or less, into her style of discourse.

"Have you been married?" she asked placidly, her grave, lovely eyes full on mine. She sat quite motionless, her hands loose in her lap, neither twiddling them aimlessly nor pretending to employ them in the hundred nervous ways common to her sex.

"No."

"Neither have I. Neither has Roger. But many people have. It cannot be hard."

"Oh, no! I believe it is the simplest thing in the world," I said, eyeing her narrowly. Was she teasing me? I wondered.

"So Roger says," she agreed with obvious relief. "It is only talking. I cannot see why Roger could not learn to do it himself. Can you not do it, either?"

I shook my head. I was trying to believe that she was not quite sane, but it was impossible. Her mind, I could have sworn, was as vigorous as my own, though there was a difference, evidently. The precise, beautiful articulation of her English gave me a new direction. She must be a foreigner—Italian, for choice, in spite of her English eyes.

"Marrying people is a business like any other, Miss—I did not hear your last name?" I ventured.

"I have none," she said. "I mean," correcting herself, "Roger says that I must have one, of course, but I do not happen to have heard it," she added calmly.

"Ah, well," I said coldly, "it is a mere detail."

I was seriously vexed with Roger. This young woman passed belief. I decided that she was an actress of the first water and resented being imposed upon.

"It is the same with my age—how old I am," she continued. "Roger thinks I am twenty years of age. Do you? He is going to ask you."

"Really, I can't say," I returned shortly. "I am a poor judge of women's ages—or characters," I added pointedly.

She did not blush nor move. Only her eyes widened slightly and darkened.

"Roger will ask you," she repeated and I felt, unreasonably, as it seemed to me then, that my tone had hurt her, as one's tone, utterly incomprehensible as the words it utters may be, will hurt a child.

She sat in silence for a moment, and I, curiously eager for her next remark and conscious suddenly of that strange, muffled excitement that had oppressed me a few hours before, watched her closely, gathering handfuls of sand and spilling them over my knee.

"Did you ever go to Broadway?" she began again.

"I have, yes."

"I did, too," she assured me eagerly: "I think it is beautiful. I should like to live there, should not you? Perhaps," hopefully, "you do live there?"

"No," I said, still on my guard and uncomfortable, "I don't. Are you planning to live there after you are married?" She shook her head regretfully.

"I am afraid not," she said, and her voice dropped a full third and colored with a most absurd and exquisite somber quality, as Duse's used to in *La Dame aux Camellias*. "Roger would not want to. He will not want me to walk there very much, either. And that is very strange, because there is where I first saw him. But there are places I shall like quite as well, he says, and he will take me there. Will you come, too?"

"I am afraid," I replied drily, "that I might be a little *de trop*, perhaps. Roger might not care for my society under those circumstances."

Again she answered my tone rather than my words.

"Roger loves you," she said simply.

"He used to," I returned—inexcusably. Oh, yes! utterly inexcusably.

Again her eyes widened and grew dark, and this time the corners of her mouth curved down pitifully, and I felt a strange heaviness at my heart.

"You do not love me, do you, Jerry?" she said, and now her voice dropped a good fifth and thrilled like the plucked string of a violoncello, and my nerves vibrated to it and tingled in my wrists.

"Roger said you would, and I thought you would—and you do not," she said sadly.

I clenched a handful of the moist sand and leaned toward her, my heart pounding furiously.

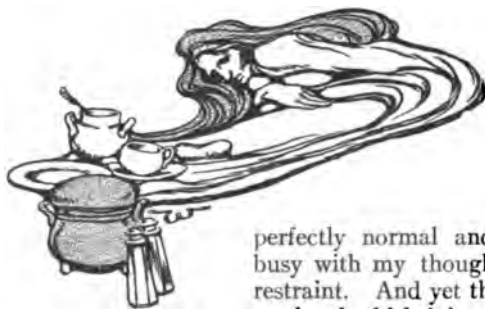
"Are you sorry?" I muttered unsteadily, fixing my eyes on hers.

She met them fully. Like great gray pools they were, her eyes, honest as mountain springs, clear as rain. They caught me and held me and drenched me in their innocent, warm sweetness; there was not one thought in her head, not one corner in her heart that I was not free to know. Those eyes had never held a secret since they opened into a world that had never, to her knowledge, deceived her. They swam in light, and oh, the depths on depths of love that one could sound there! My last hateful anchor broke clean off and my heart slipped from the stupid rocks of suspicion and self protection and jealousy, and floated away on the bosom of that sweet, disturbing flood. I forgot Roger, I forgot what had been myself; in that instant, in the utter surrender of her innocent eyes, she became for me all at once the vision I had seen in the mist again, the thing we mean when we say woman—but now she was one single, special woman, the vision and the flesh-and-blood reality together.

"Are you sorry?" I said again, and my voice was not my own.

She smiled at me till I caught my breath. "Not now, Jerry," she said softly, "because you do love me now."

The sand fell, a tightly molded shape, out of my hand, and I wrenched my eyes away from her. They smarted and stung, but the pain relieved me and cleared my brain, and I knew suddenly what I have known ever since and shall know till I die. There on the beach, before I had so much as touched her hand, I had fallen senselessly and hopelessly and everlastingly in love with Margarita.



II—Fate Spreads an Island Feast

I don't know how long we sat silent, on the beach. Such silence was never embarrassing to her, because it seemed

perfectly normal and usual, and I was too busy with my thoughts to feel any sense of restraint. And yet they were hardly thoughts: my head whirled in a confusion of regret and desire, and one moment my blood ran warm with the joy of my discovery, and the next a horrid chill crept over me as I saw my empty years—for if she might not fill them, no one else should. At last I drew a long breath.

"Are you hungry?" Margarita asked pleasantly. "When I am hungry I do that very often. If you will come now, we will have our breakfast."

She sprang to her feet with the lithe ease of a boy and held out her hand to me. I took it and we walked thus across the beach to the cottage, and during that walk, with her firm, warm hand fast in mine and her clean, elastic step beside me, I swore to myself that neither she nor Roger should ever regret what she had done to me, nor know it, if I could keep the knowledge from them. The last part of this vow was impossible of fulfilment, finally, but the first, thank God! has never been broken, or even for a moment strained, and I like to hope that this may count a little to my credit, in the ultimate auditing, for she was terribly alluring, this Margarita, and I am no more a stock or a stone than other men, I fancy.

We walked around to the shore side of the cottage and there stood Roger on its weather-beaten veranda, his hand held out to me eagerly, an anxious, an almost wistful look in his honest blue eyes. He was unusually but not unbecomingly dressed in faded blue serge trousers, too tight for the dictates of fashion, but quite telling in their revelation of his magnificent thighs, tucked into very high wading boots and topped by a gray flannel blouse open at the neck for comfort, with a twisted dull green handkerchief by way of a collar. It was really quite picturesque altogether, and suited him excellently, as all rough-and-ready, notably masculine attire has always done. Curiously enough, he combines with this, when in evening clothes, the least resemblance to a head-waiter I have ever observed in an American; the price they pay, I suppose, for being quite the best dressed business and professional men in the world.

I took all this in, of course, in a fraction of the time it takes to write it, and also the fact that old Roger looked ten years younger than when I had last seen him. He had always been a steady, responsible fellow, you see, one of the men people put things on, and not particularly youthful for his age: a great help to him as a budding young lawyer.

But now I saw the eyes we used to see on the the football field in New Haven, and even, it seemed to me for a moment, the little worried yet patient intentness I knew so well at school when some one of those tiny climaxes (that seemed so terrible then!) depended on him for a fair solution. They used to say so clearly, those honest eyes, that he hoped you agreed with him and that you felt his way was the best way, but that whether or not you agreed, he would have to do it all the same.

He had, as I say, his hand out, and I quickly put mine into it, somehow or other not losing Margarita's at the same time. As unconsciously as a child she reached out her other hand to him and we stood like boys and girls in a ring-game, Roger and I looking deep into each other's eyes and holding Margarita tightly.

"Is it all right, Jerry?" he asked me earnestly.

"It's all right if you say so, Roger," I answered promptly. All our friendship was packed into that question and answer, and I like to think that I never asked any explanations and that he never thought of giving any till they were more or less unnecessary, the matter being settled.

"You're not alone, I hope?" he said as we moved, one each side of Margarita, into the house. I dropped her hand abruptly. Up to that moment I had completely forgotten my sensible parson.

"Not unless he's given me up and rowed back to the town," I assured him contritely, "and I hope to heaven you know who he is, for I don't! He's a thoroughly good fellow, anyhow, and he knows us, and from what I've seen of him he strikes me as just about the man we want."

"Thank you for that 'we,' Jerry," said Roger soberly, putting his arm over my shoulder, and I realized suddenly and completely that I had taken the jump and cleared my last ditch: Roger's interest in to-day's event, for good or bad, was mine.

"I'll run and call him," I began, "and mind you mention his name directly, for it's a bit awkward for me all this while." Something struck me and I turned back.

"By the way," I tried to say easily, "do you want me to—to begin any explanations?"

He laughed shortly.

"Good old Jerry!" he said affectionately. "No, I'll manage that when I find out who he is. Hurry him along, for breakfast is ready."

I dashed off to the landing and hailed the boat, now plainly visible on the bright, clear moving sea. She flew in like a swallow, the oarsman coat off and dripping, and evidently royally content.

"Has Roger got a change for me?" he called as he reached the landing. "I won't keep him ten minutes longer, but I'd like to go over the side here, tremendously."

I, too, had begun to be conscious of a wrinkled, cinder-coated feeling, and Roger, who had followed me at a distance, turned at my shout and ran back to the cottage, returning with a white armful of linen and towels just as

we had slipped into the blue, cold water. I shall never forget his expression of mingled relief, real pleasure and amusement as he recognized my companion's face, bobbing upon the surface.

"This is mighty good of you, Elder," he said simply, and reached down from the slippery stone to shake the dripping hand held out to him.

Then it came to me in a flash. Tip Elder, of course! He was supposed to have been christened Tyler, but was never known by any other name than Tippecanoe, for reasons clearer in those days than these, the old political war cry in connection with his boating fame having proved too temptingly obvious to the rest of his class crew. He was in Roger's class; I remembered how, even then, he had dragged Roger down to some boys' club of his to give a boxing lesson once to some of his protégés. He and Russell Dodge had a notable and historic quarrel once because Tip had refused to break an engagement in order to take one of Russell's many feminine incumbrances to a dance. Tip had steadily refused to accept the obligation, and had endured very patiently a vast amount of hectoring from Russell, who was then as now a trifle snobbish and unsteady; but had finally been forced (or so we regarded it, that hot and touchy period) to accept what was practically a challenge, and we were actually on tiptoe for a duel. Feeling ran high about it, and there might have been a very disagreeable scandal had not Tip's clear common sense and persuasive oratory burst out at the last possible minute from this murky thunder cloud, and effectively swept the whole business out of the way.

But none of his prayer meetings, nor the trip to the Holy Land that he made in one long vacation ever deceived any one who knew the fellow into thinking him a prig. He never pretended that his ideals of practical conduct were a bit higher than those of scores of the men who had none of these interests of his. So marked was this absence of the goody-goody in Tip that I, though I recalled his face and vaguely connected him with something or other in the athletic line, never remembered these other characteristics of his until, at Roger's warm greeting, the years rolled back and Tip Elder, oarsman and philanthropist, took his proper place in my memory again.

We scrambled up the rough landing steps, rubbed down quickly and got into the fresh linen Roger had brought us, talking curt commonplaces, not even embarrassed, in the glow and vigor of that strengthening dip, and I no-

ticed that the underwear, though of the best linen, was somehow a little unfamiliar in its fashion, indescribably antiquated in cut.

"We'll talk at breakfast," said Roger, as we hurried toward the cottage. "I know you're hungry."

He pushed open the door, and we entered, gazing curiously around us. We stood in a large, square room, evidently a dining- and living-room, washed with a grayish plaster, at once warm and cool. There was a deep, wide hearth of faded red brick on one side, and an old oak dresser covered with a very good service of gold-rimmed white china and several pieces of handsome Sheffield plate. The few chairs and settees and the one large table in the center were all of that solid yet graceful Georgian style that the first settlers brought with them; the bare clean floor and the home-made rugs, taken with this furniture, gave an effect more usual now in a summer cottage than it was then. On the walls were eight or ten water-color sketches framed in rustic wood, a worn wicker *chaise-longue* with patchwork cushions, struck a curiously exotic note; two spinning-wheels, a large and a small, flanked the fire and bore every evidence of use, not aestheticism; a silver bowl of unmistakable Queen Anne date, beautifully chased, filled with fiery nasturtiums, stood in strange neighborliness to a cheap American alarm clock; a lovely, tarnished oval mirror reflected a hideous floral calendar, the advertisement of some seedsman. The room turned in a small ell, and this, which was evidently the kitchen corner of it, could be completely hidden from the rest by a quaint screen, very broad and high, of home manufacture, the body of which was composed of several calf-skins beautifully marked and adroitly fitted together. This last gave a touch of quaint antiquity, a hint of the bold and primitive that was deliciously satisfying. I thought it then and still think it a room in ten thousand. It had no other door nor any window opening on the beach, and this produced a softened dimness, a richness, so to speak, of lighting and gloom, a sinking into shadow of the hearth and spinning-wheels, a lightness of the dresser and the polished settle near it that struck the eye with the same contented shock one gets from a mellow Dutch interior—the same impression of previous acquaintance, of a once familiar, only half forgotten home.

I have since tried to analyze the charm of that room, its inevitable hold upon every one privileged to enter it (and I suppose few rooms in America have held a greater number of really select souls), and I have decided that its spell consisted in its deeply impersonal char-

acter; its utter lack of the characteristics, the idiosyncrasies, the imbecilities, even the fascinations of other, no matter how attractive dwelling places. It had the restful aloofness of a studio, with none of its professional limitations; the domesticity of a home, with none of its fatiguing clutter; the freedom of an inn, with none of its stale sense of over-use. And above and through all this ran the note of almost ascetic cleanliness, a purity fairly conventional. Like most men, I have a concealed passion for perfect cleanliness—concealed, because to the sex so ironically intrusted with the duty of domestic lustration cleanliness appears to mean frightful and devastating upheavals resulting in a nauseating odor of soap and furniture polish. When you shall have learned, dear ladies, to *keep* your domains clean without so furiously *getting* them clean, you will have earned, in our eyes, your somewhat dubious title of housekeepers. Meanwhile, continue, in heaven's name, to think us the contentedly dirty sex!

From the kitchen ell delicious odors proceeded, and as we sat down around the shining old table with its fine, much-darned linen, and its delicate china eked out where necessary by cheap, coarse, village crockery, a heavy-faced fellow with dull eyes under a shock of hair served us with what, upon mature consideration, I believe to have been the finest breakfast I have ever eaten. A great fresh fish, broiled with bacon, plenty of those delicious corn-meal muffins (I believe they are locally and truly known as "gems"), mealy potatoes fried in bacon fat, and a sort of tart jam or marmalade made of wild plums to top off with, the whole washed down with strong coffee and rich cream, melted before our keen-edged appetites like dew before the hungry sun, and we hardly spoke as we filled ourselves.

Much combined to give a flavor to the meal: the long, worried night, the short, cool plunge, the excitement of our adventure, the mystery of this empty house (for neither Margarita nor any other hostess was present) and in my own case the wild, heady consciousness of that absurd, incredible thing that had just happened to me: the confused yet certain sense that it could never be quite the same with me as it had been before I met that extraordinary

girl in the faded red jersey. It was too soon to think about it, I was still stupid from the shock of it, but my blood ran very sweetly through my veins, the delicious, strong air of the beach was in my nostrils and the food was fit for the hunger of the gods.

III—Our Parson Proves Capable

At last even we could eat no more, and Roger

pulled out an old pipe that I had never seen before, pushed a jar of fragrant tobacco toward us, brought us pipes from the chimney-piece and crossed his legs definitely.

"I suppose, Tip," he said, "you're wondering why you're here, eh?"

"A little," said Tip comfortably, "but not too much. To tell you the truth, fellows, I haven't had such a thoroughly good time for—oh, for ten years, I should say! Somehow I feel as if everything but just this actual moment—this breakfast, this pipe, this queer old room—was a sort of dream and these were the only things that mattered."

"I know," Roger answered quietly, "that's the way one feels here. The place is bewitched, I think. Well, Tip, I want to get married, and I'd rather you'd be the one to do the business than any man I know."

"I rather suspected it," Tip said, "and I'll be mighty glad to do it for you, Roger. Who is she?"

There was quite a pause here, and Roger puffed slowly and thoughtfully at the old pipe and looked out of the open door toward the little bay. By and by he spoke, and the concise clearness of what he said was most characteristic of him.

"Of course I needn't go into all this at all," he began, "unless I wanted to. In fact, my original idea was to have a perfect stranger (as I somehow thought Jerry would bring) marry us without his being any the wiser. But the minute I saw you, Tip, I felt that I'd like you to know. But I'd rather you kept it to yourself."

He paused a moment, and Tip nodded gravely.

"Of course you have my word for that," he said.

"The woman I'm going to marry," Roger went on, in his quiet, practical voice, "was born and brought up on this little peninsula. She has never left it but once in her life. Her mother died when she was a baby, her father a



few weeks ago, I should say. She does not know her father's name, nor, consequently, her own. It is evident from this house, the furnishings and the books, that he was a gentleman and an educated one. For as long as she can remember they were served and looked after in every way by a woman called Hester Prynne and this half-witted fellow called Caliban. Of course I have no idea what their real names were. The woman died very recently and the girl was left alone. There was a big chest fairly well filled with money under her father's bed, but not a line or word in it to give any clue. Either her father or mother must have been Italian, I should think, both from her name and her general type, but she knows no Italian whatever—only a simple childish sort of French. She is the only woman I should ever marry if I lived a hundred years, and I want you to do it to-day. Will you?"

I drew the long breath I had been holding during this speech and felt a great relief. It was all so simple, after all! I hoped Tip wouldn't spoil it, but I was afraid he would. He wasn't at all what one would call a man of the world; he had always felt a terrible responsibility for other people's actions, and this particular action was, to put it mildly, certainly rather unusual. But I had underestimated both Tip's keenness and the effect of Roger's big, quiet personality. For Tip stared hard at his pipe a moment, then at Roger, then back at the pipe, and said:

"Surely I will, Roger. And be glad to." And there's Tip Elder for you!

We smoked awhile longer in silence. Finally Tip began again in a casual sort of way, as if, the main question having been settled, this were a mere detail, but one that he might as well mention.

"How about the name, Roger?" he asked. "Won't that be a little awkward? At home, you know. I suppose you couldn't wait till you found it out?"

Roger threw his jaw forward a bit and pursed his mouth, a trick he had when he was bothered but couldn't see any way out of it.

"No, I couldn't," he said thoughtfully. "In the first place, to tell you the truth, I don't much believe there's any chance of finding it out except by pure accident. There's not a scrap of evidence about the place, and it is

undoubtedly intentional. I've opened every book in her father's room and there are no collections of old litter in any closet—there's no attic—and not a letter or bill in the house. A doctor came here once or twice, but he never mentioned her father's name in her hearing, and this Hester told her he came from New York. Caliban did the marketing and paid cash for everything. The telegraph operator, who is the only one I've spoken with in the town, represents the attitude of everybody there, probably, and he thinks, evidently, that an eccentric recluse lives here, and that his housekeeper is pretty close mouthed and 'unsociable,' as he put it. It's rather strange that they aren't more curious, but she must have known how to deal with them, for whatever interest anybody may have felt died out long ago. They know the man had a daughter and that she's grown now, but this fellow told me that he'd heard she went barefoot most of the time, and there was a half rumor that she was

feeble minded, and that was why they kept so close. He thinks I'm boarding here, apparently. I suppose that any curious boys or tramps that might have been tempted over here were frightened off by the dogs—there used to be a pair of them."

He paused to fill his pipe again and Tip nodded comprehendingly.

"I see," he said; "it's an extraordinary situation, isn't it?"

Another pause, and he added with his eyes carefully off Roger's face:

"This housekeeper, now—you don't think it's possible——"

"No, I don't," Roger interrupted shortly. "Both she and the father have told Margarita that she resembled her mother, and that her mother was very good and very beautiful, but that she was not named after her.

She died when the child was born, and Hester was with them then. Besides, her father used to correct her for using expressions of Hester's and forbade her to hold her knife and fork as Hester did, and things of that sort. She never ate with them, either. Margarita says that Hester loved her father but was always afraid of him."

Caliban had the table cleared now, and Tip and I stared into our reflections in the beautiful, shining mahogany where our plates had been. I suppose the same thing was in



The place is bewitched

both our minds. What a strange marriage for a Bradley! What an incongruous effect, in steady old Roger's life! When one considered all the Jacksons and Seares and Cabots he might have married—there was one particular red-cheeked, big-waisted Cabot girl that old Madam Bradley had long and openly favored—one could but gasp at the present situation. A sur-nameless Miranda, whose only possessions were a chest of money, a few pieces of old mahogany and a brindled hound!

"I haven't seen the young lady yet, you know, Roger," Tip reminded him gently at last, and Roger, coming out of his abstraction with a quick smile, stepped to the foot of the stairs and called, "Margarita! Margarita! *Viens, chérie!*"

She came, hesitating from stair to stair as a child does, and I caught my breath when I saw her—as I have always done whenever she appeared in a new and different dress. For she had taken off the faded jersey and put on a longer, more womanly frock of some sort of clear blue print. It was faded, too, and much washed, evidently, but its dull, soft tone and simple, scant lines only threw out the more strongly her rich coloring and strong, supple figure. The body of it crossed on itself simply in front, like an old-time kerchief, leaving her throat bare to the little hollow at the base of it; around her waist was a belt of square silver plates heavily chased, linked together with delicate silver links. Her long braids were bound around her beautiful round head, and this fashion of hair-dressing, with its classic parting, brought out the purity of her features and the coin-like regularity of them. I saw at once that she was older than I had thought her on the beach; I had not given her twenty then.

Roger took her hand and led her into the room.

"This is Margarita," he said simply, but his face told all he did not say, and I thanked heaven that neither Elder nor I had been foolish enough to attempt what we should probably have called reasoning with him.

"Is this the man that will marry us?" she inquired gravely, taking his offered hand with a lovely, free gesture.

"Roger is going to give me the pleasure of making him so happy, yes," said Tip, very cordially, I thought, and with more grace than I had believed him capable of. But she did not even smile at him, and it was rather startling, because she had smiled at me, and I hadn't known her long enough to understand that she had absolutely none of the perfunctory motions of lips and eyes that we learn so soon and so unconsciously in this cynical old world. When

Margarita didn't feel moved to smile, she didn't, that was all, just as she didn't pretend to look grave at the death of the only woman she had ever known in her life. She had never learned the game, you see.

"I should like it better if you did it," she said to me and an idiotic joy filled every crease of my heart.

"He can't do it, dear," Roger said gently, "only Mr. Elder can," and the look of appeal he turned on Tip would have touched a harder heart than that dear fellow's.

"You see, old man," he murmured apologetically, "she says just exactly what she thinks, with no frills—she doesn't understand yet. . . ."

And good old Tip smiled back at him and said he understood, if Margarita didn't, and perhaps she would be willing to make his acquaintance a little and walk out on the beach with him?

"I want to be your friend, too, Miss Margarita, as well as Roger's," he ended.

"I will walk with you if Jerry comes too," she said placidly, and so we all laughed—I somewhat unsteadily—and Tip and I took her for a walk.

And right here I must stop and mention a very interesting thing. Though she saw him often after that, for the intimacy renewed there after so many years never has waned since, and he has woven himself strangely and wholesomely into all our lives, Margarita never cared for Tip. For a long time I did not see why and always attributed his extraordinary invulnerability to her charm to her lack of interest in him, but suddenly one day it came to me (in my bath, I remember; I squeezed a lot of soap into my eye till I thought I should go blind), and I realized all at once what a fool I had been. She did not care for him just *because* he did not surrender to her. He was the only man but one that ever had anything to do with her, so far as I know, who was not, in one degree or another, in love with her. He admitted her beauty and charm, he admired her talent, he respected her frankness—but he never was the least little bit in love with her, and except for J—n S—t, who failed to make a great picture of her, for the same reason, I believe, he is the only man I know who ever had the opportunity, of whom that can be said.

And from the moment their eyes met, Margarita saw this (or felt it, rather, for she had not had sufficient practice in reading people at that time to be able to see it) and—he simply did not exist for her.

For I must admit it: it was her own particular fault, that. And I must hasten to add that

I loved her the more for it. She *was* heartless in a situation of that sort. It would be folly to deny it. It was as much a part of her enchanting personality, and as little a defect in my indulgent eyes, as the three tiny moles under her chin (true *grains de beauté*) or her utter refusal to affect an interest in people's affairs or to eat the insides of her rolls and bread slices. All faults, doubtless—but who would have or love a faultless woman? Not I, at any rate, for I loved her and love her and shall love her till my heart is a handful of dust, and she was far from faultless, my Margarita.

And yet, characteristically enough, it was to Tip that she turned in what was without any doubt the great decision of her life, and Tip that influenced her to it. She knew whom to go to well enough, and she knew that he was the one person qualified to give her absolutely unprejudiced counsel. Oh, yes! she knew. Just as the beasts make for the root or herb or flower that will cure them, she went to him, with an instinct as true as theirs. And I, God forgive me, was a tiny bit jealous of him for that! Men are made of curious clay, my masters, and it's a mad world indeed.

After we came back from our walk, during which she and I talked, and Tip listened quietly, he moved toward Roger and I left Margarita fondling the dog and joined him.

"She is a lovely creature, Roger," he said thoughtfully. "I don't want for a moment to meddle, but on the chance that you haven't thought of it, may I suggest one thing?"

"Fire ahead," said Roger. He had changed his clothes, and appeared in his accustomed business suit; its neat creases and quiet color made him again the responsible, unromantic lawyer I had known, and took away the last vestige of dramatic oddity from the situation. It all seemed natural and sober enough.

"Had you thought of taking her to your mother and marrying her there, Roger?" Tip went on quietly. "Supposing she were to adopt her, even—you could arrange all that easily—then there would be no awkwardness. As it is, it might be made a little uncomfortable . . . it isn't as if you were a nobody, you know, old man, and you don't know her name, you see, and . . ."

I will own that this struck me as an extremely practical plan for a moment, and I looked hopefully at Roger. But he shook his head.

"I see what you mean, Tip," said he, "but it's impossible. I wish it weren't. I thought of it, of course. But there are reasons why it won't do. I won't attempt to deny that this will be a blow to my mother. I know her too well to consider for a moment the possibility of

her helping me in this way. She—she is very proud and—and she has her own ideas. . . . My cousin, too— Oh, Lord!" he concluded suddenly, "Jerry'll tell you it wouldn't work."

Of course it wouldn't. In one flash I saw that dark, determined house on the Back Bay, Madam Bradley's cold, bloodless face and Sarah's malicious eyes probing, probing Margarita's crystal unconsciousness. It seemed to me suddenly that Roger's mother might not, and that Sarah certainly would not, forgive this business. I saw his mother in a series of retrospective flashes, as I had been seeing her for twenty-five years: each time a little more impersonal, a little more withdrawn, a little less tolerant. I remembered the quiet, bitter quarrel with the president of the university to which he would naturally have gone, and its result of sending him to Yale—the first of his name to desert Harvard—to the amazement and horror of his kinsfolk. I remembered the cold resentment that followed his decision to go to work in New York, based very sensibly, I thought, on the impossibility of submission to his uncle's great firm—the head of the family—and the inadvisability of working in Boston under his disfavor. I remembered the banishment of his younger sister on her displeasing marriage (the old lady actually read her out of the family with bell and book) and the poor woman's subsequent social death and bitter decline of health and spirit. I remembered the sad death of his second sister, and the stony philosophy of her impenetrable mother. I remembered the eldest daughter, a brilliant beauty, whose career might have brushed the skirts of actual royalty, and whose mysterious renouncement of every triumph and joy (one would suppose) possible to woman and sudden conversion and retirement to a Roman Catholic order convulsed Boston for a long nine days and broke Madam Bradley's heart so that she never smiled again—and never, it was whispered, forgave the God who had allowed such a shipwreck. That she loved Roger, I must believe; that she was proud of him and looked upon him with a sort of stern, fanatical loyalty as the head of her family, I knew. But I could not see her adopting, or even tolerating, Margarita with the unknown name. No, it wouldn't do. And I told Tip so very decidedly.

"But if you wanted to take her to my mother, Roger," I ventured, seeing, in fancy, the dear woman cooing over Roger's mysterious, romantic beauty (she adored him and would, moreover, have adopted a chambermaid if I had begged her to), "it could be arranged, I know. . . ."

"Thank you, Jerry," he interrupted shortly, "but it must be now. I can't have anything happen. Any slip——" I saw his hands clench, and I knew why. Whether Tip knew, I couldn't tell; he never indicated it, then or ever after, good fellow. But he wasn't a fool. "*Mélez-vous de c'qui vous regarde!*" as we used to say at Vevay, and Tip minded his business well.

"That's all right," he said quickly, "I only thought I'd mention it. How about the license in this state?"

They talked a little in low tones, and I looked at Margarita and thought of the odd chances of life, and how we are hurried past this and that and stranded on the other, and skim the rapids sometimes to be wrecked later in clear shallows, perhaps.

"If you are ready, then?" said Tip and we all moved across the beach and found ourselves standing on a great, smooth rock that would be cut off in a high tide, with Caliban, clean and quiet and pathetically attentive, behind us and with him a curiously familiar stranger, very neatly dressed, with tired eyes. As we grouped ourselves there and Tip pulled a tiny book from his pocket I recollected this stranger's face—it was the telegraph operator! Roger, who forgot nothing, had brought him over for the other witness.

"Dearly beloved," said Tip in a clear, deep voice, and I woke with a start and realized that old Roger was being married. Margarita, in her graceful, faded blue gown, gazed curiously at him, one hand in Roger's; the noon sun streamed down on us from a cloudless, turquoise sky; the little waves ran up the points of rocks, broke, and fell away musically.

To appreciate those quaint sentences of the marriage service, you must hear them out under the heavens, alone, with no bridesmaids, no voice that breathed o'er Eden, no flowers but the great handful of flaming nasturtiums Roger had put in her hands (no maiden lilies grew on that rock), and a quiet man dressed just as other men are dressed, with only the consciousness of his calling to separate him from the rest of us. They held their own, those quaint old phrases, I assure you! But it was then I learned to respect them.

Nevertheless, Roger *had* forgotten something.

"Where's the ring?" the telegraph operator motioned to me with his lips. His tired eyes expressed a mild interest. I saw Roger's lips purse; for a moment his eyes left Margarita's face and I knew that he had just remembered it. I looked down vaguely, and my eyes fell upon the worn, thin band on my little finger—

my mother's mother's wedding-ring. In one of those lightning flashes of memory I saw myself, a lad again, starting for college, and my mother putting it on my finger.

"She was the best woman, I think, that ever lived, Jerry—I took it when she died. I want you to wear it, and perhaps you will think—oh, my darling! I know it is hard to be a good man, but will you try?"

My dear, dear mother! I think I tried—I hope so.

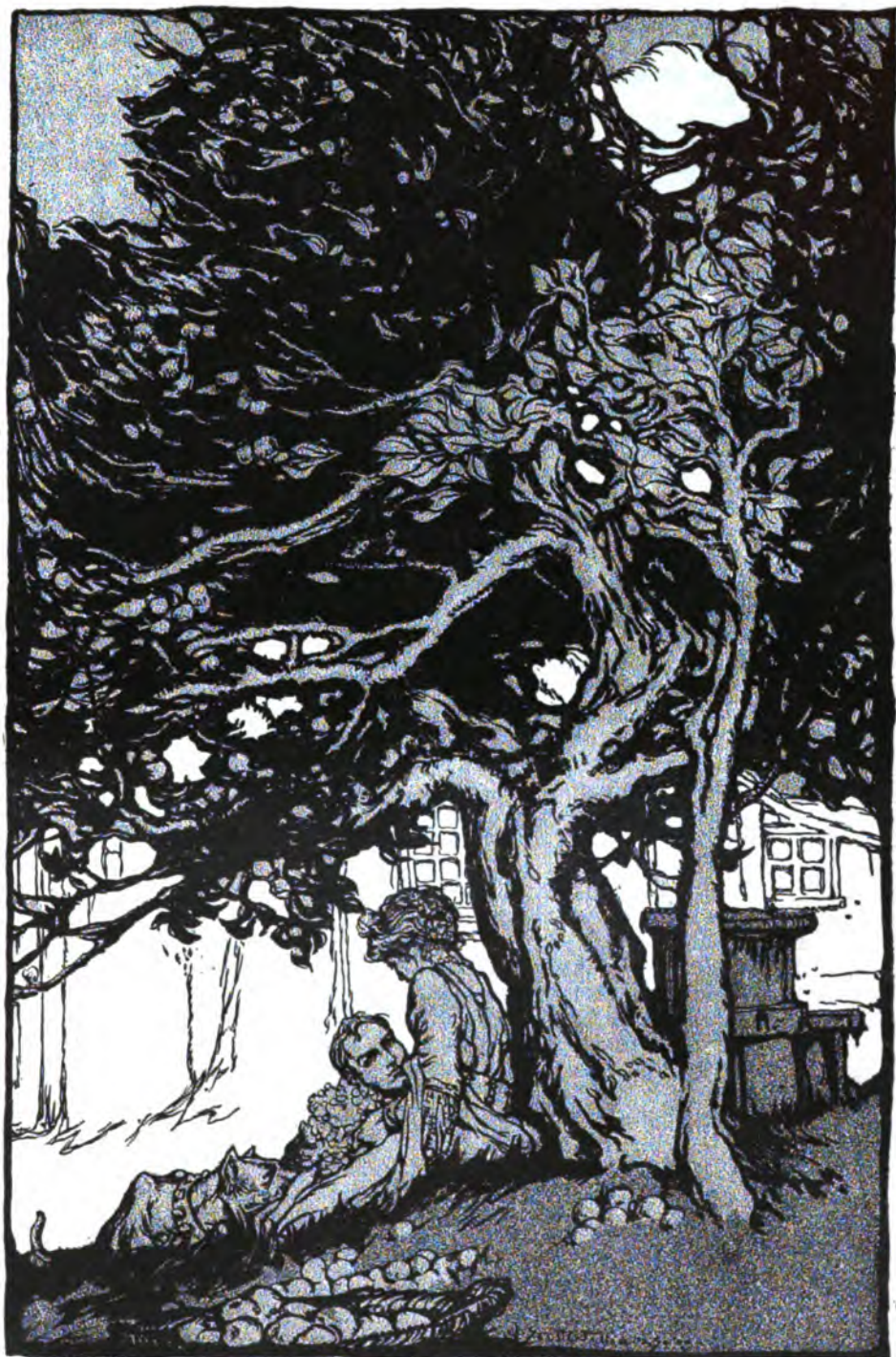
I slipped it from my finger—I had taken it off sometimes, but never for so good a reason—and pressed it into Roger's hand. He accepted it as unconsciously as if it had come from heaven—and it was my ring that married Margarita.

IV—I Leave Eden

Clear as I am on a thousand little points that concern my first meeting with Margarita, my mind is a perfect blank when I try to recall the events of the next half hour. We must, of course, have left the rock, for I have a dim recollection of drinking healths in that dear old room and signing our names to something. But on what order we left it, of what we spoke, if we spoke at all, and how we at last found ourselves alone, I do not know. And yet it seems to me that some one—was it I?—discussed remedies for insomnia with some one else, and that some third person assured us that nothing but a complete change of scene could be of any lasting benefit. And my reason assures me that Tip and I and the telegraph operator must have been these three, for I seem to see, as if through a dim haze, a beautiful woman in a blue dress sitting under a fruit tree, with a dog's head in her lap, a flaming handful of nasturtiums in her belt, and a man lying at her feet, with his hand in hers and his eyes fixed on her face. This could hardly have been Roger, one would think, for Roger was not a demonstrative man, and certainly not likely to have been so under these circumstances . . . and yet, if not Roger, who could it have been?

After that I remember well enough. Caliban was to row the telegrapher back, as he had brought him over, and as the haggard little fellow advanced to say his good-byes, Margarita and Roger appeared from somewhere to receive them. He shook her hand cordially and honestly tried not to stare too admiringly at her.

"This has been a great pleasure, Mrs. Bradley, a real pleasure to me," he said, "aside from the romance and—and so forth, you understand. It isn't often I can get off like this



I seem to see, . . . a beautiful woman in a blue dress sitting under a fruit tree

in the daytime, and I shouldn't wonder if the air and the water and all made me sleep a little to-night! I little thought when Mr. Bradley asked for an hour of my time to-day that I should be going to the wedding of the Miss Prynne I had heard so much about."

Tip and I glanced irrepressibly at each other, wondering if this suggestion would commend itself to Roger. But he, I think, had paid no attention to the words, and his smile was merely kindly and polite. So the sleepless one rowed away, the richer by a box of good cigars, and Tip and I were left to plan our own departure.

For mine, at any rate, Roger seemed in no hurry. When Tip assured him that he must, without fail, catch the next possible train, he got a schedule and arranged for a short drive across country to a tiny station that profited by the summer residence of a railroad magnate, and could connect him with an otherwise impossible express; but me he urged to stay on in terms so unmistakably sincere that I saw he really wanted a few more hours of my company, at least; and as I found that a milk-train stopped at the village at ten that night, and had learned from experience that much might be accomplished with a banknote and a cigar and an obliging brakeman, I was glad enough to stay on, and with a curious feeling of return to the actual world I pushed out across the beach with Roger and Margarita, who dropped on the sand with the great dog at their feet. I joined them quietly and we sat, hardly speaking, for at least three long, golden hours. They drew me, a naturally rather talkative person, into one of their deep peaceful silences, and just because there was so much to say, we wisely left it unsaid, and rested like the animals (or the angels, maybe) in a rich content.

It was then that I understood the vital principle of the Friends' Meeting House, and realized how much of the heat and vulgarity of life the best Quaker tradition buries under the cool, deep waves of its invaluable Silence. To such artists in life the lack of speech is not repression—far from it. Myself, I have never lived more generously than in that wonderful afternoon and the few hours that came afterward were mere byplay.

Later Caliban brought us a picnic supper on the beach and then Roger wrote some letters, gave me many instructions for his partner,

listed the matters to be put off for a week and those to be sent to him for personal attention (precious few, these!) and agreed to my suggestion that when he returned to town my mother should meet them and take Margarita in charge for the purchases that must be made before the year of travel he intended to take with his wife—lucky fellow, whose lap Fate had filled with all her gifts!

He was to let me know when he would come and I was to forward his mother's answer to the letter he had written her; most of their intercourse of late had been of this sort, for his uncle's

recent death had opened again the vexed question of Boston residence and his inability to comply with her unreasonable demands had strained anew relations never very close, humanly considered. The unfortunate early years of family restraint, the lack of all those weak and tender intimacies, not uncommon in New England families, had borne their legitimate fruit, and my mother's gentle passionate heart froze at the mere thought of Madam Bradley's icy reserve, while to me, I own, she was never more than an unpleasant abstraction.

And then the time came and Caliban pulled the boat across and I pressed Margarita's hand and stood up to go. Roger took both my hands and wrung them.

"I couldn't speak about the ring, Jerry," he said, quickly and very low, "it's no use trying. But you understand?"

"That's all right, Roger," I muttered hastily, "it's the best use I'm likely to make of it. Good-by, old fellow. God bless you, Roger," and I stumbled into the boat.

Caliban pulled hard at the oars and we slid away. I looked at them once. For a full minute—dear fellow—he stared wistfully after me (oh, Roger, you'll never forget, never, I know! Twenty-five years are over and gone to-night, and the close, unrivaled companionship of them, and I am alone from now on—but you'll not forget!) and then they turned to each other and I was no more than a speck on the evening water.



On the evening water

"Put your back into it, man, get along, can't and left them to each other, alone under the you?" I growled to Caliban. We shot ahead heavy, yellow moon and the close, secret stars.

To be continued



Scottish Chiefs

Sarah N. Cleghorn

Prone along the yellow floor
 Flung themselves the stalwart brothers
 In their nut-brown jeans and home-spun,
 Staring through the narrow pane
 At the sky's lap full of stars,
 With fixed faces
 Thrilled by more than northwest wind
 And lit by more than pinewood fire!

Whose is this delicate,
 Silver-threaded
 Voice that reads aloud the immortal
 Bombast of the "Scottish Chiefs"? . . .

O to see, to hear again
 That belovéd frail and wan
 Little figure leaning backward
 In the sleepy-hollow chair!
 O that she and we were there,
 On that golden kitchen floor
 Where the troops of Wallace marched,
 And the Bruce's helmet shone,
 Late into the mountain night
 When the early moon was gone,
 And the winds died out in seeking
 Other valleys than our own!
 Is it up those northward passes,
 By the Black Woods' haunted glen,
 Thou art vanished, O our Mother,
 With the balm of spruce and pine,
 And New England nights enchanted
 More than those Arabian?



Letters from G.G.



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

Two All Lovers' Days

(G. G., B'dway, to E. R., at Home, Spring)

NO!

The pretty little comedy of Love-Me-Love-Me-Not is over.

OVER! Leaving no regrets behind, tho' I can't help sighing at the thought of all those potential unwritten letters of Pleiad's, which he assures me were to have shown even more his versatility, were to have been yet tenderer, more impassioned, more lighthearted!

Ah, me! Do you know how rare they are, the men who can write love letters?

Picturesque, entrancing ones, I mean. Not one in seven thousand knows how to write, or, for that matter, say more than "I love you," and emphasize it by repetition *ad lib.*, and by proof of deed, maybe. The rarity of one who can ring the soft fifty changes on that same theme "I love you!"

And Pleiad could! . . . did!

BUT . . . now listen:

There was once a Lady and a Bear.

This Lady was wont to hold converse with this Bear (he was a Polar Bear) principally about Honey, for even Ladies and Bears have some tastes in common. One day the Bear

inadvertantly spoke of Dancing, and the Lady in derision cried out: "Dance, then, since you speak so lightly of the Art!"

Well, the Bear danced, and his performance greatly astonished the Lady, so much so that she was pleased to say that he danced very prettily—indeed, she joined the dance herself for a measure or two. But ere it was fairly started the Lady, who had expected entertainment of a different sort, exclaimed: "Hold—it is unseemly—I spoke but in jest!" And the Bear, who was a wise Bear, I trust, and knew as well as the Lady whither such Dances led . . . obediently ceased.

Now when it was all over . . . neither could tell whence came the music to which they had danced . . . and sometimes the Music haunted her . . . and him. . . . But pray remember: *The Dance was over!*

Yes, it is hard to be reconciled to Pleiad and Philota being lost and gone forever.

Departed spirits are said to return once a year. We have an All Saints' Day and an All Souls' Day. Why not an All Lovers' Day? One on which our Lovers shall come back in the form of one of those letters that "were to have been."

They might write to one another on that

same day, and it should be their perfumed task, like thrifty bees throughout the year, to collect honey from all that there is of sweet with which to freight that one letter with rapture.

Say, when falls All Lovers' Day?
When the lilacs are in flower?

(G. G., B'way, to E. R., at Home, Spring)

Two All Lovers' Days in the year? You are right. A year is a long space to wait.

Very well. . . . The first Memorial Day shall fall at the time of withered leaves.

It is certainly meet and very right that as to each saint *one* day in the year is dedicated, so *two* days in the year should be devoted to lovers, for are there not in each case two lovers?

Back in Boston

(G. G., at Home, to E. R., at Home, Summer)

Oh, Guinea! It's so good to be home again. I was so worn out when I left New York, I was dizzy sick. But immediately I



started, all seemed to fall from me like a garment. Daisy blew me a stateroom on the train, I hated so to put Mick in the baggage car, and on the road I felt like a weed in a summer shower, and was almost myself before arriving in Boston.

Dear Boston! I believe for the first time in my life, though "I am native there and to the manner born," I did it justice, and fell victim to its charm. It was so restful, so seemly, civilized and decent, after that delirious, ill-bred New York.

I felt like an Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

I had myself taken to the Pop Concert as being the most devilish thing the town afforded to let myself down easy, and I almost wept for tenderness. On the stage—those dear old Symphony Orchestra duffers whose faces I've



known from a child—there they were, much the same as ever, playing like the Lord's own angels, and all about orderly nondescript-looking people at the little tables, drinking proper drinks and, one felt sure, talking such proper talk!

And then the Public Library. I had to go and have a look at it, and on the benches in the court there sat the same studious, ruminative, scholarly looking folks as of yore; somehow they only grow in Boston.

Certainly the flavor of Boston is mighty sweet and dignified, tho' it maybe does pucker up one's mouth a little bit. The Puritan Gladys was soothed and comforted, as the Bohemian is intoxicated by New York.

But it is good to be Home! It makes me so deeply grateful for having two ears, two eyes, a nose and a mouth, also two legs and a love of walking. The days are one sweet succession

of . . . the same old things. You know what I do down here.

And, oh, Guinea, the hours of lying in the cool wind on the long empty sand! Listening, and watching the sea's innumerable laughter!

The Efficacy of Tears

(G. G., at Home, to E. R., at Home, Summer)

Don't talk to me about "Tears, idle tears!" Tears idle? Just listen here: If a child wants



anything badly, what, from its cradle up, does it do but cry for it? And doesn't it the better part of the time get it? I'm not saying that it is in all cases right it should, but that it does. Neither am I saying that throughout life it is to stand before the object of its desire, shed tears, and then reach out its hand and receive the prize. Wouldn't it be funny to see people at every street corner and shop window gazing with tearful eyes at whatever it was they wanted!

No, but tears do seem to stand as symbol for wanting very much something that one seems in danger of not getting. And somehow, if we seriously want things enough to cry if we don't get them, it seems likely that some one, other things being equal, will at sight of our tears provide us with our heart's desire.

I know of two cases, one that of a man and one of a woman, both of them about as far removed from weaklings, from incompetents, as anything you can picture, both of them pillars of society, real ones, and they each at a crisis, got what they wanted (the man wanted a large loan, the woman wanted a job) by being unable to keep back the tears when they were told they couldn't be accommodated with what they knew they had to have.

Not long ago I, myself, had to do a very large piece of work. I had to make a house in great haste. It was a complicated piece of business, and there were times when it seemed as if I had undertaken the impossible.

Nothing helped me through tight places so often as Mirabeau's good word: "Impossible? Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot!"

Everyone's advice was:

"Do your best, and never mind about the result. If you fail it won't be your fault, so don't worry about it."

I've been guilty of giving that advice myself. I never shall again; it irritated me so to hear it. What! do my best and then be resigned to failure? Scarcely.

Do my best, yes; but care, *care*, CARE! Care so much that one dismal, drizzly, sticky Tuesday morning, when everything either went

wrong or was at a dead standstill, I retired to my tents and sat on the floor and howled like a fool, in full hearing of the sixty workmen about the place.

I didn't do it with an eye to dramatic effect. I had to do it because the case was desperate and my heart was breaking. That house had to be *done*, done most remarkably well, and just as quickly, nay, quicker than possible. It was literally a case of life and death, and there seemed

no power on earth that could make those sixty carpenters, painters, paperers, electricians, plumbers, and Italians at work on the grounds realize it and feel it but the sound of my sure enough crying.

The various heads of departments got together thereupon, and when I came down, sodden eyed, I found them holding council of war. As I reappeared the contractor, dear man, spoke, nervously rubbing the back of his head with his hand: "Well . . . well . . . well I guess we just got to keep a-goin'."

From that hour I needed no longer stalk the place like a caged panther urging and hurrying on the work. I knew that every man had full steam on. And they "kep' a-goin'" until the thing was done.

Nor need you think that it was because I was a woman and these workmen had chivalrous hearts in their sides. They *were* chivalrous gentlemen, but though I may be better and wiser, I'm not half so young or good looking as I used to be.

Now what I mean is that it doesn't matter what anybody wants. I'll repeat that, I don't know how else to be specially emphatic.

It doesn't matter what anybody wants, whether it is a cab or a meal, or a fortune, or a husband, or to be good, if they want it enough they will get it, whatever it is. If they don't get it, it is because they didn't want it enough. And as Goethe says something somewhere to the effect that as what we want in youth we shall assuredly come by in age and Emerson adds that such being the case it behooves us to be careful what we elect to want, so I say that as we are bound to get



what we want, if we want it enough not to be able to help crying for it, if it looks as if we couldn't have it, we've got to be very particular what we cry about!

Tears idle? Tears are busy as a bee!

I'm glad you like Emily Dickinson somewhat and loved the Shropshire Lad, even though you quarrel with his unmanly much talk of dead men. It seems to me rather in character. He is but a Lad, and don't you think the late teens and early twenties given to that sort of harping? It is the saddest time in life, the most likely to be morbid. Dear, dear! When I remember my black moods at nineteen! When I was so acutely aware of my dual nature, of being a rather good sort of a little willing Horse hitched in harness with a balky little brute of a Donkey. When I think of the agony I went through before I got accustomed to driving that ill-assorted team, myself, I wonder I'm here writing to you unsuicided. Yes, there was a bottle of aleopathic aconite in mother's medicine cupboard. I have spent hours in dark brooding over that bottle. Don't laugh other than indulgently at the moods of Things in their Teens.

I have a theory, do you know, that one feels older at the end of one decade than at the beginning of the next. One is old for one class at twenty-nine, at thirty-one one is young for the next. I have an uncanny foreboding that at sixty-one I shall feel so juvenile that I shall up and marry a boy in his twenties who will beat me, and sell all me jools, and serve me jolly right.

A Love Letter

(To Pleiad, at the Time of Falling Leaves)

PLEIAD BELOVED! I could not write before. I tried, but there was so much I dared not tell you, the repression of which made my words sound hollow and perfunctory. But since your letter has come I *have* to write. C'est plus fort que moi! And why should one hesitate to speak one's heart to a star? In their distance stars are near us, while in their nearness men are far.

Oh, my Love! You can never know what your letter meant to me. How I longed for it, craved it, *died* waiting for it! How should you? You could not guess all that it would bring me. You could not know that I was holding out beseeching hands to you for help, help from my own weakness. That at night, out under the silent stars I was calling to you: "Pleiad! Pleiad! Help me! Do not let me fall into that most grim of horrors—a loveless marriage!"

I have times of knowing that it cannot come to pass. I know it is impossible that I being I should finally surrender. But the pressure is so cruel at times. The force of gold in dazzling quantities, and—should I blush to own it? Your Philota is not above a love of ease, and the good things of life, and the frocks and frills and exquisite appointments that go with a great fortune.

I *know* it cannot really happen finally, but at times, Pleiad, I am so afraid, so afraid! For the strength of the chain is that of its weakest link, and perpetual dropping finally wears away a stone, even a stony heart, and the will opposing mine is one used to overriding mighty obstacles.

And so I called to you, "Help me to strengthen the tottering bridge of my will, that it may carry me over this black pitfall. Make me to realize what Love and Life might mean, spent upon the heart of one whose qualities of mind and soul could fill the entire imagination! My Phantom Lover! Hold me with arms more restraining, with voice more commanding, with eyes more magnetic, with lips more compelling than any of mortal man of flesh!"

And then thank the generous gods, your letter came! Your wonderful letter, answering all my prayer, and making this a different world!

The hours that you picture, spent together away from everything and everybody, entirely at one, without shadow of past or to come

Paradise!

No, beloved, nor soon, nor late, nor *ever* shall we meet. I could not face you now. Last year it might still have been. I could have borne it smiling, but not now. We shall never see one another. Were you in the next room, and I hungering and aching for you, I would turn and run away. How I should dread to know that—well, my pen was mightier

than I! Should you not be sorry for me were I to find myself, my words, and smiles and kisses, not strong to equal my own written ones?

No; if we were to have met, it should have been long ages past, maybe when we lived in the glory of Greece. Then we had met and loved in deep shaded laurel groves, or when you were the



king of Babylon and I was a Christian Slave; or later, in the tragic Middle Ages or, even in the rapid period of powder and patches we should have wandered about the moonlit paths of a trim garden and exchanged superficial, easily broken vows.

But . . . how should we meet to-day? In the first place, it would not in the very least be you and I who should meet, but those two very commonplace young mortals, G. G. and E. R.

He in irreproachable cloth and linen would call at 8.30 of an evening upon her in her best gown. They would meet in a warm, comfortable, much berugged, bepictured, be-cushioned lamplit room, meet with the short, emphatic American handshake. He would sit at ease in a big armchair, she on a divan, and there for two or three hours they would discuss everything under the light of Heaven, from the price of coal, and comparative merits of this or that brand of cigarettes and whiskey, through plays, books, music, pictures, sociology, philosophy, and on out of sight through psychology. Then again the hearty good comrade handshake, et puis "Bonsoir"! and there an end!

Oh, Pleiad! say you would not have it so? Let us remain wise for them! Our wisdom is not folly. You must not call it so!

We shall not see pictures, hear music, read together in your dear blue room. You will not talk to me and tell me the things you never dared tell any one, or hear the things no one ever dared tell you! We shall not walk or ride together, nor travel and see the strange far

lands and the walled cities crowned with towers in the dark hills of Umbria. Nor shall we watch the sunrise, or the moon drop low upon the water. But, shall we not in a sense divide every beauty in the universe? Will not the nightly wonder of the first star in

Heaven bring our thoughts rushing together? You will not kiss me—but can you not imagine it more vividly than another could achieve?

Above all, do not call our love wasted! When was Love—True Love—ever wasted?

You say you need me . . . need me . . . But, dear one, you *have* me! You and you only know Philota. For what is Philota? A Fancy hovering in the Mind of a Shadow. And what is Pleiad? A Dream living in the Heart of a Myth.

And is it not of all things the most wonderful and radiant and mysterious that you, your very self, you who are emphatically *not* E. R., that you who are the very breath and soul of Love should be turning the tide and shaping events in the life of G. G. by making for yourself an existence in the spirit of Philotata.

The marvel of it! For so it is! You have—you are saving her from— . . . let me not think from what!

You say you love me so greatly that it does not matter whether I love you or not—but—my own—I do . . . I do . . . I do . . .

(G. G. to E. R., Autumn)

Tut—Tut! No fair. That's not in the Game—not until Lilac Time!



The Pilgrim's Scrip

Letters, Comments and Confessions from Readers of the Magazine

The Possibilities of a Back Yard

A newspaper article in my home city (Pittsburgh) recently stated that while tomatoes in the fields but a few miles out of town were rotting in excessive abundance on the ground, it was almost impossible for the middle class man to scrape up money enough to buy enough of them for a good meal.

And yet very many city dwellers can grow quite a lot of vegetables in their own back yards. Take my case: I am a professional man, aged thirty-six years, know oh! ever so much, but my income seldom runs over \$1800 per year. As a professional man I must keep up appearances, give to charity and church, hire help for certain household work that my wife would gladly attend to herself—if it were not for the sake of appearances. That all costs money, so much money that at the end of the year there is very little left of the salary. But my wife managed to save enough out of it, in course of time, to pay half on a three thousand dollar house.

When we moved into the house the back yard was not, like a lovely maid, a cheering sight to see. It was strewn with cans, and bones, and brickbats, and little ash heaps, and tufts of grass, and two thousand one hundred and seventeen other things that were out of place there. I know the exact number of them for I collected them all and had them carted off. Also there were two sections of clay sewer pipe stuck upright in the ground, in each of them a geranium had been planted, their flaming red flowers blazing out like signals of distress.

But Dimples only smiled when she saw it all. "Just wait till next year," she said, "and we'll have a yard that will be the envy of the ward. You just go out and dig and delve as I tell you; it's good, healthy exercise for you and other rewards will come next summer." So I dug and I delved, then I did it some more; every morning during July, August and September I passed an hour before breakfast, and the same time before supper, at it. Our yard is about twenty-five by forty feet and I dug it all up to the depth of a foot and removed enough odds and ends of bygone days to lower its level appreciably. Down the middle I ran a three-foot wide brick walk, laid the bricks myself, say! that was more fun than a little. Every morning I'd lay about one or two feet of bricks, pound them down into their sandy bed, put a spirit level on them and then pound some more until they were on the dead level for sure. Then came breakfast and I was ready to tackle my day's work. When the walk was finished I laid out a flower bed, two feet wide, along its entire length, on each side. Then in the wide space to right and left I built up a nice little round mound, each four feet in diameter.

Then we invested about fifteen dollars in perennials, and we got a whole store full for that sum,—hydrangeas, foxgloves, irises, pæonies, golden glows, evening primroses, hybiscus, lilies, heliopsis, pinks, asters and a whole lot more. It's only the initial expense that counts here, once planted they keep on coming up year after year, finally they'll crowd you out of your own yard if you don't get after them with a spade.

But now to the point—cheap vegetables. I've been quite a time getting there, on paper, in the garden it took me somewhat longer. When spring came Dimples ordered me to bring vegetable seeds along from the store, but I objected. I was perfectly willing to work in her flower beds, but I drew the line at truck gardening. But what's the use of objecting? We all do it, of course, but we give in all the same. So I brought parsley seed, and salad seed, and a pint of eentie teentie little onions, and carrot seed, and one tomato plant, and radish seed, and a lot of other kinds. Then Dimples planted them. The little onions were strung out among the gladiolus and tuberose bulbs, and their long green stems harmonized nicely. The parsley gave a nice ornamental border for four or five feet along one of the beds, the feather-spray tops of the carrots among the broad leaves of the hydrangeas and pæonies were taken for rare plants by many visitors, a rim of radishes was planted around the edge of one round mound and a rim of lettuce around the other; back of these were planted rows of zinnias in one bed and lady slippers in the other.

In this way we had vegetables a-plenty all over the garden, and you really didn't see them.

And then, of a nice summer morning, I would go out into the garden and get a big bunch of crisp little red radishes for my breakfast, or a nice, juicy tomato from its fantastically tied up vines. Got them and enjoyed them the way store truck never can be enjoyed.

That all started three years ago, now our neighbors to right and left have followed our example; they have seen The Possibilities of a Back Yard.

A HOUSEHOLDER.

From a Senator to a New Short Story Writer

UNITED STATES SENATE,
WASHINGTON, Jan. 24, 1909.

MY DEAR MR. COLCORD:

Your story, "The Game of Life and Death," in the February AMERICAN MAGAZINE, is one of the most remarkable short stories I have ever read. Its originality is astonishing, and the art of it more than

delightful. I should feel that I were neglecting a duty which I owe to myself if I failed to write you this word of appreciation of this little masterpiece of enthralling fiction.

Sincerely,

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

Letter from a Farmer's Wife

I have been a farmer's wife for twenty-five years and have been much interested in recent newspaper discussions concerning country life and its problems. I know both from experience and observation that the average woman on a farm leads a life of nerve-racking, soul-killing drudgery and isolation, and that added possessions do not seem to add much to her leisure and social advantages, although they may enable her to have a larger house and better furniture than her poorer neighbors. Even if her husband thought he was able to keep a hired girl—which he doesn't—the few girls who work for wages prefer to work in town, and I am sure I don't blame them; and the farm woman who has daughters of her own old enough to help is generally overworking herself to keep them in school. When not in school the girls work too, in many cases harder than they should. Many farmers' wives, in addition to doing all their own housework and sewing and caring for their children, carry on some side line of industry to add to the family income, others have a small army of hired men to cook for during a considerable portion of the year, and at all events, housekeeping on the farm includes a multitude of things that the city housewife doesn't have to do.

I once heard a group of countrywomen whose husbands were all well-to-do ranchers—we call them ranchers out here—discussing an eight-hour law proposition. One said she did not feel like advocating an eight-hour law for her husband's hired men while she had to work fourteen hours a day herself. Another said she never got her work done until ten o'clock at night, and a third remarked that she favored a short working day for anybody who could get it, but if there could be an eight-hour law or a ten-hour law which would take her in she would think the millennium had come.

Nor is this all. The women in even a little town have their Ladies' Aid Society, their Women's Clubs, their W. C. T. U., with lectures and entertainments which afford social intercourse, intellectual stimulus and an opportunity to keep in touch with the outside world. In a thickly settled country where the farms are small and the houses consequently close together, the farmers' wives may have some of these things; but where ranches are so large that a woman must have a team hooked up for her benefit if she wants to visit her nearest neighbor, anything in the way of social gatherings seems impracticable.

Who is to blame? Not the farmer, primarily; his own lot is only a little less hard than that of his wife. You don't suppose, do you, that country people like long hours of hard labor so much better than other people do that they voluntarily choose a

slave's life? No, the very fact that farmers and their families do work harder than most others shows that there is an economic necessity for their so doing; they must in order to live and make a little provision for the future. Sometimes those who have a good deal of property in their possession are badly in debt, or if one mortgage has been paid off by untold labor and privation they feel that they must live within their income to keep from incurring another. And I have never yet heard a farmer claim that his net income would equal interest on the money invested with wages for the work performed by himself and family.

There is an old adage which says, "Come easy, go easy," and the reverse, "Come hard, go hard" is equally true. So that if country people are characterized by greater penuriousness and a lower standard of living than city people who would seem to be in no better circumstances, lay it to their lack of education, their lack of travel and social intercourse, and above all, to the grinding toil by which their little property has been saved.

What is the remedy? I have come to the conclusion that Socialism is the only cure, and that the condition of the farmer's wife will not be much improved until her shackles are stricken off by the beneficent power of the Cooperative Commonwealth.

ELLEN COOK.

A Word of Appreciation for the Work of Miss Isabel Garnet Pelton

I am sure Miss Isabel Garnet Pelton has a great many friends in all parts of the country. Since my January article on the "Spiritual Unrest" was published, I have received I don't know how many letters calling attention to the fact that I failed to mention the important work of Miss Pelton in assisting Dr. Cabot in the establishment of the Social Service Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital. Miss Pelton is a graduate of Wellesley College. She studied medicine at Johns Hopkins, was graduated in nursing at the Massachusetts General Hospital and was associated for a time with the Boston College Settlement at Denison House. Miss Pelton's initiative, sympathy and devotion, of which Dr. Cabot speaks in the highest terms, helped to launch the Social Service Department on its course. Unfortunately the severe strain of the task broke Miss Pelton's health after eight months' service and she has since been compelled to live in the southern mountains. I regret that an appreciation of Miss Pelton's services was unintentionally omitted from my article: such admirable work for humanity receives all too little credit. In a small book called "New Ideals of Healing," in which my articles are republished, I have given Miss Pelton's work the mention it deserves, and I take this opportunity of placing it, also, before the readers of this magazine.

RAY STANNARD BAKER.



IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress

POETS are a much misunderstood class. It is an old fallacy about them that they are bad men of business; whereas if the truth were told they are, so far as their opportunities will permit, as efficient in this regard as other merchants. The long list of poets who have died well off in the goods of this world gives the lie to the cruel imputation that they are not at least the equals of the ordinary man of business. If you want to know how closely a poet could deal, read Byron's letters to his publisher, Murray.

Poets as Merchants

So our particular Poet has a shrewd eye for the complications of Commerce, and finds at least as much solace in the occasional companionship of men of business as they find in his poetry.

We were not surprised when he brought his friend Mr. Worldly Man into our little group. In his own sphere the visitor is an efficient gentleman, who applies to large affairs of business the methods of a successful general, laying his plans with careful premeditation on expert knowledge and then taking appalling chances. He would not like to be called a gambler, but gambling has been an important part of his successful career. A bold but wary person with an air of artless simplicity that conceals the workings of a mind that is never simple and seldom artless. Otherwise a well-dressed, voluble, clean-shaven, well-conditioned middle-aged citizen, who has kept alive a certain gayety of demeanor, has a "speaking acquaintance" with books and

music, owns part of a box at the opera, subscribes to the "new theatre," has so far succeeded in stifling a natural taste for the pictures of M. Bouguereau as to have several "genuine Corots" in his drawing-room, believes in an Anglo-Saxon alliance, is very hot against the labor unions, regards President Roosevelt as a "menace" to the country, and, in short, bears the most approved marks of respectability.

It happened that he fell readily into our conversation, for, like a considerable portion of the membership of the Stock Exchange, he is a bachelor of arts of Harvard and we happened at the moment to be talking about President Eliot's speech of a night or two before.

"I was sorry I couldn't get up to the Harvard Club to hear him," said he. "They tell me he made a great speech. He's a fine old boy."

"Did you know him when you were at Cambridge?" we asked.

"Me know him! I guess not. If I saw him coming I'd run up an alley. What did he talk about?"

Well,—said the Philosopher,—he talked about service. He took the line that the American people are not by any means engrossed in material pursuits and that material success is not the only thing they worship. And he pointed to his own case. Here, he said, is a man, Charles Eliot, who has served in one position for forty years. He has never been paid more than enough to live on. He has sought no

An Example of Service

other honor than the honor of successfully administering the university and no emolument but the slender one voted him by his board. At seventy-five retiring from his office he is a poor man. But he is none the less honored by the people of the country. He might have gone on and said there is no other man who is more generally honored or perhaps envied. And yet he has, as the common saying goes, "nothing to show for it." He believes the praise that has been fairly heaped upon him is not only for his high character as a man but for his distinguished service as well, the patient, dignified service that takes no thought of money reward.

That's all right,—said Mr. Worldly Man. But let me ask you, how are Harvard men going to show their appreciation of this service?

What do you mean? we asked.

Aren't they raising a fund for him?—said Mr. Worldly Man. Didn't I chip in the other day? When it comes down to really showing him what they think of him they don't simply say: "Thank you, Mister Eliot," and leave him to enjoy the overrated blessings of poverty. No, sir. They put up money. He may not have thought about that kind of reward, but we are thinking about it for him. It is all very well to talk about honorable poverty and dignified poverty, but to my mind there is nothing either honorable or dignified in poverty by itself. It can only be made honorable or dignified by effort or pretence that no distinguished man ought to be called upon to endure. Do you think anyone really honors a poor man because he is poor? Don't you feel in reading the life of a man who has done a great service for his country or for the world and has ended

his career without money, don't you feel a kind of pity for him? Does poverty ever seem a reward? Isn't it always a punishment when a man steps out of a high position with all the honors that go with it and for the time blunt his money sense, to face the countless small personal indignities, the lack of power, freedom and comfort that are the punishments of people in "moderate circumstances," as you would call them, poor people as they seem to the rich. I have been through it and I know what it is.

You say that the service itself and the esteem of your fellow men are reward enough, but that isn't true to the part of the world I live in or any great part of the world anywhere. There are millions of people serving the best they know how, and nobody thinks

much about them except themselves or bothers his head wondering whether their pay is adequate for their labors or what is going to happen to them in their old age. I don't blame a man because his service isn't the highest or the best paid. I only say that supposing he has done his work as well as he knew how, his ability above other men must be measured to a certain extent by what he has gained for himself. It isn't the only measure. I don't say that. But it is an important one. It emphasizes or removes the last doubt of his efficiency. I always feel a good deal of sorrow, which is a form of contempt, for the man out West who invented the telephone (or says he did) and remained poor. But the man who put the telephone into practical use is generally respected, and he ought to be for both reasons—he did the service and he was bold enough to get his pay for it.

The English understand this. It has always been the policy of the rich who have controlled England and still control her, to reward men of great usefulness to the government with plenty of money. When they wanted to honor Lord Roberts they didn't stop at merely sending him a patent of nobility. They paid him in vulgar bank notes. I know Lord Cromer in London. He did a great thing for his country—that is, for the ruling classes of his country—and when his time came to quit they paid him something like 10,000 pounds a year. And I am glad to say that he is man enough to think it isn't enough. He performed the service, but he is no such fool as to underestimate its value in money measurement. Not long ago I heard of a summing up of the general feeling by a theatrical manager in New York. The managers were discussing a man who had once held a position of great and dignified prominence among the producers of plays. Most of them had something pleasant to say about him. He was a generous man. He

was a good friend. He was very able. He had high ideals.

The Man Who Fails to Make Money Finally the most powerful manager of the lot who had listened without saying anything got up and shouted: "He's no good." "Why do you say that?" "Because he hasn't got a cent."

Now that may be a rough way of expressing it, but I think it is only an exaggeration of the thought that is in every man's mind about what we call "money failures." You take a pride in placing a small value in money on your services. But let me ask you, who

The Rewards of Poverty

values money more and service less, the man who does great work for little money or the man who demands and gets much money for little work?

I am glad to know that you are an idealist,—said the Philosopher.—It is encouraging to find that the mark of university training has not been removed by the friction of life in “the street.” But, in return for your questions, I would like to ask you how much money you think a successful university president ought to have on his retirement?

I haven't thought of that,—said Mr. Worldly Man.—It would depend.

Well,—the Philosopher persisted,—his service has been the highest. You wouldn't say that it had been lower than Mr. Carnegie's, to name a prominent example. Would you have more esteem for President Eliot if he had two hundred million dollars?

Oh, that's preposterous,—said Mr. Worldly Man.—How could a man make two hundred million dollars running a university?

Well, then, name the figure. I'm interested. One hundred millions? Ten millions? One million? That is a sound, attainable sum which would keep him slightly above the pains and sorrows of the impatient poor.

I wouldn't go as far as that,—said Mr. Worldly Man.—I don't think it would be in keeping with the character of a university president to be rich. It would be undignified. I wouldn't like to see him doing the things that a rich man has to do to keep up his position.

Then it seems,—said the Observer,—that there may be a loss of certain kinds of dignity in riches as well as poverty. Some men gain in stature by growing rich and some men lose. Lord Cromer is a greater man in your eyes because he is rich as well as great, but Dr. Eliot would be less great if he were rich. And so you throw your infallible dollar-bill measurement out of the window when somebody comes along who is worth measuring.

I SUPPOSE all of us really think more about money than we will admit. As we grow older and feel the waning of our powers of direct self-support the old refrain of “property, property, property” rings more constantly in our ears. And when our own personal well-being is complicated with the well-being of others, alarm takes the place of the complacent pride of good workmanship that was sufficient for our prime. We make anxious note of the wolfish character of human nature and upbraid the better self that kept

us from laying by a store of this world's goods against the bitter end of life. Perhaps we do, perhaps the best of us do, pretend to a carelessness of money rewards when in truth we are not careless, but merely inefficient in obtaining the rewards or ignorant of the best way to go about gaining them.

*Laying by a
Part of One's
Income*

But that is true equally of all virtues and unselfishnesses. Last night I ran across this passage in Bishop Burton: “The history of all ages and all countries will show what has been really going forward over the face of the earth to be very different from what has been always pretended; and that virtue has been everywhere professed much more than it has been anywhere practised.” But who would have us put aside permanently that very pretense of virtue which is the salt of civilization? We still pretend to be Christians, although no one practises Christianity. It is well to keep up a form of virtue even if it is an empty form.

There is an important difference between you and Doctor Eliot—one among several, I may say. You have constantly exaggerated the importance of the money reward for service until the thought of the reward and not the service is the impelling thing to you, while he has kept constantly in mind the service, and in thinking of rewards has placed last in importance the one that you value the most. You please yourself by thinking that you have chosen a “sane, common-sense” view of life, but is your view as sane and sensible as the view of men like him? You have got what you asked out of active life, but so has he. But what about the days to come? Twenty-five or thirty years from now do you think I may see you striding up Fifth Avenue with the forward step of youth, keenly interested in life, as I saw him the other day? Or will your theory of the money reward bring you to the plane of the doddering old fellows, whose interest in everything but money has long been petrified by neglect and who still with fearfully trembling fingers play at rather than play the game of trade? They often remind me of the unfortunate old man in Stevenson's “Suicide Club” who indulged himself in the dreadful amusement of cutting the cards for his own destruction. They seem to have only one pleasure in life, and that is the terror of losing what they have made. And how they will gloat and smack their lips over the failure of one of their number! The latter half of unchecked craving and getting money is the fear of losing it.

If you go on subordinating anything to money, that one thing, whatever it is, will be lost to you, just as everything but the taste for alcohol becomes lost to the alcoholic. The rule is as applicable to our mental nature as to our physical structure. There is nothing neglected that does not die. But, of course, as human beings we can't put out of our minds altogether the prospect of reward. However religious we may be we welcome an advance payment on this earth of the due of energetic virtue. It is for ourselves to say what form the rewards will take. For myself I follow the Salernian school, and would like all kinds. Enough honors to make me admired without being spitefully envied; enough peace of conscience to let me sleep when I want to without putting me to sleep when I would rather stay awake; and, lastly, enough money to protect me against the rigors of poverty. So let me live and so let me die. President

Eliot is greeted on his retirement from office with a

President Eliot great shout of welcome from
—a Man Who all classes, rich and poor,
has Succeeded learned and simple. People

who hardly know what a university means, attach a vague significance of greatness to his name and join with the others in applauding him. He is like a conqueror who has returned with his shield on his arm, if I can apply such a figure of speech to a benevolent gentleman with white side whiskers and spectacles. And what has he done? He hasn't built navies or made wars or consolidated railways, and he is poor. For forty years he has been the head master of a great school, intently managing its

affairs, broadening its field and its influence. His appearances in public life have been in the manner of a school master—criticizing coldly faults in policies and tendencies, reiterating sound, almost commonplace rules of public conduct. Sometimes it has been annoying to us, the Public, to find that he has returned our examination papers marked "C" or "D" when we expected an "A" or at worst a "B." Yet it would be hard to mention one man who has done more to influence public sentiment, and at the same time it is almost impossible to lay a finger on anything of great moment accomplished by him in public life, so quietly has he gone about all his work. The public feels rather than understands his influence and the influence of men of his kind. I don't think there ever has been a more remarkable demonstration of approval for a man who in his whole career never performed a single spectacular act or appeared at any time to plead with the emotions of the public or with anything but their disciplined sense of duty and their common sense of practical necessity and who always has seemed to draw away almost scornfully from the frequent tumults of the time. It is a great tribute, and I feel with him that it implies not only the worth of the object, for there is a good deal of unrewarded worth around us, but a sound sentiment in the hearts of our busy people. Not many of them say as Mr. Worldly Man has said in effect and as the deckhand said in terms: "Everybody says you are a smart man. How does it happen that you aren't rich?" They say: "Here is a man to be honored by us because he has done the Day's Work."



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as one may expect to find associated with large enterprises. Its editors and readers and illustrators watch the movements of civilization, suggest ideas, sift out plans, and select that which is the most interesting and important and timely. Sometimes it is expressed in great articles, sometimes in fiction, sometimes in pictures. Sometimes what they print is the work of old and trained writers. Always it is authoritative and genuine. But sometimes it is the work of the young—a name never before heard, but a name that will live because it is the name of a new star in the world of expression.

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is an institution.*

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It will be bought by 300,000 people, and it will be read by a million and a half people. If you like it, tell your friends about it, and remember to get it next month. But before you do that read the following news about the immediate future of this magazine.

This Magazine in Particular

Wisdom, which comes with age, is hard to believe in one's youth. The writer of these paragraphs had special difficulty in boyhood with the Biblical injunction: "*Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.*" That did not seem fair, and surely it

**A Great Article
for the May
Number.**

could not be true. It does not look to a boy like a sensible way to adjust matters. But, whether it is sensible or not, it is the way things work out, as every man and woman knows. The law of cumulative effect is something that no one can get around.

Another thing in the Bible is true: "*A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.*" This is something to think of in connection with Ray Stannard Baker's great article on Trinity Church in the May American Magazine. Here is this church, the richest in the world, and what it most needs is a good name. On every side it has been criticized—often most unjustly—until its vestrymen, feeling the cruel hurt, have cried out in defiance.



Ray Stannard Baker

Goaded by what they call "exaggerated rumors in regard to the property holdings of the Trinity Church

Corporation" they have answered: "Many articles having from time to time appeared in the public prints regarding the fabulous wealth of Trinity Parish, we will state that the annual income of the corporation last year from all sources was less than \$775,000, not including collections and contributions in the church."

*Did anybody
in the world
ever really think
himself rich?*

Only \$775,000 a year! Did anybody in the world ever really think himself rich? The man with \$100,000 thinks that he isn't rich, and the man with a million is sure that he isn't.

The charge that has injured Trinity more than any other is the charge that it owns and rents some of the worst tenement houses in New York.

This accusation, in the form in which it is generally made, is not fair. But here again the whole miserable difficulty exists because the church is so rich. In numerous other ways the good name and usefulness of the church have been injured by the possession of this great wealth. So that it is probably true that Trinity Church in New York could vastly increase its usefulness among plain people, and its power to serve God and man, *if its vestrymen would walk right down to the foot of Manhattan Island and cast its wealth into the sea.* But nobody can expect to discover in a rich board of vestrymen the imagination necessary to body forth a future like that, or the authority to carry it out.

Mr. Baker has gone to the very bottom of the subject and has produced an article full of new facts and ideas. It is an article that will be just as interesting to the people of Polo, Illinois, as to the people of New York. One of our editors who read it in manuscript form said: "A perfect wonder of an article. Such splendid enthusiasm, moral uplift and carrying power! It performs this miracle: it brings the church up with a sharp jolt, and yet does not disturb your faith in religion."

The Fine Points of the Game



Three men on bases and nobody out!

Last fall a single baseball game decided the National League championship. New York and Chicago "played off" that game in New York before 30,000 people. (It seemed like an enormous crowd; but it was only one-tenth the number of people who buy this magazine every month.)

What do you know about baseball?

It was a hot game. To each player on the team that won, a bonus of \$1200 or \$1500 was coming. This was because the champion National League team was scheduled to play off a series with the champion American League team, and a portion of the receipts of these games was to be divided among the players. It therefore paid every player "to be strictly on the job" during that game.

But nothing was more in evidence than the skill and coolness of these great and dextrous players. They were actually as sure and "collected" as sleight-of-hand performers or great jugglers. It was a joy to see them. Once the Chicagos let three men get on bases when nobody was out. (Wonder how many readers of this magazine know what that means: ask the boy or father of the family if you don't understand.) Captain Chance, captain of the Chicagos and first baseman of the team, started to walk away from his place at first base and in the direction of the

pitcher. This meant to the boys on the team that Chance and the pitcher were going to talk things over a bit. It meant: "Don't hurry now. Wait a moment. Let's consider."



Captain Frank Chance of the Chicagos

Frank Chance is a general. He is also something of an actor. Almost all very successful men are. He showed his power over his men, and his ability to simulate and communicate confidence, by the way he chose to walk over to that pitcher. The fact is that he walked as slowly and easily and undisturbed as a man walks down to his gate to smoke a cigar. Just before he got to the pitcher, he stooped down and picked off a blade of grass. Nothing to get excited about, you see. A mere matter of thinking over what is best to do, and then doing it. The Chicagos settled down and won the game.

This is just one of the many fine points of the game, and, in the May American Magazine Hugh S. Fullerton, an expert, describes a great number of them.

A Teacher of Governors

We are proud of William Allen White's articles (another of which we shall publish in our May number). Here is an opportunity for intelligent Americans to learn something.

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Governor Hughes of New York has made practical use of the articles. Governor Willson of Kentucky writes to us:

"I feel that Mr. White's article is a real help to me, and that he has done some first class and most useful thinking in this matter, and that my work needs the help of such thinking. I discussed the article to-day with Judge Barker, of our Court of Appeals, who has also read it with great interest. I have often regretted that we have no school for Governors, but if



William Allen White

Mr. White is going to keep up this thinking, I know where to find a teacher of some things that I did not know."

The Boston Globe calls them "the greatest papers ever written on American politics." That may be putting it a little strong, but it is a fact that we are enthusiastic over these articles, and that thousands of our readers are passionately interested in them.

Something That Needs to Be Decently Said

In the May number we shall publish an article which, if fully illustrated with pictures, we are sure a great host would examine. But there won't be a picture printed with the article.

An article which if illustrated would create a sensation.

So the host needn't come. If we are asking other folks to be decent, we must try especially hard to be decent ourselves. And it isn't the easiest thing in the world to be decent, we have discovered.

It is about the indecency of some of our theatres. We should not say a word if it were not for the fact that *the vilest plays and the most indecent exhibitions are now holding the boards in some of the best and most important theatres in New York City.* This article is by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

News Notes

"Mr. Dooley" will have an article in an early number. It isn't right to limit the announcement in this paragraph to these few lines, but it is a fact that must somehow be squeezed in that Marion Hill and Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, James Oppenheim and others have stories in the May number.

Big names and big fiction and articles.

We shall begin in midsummer a series of articles of such sensational news interest that it seems wiser not to make more than this mere announcement. The nature of the articles is such that every person in this country who cares for liberty and justice will want to read them.

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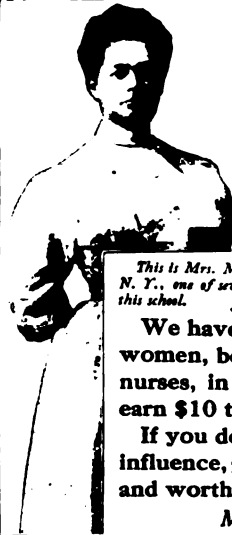
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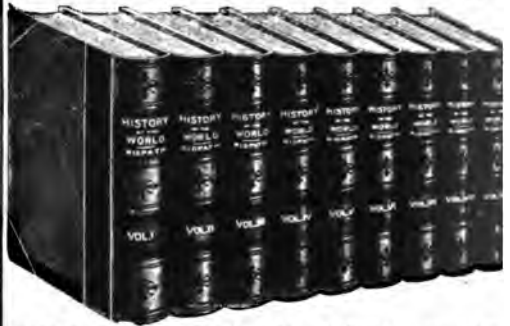
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BEAUTY

Milkweed Cream is good for all

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 Good Clothes Makers
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Insist on having it black and rich as Mocha.

It's easy to follow directions on package. Have it right!

Then it has the dark, seal-brown coffee color, which changes to golden-brown when cream is added, and a delicious flavour similar to mild, high-grade Java.



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is separated into kernel and outer — or bran-coat; the **first** containing the tissue-making and energy-storing elements—the **second**, “vital” phosphates for rebuilding tissue-cells. The kernel is

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COOLED AND GROUND.

The roasting has changed the starch into dextrin and dextrose, which form “soluble carbohydrates” (energy-making material), and the proteids (tissue-forming elements) are also made soluble and quickly absorbed by the system. Next

THE BRAN-COAT

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Relief from coffee ails when Postum is used instead, is a matter of history.

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AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 19
CHICAGO



JABALPUR, Central Provinces, India, July 31, 1908.

Dear Mr. Steinway :

I am having a photograph forwarded to you which I believe will prove of interest to yourself and other members of your firm. It is a picture of a Steinway Piano on the move in Central India.

I am the fortunate possessor of one of your beautiful drawing-room Grands, and for the last fourteen years it has been the greatest joy to ourselves and our friends in India. It was with us some years in Bombay (a warm, moist climate), and then came with us here to a very hot summer climate (114° in the shade), and in the winter one below freezing.

We have now been transferred to Madras, and I am here attending to the despatch of our properties. The first article to be packed and attended to was my cherished piano, and I thought you would be interested in this picture of the first stage in the long journey to Madras (1,500 miles), as it left our bungalow in the charge of an elephant.

For musical and mechanical perfection I think the Steinway is unequalled, and when my soldier husband has completed his service we mean to take our treasure home to England with us. It will emerge as good as new after a short spell in the hands of your London branch, and we shall both be glad to keep our old friend, as the soundboard and other important parts are quite perfect in spite of climatic changes and wanderings. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

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But when it breaks from heat, you learn that the grocer was mistaken.

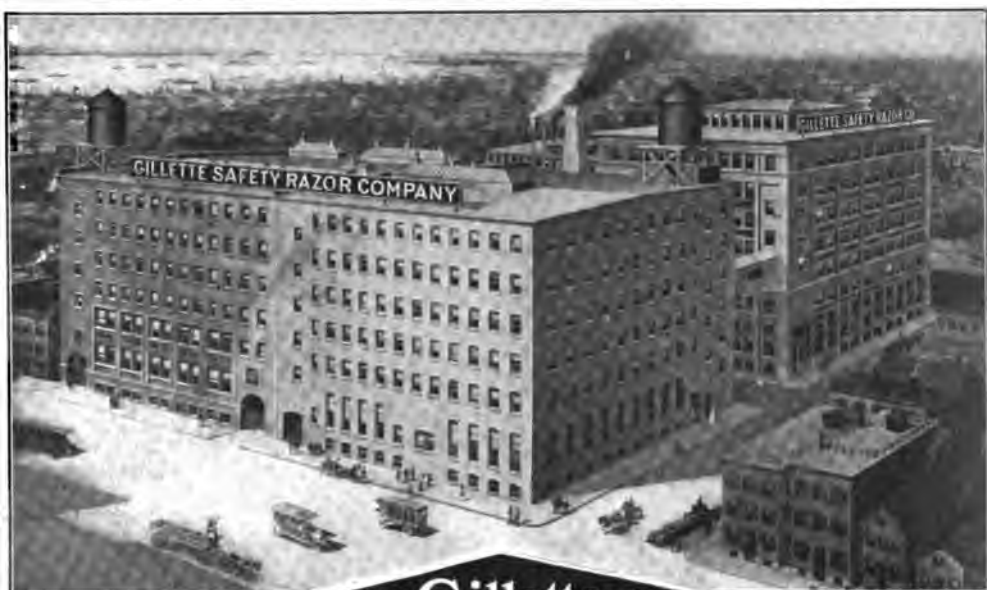
My name on a lamp-chimney means that the man who made it says that it will not break from heat—and the man who makes a thing usually knows what it is made of.

MACBETH lamp-chimneys at a few cents apiece more are cheaper than the breaking kind at any price.



My Lamp-Chimney Book insures getting the right chimney for any burner, and gives suggestions about lamps, chimneys, wicks, oils, and tells how to keep lamps in order. I gladly mail it, free, to anyone who writes for it. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh



THE Gillette Company begs to announce the construction of a hundred thousand dollar addition to its present million-dollar factory in Boston—the fourth enlargement of facilities in four years.

The present factory contains about four acres of floor space and employs seventeen hundred people. The new addition is to increase the blade equipment, which has been greatly taxed during the past three months.

Foreign demand has become so great that GILLETTE factories have been established in Canada, England, France and Germany.

The GILLETTE is literally known the world over. It is in use and on sale in every country on the globe. Wherever you go you can buy GILLETTE blades.

The GILLETTE has been granted basic patents by twenty-two foreign Governments and is protected by over a hundred Registrations of Trade Mark.

The GILLETTE is one of the world's greatest inventions. It enables a man to shave himself in from two to five minutes—a clean, satisfying shave no matter how rough the beard or tender the skin. It can be adjusted for a light or a close shave, and best of all it requires *no stropping—no honing*. Standard set, \$5.00. On sale everywhere.

GILLETTE SALES CO.

Canadian Office
63 St. Alexander St., Montreal
London Office
17 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

577 Kimball Building, Boston
Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING



Chickering pianos

THE pre-eminence of these instruments is due principally to their exquisite tone. It is peculiar to them. ¶ No other maker, though probably all have tried, has succeeded in reproducing it. ¶ The name guarantees the Highest Quality of Workmanship and Finish.

Uprights, Chippendale design, \$500 - - Quarter Grands, Style R, \$600.

Chickering Pianos may be bought of any regular Chickering representative at Boston prices with added cost of freight and delivery. Our literature will be sent upon request.

Made Solely by CHICKERING & SONS

840 Tremont Street

Established 1823

Boston, Mass.

WINCHESTER



Winchester

Winchester Rifles and Winchester Ammunition—the invariable choice of experienced and discriminating big game hunters. ❧ ❧ ❧

Sold everywhere. Ask for
THE RED **W** BRAND

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows

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TELEPHONING AGAINST TIME



The American Demand for Prompt Service During the Busy Hour

WHEN seconds count Americans look to the telephone for *immediate* service.

At certain hours during the day everybody wants to talk at the same time and telephone calls come thick and fast. People become impatient of the slightest delay.

They have no time to think of the *tremendous load* that is put upon the telephone system. They are not interested in the *means*. They demand *results*.

The way that the Bell Companies have met this demand has made Bell Service the standard of excellence the world over.

To meet the requirements for the *busy hour* the entire system must be in perfect condition. Every operator must be on duty and keyed up to concert pitch. Every emergency must have been foreseen and provided for.

The promptness of American telephone service inspires the wonder of European visitors. They see an American call up a correspondent in a distant city with as much confidence as he calls his next door neighbor.

When the New Yorker says "Wait a minute until I telephone to Washington," his guest, judging by his own transatlantic experiences, *is prepared to wait an hour*.

Even the American does not appreciate what instantaneous service has cost. He does not realize that it means that the company must

have at instant command a separate line for each customer everywhere, at the rush hour.

Frequently one man talking over a long distance Bell line has the exclusive use of \$300,000 worth of equipment.

No one else can use it while he is using it.

Talking from New York to St. Louis his voice travels over one million pounds of copper wire.

This is his own private, one-passenger, talk road while he is using it.

Each *additional circuit* demanded by the extra business means *an additional investment* in copper wire—a large expense for surplus plant, which is only used for a short period each day.

If during the busy hour the Associated Bell Companies could postpone each successive call for half an hour—string them out through the day—an enormous saving of expense could be made.

But the nation's talk would *lose in its race against time*, and the whole telephone service of the country would be demoralized.

This investment in extra facilities means that American out-of-town service is a matter of seconds, where minutes and hours are required in any other country.

As much as any other feature of American life this long distance service of the Associated Bell Companies is the measure of the unique progress of the country.

American Telephone & Telegraph Company



O'Sullivan's

Heels of Live Rubber

Have Your Feet Lost Their Spring?

Listen!

Do you sit down where you used to stand? Do you ride where you used to walk? Are you disinclined to walk? Do you wear the soles of your shoes on the inside? Look to your shoes; look to the heels of your shoes particularly. These symptoms and many others arise from improper attitudes in walking, bringing disproportionate weight on the inner or weaker side of the feet.

See to your shoes; see to the heels of your shoes; see that the heels are low and long enough to receive a perpendicular line passing down through the center of the ankle on the inside of your foot; see that your boots are fitted with heels of Live Rubber for just one reason, though there are many others which physicians, nurses, teachers, housekeepers, and in fact all sensible people, will offer; and the great reason why you should wear Heels of Live Rubber is that they encourage walking, which is universally conceded to be the simplest and best exercise, and enable you to walk more briskly and farther with the same effort. They do more than that; they help you to walk normally and gracefully.

If all people wore Heels of Live Rubber and had them put on by shoemakers who understood their work, they would be wearing heels one inch high and long enough to receive that portion of the weight which ought to be supported by the breast of the heel and to relieve the strain upon the instep arch.

The resiliency of the Live Rubber Heel induces you to walk normally; that is, to carry your feet parallel in walking. Leather heels are inclined to make you toe out; that is abnormal, ungainly, and tiresome, and results in the afflictions for which instep supports are worn on the inside of the shoes.

Provided Heels of Live Rubber encourage walking and induce normal attitudes in walking, then it follows that they cause you to use the ball of your foot as the fulcrum, and the muscles of your leg to lift your body in walking.

If Heels of Live Rubber are helpful along these lines, isn't 50c. a low price for them? Isn't it almost a shame to substitute ash-barrel rubber stuffed with rags when *Live Rubber* is the only article that will fill the mission of the rubber heel? But that is the situation; if you want *Live Rubber* you must demand O'Sullivan's. The few cents more profit that the substitute leaves the dealer explains why he makes his little speech as to why they are "just as good."

When you encounter such a condition send diagram of your boot heel and 35c. to Lowell and get your Live Rubber Heels direct from the makers. A free booklet on the proper walk and proper walking shoes, written by Humphrey O'Sullivan, expert foot fitter, for the asking.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Google



Paint Talks No. 3 — "Spring Painting"


Spring is the time when most of the painting is done. Nature is brightening all around and the impulse is to make houses and barns and fences bright and in harmony with the new leaves and blossoms. This is good economy. You not only make things spick and span, but you save your property and make it more valuable.

Only—you must use *good paint*—pure White Lead and linseed oil. See that it is put on your building *pure*. Otherwise, you fail to more than temporarily beautify and fail utterly in preserving the painted things.

The Dutch Boy Painter trade-mark is the thing to look for when you buy paint materials—it is on the side of pure White Lead kegs. Ask for it, insist on having it.

A few more points on your painting: Refuse absolutely to let the work be done in wet weather, or when moisture is on or under the surface. Give your painter plenty of time between coats—*make* him take several days between. Don't insist on using a tint which a good painter tells you is perishable. White Lead is very durable material, but if the tinting material fades out, the job is spoiled. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link.

Ask your painter about our White Lead (Dutch Boy Painter Trade Mark). Also, your dealer has it.

Read about our "House-owners' Painting Outfit"  **NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY**

An office in each of the following cities:

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati Chicago Cleveland St. Louis
Philadelphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Company) Pittsburgh (National Lead and Oil Company)

Painting Outfit Free

We have prepared a little package of things bearing on the subject of painting which we call *House-owners' Painting Outfit*. It includes:

- 1—Book of color schemes (state whether you wish *interior* or *exterior* schemes).
- 2—Specifications for all kinds of painting.
- 3—Instrument for detecting adulteration in paint material, with directions for using it.

Free on request to any reader who asks for *House-owners' Painting Outfit*.





A Home of Concrete

THERE can be no scheme of home-building beyond the possibilities of this wonderfully plastic and durable building material.

Before you build investigate concrete; learn about its beauty, its stability, its adaptability, its fire resistance and its economy. In learning this you will also learn that the success of concrete construction depends upon the quality of the cement.

There are a great many Portland Cements. One is known by name wherever concrete construction is used and that one is Atlas, the brand purchased by the Government for the Panama Canal.

Insist that your builder uses this brand as the results you want cannot be obtained from other Portland Cement.

A BOOK OF CONCRETE HOMES

We want to place in your hands our book, "Concrete Country Residences," showing photographs and floor plans of over 150 concrete country residences. It isn't a collection of imaginary sketches, but houses

already built from designs by the best architects in the country. Send 25 cents for delivery charges. Other booklets: "Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction" (delivery charges 10c.), "Concrete Cottages" (sent free), "Concrete Construction about the Home and on the Farm" (sent free).

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY, DEPT. 52 30 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK
 Largest capacity of any cement company in the world—over 40,000 barrels per day



Paints and Finishes For Spring Housecleaning

SPRING housecleaning time suggests a freshening up of everything about the home—a touch of paint or enamel here—a little stain or varnish there—and what a difference it makes. For instance, what could be prettier or more inviting than a dainty bedroom with walls, furniture and woodwork all enameled in white or some delicate tint to harmonize nicely with draperies and furnishings.

ACME QUALITY ENAMEL (Neal's)

gives that smooth, beautiful, genuine enamel surface so sanitary and easy to keep bright and attractive. Anyone can apply it by following the simple directions on the can.

ACME QUALITY VARNISH—Gives a durable, lustrous finish to door frames, window-sills, scuffed stairs, etc. Inexpensive and easily applied.

ACME QUALITY NEW LIFE—Cleans, polishes, and renews the finish of all kinds of wood, metal and polished surfaces.

ACME QUALITY FLOOR WAX—Ready for use. Gives a handsome, lustrous, satin-like surface easily cared for and very durable. Equally adapted for the wax finish so popular for furniture and woodwork.

If it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way, there's an ACME QUALITY Kind to fit the purpose.

The Acme Quality Textbook on Paints and Finishes tells you just what paint, enamel, stain or varnish to buy for any kind of work and the best way to apply it. Every one should keep a copy handy. Gives you just the information you want, when you want it. Write for a complimentary copy.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS,
Dept. C, Detroit, Mich.

IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living



JAP-A-LAC

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

RENEWS  EVERYTHING

"WEARS LIKE IRON"

Don't Throw It Away

unless it is damaged beyond repair. With a can of JAP-A-LAC you will enjoy being your own "handy man."

Furniture which has become scuffed or scratched, Window Casings, Doors and Floors that are dull and depressing, Mantels, Firefronts, Chandeliers, Picture Frames and all the little furnishings that begin to show the effects of time and use

All Yield to the Magic of JAP-A-LAC.

JAP-A-LAC is the hardest, most durable and lustrous colored varnish made. Applied according to directions, it "sets" hard as adamant, with a mirrorlike surface and "wears like iron." Does not show white marks when scratched or scuffed as ordinary varnishes and imitations do, and is impervious alike to extremes of climatic temperature and moisture.

JAP-A-LAC is the best colored varnish and has never been even nearly equalled by the many imitations its success has brought out.

It is made from selected raw materials, which are prepared and imported direct to insure unvarying quality.

JAP-A-LAC is made in sixteen beautiful colors for refinishing every kind of Woodwork, Bric-a-brac, Chandeliers, Floors, Furniture, and every painted or varnished surface.

JAP-A-LAC has no substitute.

For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers.

If your dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name, with 10c. to cover cost of mailing, and we will send a free sample, quarter-pint can of any color (except gold which is 25c.) to any point in the United States.

Write for illustrated booklet containing interesting information and beautiful color card. Free on request.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO.

2402 Rockefeller Bldg.,

Cleveland, O., U. S. A.

Our Green Label Line of clear varnishes is the highest quality manufactured. Its use insures perfect results. Ask your paint dealer.





“Arbeka”

ARROW COLLARS

neither shrink
nor crack.

*15¢ each - 2 for 25¢ (In Canada 20¢ - 3 for 50¢)
Arrow Cuffs - 25¢ a pair (In Canada 35¢)*

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1908

Every single order that comes to us is individually cut from an especially draughted pattern, by a cutter of the highest skill.

It is tailored by hand—your shape and individuality worked right into it—with all the careful workmanship of the best journeyman tailors—and that is why it fits, looks stylish and satisfies.



COPYRIGHT 1908 ED. V. PRICE & CO.

And yet our methods, equipment and immense business combine to bring these results within a price range of \$25 to \$40.

Ed. V. Price & Co.

*Largest tailors in the world of
GOOD made-to-order clothes.*

Price Building

Chicago

Our local representative will show you hundreds of samples of our fine woolsens, and take your measure. If you don't know him, ask us.

COMMUNITY SILVER



*The Aristocrat
of the Dinner Table*

6 Teaspoons, \$2.99
At Your Dealers

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.
ONEIDA, N.Y.

There is But One "Holeproof Hosiery"



It has the name "Holeproof" on the toe.

Please do not judge the genuine by heavy and coarse imitations.

"Holeproof" is the original guaranteed hosiery. We worked 31 years to perfect it. No maker with less experience can make a hose as good.

It is light, soft and attractive.

There are a hundred other hosieries with guarantees like ours. But you don't want hose cumbersome, heavy and coarse.

"Holeproof" today costs the same as the common.

You may as well have it.

We pay an average of 63c a pound for our yarn. Ours comes from Egypt. We use 3-ply yarn throughout with a 6-ply heel and toe. Thus we get superior wear.

We spend \$30,000 a year for inspection. You'll insist on "Holeproof" if you'll compare all kinds. But don't say merely "Holeproof Hose." Look for the name on the toe, else you may get an imitation not even half so good.

If you want the most for your money you must see that you get "Holeproof."

This guarantee comes in each box of six pairs: "If any or all of these hose come to holes or need darning within six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

Ask for our Free Book-let "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Now 25c a Pair

**6 Pairs—Guaranteed 6 Months—\$1.50
—up to \$3.00**

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. On request we will tell you the dealers' names. Or we will ship direct, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

"Holeproof" are made for men, women and children. Ask your people to try them.

Are Your Hose Insured?

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 292 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, \$1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—Made entirely of Sea Island cotton. 6 pairs, \$2.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, \$3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, khaki and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, \$3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$2. Medium weight. Black, tan, and black with white feet. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, \$3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1904.

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Fit—
Style—
Wear—

these are the qualities you have a right to demand in silk gloves. The style and durability of

FOWNES GLOVES

are the result, not only of choicest silk and expert workmanship, but of the wonderful way in which they fit and hold their shape.

Fit, style and wear—the name Fownes assures them: but, remember, you pay no more than for the other kind.

Double tips, of course—and a Fownes guarantee in every pair.

All lengths, sizes, shades
at all good dealers.



Take Only This Red Woven Label



ON

Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers,
50c., \$1.00 and \$1.50 a garment.
and Union Suits (Pat. 4-30-'07) \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 & \$3.00 a Suit.

It insures correctly cut, accurately sewed, loose fitting garments, that keep you cool in hot weather. All B. V. D. garments are made of thoroughly tested woven fabrics selected for their cooling and wearing qualities.

The B. V. D. Company, New York

Lord & Taylor

Wholesale Distributors

"Onyx" Hosiery



Like the American woman, "ONYX" HOSIERY stands on a pedestal all by itself—THAT IS WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS. What every woman DOES NOT KNOW is of the Improvements in "ONYX" Hosiery for 1909.

To find your hose at night as good as when you put them on in the morning—get a pair of "ONYX" Hosiery with either of the new features described below, which show the greatest strides ever made toward hosiery perfection.

Our new "DUB-L TOP" Our new "WYDE TOP"
Our new "DOUBLEX QUALITY"

FOR WOMEN

E 960 Women's "ONYX" Black "DUB-L TOP" Cobweb Lisle—resists the ravages of the Garter Clasp. 50c. per pair.

409 K Women's "ONYX" "DUB-L TOP" Black, White and Tan Silklike—double sole, spliced heel. Feels and looks like Silk, wears better. 50c. per pair.

E 710 Women's "ONYX" Black "DUB-L TOP" and "WYDE TOP" Gauze Lisle double sole, spliced heel—very wide on top without extra width all over. 50c. per pair.

E 880 Women's "ONYX" Black "DOUBLEX QUALITY" with "DUB-L TOP"—Gauze lisle; double sole, spliced heel. 75c. per pair.

E 970 Women's "ONYX" Black "DUB-L TOP" Silklike double sole, spliced heel—an excellent quality. 75c. per pair.

OUT-SIZE HOSE

170 S Women's "ONYX" Gauze Lisle "DUB-L TOP" Black, White, Pink, Tan, Cardinal, Sky, Navy, Violet; double sole, spliced heel. 50c. per pair.

SILK HOSE (Special Value)

134 Women's "ONYX" Black Pure Thread Silk "DUB-L TOP" and Lisle lined sole. Special \$1.75 per pair.
106 Pure Thread Silk, Black, White, Tan, Gold, Copenhagen Blue, Wistaria, Amethyst, Taupe, Bronze, American Beauty, Pongee, all Colors to match shoe or gown. Undoubtedly the best value in America. Pure Dye. Every Pair Guaranteed. \$3.25 per pair.

FOR MEN

E 209 Men's "ONYX" Black Gauze Lisle "DOUBLEX" Quality—extra durable. Special value, 50c. per pair.

E 325 Men's "ONYX" Black and Colored Silklike, double sole, spliced heel. "The satisfactory hose." 50c. per pair.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to nearest dealer or send postpaid any number desired. Write to Dept. T.

New York



KNOX HATS

are not proven best because they have been *offered for sale* to three generations of Americans, but rather by the fact that three generations of Americans have continued to *demand* them as the highest type of style and durability.



Pontoosuc Steamer Rugs

make the most distinctive and yet practical wrap you can imagine. The colors are fast and the rugs are as durable as they are beautiful. Our new tartan or Scotch plaid rugs are the finest in America, being 60 x 72 in size, absolutely all wool and are guaranteed for wear and satisfaction.

**For the Automobile, Ocean Travel,
Outing and Home Use**

These unusual rugs cost only \$10 each, or about half what imported ones do.

Send at once for illustrated booklet, showing rugs in colors. Ask your dealer first, and if he cannot supply you, we will.

PONTOOSUC WOOLEN MFG. CO.
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Dept. B

Established A. D. 1827

Pontoosuc

The Originality and Becomingness of Our Children's Spring Fashions

are the result of our constant and exclusive specialization in Juvenile Attire. In variety, individuality, completeness and quality our Spring Wear for Boys, Girls and Infants is most distinctive and satisfactory.

OUR CATALOGUE OF SPRING FASHIONS illustrates and describes a selected assortment of Juvenile Apparel, and lists everything for the complete outfitting of Children from Infancy to 18 years. Copy promptly mailed upon request.

BEST & CO
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR
100 N. 3d St.



The Many Advantages of Our Mail Order Service

have extended our Children's Outfitting business to every part of the United States. Our system insures accuracy, promptness and entire satisfaction.

Our guarantee is made part of every purchase and any article that does not meet the requirements of the customer, may be returned for prompt exchange, or refund of money.

Address Dept. 7, **60-62 West 23d St., New York**

Serpentine Crepe

This crinkled cotton fabric of quality—in plain shades and fancy patterns, 29 inches wide, washable without ironing, with its unquestioned wearability—meets Fashion's demands finely for

White Waists
Kimonos, House Gowns
Draperies

Retailers have it at not more than 19 cents a yard. If you don't find it send to us for handsome sample book.

PACIFIC MILLS, BOSTON

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



To men particularly—

Be comfortable without wearing "feminized" undergarments of muslin or nainsook. Now you get the new style underwear—short sleeves, knee length, coat shirt and all—in the old-fashioned, long-wearing balbriggan, that satisfactory knitted stuff that absorbs perspiration and prevents chilling. Your size will fit you, ample and easy in crotch and seat. Non-shrinking. *There is a little book on*

Roxford Underwear

For Men and Boys. It tells all about this great improvement in masculine undergarments. Send for it before you purchase your Spring underwear. *It is well worth writing for.*

Long sleeve shirts

Short sleeve shirts

Sleeveless shirts (no buttons)

Bachelor shirts (no buttons)

Coat shirts (short or long sleeves)

Ribbed and flat union suits

Ankle length drawers

Knee length drawers

Short stout drawers

Long slim drawers

50c., 75c., \$1.00. Any style, any weight, for any climate. Send your name for the *Book* and please yourself.

Roxford Knitting Company Dept. F Phila.

*The Original
Spring Needle
Knit*

GOOPER'S UNDERWEAR.

¶ While good dressers never neglect their underwear, few get the maximum amount of fit, comfort and wear from the money invested. Why? Because the garments they buy are of faulty construction.

¶ Cooper's Spring Needle Knit underwear is more than the most elastic and perfect fitting—it is the most thoroughly made of any and all moderately priced underwear. It is reinforced at points of strain by silk stays—the collar is unapproached—the buttons cost twice as much as the ordinary kind. These points of excellence, added to the best fabric on earth, are responsible for its popularity.

¶ Try a silk lisle suit for spring and summer wear. All sizes. Get the genuine.

COOPER MFG. CO.
Bennington, Vermont.

You can tell it



by this Label

"Porosknit" SUMMER UNDERWEAR

"I'm so glad I insisted on the label. I learned that last summer. This summer I looked for the "Porosknit" label first and I know I got the coolest thing for warmest weather—fit and wearing quality too." Ask your dealer for it.

MEN'S Shirts and Drawers, each **50c.** Union Suits \$1.00

BOYS' Shirts and Drawers, each **25c.** Union Suits 50c

Styles and sizes? In the new booklet. Send for it now.

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY

10 Washington Street, Amst., N. Y.

All your traveling requisites will be instantly accessible and in perfect condition if you use the

"LIKLY" Wardrobe Trunk

Ask your dealer, or send for free catalogue showing the

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Henry Likly & Co.



MILLER SHOE TREES

(Ventilated)

Make Shoes Comfortable

Miller Shoe Trees are practically the same form that the shoes were originally made over, with the addition of means to take care of any variation in length, and also to permit a circulation of air to reach each part of the interior of the shoe. Placed in the shoes at night, they restore shoes to their original form—counteracting the warping and destroying influences of perspiration, so that, in the morning, shoes practically new in appearance await you. No other shoe trees at any price have so many and desirable patented features. They are in use everywhere, and those who have used them once would not be without them.

Ask Your Shoe Dealer

to show you a pair of Miller Ventilated Shoe Trees, and judge for yourself. But be sure they are Miller Shoe Trees. You can always tell the genuine by the little trade-mark shown above. It is burned into the wood at the heel of each tree. None but the genuine have it. They are made for both men and women, and, if your dealer does not carry them, write us and we will tell you where to get them, and also send our valuable illustrated booklet on "Shoes and their Care."

This is an important matter. You will say so, yourself, after you have investigated.

O. A. MILLER TREESING MACHINE CO.
134 Cherry St., Brockton, Mass.



The perfect shoe lace is here at last

Tubular where it goes through the eyelets.

Broad and flat where the bow is tied.

A ribbon lace to all appearances, but easy to pull through the eyelets, strong in the center where the real wear comes, and the bow is tied without crushing, and stays tied.

Nufashond Shoe Laces

outwear two or more pairs of other shoe laces and always retain their shape.

They are made from superior Japan silk, in black, tan, and oxblood. The center is firmly woven and doubly reinforced, and every pair is

guaranteed for 3 months

25 cents per pair at all shoe and dry goods stores. Sold only in sealed boxes. If your dealer hasn't Nufashond Shoe Laces, we'll send them to you postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

Write for our illustrated booklet that tells about Nufashond Shoe Laces and shows our full line of shoe laces at every price.

Our 10c tubular laces for high shoes are guaranteed 6 months.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co., Reading, Pa.





CARTER'S UNDERWEAR

"Tailored to fit the Form"

"I don't know why it is," said a lady customer to a saleswoman in a big store, "but I can't get a garment to fit me like Carter's, no matter how much I pay for it."

"That's easily explained," said the saleswoman, "you see Carter's Underwear is **tailored to fit the form**. I know of no other underwear so scientifically proportioned. It's in the knitting quite as much as in the designing, too, for see how fine the fabric is."

This conversation, overheard by one of our salesmen, gives you one of the manufacturing secrets responsible for the superiority of Carter's Underwear. Now you know why Carter's is so different—why it wears so well and retains its shape so long.

You cannot become too intimately acquainted with Carter's Underwear for it is made for particular people. The beautiful fabrics with their fine **invisible ribs** will appeal to you and so will the beautiful and **durable finish**. All our garments are made and finished in the pure air and sunshine of a Massachusetts village and not peddled from house to house to be hand finished and perhaps contaminated as some goods are. In addition to unusual care in the making they are finally **sterilized** and reach you ready to put on.

If you have not already tried Carter's Underwear do so at once. When you see how well it fits and how long it wears you will want your husband and the children to wear Carter's too.

Made in Union Suits and two-piece suits for women and children. Union suits for men. Also infants' shirts and bands, silk, wool and cotton.

For sale by nearly all first-class dealers. Insist on the genuine. Refuse all substitutes. Send for free book of samples, etc.

The William Carter Co., Dept. 03, Needham Heights (Highlandville), Mass.

Look for this Trade-Mark



Bull Dog SUSPENDERS

WE WANT YOU TO KNOW ABOUT **BULL DOG SUSPENDERS**

because they are so much better value for 50 cents than any other make

OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS

They have more and better rubber; fine calf leather ends to match webbing; gold-gilt buckles that will not tarnish

Made in light or heavy weight Long or short to fit you

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METAL PARTS HEAVY NICKEL PLATE

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HOSE SUPPORTER

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THE BUTTONS AND LOOPS ARE LICENSED FOR USE ON THIS MARK REGISTERED

The Great Fault With the Ordinary Revolver
is its uncertainty—not when you want to use it, but when you don't.

The HOPKINS & ALLEN Triple Action SAFETY POLICE

(Trade Mark)

shoots hard and true when you want it to; when you don't, *nothing can discharge it.*

The Triple Action is the Safety Action and this is the only Triple action in existence.

The third movement of the TRIPLE ACTION prevents the hammer from striking the firing-pin until you actually pull the trigger. The remotest chance of accidental discharge is thus made *absolutely impossible.* Immediately after firing, the hammer slides up mechanically and rests against a solid frame of steel, safely out of the danger-zone—not in any way in contact with the firing-pin. It is held there, firm, fixed and immovable, until the second discharge. The third movement eliminates wholly and finally *even the supposition of danger.*



\$9.50 Nickeled Finish

The New Army Grip gives a strong, firm hand-hold. It adds greatly to the effectiveness of the revolver. .32 and .38 cal., 4 in. barrel. Blued finish \$10.00.

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shows the most complete line of high-grade, popular-priced revolvers, rifles and shot-guns made. Write for this book now. It's free.

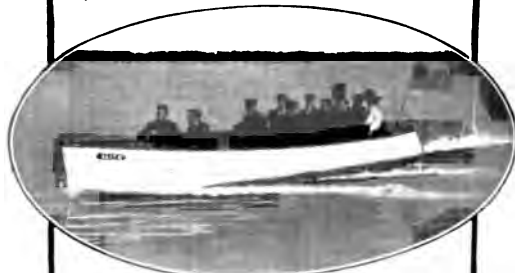
Ask your dealer to show you this revolver. If he doesn't sell it, we will send it to you direct, charges paid, on receipt of price.

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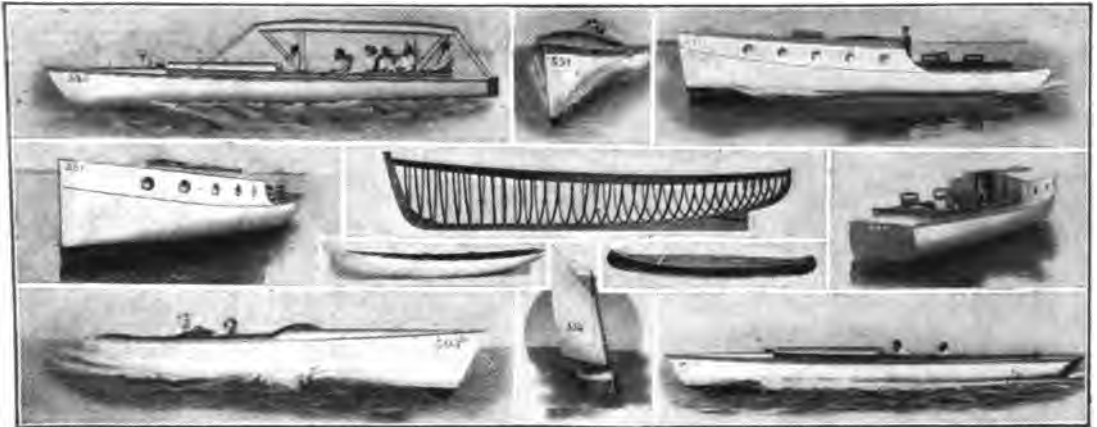
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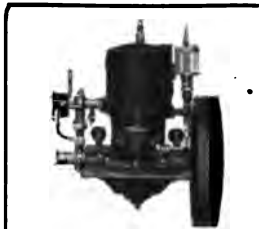
Anyone can put together my knock-down boats or build a boat from rough lumber, by using my exact size printed paper patterns and illustrated instruction sheets. I can sell you a boat for about one-third what a factory would charge. If you want to know how it can be done,

Send for my new 1909 catalog No. 22 today, showing 100 new models.

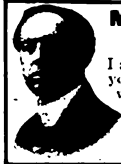
Each one embracing all the requirements of the thoroughly up-to-date pleasure boat—the result of twenty-three years' experience in building and sailing boats—from a paddling canoe to a large cruiser.

Eight years ago I originated the pattern and knock-down system of boat-building. It has revolutionized the boat-building business. Boats built by my system are now found in every civilized corner of the earth, and they have been built by amateurs at a saving of just two-thirds of what they would have cost if bought from a boat builder or factory. Right today there are more boats built by my system than in all the boat factories put together, and mostly by inexperienced men and boys.

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My new catalog quotes prices on knock-down frames, patterns, complete knock-down boats, motors, hardware and fittings, knock-down boathouses and completed boats ready to run.

In addition to our former lines, it shows speed, semi-speed, and family launches, of the "V-in," "V-out" and "V-plumb" stern types. Also a line of sea-going cruisers and light draught tunnel sterns, up to 45 feet in length, beams up to 9 feet.

I can supply you with the frame-work for your boat, shaped and machined, every piece fitted ready to put together, for less money than most lumber dealers would charge you for suitable rough lumber.

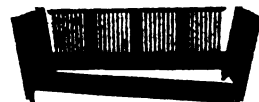
I can save you (1), the boat builder's profit; (2), labor expense; (3), big sell-

ing expense; (4), $\frac{1}{3}$ the freight. **Figure it out yourself.**

Put the "Knock-Down" Sections Together Yourself and Save 2/3

I can also save you two-thirds on high grade Mission furniture shipped in sections—not in pieces. Easy to put together. No tool work necessary. No skill required. Simply fit the assembled sections together in the grooves provided, apply stain furnished and the piece is finished.

Every piece is of selected solid oak, massive, simple, and always in good taste, increasing in value with age, of a style that never changes. You save in dealer's profits, freight rates, finishing, crating, packing and factory costs.



As you receive it, with cushions made ready to drop in place. Just six joints to put together.

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C. C. BROOKS, President

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They are lighter, stronger and easier to row

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Strong—Safe—Speedy

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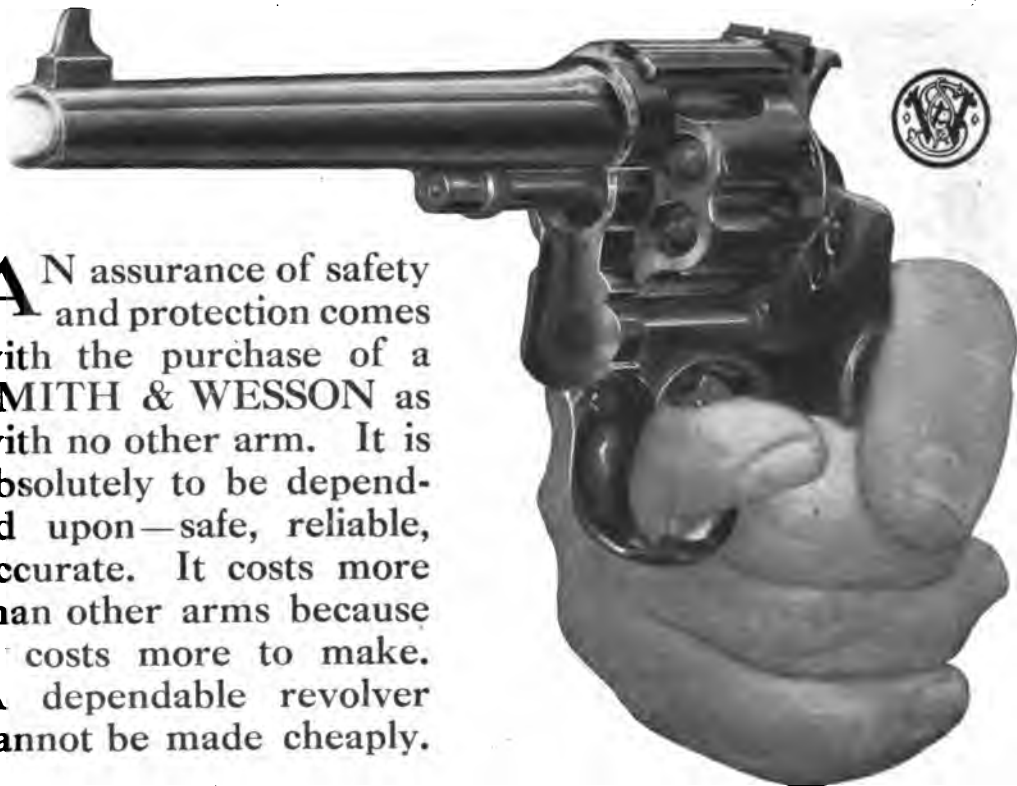
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AN assurance of safety and protection comes with the purchase of a SMITH & WESSON as with no other arm. It is absolutely to be depended upon—safe, reliable, accurate. It costs more than other arms because it costs more to make. A dependable revolver cannot be made cheaply.

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There are three new sizes of the

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Made especially for those who want to make good pictures the easiest way.

Simple — Open the back of a Premo Jr., drop in Premo Film Pack and the camera is loaded in any light. No focusing — no estimating of distances; just locate the subject in finder, press a lever and the exposure is made. To change films for successive exposures, merely pull out successive paper tabs.

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2 1/4 x 3 1/4	2 1/2 x 4 1/4	3 1/4 x 4 1/4	4 x 5
\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$5.00

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Every step is simple and easy but, more than that, it means *better pictures*. The success of the tank development idea has now been absolutely proven by the fact that many leading professional photographers, although *they* have every dark room convenience, use our tank system of development for all of their work. If tank development is better for the skilled professional, there's no question about it for the amateur.

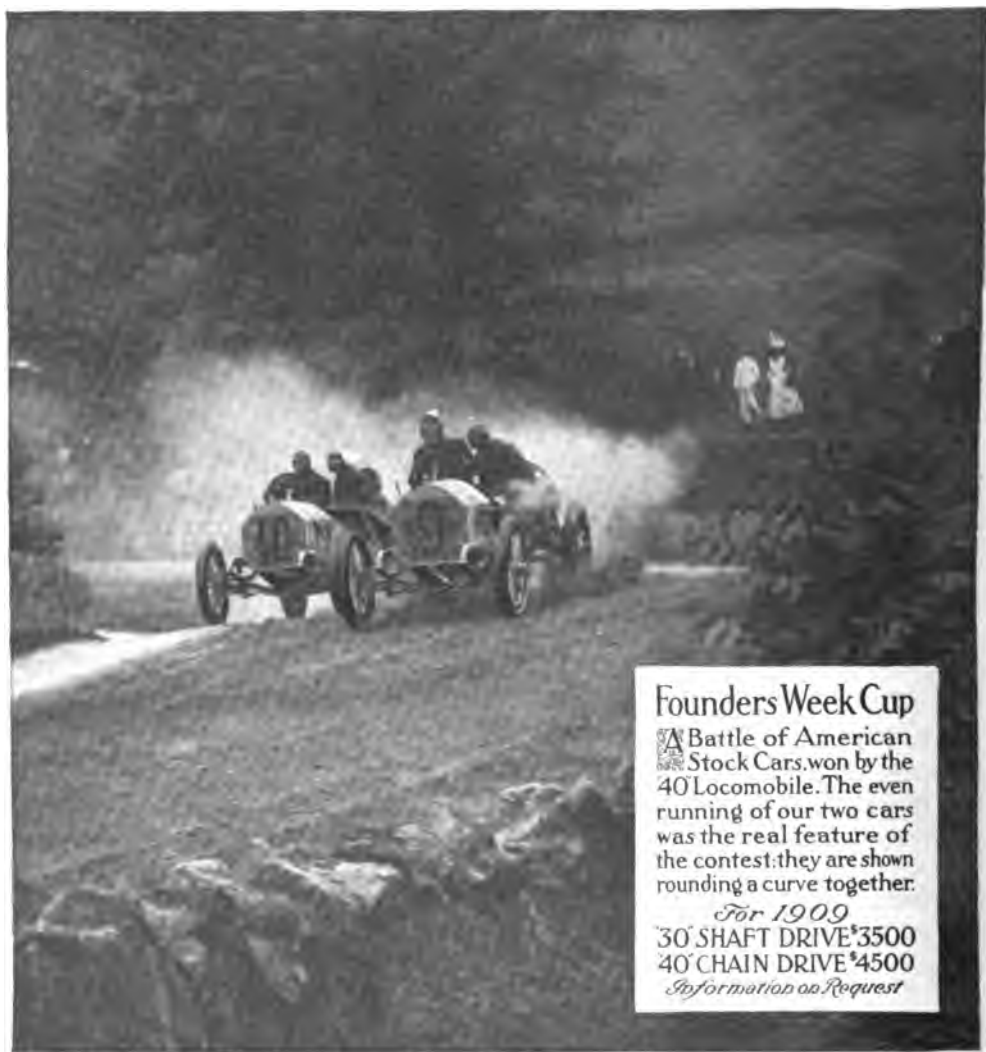
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Ask your dealer, or write us for our booklet, "Tank Development." It tells about the modern methods of developing Cartridge Films, Premo Film Packs and Glass Plates.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

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Locomobile



Founders Week Cup

A Battle of American Stock Cars won by the 40 Locomobile. The even running of our two cars was the real feature of the contest; they are shown rounding a curve together.

For 1909

30' SHAFT DRIVE \$3500

40' CHAIN DRIVE \$4500

Information on Request

The *Locomobile* Company of America: Bridgeport, Conn
NEW YORK — PHILADELPHIA — CHICAGO — BOSTON

Franklin Model D

When you want to make time, what is the limiting factor? Is it the horse-power of the motor, or is it the way the automobile rides?

There is only one answer, and it explains why Franklin Model D with only 28 horse-power is able to make such high average speed. No other automobile except the six-cylinder Franklin equals it on American roads. You may have 60 horse-power and your maximum speed may be 70 miles an hour, but at the end of a day's touring, you have not gone as far as your neighbor in his Model D. Your speed is held down to what the passengers can endure and to what you think your automobile will stand.

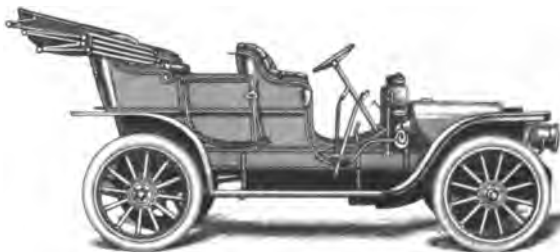
Speed then is a question of comfort—a question of the way the automobile rides.

And another thing—easy riding means that the automobile itself is not racked and strained. In the Worcester contest last December nearly all the contestants went through the run without road stops, but Model D was the only one to withstand the examination after the run. All others suffered penalizations due to broken, strained or loosened parts. Having half-elliptic springs and the steel chassis frames, they suffered from strains and shocks at speed over rough roads.

In another test in which there was also an examination after the run, and in which Model D was perfect, twenty-five per cent of the other contestants broke their steel chassis frames.

Model D is always comfortable and you dare drive it. It will stand for speed when other automobiles will not.

Look into this question. Ride in Model D. Then ride in other automobiles over the same road at the same speed. You will understand the meaning and value of non-jarring, easy-riding construction.



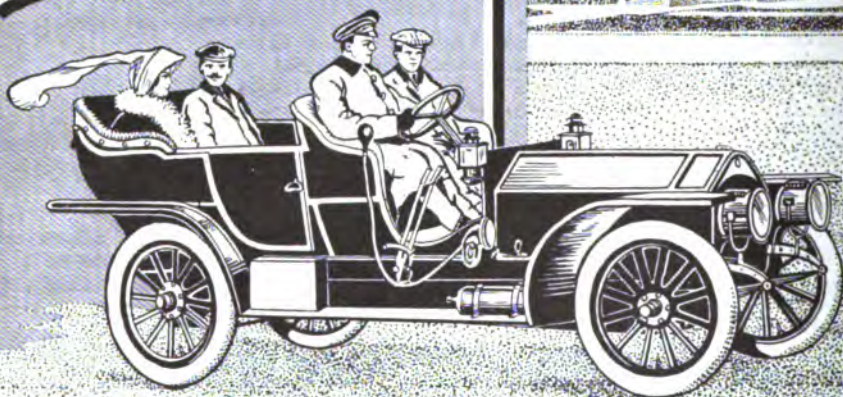
FRANKLIN MODEL D, four-cylinder, 28 horse-power, five-passenger touring-car, 2200 pounds, \$2800. Single or double rumble seat runabout, \$2700. Standard finish touring-car, royal blue; runabout, red and black. 36-inch wheels, same size as used on the best water-cooled automobiles weighing a thousand pounds more. Sheet aluminum body on steel angle frame—the strongest and lightest automobile body made. Three large and powerful brakes, acting on transmission and rear wheels. Selective type transmission, positive gear-driven oiler, Bosch high tension magneto.

Our forty-page catalogue de luxe treats the whole automobile question in a clear and fair manner, shows why the Franklin, now in its eighth year, is the automobile for those who want the highest standard of comfort and ability. Write for it.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

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"JUSTIFIES ITS NAME"



The ACME "QUAD"

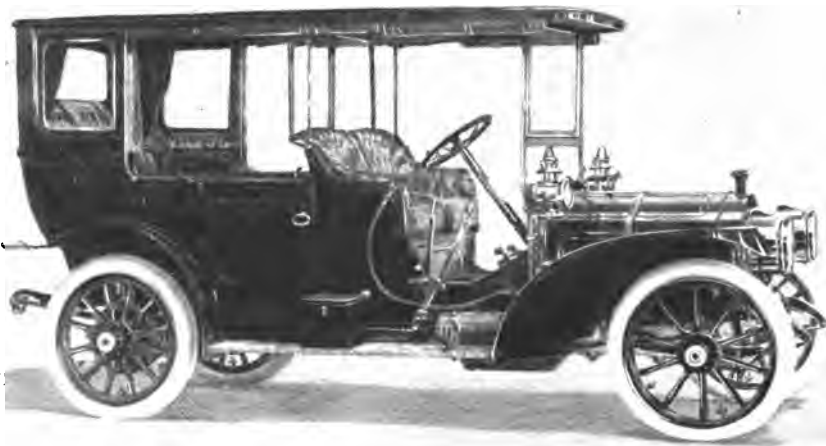
A touring car that withstands the hardest kind of touring. Built for seven passengers, gives the maximum of comfort, convenience, good service, and makes touring an unalloyed pleasure.

4 cylinders—40 hp.—\$3750.

THE ACME MOTOR CAR COMPANY
READING, PA.

Packard

"THIRTY"
1909



Packard "Thirty" with Demi Limousine Body



Packard Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan



Reo Touring Car \$1000 ^{Top extra} Get-there-and-back-ability

That's the first thing to look for—there's no fun in motoring without it—and it means more than merely getting-there-and-back.

It means a well-designed, well-built, smooth-running engine, that uses its power to send the car ahead, and not to wear itself out with internal friction and knocking.

This means economy, not only of gasoline but of repairs. And it means full use of your car every day in the year.

The Reo is all of these, and a lot more that we haven't room to tell about.

Just make up your mind today to look into the car, which was so well planned at the start five years ago that it hasn't been necessary to make any essential change in its mechanical design in all that time.

Send for catalogue, also "Two Weeks—the Tale of the Glidden Tour." Talk with the nearest Reo dealer.

R M Owen & Co, Lansing, Mich, Gen'l Sales Ag'ts for the Reo Motor Car Co.

Reo Runabout \$500



The Utmost in a Low-Priced Car

Chalmers-Detroit "30" at \$1500

Easily Leads all Cars in Its Class

This year fully 50,000 people will want a high-grade, low-priced car. Thousands of people can now, for the first time, own a car to take pride in.

There have always been low-priced automobiles, but never before has such value been offered for anywhere near \$1500; never had there been a low-priced car that any man would be proud to own until the Chalmers-Detroit "30" appeared.

For this car is the leader in its class. It has created a class. Others get into this class by imitating our price. Our quality they cannot imitate.

There are now many cars selling around \$1500. But how many do you think there would be if the Chalmers-Detroit "30" had not been announced last July? Hasty changing of plans and cutting of prices in a dozen factories, following the appearance of the "30," is a story too well known to need repetition.

The Chalmers-Detroit "30" was the first high-powered, five-passenger car at a low price, that even the richest and most exacting buyers could take pride in.

No Other Car Like This

Any good and unbiased engineer, who makes the comparisons, will tell you that no car in its class begins to compare with the Chalmers-Detroit "30."

The reasons are these:

More than two years ago we saw this demand coming—the demand for a high-grade, low-priced car.

More than two years ago we set our famous designer—Mr. H. E. Coffin—at work on it.

Mr. Coffin designed our "Forty"—the best medium-priced car ever sold. He was for years the chief designer for the Thomas Companies. There is no designer who will claim to be more capable.

Mr. Coffin made two trips to Europe to compare Old World ideas with his own.



Chalmers-Detroit "30," \$1500

A High-Grade, 4-Cylinder, 5-Passenger Car, made as Touring Car, Tourabout and Roadster

When the demand came—as it did this season—this splendid car was ready.

No other car in this class has such careful preparation back of it. Others were not begun until the demand developed.

Our Profit 9 Per Cent

Another fact is this: Our profit on the Chalmers-Detroit "30" is exactly nine per cent.

Our 4-cylinder engine costs us \$261. Yet there are 4-cylinder engines which sell as low as \$75.

Our transmission costs us \$94. Our axles cost us \$125. The annular ball bearings used in this car cost us \$103. No other cars, except very high-priced ones, use so many.

No other car gives nearly so much for the money. Never will any car give any more. For never will an automobile dealer charge you less than nine per cent.

Any lower price—any extras free—mean much less value where you need it most.

The Chalmers-Detroit "30" has an I-beam, single piece, drop forged front axle such as you find on the Peerless, Pierce, Thomas, Locomobile, Matheson, Lozier and other high-grade, high-priced American cars, and on the Renault, Fiat, Delahaye and other good foreign cars.

So it is all through this wonderful car—the utmost quality for only \$1500.

Four Cylinders En Bloc

The four cylinders in the Chalmers-Detroit "30" are cast together, as in most of the late foreign cars. Our purpose is lightness, compactness and perfect water circulation. Thus we secure the popular short bonnet, giving extra room in the tonneau and assuring greatest ease in riding.

We replace this 4-cylinder block for \$35 should it freeze and crack. Where cylinders are cast separately you would probably not freeze one without freezing all, which would cost you more than \$35. We also use the two-bearing crank shaft. Thus we secure perfect alignment, which none can secure with three and five bearings.

Our Wheel Base is 110 inches. We use the Unit Power Plant. Our Gas Intake is water jacketed. We give you the new One Pedal Control. The tires are the Diamond Quick Detachable.

Every feature is in accord with the best engineering practice.

1,500 Cars Delivered

1,500 of these cars, 1909 model, are already delivered to users.

Our capacity is only 2,500 of these cars, so only 1,000 more people can get them. We have dealers in 228 cities, so they can sell, on the average, less than five cars each. Our 2,500 cars, which will be running this summer, will show thousands of people what a car they have missed.

Our Famous "Forty," \$2,750

Anyone who wants as good a car as any man can buy, at as high a price as any man should pay, must not neglect seeing our "Forty" (formerly Thomas-Detroit "Forty") at \$2,750. This car was also designed by Mr. Coffin, and has long been considered the best medium-priced car

on the market. All that anyone wants in a five-passenger car is here in the highest perfection. It is quiet, speedy, powerful. "It runs with eagerness." Made also with Toy Tonneau and as a Roadster.

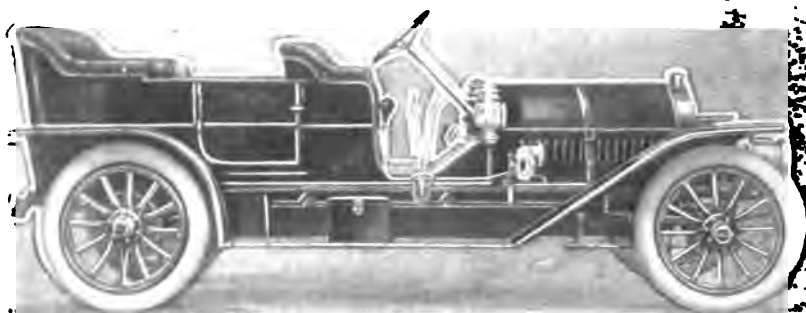
Please write today for Catalog M fully describing all our cars.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

(Members A. L. A. M.)

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National



What the Ball-Bearing Motor Means

The all-ball-bearing motor of the National means two things—both highly important.

1. The friction is so greatly reduced that it delivers very much more power than others of the same cylinder dimensions.
2. With the greatly increased wearing surface thus provided—*on all bearings*—the wear and tear is very much less than on others. That's why none of the National ball-bearing motors have worn out.

The motor is but one of the features of National construction. In every particular it is the best to be had.

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE CO.

1014 East 22d Street

Indianapolis, Ind.

Standard Mfgs. A. M. C. M. A.

HOW TO BUY A MOTOR CAR

A PERPLEXING QUESTION

*AN EXPENDITURE OF \$500 TO \$5000
for What?*

SATISFACTION OR DISAPPOINTMENT.

Price does not determine what you get—satisfaction or disappointment. What does?

The ability to distinguish what is what between cars.

What does the average buyer know of the relative values of metals, mechanical features, etc.? Many good mechanical engineers—builders of experience—have accepted ideas and principles as being (in their judgment) good, and have found later from actual experience that they were wrong.

Then how is the layman to buy intelligently? By investigating worth to determine value. (All established products have a standing which stamps the public's verdict as to worth, and the public is generally right.)

Why do you look into a man's past history before hiring him? To determine whether or not his record—what he is and what he has done—supports your judgment of his worth,—what he is and what he can be depended upon to do. Man, horse, motor car, and what-not has a record—a history—and if you want to KNOW you look up their records.

HERE IS THE PROOF

A good motor car is not a chance happening—it is the result of knowledge of mechanics and metals combined with an understanding of the conditions which the builder must meet, and what and how results can be obtained.

A successful car means what? A car with the weaknesses left out,—each part so constructed in design, material and workmanship, that it is in itself capable of performing its duty under all conditions with certainty and ease.

The several parts in its make-up must constitute a homogeneous unit.

A few strong features do not make a satisfactory car. One weak feature can make a car unsatisfactory. It is the wise maker who proves thoroughly the worth of each feature before incorporating it in the product offered the public.

The public have a right to know and demand proof of the actual and comparative worth of a car.

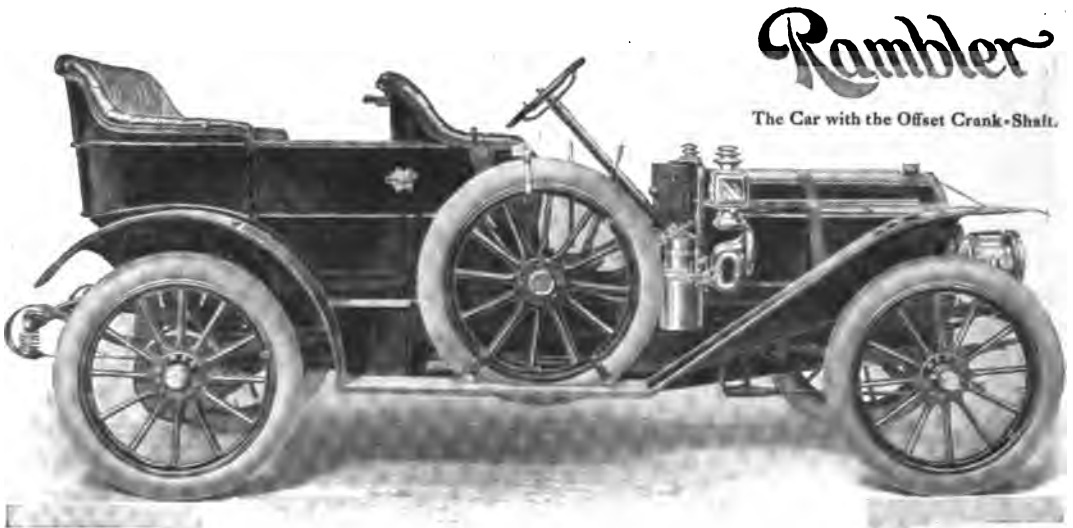
Arbitrarily fixed list prices do not determine the value of a car or the class in which it belongs.

The results of rigid contests automatically grade cars and prove their worth.

The history of a car—what it has done—is the basis for determining what it can be depended upon to do.

Premier Motor Mfg. Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Standard Manufacturers
A. M. C. M. A.

R. M. Owen & Co.
Lansing, Mich.
Distributors, East,
North and Northwest.



Rambler

The Car with the Offset Crank-Shaft.

Model Forty-four, 34 H. P., \$2,250.

Spare Wheel, with Inflated Tire, Brackets, and Tools, \$74. With Magneto, \$150.

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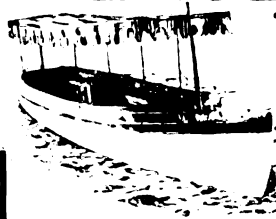
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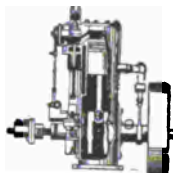
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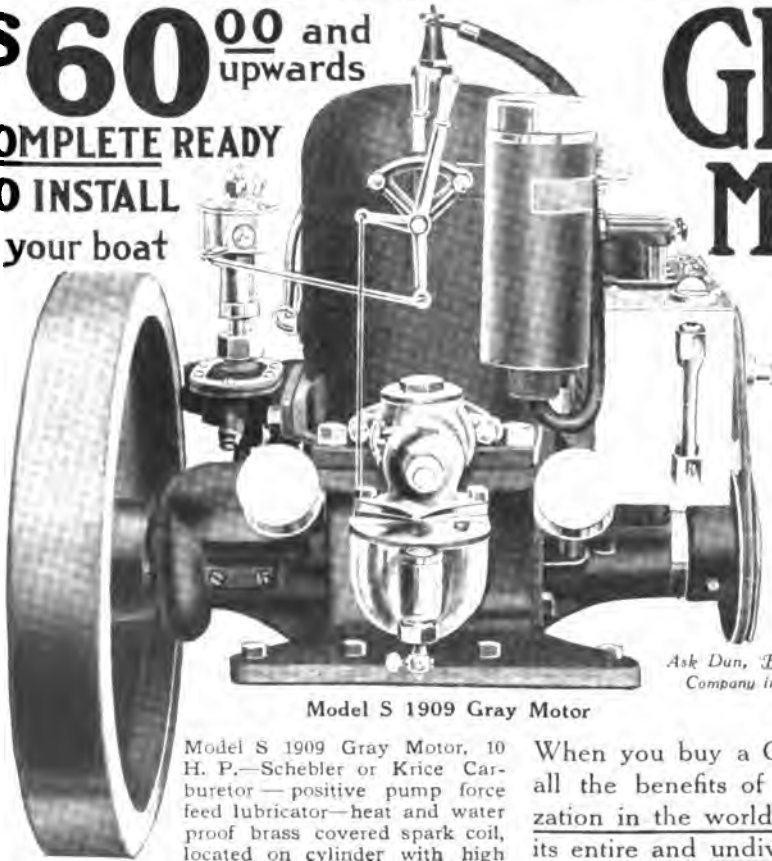
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because the air in them is purified by constantly recurring contact with the ice, caused by the "McCray System." This also dries the air so that even matches or salt can be kept perfectly dry in this refrigerator.

Your choice of sanitary linings: Opal-glass, (looks like white china— $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick), porcelain tile, white enameled wood or odorless white wood.

No zinc is ever used as zinc forms dangerous oxides that poison milk and other food.

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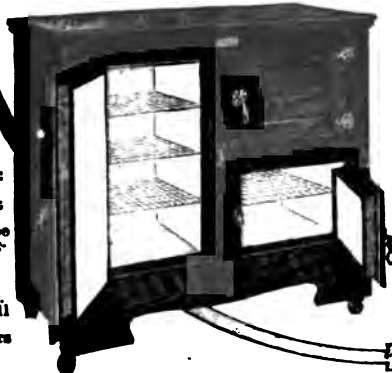
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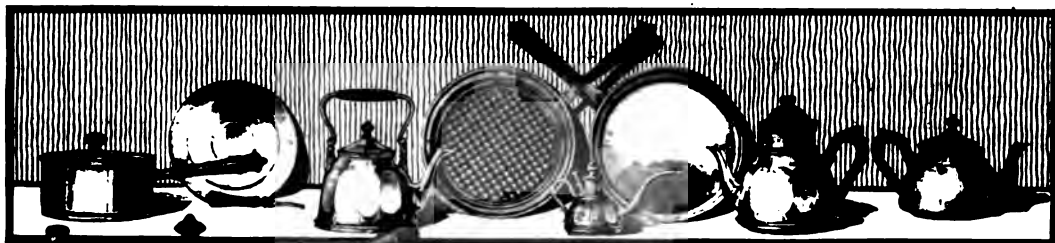
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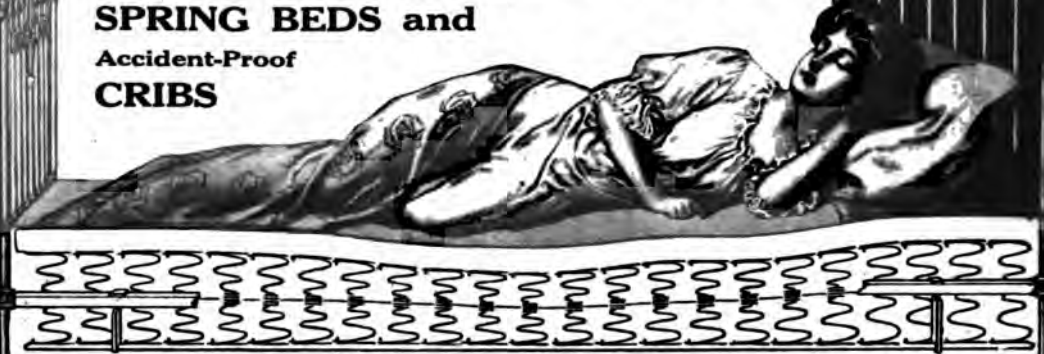
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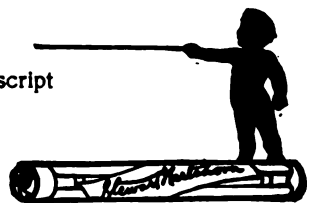
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The new key saves your fingers.

Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25c. Trial Tube, 4c. by mail. Address: Sheffield Dentifrice Co. New London, Conn.

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I want to send you my

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It tells about the Washington Orchards that pay \$300 an acre and upwards each year, is illustrated, and interesting reading. At the same time I'll write, telling you how you may, by saving just a little each month, share in the assured annual profits of our large commercial apple orchards.

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 Largest Orchard Operators in the Northwest.

Before you lay this Magazine aside—I earnestly ask you to send for the Booklet. It will pay you to do so.

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Would you like to improve your office methods — and SAVE MONEY?

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It's more than a chance—you can make it a certainty because it depends entirely upon yourself. It's your opportunity to rise to one of the countless positions open to the trained man and obtain a trained man's salary.

The man who sits in his private office and "hires and fires" and lays out your work, was no more qualified to fill that position a few years ago than you are to-day. He saw *his chance* and made the most of it. He obtained his training and knowledge by study. You can do the same—the American School will help you.

Don't be afraid to mail the coupon, you won't be bothered by agents or collectors. Like all strictly educational institutions the American School depends, for growth, upon reputation and the success of its students.

Don't let a little thing like filling in and mailing a coupon stand between you and success, congenial work and more pay.
Accept your chance to-day.

WE HELP MEN HELP THEMSELVES

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Please send me your free Bulletin of Engineering information and advise me how I can qualify for position marked "X."

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Amer. Mag. 4-09



An A-R-E CO
APARTMENT HOUSE
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You can See the Security Back of A-R-E 6% Gold Bonds

BECAUSE these 6% Bonds are based on the ownership of selected New York real estate—the best security on earth. Because every detail of the business back of these Bonds is a matter of public record and can be easily and thoroughly investigated, and every statement verified. The accounts of the American Real Estate Company are certified to by certified public accountants—the property of this Company is appraised by the Real Estate Board of Brokers of the City of New York.

FOR twenty-one years this Company has operated successfully in the New York real estate field—has earned and paid 6% to thousands of investors—and during all these years, even in times of panic, its securities have never shrunk a dollar, every obligation has been met on its due date, and every contract fulfilled to the letter.

A-R-E Six's possess the three essentials of an ideal investment—*ample security, liberal return and cash availability*. They are issued in either of two forms—for those who wish to invest for income, and for those who seek a profitable channel for systematic saving:

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For those who wish to invest \$100 or more
For Income Earning, paying interest semi-annually by coupons.

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For those who wish to save \$25 or more a year
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To anyone wishing to learn more about A-R-E 6% Gold Bonds we shall be glad to supply the fullest information, including a free map of New York City, showing the location of our properties.

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Founded 1888. Assets, \$11,851,866.07
Capital and Surplus, \$1,753,111.16

521 Night and Day Bank Building
527 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK

How About It?

DO you want any more advertising "talks," or have you had enough? I have given you four pages a month for seven consecutive months. If you have had enough, say so. If you have missed these "talks" and want copies, say so. If you have different advertising theories from mine, say so. **SAY SOMETHING!** In the meantime **THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE** will "keep on a'climbing."



THE PHILLIPS PUBLISHING CO.
341-347 Fifth Avenue, New York City
ROBERT CADE WILSON, Adv. Mgr.
CHANNING R. TOY, Western Mgr.
153 La Salle Street, Chicago

Note: *National Advertising at Net Cost* is a little book on general advertising which I shall be glad to send, without charge, to any one interested in the subject.



Smith and His Wife and Their Evenings

How she helped cut out Overtime
at the office

YOUNG Mrs. Tom Smith thought her husband had to work entirely too hard. It worried her.

Night after night, Tom had to go back to his desk. Frequently on Sundays, too.

He was the "statistics man" of a small but growing company. And the eye-straining, brain-fagging work with figures, records and details was telling on him.

Besides, he and she were cheated out of their evenings together.

* * *

Well, one day Mrs. Tom read in a magazine about a time-work-and-worry-saving business machine.

And straightway she saw it would cut out the night-work which was robbing Tom of his rest and recreation.

It seemed to her a wonderful machine. For it did work which she had supposed only man's brains could do.

It added, multiplied, subtracted and divided.

It printed the figures in columns, and added them, almost as fast as you could say them.

It added dollars and cents, or feet and inches, or pounds and ounces, or fractions, etc.

It did this mechanical part of accounting work in one-fourth the time required by even a "lightning calculator."

And it was mechanically impossible for the machine to make a mistake.

It was the Burroughs Adding and Listing Machine.

Made in 58 different styles—one to fit the requirements of every kind of business.

And sent to any office on free trial.

* * *

Mrs. Tom could hardly wait to tell Tom.

He knew of the "Burroughs," but said the busi-

ness wasn't "big enough." Besides, he hadn't the "say-so."

But Mrs. Tom was determined to "emancipate" her husband.

So, taking matters in her own hands, while he was at the office one day, she wrote the manufacturers for their book, "A Better Day's Work"—telling them to send it to Tom's firm.

* * *

Well, the book came, addressed to the company—and went to the Boss's desk. It wasn't a catalog—but a business book—so unusual, so full of new and short-cut ways of doing things, that it set the gentleman thinking.

And the free, fair trial, which put it up to the machine to make good, appealed to the business-sense of the Boss.

So he wrote the Burroughs people, asking for a "Trial."

* * *

And, the Burroughs is now a prized "assistant" in that office—at work every day.

Tom and "the boys" are never behind with their work—they get their statements and balances and reports out right on time.—And always *right*.

No more night work in *that* office.

And the boys come to work each morning rested and refreshed—alert to *accomplish* things. They are more *useful* to the company.

And, by saving three-fourths of the time formerly required for the *first* addition, and *all* the time formerly spent in going *over* the figures for verification and in search of elusive errors, and by eliminating costly delays and mistakes, that Burroughs has, in a little over a year, *more* than paid for itself.

Our book, "A Better Day's Work," will be sent, with our compliments, to anyone who will write for it on their firm letterhead, or use the coupon.

Any firm, no matter how small, may have a free, fair trial of the Burroughs.

**Burroughs
Adding
Machine
Company
32 Burroughs
Block
Detroit
Michigan**

65 11th Floor,
W. C., London,
England

A Better Day's Work

Please send me one free copy, "A Better Day's Work." A. M. Apr.

To

Firm Name.....

Kind of Business.....

Size of office force.....

Address

427-A

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TRADE MARK

*From the
PRAIRIES OF THE
WEST*

A few years ago the long, tough grass grown upon our Western Prairies was pronounced utterly useless, but to-day through aggressive minds and modern ideas, this really wonderful gift of nature has been brought into almost every home in the form of an attractive, sanitary and lasting floor covering, called

C-R-E-X

Quality and economy have established the reputation of Crex, while the beautifully blended colors and exclusive designs of both carpets and rugs, meet every requirement of a richly appointed room.

CARPETS.—Solid colors—plain and striped effects—in all widths.

RUGS.—All sizes, in a large variety of exclusive designs and beautiful colors.

Caution:—Avoid imitations. The genuine bears the **CREX** label.

Sold by all Up-to-Date Carpet and Department Stores.

Send for **Free** Booklet Y. Beautifully Illustrated.

CREX CARPET COMPANY
377 Broadway, New York



Let Me Make You a Mattress Where the Finest Cotton Grows

Right at the doors of my factory are the finest cotton fields of the world, so that I have my pick of the very choicest at local prices. Only thoroughly cleaned, pure white staple—the longest and springiest of cotton—goes into

WHITE SWAN COTTON-VELT ANTI-GERM MATTRESSES

The White Swan is the only Cotton Velt Mattress made entirely of Finest Quality, Selected, Long Staple Cotton

No other cotton has so much "life" or "stretch" as staple. It alone will retain its original elasticity, resist packing together and remain resilient throughout thirty years or more of constant service in a mattress. No manufacturer north of the cotton belt can afford to put into his mattresses this superior quality of cotton, which I use exclusively in making the WHITE SWAN. He is obliged to use cheaper grades which lack elasticity and will in time become caked and springless. Some makers use best grade cotton only at the ends where inspection is likely to be made.

I build WHITE SWAN Mattresses entirely of staple-made cotton felt which forms a snowy white pile 36 inches high before it is compressed. I use the best of art ticking and employ the most skilled and thorough of workmen.

To absolutely protect my customers from loss I GUARANTEE THE WHITE SWAN to retain its original resilience and rest-giving qualities, without remarking for 30 YEARS. Sunshine and air are its cleansers. I PAY FREIGHT ANYWHERE. The listed price is all you pay. Send for latest ticking samples, price and my little booklet, "The Truth about Mattress Making," containing information which everyone ought to know.



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Vick's Mibado White Aster four to five inches in diameter. 10¢
Retail at 25 cts. a packet; we send Catalog and packet for 25 cents on first order Free.
Vick's Scarlet Globe Radish, Allura Craig Onion, and Lemon Cucumber; three great vegetables retailing for 25 cents; 10¢
but we send Catalogue and one packet of each for only 423 Main St. JAMES VICK'S SONS, Rochester, N. Y.

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He will tell you how. Write now.

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TORREY STROPS

**This Side Sharpens
a Razor**

If your razor won't clip a hair clean and quick, pass it a few times up and down the canvas side of a **Torrey Strop** Then—

**This Side
Finishes
The Edge**

Just a few more strokes on this soft, pliable, fine grained finishing side, and you're ready to shave with ease.

Torrey Stropps are sold everywhere—50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

If not with your dealer, we will send one by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

Torrey's **On-Edge Dressing** keeps a razor soft and pliable. 15c at dealers or by mail.

Ask for Torrey Stropps and Razors. Write for free catalog containing valuable information for men who shave.

J. R. TORREY & CO., Dept. B
Worcester, Mass.

THERE ARE NONE! "JUST AS GOOD"

When the dealer tells you his is just as good, he admits the superiority of the KREMENTZ. It is the standard of the world.

KREMENTZ ROLLED PLATE BUTTON

contains more gold and will outwear any button made. **Every button insured.** It stands the test of acid and time as no other button will. Quality stamped on back. Be just to yourself, take only the Krementz. All dealers.

When dealer fails to supply you write us—giving dealer's name.

Booklet showing shapes and sizes

KREMENTZ & CO.
57 Chestnut St.
Newark, N. J.

YOU have got to strop a razor to get a perfect shave

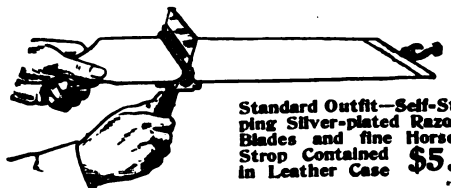
Moreover, you have got to strop it at every shave, and properly.

That is the secret of the velvet comfort of a barber's shave. That is also the secret of the old style razor's popularity in the rare case of the man *who knows how* to strop it.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Is the only razor (old style or safety) with which you can strop easily, quickly and **correctly**, before or during each shave. The best blade is bound to get slightly duller with each shave. With the AutoStrop Safety Razor there is no necessity of wasting time and money in renewing old blades. You strop your razor easily and keep a perfect edge always.

Write for our free booklet, "Shaving Sense." It tells all about the razor which stropps itself.



Standard Outfit—Self-Stropping Silver-plated Razor, 12 Blades and fine Horsehide Strop Contained in Leather Case **\$5.00**

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Mfrs.

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Makes you a Profit of 140%. Sells a vast
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Occupies very small space and looks well on
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If your jobber doesn't keep it, send us \$7.00
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We Send on Approval the goods you wish to see. If you like them, pay one-fifth the price on delivery
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Quality Higher
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REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Sandy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable
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YOUR DOCTOR KNOWS
that the six drops of pepper-
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Put up in little green bags for a nickel
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DOUBLED

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Zon-o-phone Double Record Disks; the highest type of record ever sold for 65c.

Hebrew Supplement—new—The finest Hebrew records ever made. Songs by Mme. Regina Prager, Mr. Kalman Juveller and other well known artists.

Catalogues free—new record lists monthly.

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A BOX OF ASSORTED EDUCATOR CRACKERS

SENT FREE

Send us your name and address to-day—
and if convenient, the name of your grocer
—and we'll send you, free and postpaid, a
box of the most popular varieties of Edu-
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Educator Crackers are made in many
varieties, but always contain the full food
value of the grain, with its rich flavor
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Your grocer should have Educator
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The Very Highest Quality In Silver Plate

When you buy silverware, you want it to stand the wear and tear of daily use, and at the same time be artistic in design and finish. To know that you are buying the heaviest grade of plate, see that the trade mark,

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is stamped on knives, forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces. For over sixty years this brand has been the standard in quality, durability and design. It should always be borne in mind that no other silver, except sterling, affords such meritorious service as this famous

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To be had of best dealers everywhere. Send for Catalogue "D-30," showing all patterns and designs.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Meriden Silver Polish, the "Silver Polish that Cleans."



W. R. Fox, President,
Fox Typewriter Company

Let Me Install a Fox Typewriter

Entirely at my expense. I want you to get to know its **distinctive** good points. I want you to compare it with the machine you are now using point for point. I want you to give it the closest inspection, the hardest kind of tests. Then you'll know what I know—that the Fox is a better typewriter than any

other typewriter ever built. The Fox is emphatically the last word in typewriters. It overcomes the faults and flaws of other machines—has valuable, practical, patented features of its own.

It's the only perfect visible typewriter. When I invented it I realized that merely writing in sight was not enough, but that a typewriter must stand the heavy strain of years of hard and constant work. The Fox is strong where strength is needed most—in the heavy type bar and wide bearing in the type bar hanger—this insures permanency of alignment. With the Fox, one machine is equipped to do many kinds of work—letter writing—invoicing—tabulating figures—stencil cutting and heavy manifold. You can buy two car-

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And, remember **this** is the machine I want to place in your office for trial and examination at my expense. It costs you only a stamp or a postal to try it.

Just fill out and mail me today the attached coupon. Send to me, personally.



W. R. FOX, President
Fox Typewriter Company
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Please arrange for a free trial of a Fox Typewriter
without any obligations on my part
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**Smith Premier
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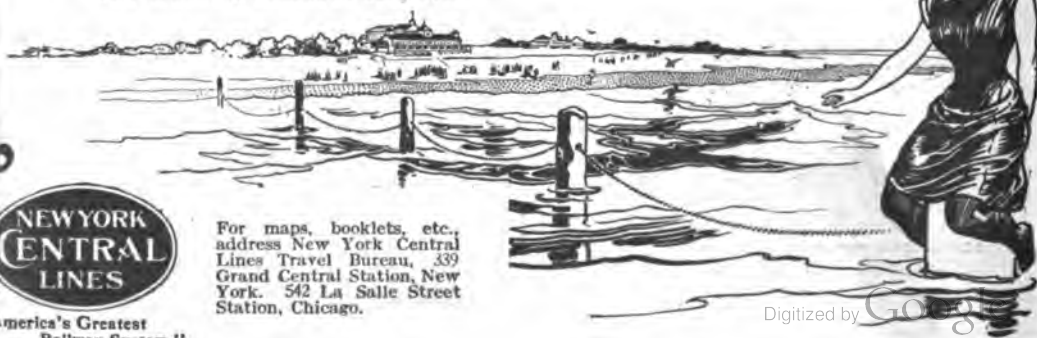
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